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All the articles not credited to other publications were expressly written for this Journal.

TO THALIARCHUS.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE, BY C. P. CRANCH.

Thou seest how on Soracte's lofty brow
The white snow gleams,
The labouring forests bend, and scarcely now
Sustain their load. Sharp ice hath stopped the streams. — Dissolve the frosty cold, heap high the wood
Upon the fire, and with a cheerier mood,
O Thaliarchus, draw
The four-year vintage from its Sabine jar!
Leave to the gods all else, by whose great law
The warring winds upon the sea stir
Are lulled, and ancient ash and cypress tree
Remain unmoulted and free.
Seek not to know what let the morrow brings;
And what to then thy daily fortune grants,
Place to thy gain. Spurn not love's dallyings,
O youth, nor shun the dance.
While crabbed age is far, and hath no power
To taint thy bloom, now let the field and park,
With soft low whispers in the dark,
Be sought again at the appointed hour;
Or in some secret nook the hiding maid
Be by her merry laugh betrayed,
Yielding from finger or from dainty wrist
The forfeit jewel, feigning to resist.

THE VIRTUOSO AND THE PUBLIC.

A VERY excellent article entitled "Virtuosity versus Art," which was copied from the London *Musical Standard* into the number of this journal for November 9th, emphasizes certain points concerning the relation which virtuosity, properly so called, is too often made to bear to true art. If the habit some brilliant performers have of altering the printed letter of respectable compositions for the sake of displaying their personal executive powers, and of fascinating the not overearnest listener by their facile toying with astonishing difficulties, were the only evil result of that self-love which tempts the virtuoso to try to outbid the composer in the esteem of the public, the *Standard's* article would cover the whole ground. But this is the least of its evils. The parading of unnecessary difficulties can nowadays mislead the admiration of only the very partially musical person. No one who is in earnest about listening to music for musical ends can be carried away by it. And let it be said here, at once, that the class of listeners whose applause lies in wait for mere executive pyrotechnics are of the merest imaginary importance in the world of art. The purity or impurity of the musical impressions they receive is of very secondary moment. As it is unimportant whether the pitiable individual whose whim leads him to take singing lessons, though he have no music in his soul, and no voice in his throat, be well taught or ill, so is it unimportant what music is played (or how it is played) to the unmusical listener whose ear on the alert for the mere circus-riding side of the art. If a savage have a taste for glass beads, we are content to purchase the right of way through his territory with that article, without attempting to develop his taste for diamonds. There is no need of people being musical who have no natural bent that way. We sow seed in the soil that is fitted for it; and if a farmer's land can bear wheat, he were foolish to go to the expense of artificially making it rich enough to bear tobacco.

It is the really musical people whose musical culture we should have at heart, and they are for the most part little to be harmed by the exhibition of fireworks. The virtuoso, if he be nothing better, is soon enough appreciated at his proper value by them; they do not let his flash ground-and-lofty-tumbling influence their musical notions one whit.

But there is another sort of virtuosity — what might be called a transcendental virtuosity — which is far more insidious and harmful than the mere physical kind, and which, especially in our own day, works much ruin among just that class of listeners whom the true music-lover and artist should most try to cultivate. This is the virtuosity which does not so much seek to dress up music in unworthy gew-gaws to catch the applause of the tinsel-loving masses, as to pierce to the heart of the music itself and change its very essence. Here we have the very devil in music. The man who plays certain great compositions "in his own way," — "with overpoweringly grand subjectivity of conception" is a longer term for it, — even if he do not add any unnecessary flourishes of his own, can do almost incalculable harm to the general musical taste. He presents the works of great composers in a false light, which is the more injurious in that its æsthetic untruth is not always to be easily detected. The Venus of the Medicis, decked out in diamond bracelets and ear-drops, would call forth a cry of horror from a vast number of persons who would not be shocked by seeing the god-like statue hewn out of a block of alabaster. Many music-lovers would scorn admiring virtuoso ornamentation, while they might be unsuspiciously carried away by virtuosity of conception. The day has now gone by when Leopold de Meyer could win applause by heaping gratuitous trills and arpeggi upon a Chopin nocturne, and Liszt could bedevil the first movement of Beethoven's Opus 27 sonata without fear of reproach; but Sir Michael Costa puts trombones and a big drum and cymbals into the first finale of *Don Giovanni*, and substitutes a bass-tuba for the 'celli in parts of the second finale, without running any risk of the gallows; Anton Rubinstein plays the Schumann quintet "in the Russian [queere: rushing?] manner" to the almost unanimous applause of enraptured audiences. Yet Mozart knew how to make his *Don Giovanni* finale one of the most overpowering pages in dramatic music without having recourse to crashing instrumentation, and Schumann wrote his quintet in the Schumann manner, but by no means in the Russian manner.

The sins against composers that are committed by many artists to-day, and of which I have tried to give two significant examples, have been too generally referred by critics to the (real or supposed) inclination toward the intense in art which characterizes the spirit of our era. I do not think that this is the true explanation of the evil. In the first place I utterly deny that art is more intense in its intrinsic character now than it was years ago. Homer's Achilles is as intensely passionate a person as any character in modern poetry; Victor Hugo's Barkilphedro cannot outdo Iago; King Lear puts any modern unhappy father to the blush by the unbridled vehemence of his invective; Heathcliff can do his worst to nurture fury in the bosom of his luckless ward, but he cannot make a Caliban of him; Emily Brontë cannot ring out a curse as Shakespeare could; Verdi's *Dies Iræ* is weak beside Sebastian Bach's "Donner und Blitzen;" the wildest-whirling Tarantelle Liszt ever concocted is tame by the side of Beethoven's *Dereisches' Chorus*; the Commendatore's "Non si pasce di cibo mortale" chills the blood as Alberich's "Der Lebe fluch' ich" cannot do; even in the domain of the purely horrible, which our age seems to be in some respects ambitious to claim as especially its own, the most tremendous example I know of in all modern music, the appalling phrase to the words "Devoré palpitant par ces monstres hideux," in Berlioz's *La Prise de Troie*, is not more terrible than Händel's "They loathed to drink of the river." No, it is not intensity that is our besetting sin; it is lack of discrimination; the ancients were quite as intense as we. But nowadays, if we try to express passion, we are, in general, too prone to deal in broad generalities; we express love as we instinctively feel it, with little regard for whether we impersonate a Juliet or a Messalina; if cursing is to be done, we do it with heartiest good will, but we do not sufficiently distinguish between the invective of a King Lear or a Duke of Gloster (in Henry the VI., not in Richard the III.) and the billingsgate of a Thersites. We make a Chopin A-flat polonaise pass as legal tender for the warlike fury of a Cossack horde with as little compunction as we change the high-bred elegance of Verdi's "Bella figlia d'amore" into the screaming of a drunken candidate for six months in the house of correction, or the chivalric fire of the andante of the C-minor symphony into the flaccid sentimentality of a fashionable boudoir in the days of Louis XV. We make Mendelssohn sigh like Schumann; we make the graceful and winning Mozart chant like Palestrina; we make Schumann sound like Brahms; we turn Weber, Meyerbeer, and Beethoven into — well, the metamorphoses that we have not made Beethoven undergo would be difficult to name. By "we" I mean a large class of performers who command the admiration of audiences to-day.

Many otherwise admirable artists, and of the very highest reputation too, seem to try their utermost to adapt whatever composition falls into their hands to their own — often transcendently brilliant — powers, instead of trying to adapt their powers to it; they have a sort of Procrustes' bed, which everything they sing or play must be made to fit willy-nilly. This is what I have called trans-

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scendental virtuosity; not the mere showing off of technique, but the improper display of personal qualities — "glorious individuality" some people call it — at the expense of the intrinsic characteristics of the music. This is immoral. More than immoral, it is stupid.

An artist worthy of the name desires (one would imagine) to appeal to the most earnest and culture-seeking (that is, truth-seeking) audience. Does this artist, be he pianist, violinist, singer, or orchestral conductor, fondly think, when he announces on a programme that he will play, sing, or conduct a really exalted composition, that he, or the composition, is the more important object in the eyes of the listener whom he should most try to interest? Unquestionably, the composition is of the greatest importance, and every listener has an inalienable right to hear that composition in all the integrity that the performer's high talents, — genius, if you will, — and his thorough and conscientious study can compass. The sincere music-lover does not honor Mr. X. for the amount of his own "glorious individuality" that he can *put into* a Beethoven sonata, but for the amount of Beethoven's individuality and spirit that he can *get out of it*. The performer whose local or world-wide reputation lends authority to all he does, and who puts his own genius before that of the composer whose works he presents to the public, is little better than a chest. Aye, and a clumsy chest too: for however much the "glorious-individuality"-people may compel the admiration of the world, one can find, in looking over the list of great artists, that those who have most surely won the *respect* (which is better than *admiration*) of the majority of true musicians are those who have been most anxious to do reverent justice to the works of great composers, and not to parade the glorious, or inglorious, individuality of their own precious selves. A great artist should not merely dazzle, and lay hold of the emotions of his hearers; he should try, as far as in him lies, to be a model also.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

IN Karasowski's recently published life of Chopin,[1] the following passage occurs: "The spirit of Chopin breathes from the best of George Sand's romances; like many authors of vivacious fancy, she often lost patience while at work, because her mind was already busy with a new plan before she had completed an older one. To confine herself more closely to her desk, and to be able to work with greater care, she begged Chopin to improvise at the piano, while she wrote, and thus, inspired by his playing, she produced her best romances." When I read this passage, I could not avoid pausing to wonder whether it was not one of M. Karasowski's romances?

The friendship and the intercourse of artists and *literati* have always been a subject of interest to the student, and of inquiry to the psychologist. In what manner, and how far, did one mind influence the other? Was that influence voluntarily or involuntarily yielded to, and what effect did it produce on the works of the artists who experienced it? Such questions are asked in such illustrious examples of love, friendship, or artistic collaboration as existed, or exist, between Liszt and Wagner, the Rossetti family, Erckmann and Chatrian, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Robert and Clara Schumann, Goethe and Schiller, Byron and Shelley, Abelard and Héloise, and others. Was the well-known friendship between George Sand and Frédéric Chopin one of a similar character? What was her influence on his music; and did she really "write her best romances under the influence of his playing"? To form an opinion, we must first recall the outlines of an episode in the lives of these artists, — one of an unwonted nature, though in its social aspects not wholly foreign to French manners and habits thirty or forty years ago.

Chopin, when thirty years old, met Madame Dudevant, five years his senior, for the first time at a *soirée* given by a Countess C——, at Paris. The lady, already surrounded by the halo of recently and suddenly acquired celebrity attached to her *nom de plume* of George Sand, had previously admired more than one of the then published compositions of Chopin, and wished to make his acquaintance; Liszt, the friend of both, informs us[2] that Chopin was a little afraid of the famous novelist, and rather deferred an introduction. It occurred, however, amid music, flowers, elegant society, and all the surroundings of a Parisian evening party. Chopin, in writing to his parents of this meeting, said, "her face does not inspire me with sympathy; there is something in it that repels me." He should, judging from after events, have rather said, "that fascinates me;" for he was certainly powerfully impressed by "the dark steady gaze that seemed to read his soul," and still more, adds Karasowski, by the exceptional influence which this extraordinary woman involuntarily exerted on those capable of understanding all that she really was; while "in listening to her poetic expressions, uttered in a deep, euphonious, gentle voice, overflowing with spirit and feeling, he felt that he was understood as he had never yet been understood." It was not long after his first presentation to the lady that Chopin became one of Madame Dudevant's almost daily visitors, while she was often to be found at his musical reunions, the most admired and fêted among many famous representatives of art and literature, besides some of the most distinguished members of the Polish nobility then in Paris. Before this period, Chopin's health had begun to show symptoms of decline; the political troubles of his father-land, his at first unsuccessful struggles to obtain a position in Paris, disappointment in his projects of marriage, the late hours of fashionable society, excessive artistic labor, had injuriously affected his sensitive temperament; but, under the influence of this new, engrossing friendship, his health seemed to revive, his gayety returned, and he became more exclusive and reserved than ever in his social habits, devoting himself with greater assiduity to composition.

More than a year after their first acquaintance, Madame Dudevant determined to take her children to spend the winter in Majorca, in hopes of improving the health of her son Maurice. I will translate an extract from her own account of what occurred in consequence of that determination:[3] —

"There is another soul, not less fine and pure in its essence [than that of M. Everard, of whom she had been speaking], not less sick and troubled in this world, in whose face I gaze peacefully in my imaginary contemplation of the dead, and whom I shall, I trust, find again in that better world which I await, where we shall learn to know each other better, in a light more living, more divine, than that of earth. I speak of Frédéric Chopin, my guest at Nohant during the eight years of my retirement there under the monarchy. In 1838, when the care of my children had been definitively confided to me, I resolved to seek a warmer winter climate than our own, for my son Maurice. I thus hoped to save him from a return of the cruel rheumatism of the preceding year. I also wished to find a quiet spot, where I could continue to educate him and his sister, and write — not in excess — myself. We gain so much time when we do not receive company; we are not obliged to sit up so late! Chopin, for whose genius and character I entertained an affectionate admiration, and whom I then saw almost daily, was aware of my plans and preparations, and insisted that if he were in Maurice's place, he would get well at once. I mistakenly believed it would prove as he said, and took him, — not in the place of my son! — but beside him. He was thought to be seriously consumptive, and his friends had long besought him to try the climate of the south. Dr. Gumbert, after examining Chopin, told me he was not yet dangerously affected, adding, 'Your care, with open air, exercise, and rest will save him.' Other friends, knowing that Chopin would never leave Paris except with an attached friend, beloved by him, added their entreaties that I would allow him to accompany our party, and begged me not to oppose the wish he manifested so opportunely and unexpectedly. I afterwards became convinced that I had done wrong in yielding to their hopes, and my own interest and anxiety. It was enough care for me to travel into a foreign country with two children, one already ill, the other exuberant with health and turbulence, without also taking a physician's responsibility upon me, and trouble of the heart besides."

Many incidents of their life in Majorca have been related by her in the book she published respecting her stay in the island,[4] as well as in her autobiography. They were obliged to take up their residence in

[1] *Friedrich Chopin, sein Leben, seine Werke und Briefe.* Von MORITZ KARASOWSKI. Dresden: F. Ries. 1877.

[2] *Life of Chopin.* By F. LISZT. Translated by M. W. COOK. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt. 1863. London: W. Reeves.

[3] *Histoire de ma Vie.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1856.

[4] *Un Hiver à Majorque.* GEORGE SAND. Paris: Lévy. 1867.

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the ruined Chartreuse of Valdemosa, a most romantic, but possibly, for an invalid, a not very comfortable habitation. It was Madame Sand's custom to give her children their lessons in the morning, and to write in the afternoon; their evenings were passed together, and the only time left to her for the out-door exercise she seems always to have needed, in order to continue her labors in health and with success, was an hour or two with her children in the evening, when Chopin had retired. But in the rainy winter season his health again declined; the provisions and service necessary for an invalid, were difficult to obtain in that wild country, and Madame Sand, who says she would often have given all she possessed to procure beef soup or claret for Chopin, more than once risked her own life and that of her son, in her endeavors to bring home what was needful for him from the distant town of Palma. The physicians at Palma insisted that a coarse of bleeding was necessary to the patient; Madame Sand says that Providence alone gave her strength of persuasion enough to prevent such treatment, which she felt would have been certain to put an end to Chopin's illness only by putting an end to his life. Her own health began to suffer under her countless cares; and when the ignorant people who surrounded them discovered that Chopin had a cough, they, believing it to be an epidemic, avoided the whole family as though its members were plague-stricken.

The lovely spring weather of Majorca returned, Chopin's health seemed again restored; the family wished to spend the summer on the island, but he impatiently insisted on returning to France at once. Madame Sand says: "Playful, amiable, charming in society, Chopin, in the domestic retirement of intimate friendship, drove one to despair. No disposition more noble, delicate, disinterested than his, no character more loyal and true, no mind more brilliant in gayety, no intelligence more serious and complete in its own domain; but, on the other hand, alas! no temper more unequal, no imagination more suspicious, no susceptibility so easily irritated, no attachment so exacting. Yet this was not his fault, but his misfortune. His spirit was flayed alive; the fold of a rose-leaf, the shadow of a fly, caused it to bleed. Everything under the sky of Spain now seemed repulsive and revolting to him, — except myself and my children, — and he was dying to be gone, not so much on account of the inconveniences of our residence, as from mere impatience." The party accordingly returned to France through Barcelona, Marseilles, and Genoa, and Madame Sand allowed Chopin to accompany them to her chateau at Nohant, where the physicians pronounced him entirely recovered, save for a slight affection of the larynx. Life at Nohant, and the air and surrounding scenery, were especially pleasing and congenial to Chopin, and quieting to his nature; but Madame Sand, after debating with herself whether she should allow him to remain there as a member of her household, finally determined to go to Paris, to continue her children's education under more favorable auspices, and with the especial intention of placing Maurice as a student of painting under Delacroix. The residence she engaged in Paris consisted of two pavilion-like houses in an extensive garden, which last was the great attraction to her, as it offered to her children the opportunity of exercise combined with retirement and safety. Chopin had rented an apartment in the Rue Tronchet. It unfortunately proved damp, his health began to decline, and a distressing cough returned. Affection, pity, yielding good-nature, that love of nursing every one who cared about into health and happiness, which always characterized her, and the alternative of either giving up her friend altogether, or of consuming much time in useless visits to and fro, induced Madame Sand to let half of one of her pavilions to Chopin, with whom she installed her son Maurice. She, with her daughter, and other relatives and their children, inhabited the other house in the garden. Here, for seven or eight winters, resided Madame Sand, and her "habitual invalid," as Chopin was called. The days of the two great artists were filled with continual and assiduous occupation: in his rooms Chopin received his pupils, ladies of the highest Parisian aristocracy, some of the greatest beauties of the capital, women of talent, we may be sure, besides, — for without talent there was little hope of being accepted by Chopin as a pupil, — or, in the intervals of teaching, he played and composed; Madame Sand, when at home, writing in her pavilion, surrounded by the children, whose presence, she says, she often found her best inspiration, and for whose especial delight she wrote many tales and dramas. The tradition of the performance of these dramas by the children at the Chateau of Nohant (which contained a private theatre) in summer, has been preserved. What representations! — with that small family circle, and sometimes Chopin's sister Louise, and Madame Sand alone as audience; Eugène Delacroix for stage manager and scene-painter, Liszt and Chopin the orchestra! Happy children, with four of the most gifted, and peculiarly originally gifted, minds in Europe pressed into service for the furtherance of your holiday games and pleasures!

When in Paris, the salons of Madame Sand or of Chopin were opened several evenings in the week to receive many of the most illustrious men and women of the day, such as Cavaignac, Louis Blanc, Henri Martin, Arago, Liszt, Delacroix, Heine, Mickiewicz, Madame Garcia, Madame Marliani, the Princess Czartoryska, etc., etc., and Chopin's friends among his pupils and the circle of Polish nobility then in Paris. Nevertheless, Madame Sand complains that she passed through many trials during this period, not the least of which, she says, were the sight of Chopin's sufferings, and her own struggles against his exacting disposition and morbid irritability, which must have pained and oppressed those who saw so much of him in domestic life, in spite of his tender and devoted attachment, his genius and his graces. Persons who were familiar with the literary or fashionable Parisian circles of that day relate that a general feeling of surprise existed that Madame Sand, whose good graces were almost fought for by many of the most distinguished men in Paris, as a sort of diploma of literary or artistic ability, should have allowed so much of her time to run to waste in ministering to the caprices and sufferings of an irritable invalid who was not related to her; and that it was thought Chopin displayed little delicacy in remaining so long an inmate of her household. The malicious gossips of the day also whispered that Chopin was perfectly well aware of the prestige and increased artistic distinction he was likely to acquire by means of the intimate friendship, openly displayed, and the literary influence of so famous a woman as George Sand. The first opinion had possibly some foundation, the second could not have had any; it is too incompatible with a character so generous, fastidious, noble, and disinterested as was that of Chopin. It sounds as inapplicable to him, as another, about some lady of rank, who complained that when she went to take her lessons from Chopin, "his nails were not clean." The elegant Chopin, with nails untrimmed! Ink-stained they may sometimes have appeared, from accident; but that is a different affair. However, in taking these and similar or more serious slanders for what they are worth, we must remember, in partial excuse of the slanderers, that Chopin was not then estimated at his true intellectual value as a composer, however he may have been admired as a pianist. Among those who understood Chopin's great, original genius, save Madame Sand herself, Madame Garcia, Liszt, Schumann, Delacroix, and a few other representatives of the highest artaristocracy of the day, the circle of Chopin's admirers extended little beyond that of his pupils and the fashionable habitués of a few dozen Parisian drawing-rooms, among whom his grace, elegance of manner, and social accomplishments, made him an idol. Indeed, his admirers would all seem to have been rather adorers; nevertheless, his rank as a genius of the first magnitude was disputed; he was a rising, not a risen star, whose ascent to recognition was a slow and difficult one.

(To be continued.)

FIVE SONATAS AT A SITTING.

WE are now beginning to reap the harvest which is the natural outcome of the seed sown by the disciples of the "higher development school" in piano-forte playing. Dr. Von Bülow has recently played at one recital five of Beethoven's piano-forte sonatas — in fact, the entire programme was thus made up. These five were the last five of the thirty-two, namely: A major, Op. 101; B-flat major, Op. 106; E major, Op. 109; A-flat major, Op. 110; and C minor, Op. 111. This is a great feat; and the Doctor is probably as proud of it as his admirers are proud of him for having accomplished it. To play these five sonatas at all is no easy task: to play them from music, at one sitting, would be still more surprising; but to play them all at one sitting from memory is a truly astonishing performance. Robert Schumann said that a performer who played in public without music, whether from charlatanism or any other motive, showed that he possessed at all events the quality of thorough

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musicianship; and this quality we should be the last to deny to Dr. Von Bülow, who has so often proved his right to be regarded as an artist of the first rank. But we do protest — and we feel that we cannot protest too much — against these extraordinary displays of virtuosity. They are not good for art; they are not an advantage to the artist; they are not good for the public; they are unfair to the composer; and, on these grounds, we are bound to oppose them.

It is not to be imagined for one moment that the matter will stop where it is; others will attempt it; and where an artist of the first rank has succeeded, a second or third-rate artist will fail, though, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, failure will only incite to further and probably more disastrous attempts. If this sort of thing goes on, it is easy to foretell the consequences. We shall have artists, who can never do justice even to one of Beethoven's sonatas, announcing that they will play six or seven; and the competition will become so keen that the quality of the work done will be quite hidden by the enormous quantity of pages played. Just as Cleopatra tried to draw out Anthony by asking him, "If it be love indeed, tell me how much?" so, by and by, the public will begin to say to artists, "If you are really an artist, show us how much!" and players will strive to show how much music they can cram into their memories. The result will be utterly destructive of all true art. We shall have conductors announcing as an attraction that they will conduct without the score; that Mr. So-and-So's band will play the nine symphonies of Beethoven in a day without copies; that such and-such a choir will sing the *Elijah* without books; and that no candidate will be admitted to a band, or choir, who cannot play, or sing, his part in the *Passion* music from memory. It will be a struggle — not to do best, but most; and he who can endure most fatigue, and play longest from memory, will win most applause and most guineas. We shudder to think what would become of music as an art, if this kind of thing should become a precedent.

We must remember, too, that artists themselves would suffer in a conflict of this sort, where "natural selection" would come into operation with terrible effect. The weakest would go to the wall, and the "survival of the fittest" would be secured; but the "fittest," in a scramble of this kind, would be the men who possessed the best memory and the strongest physique. It is a tremendous strain upon the system to play a great work from memory, and none but those who have experienced it can tell how great are the lassitude and depression which, especially in persons of only moderate strength, succeed these efforts. Artistic feeling, taste, judgment, conscientious adherence to the text of the composer, — and, in fact, all those qualities which combine to make the true artist, — would be at a discount, if such displays as that of Dr. Von Bulow should become general; and artists proper would have but little chance of being either heard or paid in the headlong rush for big memories and strong bodies.

We have often insisted that the artist is of no consequence as compared with the interests of art and the faithful rendering of the works of the composer; but this system of big recitals, by fostering vanity and discouraging accuracy and taste, would make the artist everything, and the art and the composer nothing.

The public should also be consulted in this matter. Concert-givers have, of course, a right to expect that their enterprises will pay; but, from an art point of view, the true object of giving concerts is to give the public an opportunity of hearing either a great art-work or a great artist — or both. If the public are to hear works of art, and to profit by hearing them, such works must be so placed before them as to give an opportunity for studying and contemplating their beauties. This, however, is utterly impossible under such conditions as those against which we are protesting. It is like studying paintings by means of a moving panorama, where the pictures succeed each other so rapidly that no idea of any one of them can be retained in the mind; or sculpture through the medium of beautiful statues and groups which come and go with the rapidity of actual life. The thing is manifestly impossible. Great works like Beethoven's Op. 106 cannot be studied if other great works of a similar kind precede and follow them so closely. The public needs to be instructed by hearing great works; but these exhibitions, from their very nature and object, must end in bewilderment without profit. We once studied the A-flat Sonata, Op. 110, and then went to hear Charles Halle play it at the Popular Concerts, and the effect on eye and ear together was to fix the beauties of the work in our memory; but with two other great works before and two after, without intermission, the effect would have been lost. Such great ideas can only be assimilated by slow degrees; and to overfeed the public will be to ruin its musical digestion.

We think the composer — if it were possible to consult him, or if artists thought it worth their while to do so — would protest with more vigor and effect than we can do, because, though we feel strongly on the point, he would feel much more strongly. But it is one of the failings of the school of which Dr. Von Bulow is so distinguished a leader, that its tenets, to quote a contemporary, "permit fantastic readings, occasional departures from the letter of the *partition*, and false notes, in an attempt to arrive at a 'higher development' of piano-forte playing." This means, in plain English, that a player can alter his text to suit his purpose. It is for this very reason that we are bound to oppose such attempts as that made by the great pianist. One sonata is enough for one concert; and he who attempts three or four not only does injustice to himself and his art, as well as to the public he is supposed to instruct, but also sets in a false light the composer whose works he is supposed to play. — *Lond. Musical Standard, Nov. 30.*

BOOK NOTICES.

Apple Blossoms: Verses of Two Children, Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

People like to believe in the miraculous; and to the general apprehension genius is a miracle. Certainly the dictum of Charles Dickens that "genius is only patience and attention" is a narrow and inadequate statement. If the great caricaturist had said that genius *works* by patience and attention, he would have been nearer right. The original impulse is still to be accounted for. After allowing what we must to heredity, — and in a certain way heredity must claim everything, — we still find genius to be an unexpected combination of ancestral traits, near or remote, — a development so new and strange that the astonished mother must, like Virgil's grafted tree, wonder at the strange leaves and blossoms, and the fruit not her own:

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

These children, born in 1863 and 1866 respectively, have produced a volume of near 250 pages of genuine poetry. It is not all equally good, but the poetic feeling pervades every page. The poetry seems spontaneous; there is no invocation of the unwilling Muse, no preparation for song. The scenery and wild flowers of Berkshire County, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the joys of home, the mere delight of living, — these are the simple materials out of which the child artists have made some of the most exquisite pictures of our time. The literary art appears not to have been thought of, but yet the choice of words has often been guided by a divine instinct. You do not feel that there is any conscious attempt at decking the thought with ornament; and the phrase, "jeweled perfection," which we have seen applied by a warm admirer, though well meant, is singularly inappropriate.

At the time when most girls are just beginning to abjure dolls, these young priestesses of nature are celebrating the praises of the beautiful, and furnishing pictures of country life worthy of the most mature and experienced poets. Generally this power comes only with maturity, and, when it comes, the freshness of early feeling has too often been exhaled. If, in addition to this natural exuberance, there were attempts at diving into the mysteries of life, and of tracing analogies between the soul of nature and the soul of man, we should suspect the soundness of their growth, and should anticipate an early decay of their powers. To be sure, what they have done is not the less miraculous, but the tone of it agrees with the spring-time of life, and its charming youthfulness leaves room for the hope of a deeper and more spiritual development in after years.

Such poetry is at once antidote and relief to the sentimental sorrow and melodious woe of which much (feminine) poetry seems to be made. There is not a false intonation in all the volume. There are crudities which experience will hereafter detect and work out; but the most obvious lapses are less offensive than the pretense of feeling to which the poet is a stranger.

But the verses are finer than anything we can write about them.

[POEMS BY ELAINE GOODALE.]

O wild azalea, rosy red,
In every woody hollow
Put out, put out your pretty head
That I may see and follow!
That I may see and follow, dear,
That I may see and follow!

ASHES OF ROSES.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie, —
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

TRANSFIGURED.

Silently away, away,
Glides the day,
Underneath her misty robes,
All of gray.

Close her dark mists settle down,
O'er the crown
Of the mountains tipped with clear
Golden brown.

Ah, what ray so glad and bright
Cheers my sight?
Parting, breaking are the clouds
Fringed with light!

Soft and clear the sunset air!
Fresh and fair
Dreamy hues that blush and mingle
New and rare!

Robed in purple glides the day
Still away,
At her feet red roses tremble
In the gray.

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[POEMS BY DORA READ GOODALE.]

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Sunshine plays on the hill-side steep,
Or kisses the daisied meadow,
Leaving the forest and waters deep
To quiet shadow.

When we pass thro' this life, this life below,
When we find no flowery meadow,
Shall we wait and wait for the sun's bright glow,
Or rest in shadow?

IN THE LOFT.

In the hay-loft, dark and sweet,
With the breath of new mown hay!
There the lights and shadows fall
Weird upon the amazed, startled wall,
And the dusky swallows soar,
High above the broken floor,
Lightly poise on tiny feet,
Quiver, dip, and dart away.

MAIDEN'S HAIR.

(*With a gift of pressed ferns.*)

WHERE the tinkling water-falls
Sparkle over rocky ledges,
Where the slate-gray cattiel calls
In mid out the tangled hedges,
Green and slender, spreading fair,
You may see the maiden's hair.

'Tis as she' some lady left
By the stream her floating tresses
Long ago, and now, bereft,
Where they be she little guesses, —
But they still are tossing there,
And we call them maiden's hair.

Then may there a picture bring
Of green alders overhanging,
Of a wind-blown brook in spring,
And a thousand ripples, dangling
In a silver mingling, where
Nods the slender maiden's hair.

The' their grace more formal be
Than when by the brook they fluttered,
Touched by winds that lazily
In among the treetops muttered,
Still the same quaint charm they bear
Of the earliest maiden's hair.

A MASQUE OF POETS. No Name Series: Roberts Brothers. Boston.

In a real masquerade some prudence and reserve are needful, or you may speak evil of dignities in their own ears. In this mock masquerade there is less danger. We don't think the *Dii majores* are here. The huge mask opposite the title page is held by a child; at least it is a pair of plump and well rounded baby knees we see below, — not the strongly articulated joints of Apollo or his stately sons.

The general impression made by such a book is unpleasant. Much of the delight of poetry comes from the sense of personality. In even the scraps of the masters there is some suggestion. In this volume the promise is alluring, the result disappointing. There are a number of very fine poems in it; poems that would be creditable to the first in the land. There are others which we wonder at: —

"The things, we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."

The Horizon is a delicate piece of work, much like the admired verses of H. H. *Avolion* is written in a noble strain, much as Dr. Joyce would have done. *Appledore* is an exquisite picture which only one woman (we think) could have written. *Theocritus* is simple and strong, a fine paraphrase of the thought of the antique world. The series of *Medallion Heads* shows the touch of a practiced hand, — perhaps that of the sculptor Story. *Running the Blockade* is full of spirit; but we remember Brownell, the Connecticut poet, and the author appears to remember him also. *Aucassin and Nicolette* is a sprightly little poem, one that would have delighted Thackeray at the time he wrote "Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin." There are many other pleasing things in this book; but as, perhaps, their few mannerisms are imitated, it might not be safe to assign them to the poets whose works they resemble. An anonymous poem may give sincere pleasure, but if it is one that the world wishes to cherish, the authorship becomes a matter of public interest, quite beyond curiosity. Then through the poem we come to know the poet, and afterwards we feel we have a right to the ideal intimacy. Thus it is, as Holmes has finely said, "the soul of the poet is naked and not ashamed." This is the legitimate place of the great poet, — a friend as well as high priest to his readers; and as this comes from what is personal and characteristic in him and his verse, we cannot feel any more than a transient interest in a play of masquers like this.

The novelette in verse, *Guy Vernon*, appeared at first unreadable, but (waiving the objection to the Byronic stanza) it proves to be a fine story, containing passages of indisputable poetry. We have only hinted at *resemblances* above; but in this instance we will make a *guess*; and it is that *Guy Vernon* was written by the accomplished author of *The Blameless Prince*.

AN AMERICAN CONSUL ABROAD. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Many readers of the JOURNAL will remember Luigi Monti, the accomplished professor of the Italian language and literature. This book shows how he did *not* go consul-ing; but how many a well meaning American does go, and how he fares at it. Its pictures are sad, or rather mortifying to the national pride; but we believe them faithful. The state department, and Congress also, must feel complimented in view of the liberal treatment of the public servants in foreign countries.

If any adolescent litterateur thinks of becoming consul as a part of his training, the lesson of this book will be wholesome. F. H. U.

OUR PAINTERS: THE NEW DEPARTURE.

THIS rejuveuescent musical journal will not forget to look after the interests of Painting, — the sister art. And all the more interest will she feel, as the date of her own fresh start coincides pretty well with the date of the new departure America takes in painting. The old is passing away; a newer and brighter day is cheering us. The ardent crowd of youth, ten thirty years ago were the pioneers of the hour in Art, are now its veterans. Most ungenerous is it to say, —

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,"

when we remember that they too once led, and opened a path to their fellows; and the art, like everything else of a country's green youth, must look poor before its maturer strength. Each of us has in him, or should have, that *laudator temporis acti*, the affectionate conservative of the past, and that radical, overturning old walls to build new ones.

A drawing-master in Rome once spoke to me of a certain "affectation of bad drawing," which the English had. I told him I feared that with our Angle-Saxon race it was no affectation; nor is it. A timidity of assertion, an unwillingness to be uncompromising, mark the American outline with feebleness. Our pictures debilitate when they should strengthen us. In this connection it is pleasant to ob-erve the crowd of accomplished young artists returning from the best schools of Europe and longing for recognition. We are amazed when we see that they can draw the figure. They are bold in design, strong and cheerful in color, and make us believe we may yet see schools of our own which the world will respect. And in do this we must have life schools nf our own, life schools which the artists must feel they need, pay for not of their own pockets, and assiduously study in. The hour has struck when we need and must have such life schools. Without them America can never hold up her head before foreign training. With them we can accomplish as good art as Rome, Munich, or Paris furnish. T. G. A.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

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SALUTATION.

On the eve of Christmas and New Year's, with the greetings of the joyful holy season to our readers, this first number of another volume of our new-old JOURNAL, bearing the imprint of new publishers, presents itself a fortnight in advance of date. Of course when its date arrives it will no longer be found fresh in all its matter, though some topics and some records do not lose their freshness in a day. We issue it thus early simply to sati-fy the very many calls for a "specimen" number.

Everybody knows, a "specimen" oever is a specimen, and never can be. An hour is no specimen of a year. A part cannot show the whole. A brick is not the house in little. A specimen paper is made up in a hurry, in a distracted and unnatural condition of the editorial mind, thinking of too many things at once, and lacking that repose of settled routine in which the happy thought, the clear and quick decision, comes. Every man is scatterbrained, half-idiotic, when he is in a hurry; his thought deserts him, his consciousness is blank; not so are the Muses woo. We do our best when we are not thinking of doing something great. A general, who should go into a battle with the idea of showing the world a specimen, would be pretty sure to lose the fight. He would wish to exhibit all the elements of his strength, all his strategic arts and subtleties, whether the occasion called for them or not; would order up artillery only to find it in the way. So we, having issued a Prospectos of our plans and topics, with an attractive list of writers for the coming year, set out to make a specimen number just to show that all these writers, all these things, are really to figure in the volume here begun. But in the first place there is no time; in the next place no room. This is a small paper; its eight pages cannot make a show of all its departments and contributors at once; the little bark cannot hold all its crew; they must take turns. We have invited our trusty contributors to this trial trip; but when it comes to taking all aboard, it is like going to sea in a bowl. Some, of whose companionship we should have been proud, must wait. Some have contributed in such generous abundance that were we to accept it all, though good as gold, our boat would founder before leaving shore. Some have offered us whole book-, where we timidly asked for occasional short papers. Of correspondents from other musical cities we have been anxious to include as many as

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possible; but in almost every instance we have been obliged to cut their letters short by full one half; besides contracting our own editorial space more than in duty to our readers seems excusable.

Nevertheless (to change the metaphor) we make what show we can. As a manager, on the opening night of his new theatre, marshals his whole company before the audience, so we endeavor to present a goodly number of our contributors in this first issue: and, if the actors jostle one another, if each is cut down to a short part, appearing hardly long enough to make his bow, it is because the stage is narrow and the evening soon spent. When the auditorium too is crowded, we'll enlarge the stage.

Of our artistic faith, ideals, principles, our journalistic policy, etc., we cannot say much here; they are perhaps hinted with sufficient clearness in the Prospectus on another page. We think there will be no mistaking the *spirit* of the paper, or its high aim and honesty. Whatever its shortcomings, it will be found faithful to high and noble views of art; always striving to uphold a high artistic standard; to make the enduring masterworks appreciated and cherished, that thus, informed and duly *oriented*, we may listen to new things intelligently, without danger of bewilderment and dissipation of all sound artistic sense. We want to make the ground so solid, and the atmosphere so wholesome, that one may gratify the curiosity for novelties, new schools, new forms, new styles and fashions, with no fear of losing his head, or of becoming a victim of that musical dyspepsia which afflicts so many amateurs and critics.

It may be that we have some hobbies, which we shall ride as opportunity or provocation comes. We shall continue, for one thing, to throw out suggestions tending toward what may be called a unitary organization of the concert management in each of our important musical centres; an understanding and arrangement whereby the best interpretation of the best in music may reside in guaranteed and permanent *institutions*, and not be left entirely to the competitive, conflicting interests of speculating showmen. We shall keep finding and appealing to the public-spirited, wealthy would-be benefactors to the cause of art and culture, to make liberal endowment of such institutions, by placing money in the hands of fit societies or trustees, instead of building vast and showy halls and theatres, with vaguest notions of their uses. Mindful of one institution, out of which our journal sprang, — the Harvard Musical Association, — and of the simple germ from which that sprang, the little "Pierian" club in college, we shall still plead for the endowment and establishment of what would be a central and presiding institution among all the members of such an ideal organization of our musical opportunities and culture, to wit: a complete School or Conservatory of Music under the wing of Harvard (or any other) University, on an equal footing with the School of Medicine, or Law, or Natural History, having its seat both in Cambridge and in Boston, strong and permanent under the guaranty of that respectability, authority, disinterestedness, and broad, wise catholicity of view which goes with a university. Then, be the pupils many or few, the education will be sound and thorough, the influence inspiring and far-reaching, and there will be, what we now want in music, an authoritative standard.

And again, as naturally flowing out of this last thought (and echoing the brief but pregnant word of the friend who writes us in another column of a "new departure" in the sister art of Painting), we trust we shall make it appear that this turning over of a new leaf in our journalism comes just in time to herald and to help a corresponding "new departure" in the culture and the art of Music in America. The musical student also begins to recognize the importance of the "life school." The real, earnest music lovers are getting past the period of sentimental, superficial dilettantism. They set themselves to watch and study *Nature* in the works of genius; to learn how musical beauties and splendors and precious memories and meanings develop by natural law and process, through the sympathetic instinct and trained insight of the genial composer, out of musical seed-thoughts, themes, and motives. For soon they find that every so-called classical form and structure, the subtle shining web of imitative Counterpoint, the exhaustless Fugue, the thematic development of the Sonata, and all the established musical forms grew out of Nature's own "life-school," and are in very truth the organic life and principle of Music, the only musical manifestations which are not arbitrary and merely of the moment. Signs of this beginning are the musical courses recently established at Harvard under Professor Paine, and the appearance in a literary periodical of such articles as that by Mr. Apthorp, in the *Atlantic*, on "Additional Accompaniments to the Scores of Bach and Händel," most of which we copied at the time. At all events, Music is becoming a more earnest matter among its votaries in our country than it ever was before. It is beginning to be *studied* in a deeper sense; and to further this tendency, this movement, must be our main object with our journal.

CONCERTS.

In spite of the bad prospect in October, the ante-Christmas half of the musical season has kept attention busily occupied with frequent concerts, remarkable artists, and excellent performances of many first-class compositions. We have not been entirely deprived of orchestral delights, as there was danger that we might be; and it is no disadvantage on the whole that we have had to fall back on our own local resources.

The HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, by the time this is printed, will have given two Symphony Concerts of its fourteenth season. The first, on Thursday, December 5th, though not so well attended as one night expect of Boston, made a decided mark, delighting the audience and holding all in their seats to the last chord of a two hours' performance of a programme purely classical, and winning the approbation of all the critics, as we have already shown in our last number. That experience proved that a programme may be made up wholly from the so-called solid works of the great classical masters, and be thoroughly enjoyed by a whole audience. The interpretation, too, was worthy of the programme. Knowing all behind the curtain, from the beginning of the brief and hurried preparations, we had hardly dared to expect so much. Yet so well did the orchestra (of forty-four men, with Mr. C. N. ALLEN at the head of the violins) play, in such true intonation (even the oboes always in tune), with such precision and well blended coloring, such good light and shade, and such spirit, — almost one might say enthusiasm, — that many spoke of it as a miraculous transformation, the dawn of a new era, and gave credit for a most unusual amount of time and care spent in rehearsal. The fact is that hardly ever, in the whole history of these concerts, had the musicians rehearsed so little. How account for the encouraging surprise? Was it that, in the withdrawal of an exceptionally perfect, and in fact *virtuoso* orchestra for comparison, and of the distracting influence of all the startling, brilliant novelties that orchestra continually set before us, the criterion now reverted to the calm, true court of appeal in the hearer's own mind and conscience improved, so that we took things naturally, and judged them by the "inner light," not brow-beaten by comparison, not dragged off our centre by surrounding excitement? In other words, does not perhaps this freedom from artistic "attractions" that distract, this quiet being left alone, for once, to listen to our music in more peace and leisure, help us to see and feel it as it is *intrinsically*, and find great joy in it, without being over-sensitive to real or fancied imperfections in the interpreting? We do believe there is something in this, but certainly not all. Our musicians *did* play remarkably well. And we fancy one secret of it was that these are hard times for musicians; they find not so much promiscuous employment as in past years; they have time upon their hands, and they have enough of the artist feeling in them to try to improve it artistically, and use the unpaid hours in making for themselves artistic character against the better times when good engagements will flow in. Hence they played the symphony not like hack *Musikanten*, fagged out with theatres and balls all night, but as lovers of good music, having now a chance to give their whole soul to it, as well as automatic breath and hands. Such are the precious uses, sometimes, of adversity! And we believe the same privation sharpened the sense and predisposed the sympathetic recognition of the audience. All was in good earnest; the artists played well, and the people listened well, — not as in the spoiled-child pamper ed times when all were running after new sensations.

We can cast back but a glance upon the details of that concert. It opened with an effective rendering of Mendelssohn's noble overture to *St. Paul*, never so appreciable in the bustle of a gathering oratorio crowd. By some strange oversight, however, the organ was left out. How many thought of it? Then came MR. SHERWOOD's masterly performance of the great E-flat concerto of Beethoven, — the "Emperor" concerto as the English call it, — being in truth the greatest ever written. We cannot say we ever heard this glorious work more satisfactorily presented on the part of the pianist. With perfect certainty of technique, musical, clear touch, graduated to all degrees of power or fineness, and firm, sustained, symmetrical unfolding of all the grandeur and the beauty of the work, and a thoroughly intellectual well thought out and well felt conception of his task, he brought it home to every listener, and it was impossible not to listen. Spohr's *Jessonda* overture came next, and that, too, was relished.

Part II. opened with Bach's great organ fantasia and fugue in G minor, transcribed by Liszt, which Mr. Sherwood played with great

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power and distinctness. Then, since the E-flat concerto is equal to a great Beethoven symphony, a short, light, charming symphony by Haydn was selected for this time, — one never heard here but once before, composed by Haydn on receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford. Light, playful, airy, as are most of its themes, yet it is a gem of masterly musicianship; by the subtle art of thematic development and the fine instinct of instrumentation, every theme is worked up into a thing of wondrous beauty. Just such a sample of his art as Haydn cared to lay before the Oxford Dons! Rossini knew how good it was; in the second subject of the allegro you see where he found and used (unconsciously, no doubt) one of the melodic ideas in *Il Barbiere!* Schubert's *Reiter-Marsch*, transcribed for orchestra, by Liszt, made a spirited conclusion to a noble concert. Mr. CARL ZERRAHN is to be heartily congratulated on the fine results his baton has elicited from a band so newly brought together.

WILHELMJ returned to us, with that remarkable *coloratur* singer, Mlle. DI MURSKA, for three concerts in the Music Hall, December 4th, 6th, and 7th. They were largely attended, and offered much that was excellent. In the first, Wilhelmj played the first movement of Beethoven's greatest of all violin concertos, in D, and played it with supreme, consummate mastery. It would have been better with a larger and more trained orchestra, yet the accompaniment was not bad. He gave Ernst's fantasia on the Desdemona romanza and aria (the song of "Willow") in *Otello*, and some of his fine encore pieces. Mlle. DI MURSKA, though her middle tones are worn and harsh, and she lacks sustained tone for *cantabile*, displayed a marvelous perfection of florid execution in "Una voce," etc., and in some bravura variations by Proch. Her very highest notes are liquid purity and sweetness free from all alloy, and revel with all ease in ornamental passages.

On the second evening, Wilhelmj's *pièce de résistance* was a concerto, composed for him by Raff, — a strange, unsatisfactory production in itself, which hardly seemed a concerto after those greatest ones we had just been hearing of Beethoven. It consisted of a long, slow, vague, sentimental movement, in which we felt no progress, but a sort of spell-bound, nightmare state of mind, followed by a quick movement mainly made up of a march. The march was a relief after the nightmare, but Raff is always marching. There are immense difficulties in it for the principal instrument, but Wilhelmj carried all before him with all ease. On Saturday he played the adagio and allegro of the Mendelssohn concerto wonderfully well, except that there was some moody humoring of tempo in the first part. But the memorable thing in that concert was the adagio and variations from the rare old "Kreutzer Sonata," which he and Mme. TERESA CARRENO at the piano played as if possessed with one spirit, both moved by a higher power invisible. It was one of those inspired moments which now and then occur to relieve the tedium of too many concerts. The beautiful pianist, whose face and movements had until then worn an expression of impatience and almost disgust at being repeatedly recalled after flashy virtuoso pieces (Gottschalk, etc.), now evidently felt at home and happy in good music; her cooperation was perfect, and her face grew poetic and inspired. Why cannot an artist always have artistic tasks to do? Sig. TAGLIAPIETRA, one of the most artistic and refined of baritones, made a very fine impression by his singing of a beautiful romanza of Wilhelmj's composition, as well as by several songs by Gounod and others in two concerts. Mme. Di Murska again and again displayed her finished, facile art in Benedict's variations on the "Carnival of Venice," Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song," and the aria from *Linda*, besides "Robert, toi qon j'aime."

The little improvised orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, played the *Prometheus* overture of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's to *Das Heimkehr*, in a manner quite refreshing.

MR. EICHBERG'S VIOLIN CLASSES.—The exhibition of the Boston Conservatory of Music at Tremont Temple, on Saturday, Dec. 14, was most attractive and significant. Half a dozen of the pupils were young ladies, some of them mere girls, and there were three young men. They played difficult solos, concertos, Hungarian airs, fantasias, — such pieces as we have been hearing from Wilhelmj and Remenyi, — and they played quartets. A very young girl, Miss Edith Christie, of delicate, poetic appearance, stood forth and performed the first concerto of De Beriot with great purity of intonation, clear phrasing, and good accent, excellent bowing and expression. The violin seemed to belong to her and she to it. Another of the youngest, Miss Lillian Chandler, led in a smooth, effective rendering of the theme and variations from Beethoven's fifth quartet, being ably supported by Miss Lettie Launder, second violin, Miss Abbie Shepardson, viola, and Miss Lillian Shattuck, cello. The fair 'cellist also figured as violinist, and to good advantage, in Beethoven's romanza in F, in a beautiful nocturne for four violins by Julius Eichberg, with the same three associates; and these four performed in *unison* the adagio from Mendelssohn's concerto; the unison was perfect, the technical rendering and expression really artistic. The solo performances by Miss Launder and Miss Shepardson showed natural aptitude, with the thorough training of several years.

It all tended to confirm us in the opinion we have long held, that the violin is a true instrument for woman. Her fine sense of touch, her quick and delicate perception, and the natural grace with which she can handle the bow, give her advantages for such a practice. She looks well in the action and the attitude. But all this we expressed more fully a year since, when Mr. Eichberg produced a much larger number of young girls in a similar exhibition. This time it was confined to some of the more advanced and gifted pupils.

We must not forget to mention the solid proofs afforded also by the young men of satisfactory progress, and indeed real mastery in the handling of this most difficult of instruments. Mr. Albert van Raalte, one of the older graduates of this school, is an artist; his performance of Ernst's *Otello* fantaisie did not sound badly after the two great virtuosos we have lately had here. And Mr. Willis Nowell played the Hungarian airs by Ernst in true, sound, manly fashion. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole exhibition was the playing in good tune, almost without exception. Great good must come from such a school. Imagine the delights and the refining influence in homes where sisters and brothers, or neighbors of like training, can play a string quartet together in the evening! And think, too, how surely this will give us fresh material for our orchestra and chamber concerts!

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 12. — The programme of the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, Nov. 30, was as follows: —

Symphony, No. 2, in D . . . . *Brahms.*
Concerto Pathétique . . . . *Ernst.*
HERR E. REMENYI.
Aria, from "Il Giuramento" . . . . . *Mercadante.*
SIG. A. GALASSI.
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
(*a.*) Nocturne, F. flat }
(*b.*) Mazourka, B flat } . . . . . . *Chopin.*
HERR E. REMENYI.
Romanza, from Tannhäuser . . . . *Wagner.*
SIG. A. GALASSI.
Symphonic Poem: "Die Hunnenschlacht" . . . *Liszt.*

The second symphony of Brahms is graceful and pleasing, but in no sense a great work. "The Battle of the Huns" was performed here years ago under the direction of Thomas. Herr Remenyi gained much applause by his performance of the "Concerto Pathétique," a work which fairly bristles with technical difficulties.

The second concert of the New York Symphony Society took place at Steinway Hall, Dec. 7, with the following programme: —

Symphony in G, No. 13 . . . . *Haydn.*
Pianoforte Concerto, E flat, No. 5. . . . . . *Beethoven.*
M. MAX PINNER.
Overture, "King Lear" . . . . *Berlioz.*
Norwegian Melody, for string orchestra . . . *Svendsen.*
Allegro, for string orchestra and two hautboys *Handel.*
Kamarinskaja . . . . *Glinka.*
Overture, "Fingal's Cave" . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

I reserve an account of the work of this orchestra under Dr. Damrosch, and a comparative estimate of its merits with those of the Philharmonic orchestra under Mr. Neuendorff, and the *ci-devant* Thomas orchestra under Mr. G. Carlberg.

The season of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music has been fairly successful. Colonel Mapleson has, to begin with, a well-drilled chorus (something which his predecessors have always managed to get along without), and an orchestral leader *par excellence*, Signor Arditi.

The répertoire thus far has not been remarkable, consisting mostly of such works as *Il Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, the ever-welcome *Nozze di Figaro*, etc. The only departure from the beaten track is the representation of Bizet's opera, *Carmen*, and *Il Talismano*, the posthumous work of Balfe.

It has been said that there can be nothing harmful or impure in music, except by the association of words. Be this as it may, there is certainly music that in itself is insufferably vulgar. Of this kind is the music of *Carmen*.

Il Talismano is not entirely a novelty. It was brought out here four years ago by Miss Kellogg and her English opera troupe. This season it is given in Italian for the first time in New York.

The "Talisman" contains not a single idea of any true significance or value. The music reminds one of Thoreau's description of modern society, where people "feebly fabulate and paddle about in the social slush." The work contains a number of pretty airs of the ballad order. So does Arthur Sullivan's new burlesque, "H. M. S. Pinafore," which the composer has not dignified by the name of *opera*, although it has real musical value, while *Il Talismano* has none. The opera was well presented and was listened to by a large and (of course) delighted audience.

I am glad to say that the singing was generally good, except that the singers were not in their best voice, owing to the bad weather. Mme. Gerster is in no sense a great singer; but her voice is excellent and cultivated to the highest extent. She is certainly an artist who charms both by her singing and her acting.

Mme. Sinico has a hard and not altogether agreeable voice, but makes the best of it. Signor Campanini is well known to be the best tenor who has appeared here for many years. His voice is of peculiar *timbre*, and particularly beautiful in cantabile passages. His stage manner is awkward: he is no actor, but one quite forgets this defect in admiration of his singing. Sig. Del Puente is also well known to the opera-going public, with whom he is deservedly a favorite.

Sig. Galassi has a fine voice and sings in good style. Mme. Gerster and Sig. Campanini gained a double encore in the duet, "Oh va! La mia preghiera."

On Saturday evening, Dec. 14, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society will give the first concert of the season. Theodore Thomas will come from Cincinnati to conduct the orchestra.

A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 13, 1878. — Just now the musical elements are in a condition of blissful repose with us, as is generally the case immediately preceding the Christmas holidays. So our attention will be directed towards the music of the future, that is, of the immediate future. The rehearsals and preparations are being conducted with energy, and there is a prospect of a good time coming. The Cecilian is rehearsing the healthy music of good old Father Haydn, and the charming melodies of the *Creation* are daily growing more familiar to this fine choral body; but no date is yet fixed for the performance, as, in the judgment of the excellent president, the oratorio should not be produced prematurely. A chorus formed of Madame E. Seiler's pupils is studying Dr. Loewe's oratorio of the *Seven Sleepers*. No announcement of date has yet been made.

The Stoll and Barili Soirées will be continued monthly in the Natatorium Hall. Mr. Jarvis's superior Chamber Concerts will be given in the same hall at more frequent intervals, and his future programmes look very inviting. The Philharmonic Club, assisted by Mme. Montego, a young soprano of great promise, has taken the pretty little theatre

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known as North Broad, for a series of matinées, and Colonel Mapleson has been negotiating with the directors of the Academy of Music for a series of operas with his fine company now performing in New York, but with what success we are not informed.

Mr F. T. S. Darley, the composer of "Malchus," has held the position of organist and choir-master in the Church of the Holy Trinity for nine years past, and had under him the finest chorus choir in our city, which sang music of a superior character in the very best style. His labors in the interest of church music have not been appreciated, and he has met the fate of all reformers. His resignation left the situation open, and Mr. M H. Cross has been appointed his successor. If he obtains as good results as his predecessor he will be entitled to all praise, but it will be done only by dint of earnest and persistent labor. Mr. Cross occupies the organ bench on the first of the year. Great regrets are expressed that Mr. Darley's excellent work of nine long years will go for naught; more 's the pity, for church music, with one or two exceptions, is at a discount with us, and the new Methodist Hymnal, by the aid of Moody and Sankey, is doing yeoman's work in its degradation and destruction. The first number of the *new* old JOURNAL is looked for with much interest, and its editor is greeted with a "Happy New Year" from AMERICUS.

BALTIMORE, DEC. 12, 1878. — Verily, our musical public would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer Remenyi was not expected to accomplish what Wilhelmj had done, and in this he did not disappoint us; but, as an artist making his first appearance here, he certainly deserved a fair hearing. The small attendance is the more surprising because his selections and style of playing are calculated to please a mixed audience, and because his support was superior to that accompanying Wilhelmj.

First, Remenyi played the *Otello* fantaisie by Ernst, evidently to solicit comparison with Wilhelmj's performance of the same piece. If so, it was a most unfortunate selection. The other violin solos were three by Chopin: a nocturne, Hungarian melodies, and the beautiful mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1. The last two of these (both transcribed by Remenyi) were best suited to his style, and in them he appeared to decided advantage. The programme closed with Paganini's capriccios, Nos. 21 and 24.

This class of music was about what I expected to hear, but I was not prepared for the "Suwanee River," and, oh, horror of horrors! must it be told? "Grandfather's Clock," which were thrown in by way of good measure after the Chopin mazurka. The audience applauded uproariously, probably in the hope of hearing "Whoa, Emma," with original Hungarian variations

Remenyi has, by his selections, courted comparison with Wilhelmj, but if the latter has any fear of being deprived of his laurels by the Hungarian virtuoso, he has but to hear his performance of the *Otello* fantaisie to dispel any such fears. The unerring precision in runs in octaves, thirds, etc., chromatic scales, the *flageolet*, and above all, the massive power, the masculine force, of the German violinist, — where are they? Remenyi's striking characteristics are pathetic interpretation of melody calculated to arouse tender emotions and verging on the sentimental, and subtle delicacy in the use of the bow. He is a virtuoso, but *only* a virtuoso, and it would be just as ridiculous to elevate him on a par with the solid German musician as it is to call him the "*Liszt of the violin.*"

The support was much above the average, with the exception of Mr. Courtney, who made a deplorable mess of Beethoven's "Adelaide." Mr. Courtney was evidently suffering from a cold, which seems determined not to leave him, for he is reported as having been troubled with it continually while in New York.

Miss Helen Ames has a pure, sweet voice, not strong, but possessing a clear ring, and giving evidence of substantial training.

Signor Enrico Campobello sang very acceptably an air from Handel, and the "Village Blacksmith." His name looks very Italian on the programme, but the singer looks very Scotch on the stage.

Mr. Dulcken accompanied well, except that he tried to impress too much on the audience the importance of the accompaniment, and inserted in a well-filled programme a trashy "Valse de Concert" of his own composition, which it would have been more becoming in him to have left out, for more reasons than one. MUSIKUS.

CHICAGO, DEC. 10, 1878. — Last week was the most favored one of fine vocal performances for several years. On Monday evening we had the Marie Roze concert troupe. This, they say, was well attended.

On Tuesday came the opening concert, for the season, of the BEETHOVEN SOCIETY. The programme was very good indeed. It embraced Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," Rubinstein's *Naiad* alto solo and chorus, Gade's "Spring Message," and selections from *Tannhäuser*, consisting of the overture, Wolfram's "Evening Star" air, two duets, and a trio. The chorus consisted of about 150 singers, who sang with good volume of tone. The orchestra was of forty pieces, also of good body of tone and not obstreperous. The solos in the "Walpurgis Night" were taken by Mrs. Watrous, who has a large contralto voice and a good delivery of the text, but a rather monotonous style of singing; Mr. Chas. Knox, who, in spite of fatigue, succeeded very nicely with his part, and Mr. Juan Moranski, who has a very heavy and solid but rather unelastic bass voice.

This interesting work was given with good spirit and in an enjoyable way The chorus is well balanced, the tenors and basses showing a marked improvement over last year. The *attack* is very good. Shading was manifested to a certain degree. But it must be confessed that in spite of the efforts of the enthusiastic conductor, Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the phrasing is decidedly slovenly, and the performance as a whole too unelastic. This is the more to be regretted because the present fault is alike trying to the singers and the hearers.

Nor can I omit the opportunity to comment on the orchestra, which, though showing an improvement over former efforts, is still too monotonous and unsympathetic

The Rubinstein *Naiad* solo was taken by Miss Ella White, one of our very best singers and most indefatigable lovers of music. Her voice is not large, but of compact and remarkably good carrying quality, in spite of which she was too much accompanied, so that her excellent delivery of her text was covered up and to a great degree lost. On the whole I think the Gade "Spring Message" the best chorus singing of this concert. The overture to *Tannhäuser* was played in good honest style, and I must say I think it a masterpiece always worth hearing. That "Pilgrim Chorus" is a grand and massive melody, which goes far to make me a Wagnerite, besides which I always enjoy hearing a less finished orchestral performance; one can follow the different instruments so much better. The vocal selections were also well received, the best being unquestionably Mr. John McWade's "Evening Star" aria. The part of "Elizabeth" was taken by Miss Hannah McCarthy, who has a very large and agreeable soprano voice. Her singing was a *succès d'estime*, the good voice compensating for the extremely cavalier manner in which she treated the words of the part (if indeed she sang any words at all, of which I am not sure).

THE APOLLO SOCIETY comes out this year with a mixed chorus of about the same size as the former. The music this time consisted of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," given after the original score (it having been found impossible to get the Mozart parts in time), and half of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

The Handel solos were given by Miss Fanny Kellogg, Dr. C. T. Barnes (tenor), and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Those in "St. Paul" by Miss Kellogg, Miss Abby Clark, Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Whitney. Having named the solo artists, I perhaps need say no more, for from your acquaintance with most of them you will at once know how well they must have done them.

This was the first time I had heard Miss Fanny Kellogg, and her singing was a genuine and most delightful surprise to me It was not alone the flexible and agreeable voice, the pleasant method and the refinement of her phrasing: but the union of these with so much intelligence. And so I am pleased to record how perfectly and most satisfactorily she sang (for there is a kind of *insipid perfection*, such as Theodore Thomas sometimes gets, and Tomlins is sometimes guilty of).

Dr. Barnes is a native, and it was an unexpected pleasure to find him capable of the work he did in the part of "Acis." His voice is light, and like all those light tenors prone to the nasal. But I did not observe this peculiarity the other evening. Whitney was glorious, as he always is

The orchestra was another most agreeable surprise to me For, wonderful to relate, Mr. Tomlins proved equal to this demand also, so that they played with a most delightful subjection to the voices, and with refined and sympathetic expression. This was the case throughout, but especially and altogether unusually so in the recitatives, which were accompanied in the most exquisite manner. I have never heard so fine phrasing from a Chicago orchestra, and did not believe them capable of it, though "The Chicago Orchestra" under Mr. Rosenbecker's direction shows a marked improvement.

The chorus singing was the best we have ever had. I have never heard a chorus of the size sing with such delicacy and precision, such elasticity, such easy and natural shading, and with plenty of power, rising at the close of the "St. Paul" selection, at the words "Oh, great is the depth," to a climax so impressive as to set the audience wild with enthusiasm

The Whitney combination is doing fine work throughout the West, and, I hear, doing well in pocket. And this I am glad of, for it deserves to succeed when such singers as Whitney, Miss Kellogg, and Fessenden and Miss Clark can be heard in small places in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and the rest. . . . .

. . . . I find that musical people generally look with interest at your new departure, — for which we wait.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

NEWPORT, R. I. DEC. 6, 1878 — Last night the Newport Choral Society gave its fourth concert at the Opera House, having been engaged for the occasion by the Lecture Association. The programme was judiciously selected by the committee of the Choral Society, and was well received by an audience which has hitherto had but little opportunity of hearing classical music.

The opening cantata for chorus, "Spring's Message," by Gade, was charmingly rendered; the lights and shades being well brought out. The burst of religious form towards the end was given with a vigor and force which was by no means studied or conventional, but showed a natural *abandon*, quite remarkable in so young a society.

In Mendelssohn's beautiful motet, "Hear my prayer," the chorus did their part delightfully, singing with true feeling, and managing the *pianissimo* passages with great skill. The Finland Song, by Henry Hiles, was well rendered, although lacking a little of the usual vigor. Schumann's "Gypsey Life" was, on the whole, good; the only fault being a slight want of unity in the *ritardando* parts. Beethoven's cantata of two movements: (1) "Becalmed at Sea," (2) "Prosperous Voyage," was open to criticism in two respects; the last movement was too hurried both by accompanyist and chorus Mr Sharland's baton seemed powerless to get them into order; and they continued their reckless career to the end. Then, too, there was a need of more soprano. The male voices overbalanced the female element; and in the high notes, especially, the lack of high soprano voices was felt.

The solo singing I will not dwell on at length, as the choral work is what I particularly wish brought into notice; only saying that it was all warmly appreciated by the audience, as it deserved to be. The two gentlemen, Mr. Seabury and Mr. West, made their appearance in public for the first time last evening, and astonished all with their fine voices and great promise. When we consider that it is but two years since this society was organized, and that it is the first attempt at anything like a higher order of music here, we must regard the progress made in that time as really remarkable. The members have shown an ability and readiness to learn most praiseworthy; and what is even more to the purpose, an earnest persistency in carrying out the instructions of their excellent leader, Mr. J. B. SHARLAND, of Boston. His patient perseverance, his good sense and wonderful tact, his thorough training, added to very remarkable musical instincts, combine to make him one of the most efficient choral leaders, not only in America (indeed many who have had much experience abroad think he has few superiors in Europe) for that kind of work. Having had so propitious a beginning, we trust that the Newport Choral Society may continue to flourish and expand under its admirable director. E.

PARIS, NOV. 26, 1878. — Parisians ought never to complain of a lack of good music, for certainly we have been favored the last week with two fine orchestral concerts and any quantity of operas; although among the latter there was not much to boast about. At the Pasdeloup Sunday Popular Concert (a fine institution, and one that ought to be introduced in the United States) we had a purely classical programme with a few exceptions. The "Surprise" symphony of Haydn was exquisitely rendered; as the main defect in M Pasdeloup's orchestra was not so palpable, namely, the brass and drums. But a greater contrast could not be imagined to Haydn than the second number played It was printed thus: "Les Erinnyes, musique pour une pièce antique," by J. Massenet. If my memory serves me aright, this Drama Symphony or Symphonique Drama has never been heard in America, and, by the shades of Mozart, may it never be! It opened with a movement called on the programme entr'acte, a very sweet air but repeated *ad nauseam*. A lively but remarkably eccentric dance followed; then a dirge, expressive of a Trojan woman weeping over her country. This is all for clarinet and 'cello, and in its instrumentation reminds one of the worst side of Berlioz; I mean the theatrical and sensational. Of course it was applauded to the skies, as it just suits the taste of the Parisian public, who will have novelty or die. A "danse des Saturnales" closed the suite. The composer, Massenet, is of the school of Berlioz and St. Saens, but lacks the spontaneity of the former and the occasional happy touches of the latter

The old familiar "Scotch Symphony" was given next. It was very well played, except that the delicacy of the scherzo was marred by the drums, — a serious defect. Mr. Theodore Ritter, the well-known pianist, who is very popular here, played the sonata of Beethoven, Op. 111, in C-minor. Mr. Ritter's technique is enormous; but somehow he does n't touch you. He had a very metallic-toned piano to play on, and the consequence was there was too much bang in the introduction. However, the variations were given as near perfection as possible One would naturally suppose that such a late work of Beethoven's would not be popular; but it appeared to be just the reverse. The concert closed with the well-known *Marche Turque* of Mozart.

On Sunday afternoon also was given, at the Concert du Chatelet, Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* with a large chorus and orchestra, under the direction of M. Ed. Colonne. This was the eighteenth and last representation. Next week we are to have the *Drama-Oratoire* that took the prize at the concours of the city of Paris. It is called *Le Paradis Perdu*. The music is by Theo. Dubois. On the 22d of this month, St. Cecilia's Day, a great day here among the musicians, a new mass by Charles Gounod was sung at the Church of St. Eustache. It was largely attended, and the mass was a perfect success. The morning's performance closed with a grand *Marche Religieuse*, by the same composer, with the principal solos for the harp. The operas are almost numberless: *Polyeucte*, *Grand Duchesse*, a new opera by Lecocq, *Camargo*, and *Les Amants de Verone* by Marquis d'Ivry, — a very large mixture to swallow, but which I have not yet attempted. So you see the week has not been a bad one in a musical sense. J. H.

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BOSTON, JANUARY 18, 1879.

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TO APOLLO.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE, BY C. P. CRANCH.

From great Apollo's declinated shrine
What seeks the bard to gain,
While pouring out new sacrificial wine?
Not rich Sardinian grain:
Not the sleek herds that hot Calabria yields;
Not gold, nor Indian ivory, nor fields
By Liris' silent waters washed away.
Let those to whom their fortune gives the vines
Their careful pruning hooks upon them lay.
Let the rich merchant quaff his wines —
By Syrian traffic bought — from cups of gold.
Dear to the gods is he.
Four times a year, forsooth, he must behold —
And nothing lost to him — the Atlantic Sea.
For me, plain olives are my food,
And mallows soft, and chicory.
O thou, Latona's son, grant I may be
With health and strength endued;
With a sound mind enjoying what I own.
No base old age in me be ever known;
Nor let me lack my lyre or poet's mood.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 3.)

NERVOUS prostration, hallucinations, the loss of dear friends by death, the exhaustion of too severe artistic labor, combined with the late hours of Parisian society to break up Chopin's health entirely. Madame Sand vainly endeavored, by persuasion and country excursions, to tear Chopin from his piano and the over-exertion of composition. She says: "I did not dare to persist. Chopin, angry, was terrible; and as he always restrained himself with me, he seemed, at such times, to be on the point of suffocation and death. My life, active and successful on the surface, had become inwardly more painful than ever. I began to despair of ever being able to bestow on others the happiness I had long ago renounced for myself, for I had many reasons for profound sadness. Chopin's friendship had never been a support or a refuge for me; my son Maurice was my real source of strength, for he was now old enough to understand the serious interests of life, while he sustained me by his precocious intelligence, equable disposition, and unalterable cheerfulness." Chopin appears always to have taken pains to retain the affection of Madame Sand, but he was not so careful with the other members of her family; quarrels, recriminations, misunderstandings, ensued, until the situation became insupportable, and Maurice declared to his mother that, unless she requested Chopin to find another place of residence, he would leave the house himself. The mother, a woman, too, always the slave of children, as well as their idol, to her last hour, was not likely long to hesitate; and, after eight years of daily intercourse, a sudden and decisive break took place between the friends, who then parted, — meeting but once again, at an evening party a year after, when only one word was spoken between them, the name "Frédéric!" from the lips of George Sand. The blame of this rupture has been almost universally given to George Sand, especially as Chopin died two years after it, and people thought she might have supported the harassing presence of her "customary invalid" for so short a period longer, — as if she could have foreseen what was to ensue. The reasons and causes that brought about the parting of George Sand and Chopin have been variously stated by friends and foes. Among the foes of George Sand it is difficult to avoid classing M. Karasowski, whose estimate of her character and actions is, throughout his book, narrow, prejudiced, yet often sentimentally weak. M. Karasowski, who, in placing Madame Sand's conduct in the worst light, scarcely shows himself an enlightened friend of the artist who so wholly adored her, tells us that Chopin only desired to marry her "in his youth," — yet their entire acquaintance merely extended over a period of a little more than ten years; that she "poisoned his whole life;" and deplores the fact that this infatuation prevented Chopin from entering into some happy marriage that would have brightened his life and greatly augmented his artistic success. He forgets that twice before Chopin's acquaintance with Madame Sand his projects of marriage came to naught, though without any fault on his side; and that during his residence in her house he failed to carry out a matrimonial alliance, because, when visiting the lady, she offered a chair to a mere famous man before asking Chopin to take one; and that although, with an artist's natural susceptibility to beauty and elegance, he would sometimes return from an evening party enthusiastically in love with three graces at once, he had the next day forgotten them all in his absorbed devotion to the genius, and repose ful, sympathetic qualities of the woman whose friendship and almost maternal care were bestowed on him. In vain, after their parting, he attempted to forget one who had filled his existence for ten years with dreams of happiness; during the visit he made to England in the following year, he took little pleasure in the brilliant reception accorded to him at the English court, or by the public at the few concerts he gave. His health suffered from the climate; the state of his mind was betrayed by many expressions in his letters to his friends: "If I begin to complain, I shall never end, and all is in the same key. I am wearied to death, though the people here almost kill me with their kindness. I am disgusted with life; nothing touches me any more; I only wait for the end." On his return to Paris, his health gave way entirely. The details of his last days on earth, the sufferings he endured with so much resignation and piety, seeming rather to long for than to fear death, are related by Karakowski with much pathos.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis,[1] in speaking of Madame Sand's "deliberate refusal" to marry Chopin, treats the whole subject from the merely sentimental and superficial point of view commonly accepted. Lenz is one of Madame Sand's most severe judges.[2] He laments the web into which Chopin had fallen, "to which a spider was not wanting." Should we not describe the situation more truthfully, if we were to deplore the entanglement of *two* butterflies in a net; if we entitled that the web of circumstance, and the spider Destiny, or shall we say mortal fallibility? But indeed Herr Lenz must have found it difficult to forgive Madame Sand, when, after he had played — no doubt, finely — to her, "she did not say one word;" and Chopin showed himself once very deficient in his usual delicate tact, when he told Lenz that all contemporary writers ought to lay down their pens, and leave the whole field in possession of the incomparable George Sand! It is quite true, as Karasowski observes, that George Sand was not found among the friends and relations who attempted to soften Chopin's sufferings during his last hours; but be it remembered that Chopin "did not request to see any one at all;" he was too proud and reticent in character, and just then, no doubt, too hopeless and discouraged to ask for the presence of the woman he perhaps most desired to see. Had he not declared that "his whole life was contained in one episode," and that after it had closed he "merely vegetated"? The bitter things he said of her after their parting were but natural from a man who had passed through such a disappointment, and possess little weight as evidence against her; they must be accepted with reservation, as the expressions of the deepest, most sensitive, but morbid feeling on the part of one who, as Liszt says, "refused to be comforted, while all attempts to fix his attention on other subjects were vain." Vainly, alas, has an acute French critic advised men to be more chary with their hatred, which is, he says, "a poison more precious than that of the Borgias, for it is compounded of our blood, our health, our sleep, and — two thirds of our love"!

The commonly received reason of the parting of Chopin and Madame Dudevant is that she, in order to force him to leave her house, depicted him in her novel "Lucrezia Floriani" as Prince Karol, a jealous, tiresome, transcendental invalid; threw the proof-sheets in his way, and instructed the children to inform him that "Maman intended Prince Karol for M. Chopin." But, as Ehlert says,[3] "I cannot judge whether Karasowski's information be correct, or derived from authentic sources, but I doubt it. No woman acts thus, not even one whose patience has been completely wearied out." More than twenty years ago, Madame Sand

[1] *Music and Morals.* By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M. A. London and New York.

[2] *Die grossen Pianoforte-Virtuosen unserer Zeit.* VON W. VON LENZ. Berlin. 1872.

[3] *Aus der Tonwelt.* Essays by LOUIS EHLERT. Berlin. 1877.

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found it necessary to deny this report, as well as partially to refute the charge that she had kept Chopin dangling on for her own entertainment, the most devoted of her slaves, until she was tired of him, and dismissed him broken-hearted. The following remarks occur in this passage of her autobiography, illustrative of the character of Chopin as displayed in his intercourse with her: "The depth of Chopin's emotion was always disproportioned to its cause. A slight grief, some awkwardness in a person to whom he was indifferent, the small contrarieties of real life, affected him for days, for weeks; while he heroically supported the great dangers and sufferings of his deplorable health, he was miserably vexed by its insignificant variations. But such is the history, the destiny, of all persons in whom the nervous system is developed to excess. .... Long life was impossible to one of such an extreme artistic type. He was consumed by a dream of the ideal, unbalanced by mundane charity or philanthropic toleration. He never would make terms with human nature. He accepted nothing of reality. In this lay his vice and his virtue, his grandeur and misery. .... Chopin was an epitome of those magnificent inconsistencies that must possess their individual logic, since Heaven pleases to create them. .... I accepted all this, and, differing from him in ideas outside of art, in political opinions and judgment of passing events, I did not attempt any modification of his character, but respected its individuality as I did that of Delacroix and many other friends, whose paths differed from my own. On his side, Chopin accorded to me, nay, I will say honored me with, a friendship of a nature so entire that it made an exception in his whole life. He was always the same to me. He must have understood me thoroughly, without illusion, as I never descended in his estimation. A stranger to my studies and researches, and consequently to my convictions, bigotedly attached as he was to the Catholic dogma, he nevertheless always said of me, as did the gentle nun in my convent, Mother Alicia, in the last hours of her life: 'Poob, poob! I am sure she loves God!' But if, with me, he was all respect, deference, devotion, he did not abjure the asperities of his character towards those who surrounded me. With them he gave free vent to the inequalities of his character, by turns generous and fantastic, passing from infatuation to aversion, and *vice versâ*. And yet he displayed little of his interior life, save in those masterpieces of art, in which he expressed it even then only vaguely, mysteriously; his lips never betrayed his deepest feelings, and his reserve was so great that I alone, for many years, was able to divine them, and, where I could, to mitigate them and retard their outbreak." In alluding to the current report that "Lucrezia Floriani" had been the cause of their parting, she explicitly contradicted it, as well as the statement that Chopin was depicted in Prince Karol. She says that he, always anxious to read her romances before any one else, also read the proof-sheets of this, and never dreamed of connecting their own characters or experience with it, until long after, when evil-disposed persons put the idea in his head, and when he had forgotten the book. In describing their separation, she says there was no recrimination between them. "We never addressed to each other a reproach save one, — alas! the first and the last. So elevated an attachment broke asunder, as was best; it was at least not worn away in ignoble quarrels." It seems to me, as to M. Fétis,[1] that amid what he calls "the gilded language of the greatest French writer of her day, the truth is evident," — far more so than in the comments upon this famous friendship, to be found in novels, biographical sketches, dictionaries, and encyclopædias, too many of them flippant, as well as incorrect. But, while accepting Madame Sand's denial of having intended to sketch the character of Chopin, especially with cruel intention, in "Lucrezia Floriani," — that story, so different from her own, one of the dullest of her novels, — we are at liberty to surmise that as certain types must have floated before her imagination, often involuntarily, when writing, since she wrote with the inspired speed of an improvisatrice, so her own character and that of Chopin may have stood before her mind's eye at this time, objectively, without her being aware of it. I am the more inclined to think so, since the epithets "expansive" and "exclusive," applied by her to Lucrezia and Karol, so exactly define her own large, sympathetic nature, and the intense and concentrated character of Chopin's genius.

While attempting to describe with impartiality an episode in the lives of two famous artists, — one that is supposed to have exerted so much influence on many of their works, — let it not be thought that I am inspired by prejudice in favor of one, who is now almost universally regarded as perhaps the most illustrious example of feminine imaginative power, or by an equally illiberal prejudice against the other. For Chopin, who can feel anything but the deepest, the most tender admiration and pity? A disappointed patriot, the child of two nations, without a country or a home he could call his own, eternally consumed by the inward fire of genius, his wounded soul reacted on his body, his suffering body embittered his mind; the possibility of passing his life in the security of a tie hallowed by religion, under the happy influence of the sunlike nature that could have reduced all this discord to harmony, was denied to him; ever to have met Madame Sand was a terrible fatality for him, considering the circumstances that surrounded them; but since such was his destiny, he would not have been the profound, sensitive, fervid poet-nature that he was, if he could have met her without loving her, or lost her without a despair that sometimes led him almost to "curse the day he had met her."

It is difficult to arrive at conclusions uncolored by indulgent pity for both parties, after endeavoring to sift the truth from a mass of conflicting opinions, and the vituperation that was hurled at that "large-brained woman or large-hearted man" after Chopin's early death, and more recently since her own decease; and without the sincerest attempt to be just and unprejudiced, it is impossible to enter into the exceptional, abnormal character of one artist, or that of the other, so unique from hereditary descent and individual peculiarities, and therefore not to be measured by ordinary standards. Common justice towards George Sand, however, has been too often lost sight of by Chopin's admirers, especially by German writers on music, either from prejudice towards a Frenchwoman, or because the old-fashioned idea of regarding literary women as necessarily cold-hearted, selfish, hard, and self-asserting, seems to linger longer in Germany than in other countries.

Were I inclined to listen to the promptings of my own individual feelings alone, I should be anxious to yield all the merits in the case to Chopin, if only out of gratitude for the exhaustless, exquisite fountain of enjoyment unsealed to me in the works of this most original, profound, delicate, yet powerful of tone-poets. For me to pronounce which of the two artists in this question was the greater would be presumptuous; but I do not hesitate to declare that I have derived more continual, ever-renewed, stronger, finer, — if sometimes also painful — pleasure from the audition or in the performance of the works of Chopin, than from the perusal of those of George Sand. And this I confess, in spite of my keen appreciation of all her noble qualities, deep feeling for nature, and for all great art; in spite of her swing, verve, picturesqueness, and, above all, her style — a style so clear, limpid, richly-rolling, that I cannot recall any more perfect, in spite of its occasional exuberance, in the merely artistic qualities of style in itself, than that of our own De Quincey, that master magician in the command of splendid English prose, whose manner is nevertheless so different, that it presents rather an opposition than a pendant to that of George Sand.

(To be continued.)

[1] *Biographie universelle des Musiciens.* F. J. Fetis. Paris. 1861.

THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC IN THE WEST.

BY C. H. BRITTAN.

It is now some ten years since the writer of this article, fresh from musical experiences in Boston, began his life in the West. Every indication of musical progress has been carefully noted from that time until the present hour. The great West has bent the full force of her energy to commercial and agricultural life. Yet the development of a love for art and music is being manifested in so marked a manner, and its aspect is so noticeable in the generous support that is given to all that is worthy of recognition, that at last we have reached a position which entitles us to respect and consideration. The condition of music in the West is one that is brighter than ever before. The organization of important musical societies and home orchestras gives evidence of a more extended interest. A better class of music is studied by these societies, and our programmes often bear the marked words, "for the first time in America," even of an important composition. When one considers the vast influence

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that flowed, year by year, from the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, and realizes the benefit that has been derived from its example, by the formation of musical societies in many of the towns and cities in New England, he understands that a greater service was rendered to the cause of music than that which came from the mere development of local taste. At the close of the last season, the Handel and Haydn Society had given six hundred and ten public concerts, and an examination of the number of great works performed in the years of its existence indicates that a high motive prompted the organization to work for the pure, the grand, and the true in classic and modern music. Thus we realize that the concentrated efforts made in the cities indicate the general movement of taste and culture throughout the land.

In three or four of the great cities of the West, we see efforts made in the same direction that was taken by Boston in the earlier years of its musical life. The growth may be more rapid, from the greater number of helps and influences that surround us; but we have every reason to believe it is no less real and positive. When I first came to the West and attempted to find some of Robert Franz's lovely songs, it was with much difficulty that I made the music clerk understand what I wanted. There was little market for the so-called classical music, and the general tone of musical taste was largely indicated by the trashy compositions that found the largest sale. Yet there were influences at work that soon developed a taste for the better class of musical works, and Schumann's, Schubert's, and Franz's songs got a vocal hearing. The musicians were aided in their work by music lovers, and everywhere the signs were brighter. Should our Eastern friends watch our programmes for a season, and note the works which our local societies are producing, in contrast with their own, they could not admit that in endeavor, at least, we were equal. The first concert of the Beethoven Society of Chicago, this season, gave us "The First Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, the overture and scenes from the *Tannhäuser* of Wagner, besides smaller pieces from Rubinstein and Gade; while the Apollo Club produced Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul.* The orchestral accompaniments were better performed than last season, while the chorus did its work with more earnestness and a greater finish. When we contrast the programmes given in Cincinnati at the musical festivals with those offered by the Handel and Haydn Society at their triennial performances, we see that the West is in no way behind the East in her endeavors to produce the works of the great masters. The piano and organ recitals, that form no insignificant part of our musical season, are devoted to the performance of the best music. One society had all the sonatas of Beethoven, and the complete piano works of Schumann and Chopin, performed in an artistic manner, for the edification and education of its members, active and honorary. Thus also with the classical song-writers, a wider acquaintance has been made with their beautiful compositions by efforts of the same noble character.

I do not speak of the support given to operatic representations, for where fashion largely reigns, perhaps its motives are other than those which spring from a real love for the beautiful in art. To support an orchestra of excellence at home, to found and endow a music school of an exalted character, and to build noble halls to enable societies to have a proper place to perform great works in, would indeed show an atmosphere in which art could flourish. But, unfortunately, we are as yet in the early years of our development, and the whole country has hardly been able to support one really great orchestra, such as that of Mr. Thomas. Real culture must develop from germs that unfold in the home, and we cannot expect a great Conservatory of Music that can produce noble artists, and be above the low plane of a money-making concern, until we have created that love for music that shall induce the capitalist to part with some of his treasures, expecting no return but that which would come to him in benefiting his country and its people.

The various musical "conventions," "Normal Music Schools," and local gatherings for the performance or study of music, which have been held in the small towns in the West, have presented marked indications of progress during the past few years. Not long ago, a singing-book maker would hold gatherings of the "convention" character for the purpose of introducing his work; give an indifferent concert or two, with the aid of all the church choirs in the town or village, and pass on to another place to do likewise if possible. But of late there has been a great difference manifested in the work attempted at these conventions. Local societies are formed for the study of oratorio or cantata music, and as soon as they are able to perform it a public concert is given. Thus the convention director is obliged to furnish better works for study, if he would obtain an engagement, for the old and crude idea of music is giving way to one that shows a fuller culture. The normal schools that are held all over the western country during the summer months, bring together a better class of teachers and performers. As one notes their programmes, he observes the weekly "recitals" at which classical music is largely given, while the evening chorus rehearsals are devoted to parts of oratorios, or choruses of the better class. Solo talent of no mean order is employed, and year by year improvement is made in the manner of conducting all their public performances. These musical gatherings are but the forerunners of permanent organizations, and leave behind them a local interest that in time will develop into better things. It is no uncommon occurrence to have pupils come into the city for instruction, bearing with them perhaps a sonata of Beethoven, a nocturne of Chopin, or something from Mendelssohn, which they had learned in a far distant little town. Upon being questioned as to their instruction, we hear of some devotee of music, who, having settled in the Far West, made his influence felt by training young fingers to play the noble works of the truly great masters. Thus, in thousands of cases, is the good seed planted all over this western land. It is not alone in the cities that a deeper love for the pure in art is manifested. Not long since a letter was received by one of our local teachers, coming from a little town in the extreme western part of Kansas. The writer mentioned a young daughter who had been studying the piano, with the best assistance that could be obtained in the village, and also stated that the little girl had found Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's letters among the books in a small library in the place, and from her interest in them was eager to have some of their music. "Would it be possible," wrote the father, "for you to send us some little things from these masters, that young fingers might try? for although we are living beyond the reach of the benefits of a city's culture, we do not wish to degenerate in our love for what is beautiful and grand." Any number of pleasing indications of this character are constantly coming to the observer of the advancement of culture in the West.

Yet, notwithstanding our seeming progress, we are far from being, even as a nation, a musical people. Can Boston be really a musical city, when it becomes necessary to send out most earnest appeals to the cultivated part of its people to give a better support to the Harvard Musical Association, that it might go on another season, and furnish orchestral concerts of an artistic character without the danger of financial ruin? Is New York musical, when she allows a fine organization like Thomas's Orchestra to be disbanded for want of enough support to live? Can we be a musical people, and yet have no permanent opera in any city in the country, and no endowed musical school of a high ranks anywhere in the land? We force even our best musicians into the teaching rank to earn their bread. Until home organizations in good musical societies, fine orchestras, and conservatories worthy of the name are supported by the great cities of our land, and the musical talent is given proper encouragement, we cannot be more than slowly approaching the rank of a music-loving nation.

Yet Music will live. Her melodies shall be reechoed throughout the land, and manifest the idea of beauty through the harmonious medium of sweet sounds. The musician will yet prove his intellectuality, not only by *thinking in sounds*, but by manifesting his ideas in compositions that shall have universal recognition. And the tidal wave of progress shall not only sweep westward, but it shall penetrate into the dark corners of the globe, and make radiant all lands. The pure rays of the light of a truer culture shall send forth brighter illuminations, until civilization shall make one great family of the many races of humanity.

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 21, 1878.

DAYS IN NORMANDY.

DIEPPE and Rouen belong to the beaten track of common travel. In the one, you have an unsurpassed exposure to the sea, with a current of ozone much prized by valetudinarians. Here is also a casino, where one may hear music, and on certain occasions dance to it. The beach just

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below is good for bathing, and is well provided with cabins. The display here reminds one of the beach at Newport in the season, but the hour for bathing is somewhat earlier, as breakfast is taken in the middle of the day. At the casino, the toilettes are usually simple, and there is a preponderance of cotton materials, which the Parisian dress-makers know how to fit and trim very tastefully, and for which they charge heavy prices, thirty dollars being the ordinary price for a gingham or batiste dress, trimmed with very cheap lace and with the ribbons now so much in vogue. The materials for such a dress would scarcely cost ten dollars in America, and must here amount to much less, so that the profits of the *façon* must be large. I would here suggest a new proverb: "Qui dit modiste dit principe." So lofty are the pretensions, so unbounded the expectations, of this class.

In Rouen, we visit the fine old cathedral, where the choir particularly interests us. It contains on the right the tomb of the Sieur de Brésé, husband to Diana of Poitiers. The chief feature in this is the figure of the deceased, represented in the moment which succeeds the last agony, with the traces of the final struggle still impressed upon the lifeless face. The winding sheet which drapes the body is gathered in a curious knot above the head, the whole as realistic as possible, said to be the work of Jean Goujon. At the head of the tomb stands the afflicted widow; at its foot, the dead man appears as a child in the arms of his mother. The epitaph expresses a grief and fidelity which history does not credit. The monument of the two cardinals d'Amboise, uncle and nephew, is on the right of the choir, in florid Gothic. In the nave is shown the effigy of Richard Cœur de Lion, rudely carved, in his crown and royal robes. Beneath it lies the heart to whose qualities he owes his title.

The architecture of the church of St. Ouen is considered much more perfect than that of the cathedral. Its walls show the largest possible proportion of glass to stone, the windows occupying nearly the whole space, while the weight of the roof is supported by pillars and buttresses only. One of the *rosaces* is beautifully reflected by the water in a baptismal font of black marble, which has the effect of a black mirror. The windows are all of ancient glass, very beautiful in coloring. The museum of antiquities contains fifteen windows of stained glass, taken from suppressed churches and convents, forming a series from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, and of unrivaled interest and value. Many other things of interest are shown here, among them the chimney and mantel-piece of the house in which Corneille was born, and the sad mask taken from the features of Henri IV. of France, after his untimely death.

So much for Rouen, which deserves fuller mention. It is now a place so full of life that the bustle of trade and manufacture puts to flight the pale memories of the past. But in Caen, the past still asserts itself. The quiet streets leave room for imagining the old victories and processions. Here is St. Pierre, one of the most beautiful of Norman churches. Here also are the two great abbeys built by William the Conqueror and his Queen Matilda, as a peace-offering to the Pope, who was offended by their marriage. Of these, the church of St. Étienne, otherwise termed L'Abbaye aux Hommes, is the finest and the most extensive. It is of the style termed Normanno-Romanesque, and is very severe and grand. It was completed and dedicated during the monarch's life, having been intended by him to serve as a resting place for his remains. A slab of gray marble in the pavement before the altar marks the place where they did rest. The inscription is as follows:—

HIC SEPULTUS EST INVICTISSIMUS
GUGLIELMUS
CONQUISTOR NORMANNIÆ DUX ET ANGLIÆ
REX HUJUSCE DOMUS CONDITOR
QUI OBIIT ANNO 1087.

A superb lamp of bronze, heavily gilded, hangs above the tomb, and near it stands a paschal candle forty feet in height. The Huguenots in 1562 destroyed the ancient monument, and left of its contents only one thigh-bone, which the Revolutionists of 1793 in their turn demolished. If we add to this the fact that the death of William was of a very painful character, and that his funeral was really given him by his charity of a private individual, we shall conclude that the vicissitudes to which royalty is subject received no small illustration in his person.

The Abbaye aux Dames, built by Queen Matilda, is a smaller edifice, in pure Norman style. Its front is adorned by two square towers, and within its choir is shown the tomb of the queen. The most interesting memento of Queen Matilda will be found in the tapestry preserved at Bayeux, said to have been wrought by her hand. It is worked in crewel on a strip of linen many yards long, and represents, somewhat remotely, the Norman conquest of England. The mind of the beholder is, however, much assisted by divers Latin sentences, also in embroidery, which accompany and explain the various groups and figures. The first of these shows King Edward the Confessor telling his son Harold that William, Duke of Normandy, should one day be king of England. Harold next appears in the act of taking the oath of fealty to William. After this Harold is seen wearing the crown of England, and Duke William, hearing of this act of treachery, orders the building of a fleet to convey his forces to England. Then follow various battle scenes, and so on, till matters culminate in the death of Harold and the victory of William. The whole work is very incongruous. The horses are sometimes wrought in crimson worsted, sometimes in blue. Cities and palaces are represented by curious figures resembling nothing in particular unless it be a soup tureen or fancy pagoda. The faces are in outline, and the anatomy of the figures reminds one of the "Slovenly Peter" book once so much in vogue in the nursery. And yet, in spite of its grotesque imperfections, the work remains a very interesting one. It suggests so much: the queen and her maidens, day after day, returning to toil at its tedious length; the king looking on with interest; the admiration of the primitive court for a work considered in its time so remarkable. Poor as it is in design and execution, it has yet a certain merit and expression. The work improves as it goes on. One wonders who drew the endless outlines which the queen followed and filled, since artists must have been rare in those fighting days. A modern painting, hanging near the tapestry, represents the queen with her work on her knees, surrounded by her ladies in waiting. It is said that when Napoleon I. was intent upon an invasion of England, he caused Queen Matilda's tapestry to be carried in honor through the streets, in order to excite the multitude by the remembrance of this ancient achievement.

King William could not write his name. A charter, long shown in Rouen, but now removed elsewhere, bears his attested mark, he having no signature.

In traveling through Normandy, one is struck with the resemblance of the country to some parts of England. The English look of the people is perhaps still more striking. They are fair and blue-eyed and the children might easily be supposed to be of English birth. As we drove past a roadside inn, one day, we saw upon its humble sign, "Plantagenet Aubergiste," Plantagenet, tavern keeper. This man was, no doubt, a remote "collateral" of royal Richard and the rest. His name, thus encountered, led one to think of the various circumstances which at once connect and separate the prince and the peasant. Both may be not only of one humanity, but of one race. The source of the aristocracy which culminates in royalty is almost always to be sought in some superiority of physical force and of animal courage, helped by cunning. When one reads the record of these things one almost admires the candor of the Spartans, who made successful theft a credit, and only failure a disgrace.

The Normans are considered very cunning people by the French in general. They are shrewd experts in horse-dealing, ranking with the Yorkshiremen in this respect. In looking over a series of hotel accounts, I am led to believe that their talent in making money at the expense of others is not limited to one branch of industry. The traveler in Normandy pays very dearly for the necessaries of life. He may be surprised to receive in a small and remote town a bill for board and lodging which would not discredit London or Paris. Travel by diligence, on the other hand, is cheap. Cider, the common drink of the country, is furnished at most *tables d'hôte* without extra charge. Damp beds are rather the rule than the exception. Finally, I see no reason why Norman French should be considered better than any other, and I, for my part, would rather have come over with the Pilgrim Fathers than have gone over with the Conqueror.

J. W. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

MOTHER-PLAY AND NURSERY SONGS. From the German of FROEBEL. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A beautiful English edition of this admirable book is before us. The charming, lively German songs, with the thoughtful verse addressed to the mother by which each is headed, have been exquisitely reproduced in our own tongue by the translator (Miss F. E. Dwight), and the music to each little song and game is given in full. The book is thus a play house from which happy child-life may be drawn, day after day and week after week, while the ordinary book of rhymes is quickly thrown aside when the first stimulus of infantile amusement is over. What strikes us as especially important in these games is that they contain so much good sense; for we are sure that the flatness and pointlessness of ordinary rhyming games not only pall upon, but sometimes seriously puzzle, little children. Not realizing that the seniors who composed "Uncle John is very sick," or, "Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun," were simply making fools of themselves for their benefit for the nonce, the intelligent little child supposes that there is a hidden meaning to these purely abstract and gratuitous statements, which it is his duty to find out, and is troubled at his failure to fathom the freakish mystery. The rhyming games of Froebel, on the contrary, are full of practical suggestion, yet do not lose their beauty, or even jollity, on this account. The little versified appeals to the mother, before noticed, which introduce each song-game, like the verses before the chapters of an old-fashioned novel, are touching in their pleading on the child's behalf.

Froebel is truly the advocate of children, and as such seems as much a part of the "kingdom of heaven" as they do. We cannot close this brief indication of the merits of the work before us without quoting two of the little songs, which seem to us especially picturesque and characteristic:—

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SONG OF SMELL.

Now my little rogue may smell
These sweet flowers he loves so well.
Ah! what is it? Canst thou tell —
No sweet! — where the hidden source may dwell?
Yes, an angel in the cell
All the cups with sweets doth fill;
Says, "Though from the child concealed,
"Sweet perfumes I freely yield,
So sweet, so sweet!"
Let me too the angel greet,
Let me smell the perfume sweet, so sweet! etc.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.

FIVE knights I see riding at rapid pace;
Within the court their steps I trace.
"What would ye now, fair knights, with me?"
"We wish thy precious child to see.
They say he is like the dove so good,
And like the lamb of merry mood.
Then will then kindly let us meet him,
That tenderly our hearts may greet him?"
"Now the precious child behold!
Well he merits love untold."
"Child, we give thee greetings rare,
This will sweeten mother's care.
Worth much love the good child is,
Peace and joy are ever his.
Now will we no longer tarry, —
Joy unto our home we 'll carry."

THE KNIGHTS AND THE ILL-HUMORED CHILD.

FIVE knights I see riding at rapid pace;
Within the court their steps I trace.
"What would ye now, fair knights, with me?"
"We wish thy precious child to see."
"Child, we give thee greetings rare,
This will sweeten mother's care.
Worth much love the good child is,
Peace and joy are ever his.
Now will we no longer tarry, —
Joy unto our home we 'll carry."
"Oh, such tidings give us pain;
No longer we sing a joyful strain.
We 'll ride away, we 'll ride afar,
Where all the good little children are."

The book is embellished by very attractive engravings on every page. Germany is so preeminently the country of domesticity that it seems especially appropriate that Froebel, the apostle of children, should be a native of that land; but we heartily rejoice to see the gospel of good things for children spreading throughout every country, appealing to the native goodness of little children, and perpetuating and carrying it forward into manhood and later life.

J. R. A.

LIFE-SCHOOLS — AND MORE.

"T. G. A." is right in saying that we need life-schools to keep our young artists up to good drawing, but it seems to me that we need something more. Of schools we have no end. Boston is the midst of an academical *furor*. She is nothing, if not artistic; less than nothing, if not academical. Drawing *per se* is the *sine qua non* of existence.

But is this school-drawing all that is needed? Did ever an academy produce an artist? Is it not always the same story, — that the *atelier* and the master make the artist? To be sure, the alphabet must be learned; but don't let us stop there, and never get beyond spelling *b-a-y*, and making our pot-hooks and hangers.

What we do need is the life-giving presence of a true and a great artist who long ago left behind him the minutiæ of the schools, and who shall be to Boston what Liszt is to Weimar.

Said an artist who lives more in Europe than in America: "In Boston everything is wrong. The women paint strong and broadly. Most of the men do not." The reason is evident. The women-students asked for instruction, and paid for it. Hence Mr. Hunt's class of three years' duration, and his subsequent instruction in classes that were the outgrowth of his. I doubt not that if a score or two of young men were to meet together, show their work, and, in a spirit of docility, ask for help, it would be given with the same generous spirit with which it was bestowed upon the thirty or forty young women who asked Mr. Hunt to teach them.

I say nothing against art-schools and academies as such. The majority of students require their help; but there will always be a few who go on faster and with more enthusiasm without them, — students who must go their own way, under guidance, and who would be cramped and injured by school-training.

Let us have the life-schools, by all means, for the study of the figure is the key to all artistic knowledge; but let us not expect to be a great art-centre without the inspiration of a master.

X.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

ITALIAN OPERA.

BOSTON has been enjoying two full (overfull!) weeks of opera, given on a grander scale as to completeness, and in a finer style throughout, of execution, than we have ever had before. This we are not afraid to say while not oblivious of the delights of the old Havana troupes, the Grisi and Mario period, and others ever memorable. But this time we have actually had one of the standard opera companies of Europe, in its completeness, brought into our beautiful and spacious Boston Theatre. To the enterprise of Colonel Mapleson, lessee and manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, — the only rival of Covent Garden Theatre with its Royal Italian Opera, — we are indebted for this rare visitation.

In the disturbance of our fortnightly routine, and the long interval necessitated between two numbers by the transfer, just at the time, of our journal to new publishers, we have found nothing quite so hard to reconcile ourselves to as this long compulsory silence about such singers, such operas, and such an orchestra, until now that all is over. How we have envied those young midnight writers who could publish every morning the glowing, fresh impression of each opera before they had even slept upon it! Ours is no such privilege, and we must look back over the whole period and gather up what memories we can of it into one condensed, brief summary.

Of the twelve performances announced, the first (December 30) was to have been the new French Opera *Carmen*, — one of the last sensations, — with Miss Minnie Hauk in the rôle she has made so famous. Nearly all the seats in the house had been bought at high prices, and the event was eagerly awaited. But the prima donna remained sick in New York; the *Troveiore* had to be substituted at short notice; most of the tickets were returned, and this great disappointment cast a damper over the opera-going enthusiasm, which was felt throughout the week. Report speaks highly of the style in which the backwoyed, hateful *Troveiore* was presented. For us the opera began with Bellini's ever fresh and beautiful *Sonnambula* on the second evening, with Mme. Etelka Gerster-Gardini, the purest, sweetest star that has risen in the lyric firmament for many years, in the character of Amina. She is very young, — twenty-three, they say; with a slight, graceful figure, and a face which, though perhaps not handsome, yet has all the fine effect of beauty as it lights up with the inspiration of true feeling and of genius. From her first entrance upon the stage she seemed to identify herself instinctively with the part of the artless village maiden. In her first tones of welcome to her companions, the voice was not only fresh, but individual, almost peculiar in *timbre*; the lower notes not strong; but as it rose it grew purer, clearer, sweeter, and more powerful, revealing what we were tempted to call a *clarinet* quality. The impression of peculiarity, however, gradually passed away; and as she went on singing night after night, that voice became so much the standard of what is loveliest and purest in soprano sounds, that all its peculiarity was hidden in its own perfection. The part of Amina was completely suited to her; and while her action was altogether natural and admirable, her singing was entirely in harmony with it, and as near to absolute perfection as we ever hope to hear. In the pathetic cantabile passages, like "Ah! non credeva," she sang straight to the heart with an unconscious simplicity which could not be doubted; and in all the ecstatic fioriture and high flights in which the bird-like Bellini melody is prone to revel, not only was the voice adequate, the execution perfect, even to the extreme highest notes, — the form of every leaf and tendril cleanly, delicately finished as in rivalry with Flora's kingdom, — but, what was a greater wonder, every phrase and every note of all these "vocal pyrotechnics," commonly so coldly and mechanically rendered, was touched with the chaste fire of true dramatic expression. It did not suspend the action for one infinitesimal instant; it was the same soul that shone in the fluid and pervaded every motion. When she holds out one of the very highest tones, it is not merely very sweet or brilliant, but it is a tone of substance, charged with feeling and expression, which she can modulate like any lower tone. We need not say that her intonation is unimpeachable; there is never a shade of variation from the perfect pitch. We have seen and heard many good Aminas, but none, upon the whole, so beautiful as this of the young Hungarian singer.

But we must leave her for a moment, or we shall forget to speak of the performance of the opera as a whole. It was the best performance of *La Sonnambula* that we remember. This most genuine and happy inspiration of Bellini's muse, — the very soul of melody, — which never loses its freshness for us, renewed its youth and charm wonderfully that night. It was all good. Sig. Frapolli sang and acted earnestly, and like an artist, as Elvino, and his tenor voice, though sometimes a little pinched and forced, has much essential sweetness. Sig. Foli, with a bass voice of remarkably rich, elastic, and expressive quality, did full justice to the music of the Count, which character, in spite of its remarkably tall and slender form, he impersonated with dignity and ease. The secondary parts, the Lisa of Mlle. Robiati, the Alessio of Sig. Grassi, and even that of the Mother, were better than we ordinarily hear. The chorus, imported from London, was numerous, fresh, and musical in tone, and admirably trained. It were worth a long walk to hear the noble "Phantom Chorus" sung so satisfactorily; and the pretty episodical chorus in the middle of the play was most refreshing as a relief from the pathetic progress of the drama, as well as a foreshadowing of the happy end. But, rarest element of all in our local operatic experiences, a most complete and admirable orchestra! It is mainly made up of the best New York musicians, many of them from the late orchestra of Theodore Thomas. Sig. Arditi is one of the best of conductors, and has brought them all into perfect unity and sensitive obedience to every hint from his baton. The violins played as one, and all the reeds an I brass were smooth and sympathetic. There was power enough, yet no superfluous noise, no brutal covering up of the voices. The *Sonnambula* was a success, and Gerster was acknowl-

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edged even to exceed all that fame had said in her praise. The audience was only moderately large, but those who saw and heard were thoroughly convinced, and they were persons of enough taste and experience to assure and persuade the many for another time.

Yet the next night's experience was far from creditable to Boston's musical taste and culture. One would suppose that a chance to listen merely to the exquisite music (without the singers and the actors) of one of the first operas of Mozart, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with so fine an orchestra, would have been seized upon as a rare privilege and have filled the house; but by far the best, most faithful and complete performance of the work we ever had was given before empty benches; there were barely three hundred people in the auditorium! Fashion, fickle goddess, who is nothing if not absurd and treacherous, had ruled that to be an "off-night," — no Gerster, Hauk, nor Roze! Do we go for *music*, the divina, or only for the prima donna, whom men call the Diva? Judging by that evening, Col. Mapleson would have reason to think ours *not* a musical community. There are other ways, however, of accounting for the strange indifference. First, the natural reaction and desire for rest after two days of excitement, one disappointing, the other too glorious, too much of a revelation not to dull the appetite for anything else immediately after. Periods of excitement and of keen enjoyment run in waves, and there is room for "off-nights" in the alternate moments of depression. But Mozart's *Figaro!* Can one afford to lose it? Here, again, several reasons suggest themselves in our past experience of the opera itself. It is very hard for the average audience to understand what is passing on the stage dramatically; the plot is far from clear, unless one has studied it carefully beforehand, and there are reasons why it is perhaps not best to pry too deeply into its motives. Then, its long stretches of dialogue in dry old-fashioned recitative, with only those irritating scrapes upon the double-bass and 'cello for accompaniment, which some judicious person might, we should think, prune out pretty freely to the advantage of the work, — or else let the parties simply talk together. Then again, wearisome recollections of the inadequate performances which we have had of it in past years; the associations were not predisposing. The fortunate few who did go on that New Year's night have exchanged the old associations for fresh and bright ones; they listened from beginning to end, for three hours and a quarter, with delight. For the first time we heard this masterwork in its completeness; it was all there, and justice done to every rôle, to every measure of the music. Nothing in the whole fortnight has done more to show the rich resources of the Mapleson company than the fact that not only the principal, but all the secondary rôles, some ten in all, and all important, were satisfactorily filled by excellent artists, not one of the "bright peculiar stars" appearing. Mlle. Parodi, with a sweet, full, powerful mezzo-soprano voice, and fine, generous presence, made an acceptable Countess. Mme Sinico sang and acted charmingly as Susannah. Mme. Lablache, who has proved herself one of the most versatile and ever-ready artists of the troupe, — having already harrowed up the feelings by her intense impersonation of Verdi's unlovely witch Azucena, — made a very pleasing Cherubino, singing the arias finely (albeit transposed to a lower key, as were some other parts), encored after "Voi che sapete," and entering with much spirit and grace into all the pretty action and roguish by-play of the boy lover's part. Marcellina was worthily presented by Mme. Robiati. The Figaro was Sig. Galassi, who has a musical, rich, flexible baritone voice, which he uses artistically and with expression, and he put plenty of vivacity and volubility into the droll, gay part. Sig. Del Puente, an admirable baritone, easy and dignified in action, was as good a Count Almaviva as one could desire. M. Thierry, thick and rotund in person, had a good unctuous bass voice for Dr. Bartolo, and the parts of Don Basilio, Don Curzio, even to the drunken gardener Antonio, were no mere shadows in the song and action of Signori Bignardi, Grazzi, and Franceschi. Add the fine orchestra and chorus, and it will be clear that there we had for once a memorable presentation of a hitherto but half appreciated masterpiece in opera.

Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, musically, does not keep its freshness like the *Sonnambula*. Its music is far less spontaneous. Yet it abounds in ever-pleasing and pathetic melody, and has superb ensembles. It still remains, and probably will long remain, one of the popular favorites among operas. It palls and again grows upon us by turns, and should not be heard too frequently. Such pathos and pervading gloom, even if the pathos were all real, though for a while it fascinate, may easily grow irksome, and the sum of its expression morbid. Some of the happiest and brightest of its musical ideas occur in strange connection, malapropos dramatically; for instance, that lively strain with which the chorus suddenly interrupt Edgardo's dying scene — strange form of sympathy! And again much of the florid vocal virtuosity of Lucia's mad scene, especially the rivalry of voice and flute. But then, such was the power of Gerster's genius, with her wonderful purity of voice and perfect execution, to lift it all up into a higher atmosphere and spiritualize it, making the highest tones and brightest ornamental passages to thrill with feeling, that you lost all thought of anything at all technical and artificial, and took it all as pure, consistent, simple and divine expression. In her singing and entire impersonation of the part, she was to us the very ideal of Lucia. The rustic simplicity of Amina had given place to the refined and high-born maiden. All she does is characteristic, and the discrimination seems to be without calculation and unconscious, one of the instinctive processes of the artistic genius.

It was the best performance of the opera as a whole that we have ever had here. Sig. Campanini, greatly improved in voice, and wonderfully so in action, came in for his full share of the enthusiasm of the public, leaving little to be desired in the Edgardo. Galassi made a very marked impression as Enrico. Foli, with his imposing voice and stature, lent great weight to the part of the priest Raimondo; and, for once, the ungrateful tenor music of Arturo found an agreeable exponent in Bignardi. The great sextet and chorus was magnificently sung, and received with the wildest enthusiasm.

We hardly trust ourselves to speak of *Carmen* (given on Friday evening, January 3), so disappointed were we and so little interested in the music, of which we had read and heard such glowing praise. It was the romantic plot, the intense dramatic action, the picturesque local coloring, the Spanish scenes and tableaux, that made the principal appeal, and that mostly to the eye. Bizet's music has a certain piquancy, and charm of nationality; the instrumentation is brilliant, often rich, and sometimes overloaded; some of the melodies have a strange, peculiar beauty; but the resulting impression of the whole, in our mind, and we believe in most minds, was of a continual and rather tiresome succession of Spanish dance-tunes, — many of them very pretty, but so many of them very cloying. The song of the hero of the bull-fight created some enthusiasm; but nearly every aria or song of any serious pretension seemed to be bedevilled by a restless struggle to get away from the key, right in the middle of a period sometimes, and then wriggle or jump back again; we cannot think it anything but willful, a desperate endeavor to appear original. Perhaps this is what some of the admirers mean by "traces of the Wagner style," which they discover in it. We will not hold Wagner responsible for anything so bad, although he did wage war upon the family relationship of keys. In Wagner's "unendliche Melodie," such restless confusion of all keys is one thing (*his* thing), but in set melodies, like these of Bizet, it is quite another.

We cannot think it can be wholesome to become infatuated with such an opera, or such a drama. It seemed to us unfortunate for the first introduction of Miss Minnie Hauk, that she should be identified with such a character as the reckless, selfish, sensual, degraded Spanish gypsy and girl of the streets, Carmen. And identified she was with it about as fully and as cleverly as one dramatically could be. Her rich dramatic quality of voice, her ease and versatility of song, her beauty, enhanced by the picturesque costume, her dashing and defiant air, and her intensity of passion, with her complete consistency of action (though upon so low a plane) combined to make a strong impression. But we had rather that her triumph had been in some other music and in another sort of play. Moreover, the *Carmen* music confines her to the middle and lower region of her voice, which is not her best, although she made it singularly expressive; the part is now taken in London by Trebelli, the famed contralto, whom it suits better as a singer, while Hauk is probably the better actress.

As for the way in which the piece was put upon the stage and sung and acted, and accompanied by Arditi's admirable orchestra, we have only praise. Sig. Campanini, as the tormented soldier lover, Don Jose, surpassed himself in song and action; his acting in the last scene was superb and carried all before it. Sig. Del Puente had all the vivacity and conscious power and triumph of the Toreador; and M. Thierry and Sig. Grazzi, the two gypsy smugglers, filled out the music and the picture well. Excellent, too, in their by-play and in their singing, both in solo and concerted passages, were Miles. Lablache and Robiati, as Carmen's two gypsy friends. But the one redeeming element of innocence and purity, amid so much that is repulsive and depraved, was the small but gracious part of Michaela, modeled apparently upon the Alice in *Robert le Diable*, which was most sweetly sung and impersonated by Mme. Sinico. But think of Meyerbeer's Alice music, and what is this to it in point of beauty, freshness, or originality! There were some graceful bits of ballet introduced. After listening to it all as well as we were able, we came away caring but little about *Carmen*, and many confessions to the same effect were whispered in our ear.

On Saturday afternoon the *Sonnambula* was repeated to a crowded theatre, when the enthusiasm for Mme. Gerster was almost at fever height. Of the second week we must speak in our next number.

CONCERT RECORD.

THE long interval between this number of our new volume and the first, which was issued two weeks in advance of date, and then the all-absorbing claims of a dozen nights of opera have left us sadly in arrears in our attempts to keep up with the calendar of concerts. We have to go back to a week or more before Christmas to pick up the thread. Perhaps the best thing we could do would be to wipe the slate off clean and open a fresh account. But memory will furnish a few fragmentary notes out of the confused and crowded past to bridge the chasm over, though but slightly.

— The Christmas Oratorio, *The Messiah*, given by the old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY (Dec 22), was relig-

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iously attended by as great a crowd as usual, and the performance as a whole may be recorded as a remarkably good one, — at any rate, so far as the grand chorus, orchestra, and organ (Mr. B. J. Lang) were concerned. Some of the noblest and seldom quite successful choruses, like "And with his stripes," and the final "Amen" chorus, went better than we ever heard them here. Mrs. Dexter, of Cincinnati, sang the soprano solos, some of them, like "He shall feed his flock," with fine expression; but on the whole she disappointed by the effort with which she strove to control her voice and by her unclear enunciation; we have heard her when she did herself more justice. Mr. Courtney, too, the English tenor, seemed not quite to have recovered from the hoarseness which has affected his fine manly voice in all his public efforts since he came to this country, although his style was excellent. Miss Ita Welsh, our young contralto, made her first attempt in oratorio, and with marked success. She sang with fervor and with simple, true expression; her rich and sympathetic voice only lacking weight sufficient for so large a hall. It is to her credit that she did not omit (as nearly all contraltos have done) the second part of the air: "He was despised." Mr. John F. Winch (in place of Mr. Whitney, who was ill) bore off the triumphs of the evening in the great bass airs. The chorus was in force, at least 500 voices, and bore noble testimony to the thorough training of the experienced conductor, Carl Zerrahn.

— HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION The second Symphony Concert (Dec. 19) had for programme: —

*Pastorale, from the Christmas Oratorio . . . *J. S. Bach.*
**Piano-forte Concerto, in A major . . . . *Mozart.*
Allegro. — Andante. — Presto.
H. G. TUCKER.
Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella" . . . . . *Schubert.*
**Siegfried Idyl . . . . *Wagner.*

**Transcription for Piano, "Der Ritt der Walkuren" . . . . *Wagner-Tausig.*
H. G. TUCKER.
Seventh Symphony, in A, Op. 92 . . . . *Beethoven.*

(One star means first time in these concerts; two stars first time in Boston.)

The lovely Pastorale of Bach, far finer even than that in Handel's *Messiah*, was beautifully given with Franz's additional instrumentation. The short Schubert Overture is very spirited and brilliant, and was brilliantly played. The "Siegfried Idyl" is a remarkably mild piece for Wagner, — in one rather short *moderato* movement, and but lightly scored, with no brass but a single trumpet and two horns. It was composed some time before the *Siegfried* of his Niebelungen Cycle, on the occasion of the birth of a young Siegfried Wagner. Its themes are characteristic enough of Wagner in his gentler and more sentimental moods, and are worked up into a vague and dreamy web of sensuous sweet sound, which is all that many people ask of music. It seems to hint of the mystical and fascinating influence of the sounds of Nature on a young, heroic, and poetic mind wandering in the forest. There are birds warbling in abundance. The music, though it has sensuous beauty, rich and delicate tone-coloring, lacks progress; the themes do not develop; they revolve, or rather squirm within a narrow circle; they give you a sort of nightmare feeling, an intense restlessness, but no getting forward; we have felt and expressed the same with regard to his *Meistersinger* prize song. It was, however, warmly received, as it was carefully and nicely played, on this first hearing.

Mr. Tucker, who came in at a day's warning when the committee were disappointed in a singer, generously sacrificed himself in some degree to give us the not too common pleasure of hearing a Mozart Concerto. This one in A major is very beautiful, and Mr. Tucker, accustomed to bolder and more modern tasks, went so far in his loyal tenderness and deference to Mozart, that the music did not speak quite freely for itself. The piano-forte part, having but little of the modern breadth and brilliancy, was treated delicately to be sure, yet timidly and coldly. The tempo of the slow movement was taken much too slow, so that it did not seem to march. The brilliant, strong, young virtuoso did not seem to feel quite in his element. Those, therefore, who did not fix their attention mainly on the orchestra, voted the work dull and disappointing; taken as a whole it is a rich and beautiful Concerto. Mr. Tucker had his chance for strength and brilliancy in Tausig's transcription of the "Ride of the Walkuren;" if that piece seemed a reckless, mad extravaganza, it was Tausig's fault, not his interpreter's. But the ever glorious, the divine Seventh Symphony came after to purify the air and hush the Babel; the first two measures of it transported one into a serene, pure heaven of delight. That, too, was played with fine precision and with fervor, and has seldom been more heartily enjoyed.

The third concert came last week (Jan. 9), and these were the selections: —

Orchestral Suite in D . . . . *J. S. Bach.*
Overture. — Air. — Gavotte. — Bourrée. — Gigue.
*Scena, "Ah! perfido"
*Aria, "Per pieta, non dirmi addio" } . . . *Beethoven.*
MISS FANNY KELLOGG.
Overture to "Genoveva" . . . . *Schumann.*
**Song, "The Young Nun," with orchestral accompaniment by Liszt . . . . . . *Schubert.*
MISS FANNY KELLOGG.
**Second Symphony, in D, Op. 73 . . . . . *Brahms.*
Allegro non troppo. — Adagio non troppo. — Allegretto grazioso quasi Andantino. — Allegro con spirito.

The Bach Suite made a fine impression; its first movement (overture), so seldom heard, opens the series of pieces in a large, broad, solid, hearty style; and, though with no contrast of other instruments, except three trumpets, against the strings and oboes in unison with them, it seems to lack no wealth of color. It was a satisfaction to hear the well-known heavenly Aria, so often played of late by the great virtuosos of the violin for a solo on the G string, given for once in its proper place and as Bach wrote it, — as a soprano melody, in right relations with the accompanying instruments. It seemed a pity that the brusque and jovial Gavotte should not end the Suite, after the tamer Bourrée and Gigue.

Schumann's *Genoveva* overture, one of the greatest overtures since Beethoven, was splendidly performed, and can more properly be called the striking feature of the concert than the new Brahms Symphony, with which we will not wrestle just now, having neither room, nor time, nor mood. Suffice it to say, the orchestra, considering the few rehearsals, gave a very creditable interpretation of it; and that, if the Adagio and some portions of the other movements were obscure and vague to most listeners, it was in the main followed with interest and much enjoyed. We shall, perhaps, have a better opportunity to discuss its merits more at length.

Miss Fanny Kellogg is one of the most improving and most satisfactory of our young soprano singers. Her beautiful voice has gained much in strength and in endurance, as well as in sweetness, throughout its compass. Beethoven's Italian Scena is a severe trial for any singer. She gave the recitative with strong dramatic emphasis and power, and sang the Aria, "Per pieta," beautifully. The whole piece was well conceived and given in the right earnest spirit, the voice only showing symptoms of fatigue in the trying finale. Schubert's "Die junge Nonne" is a song well known with piano; but Liszt's instrumentation supplies a rich, imposing background, against which the singer's voice was well relieved, although the heavy basses now and then partially obscured it. It was sung with true feeling and expression.

— One of the most delightful of the smaller concerts of the season was that of Mr. G. W. SUMNER, at Mechanics' Hall, on Monday evening, Dec. 16. The programme consisted of four pieces, beginning with the first movement of Mendelssohn's fine old Quintet, in B flat, Op. 87, — the Quintet which formed the corner-stone, as it were, of the original Mendelssohn Quintette Club; this time it had the brilliant interpretation of the club as it is admirably composed to-day, Mr. Thomas Ryan being the only one left of the original members; Messrs. B. Listemann, G. Danoreuther, Edward Heindl, and Rudolph Hennig being now associated with him. Next, Mr. Sumner played Tausig's extremely difficult arrangement of the Toccata and Fugue, in G minor, by Bach, which showed a remarkable development of his powers as a pianist — now taking rank among our foremost ones. He then joined with our masterly violoncellist, Mr. Hennig, in a brilliant performance of the bright and genial Sonata, in A major, Op. 69, of Beethoven. Finally came a most clear and finished, and in every way enjoyable performance of the great Septet by Hummel. All the seven instruments were adequate; the flute of Mr. Heindl, the oboe of Mr. de Ribas, and Mr. Hamann's horn blending delightfully with the strings, to which Mr. Ludwig Manoly supplied a sure and noble contrabass.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30. — On Saturday evening, Mr. Carlberg gave his second Symphony Concert at Chickering Hall, with the following programme: —

Overture to "Medea" . . . . *Bargiel.*
Fourth Concerto (G) . . . . *Beethoven.*
MR. S. B. MILLS.
Romanza (from Suite in A) . . . . . *H. W. Nicholl.*
Recitation and Aria, "Nozze di Figaro" . . *Mozart.*
SIG. CAMPOBELLO.
Symphony, in A (Scotch) . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

Perhaps Mr. Carlberg is wise in giving us few novelties, although he certainly deviated from his system — if it be one — in placing upon his programme the Romanza, by Nicholl; this was really a very neat bit of composition, with an instrumentation full of color (possibly too full), while the treatment suggested the classic-romantic school. I should be greatly pleased to hear the remaining movements.

The overture to *Medea* is a charming work of a most serious and elevated character; almost every composer sometimes dismounts from his Pegasus and descends to — well — if not *triviality*, to something very like it. This Bargiel never does; he may, perhaps, be bizarre or weird, but every phrase is full of serious intention and noble purpose.

Sig. Campobello sang the Mozart Aria very acceptably, and received an encore to which he responded with Gounod's "Valley;" he is a manly, earnest, and painstaking singer.

Candor compels me to say that Mr. Mills did not distinguish himself in the Concerto, which requires far different treatment from that which he chose to give it. In the first place, in almost every one of the forte passages, he forced the tone of the piano in a way that was positively painful. In the second place he made many slips and errors, which may be attributed to his being out of practice. Lastly, he hurried the time in the most unexpected places, in a way for which the score seemed to furnish no warrant. Added to all this, there seemed to be an entire lack of sympathy between the orchestra — as conducted — and the pianist; they seemed to be, in one sense, at swords'-points, and there were repeated instances where the piano was half a beat in advance of the other performers: in one case — in the final movement — it was only by the utmost agility that Carlberg managed to jump his forces to the correct spot. On the whole, it was a performance which reflected credit neither upon the pianist, whose ability we all know and recognize, nor upon the conductor.

The "Scotch" Symphony went really very well, albeit Mr. Carlberg takes some singular liberties with the tempos; and, by the way, the orchestra, unused to the latitude which he made use of, could hardly be induced to conform to his ideas, and did so with obvious reluctance. This, of course, was all wrong, for even if his conception of the symphony be erroneous (I certainly think it is), it is still the business of the privates to obey their officer, and it would seem that adequate rehearsals should have secured a unity of purpose which was conspicuous by its absence. F.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6. — The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society have secured the services of Theodore Thomas as musical director for the coming season. He will conduct the orchestra at each concert and at the rehearsal immediately preceding. The first two rehearsals of each concert will be conducted by Mr. William G. Dietrich. The orchestra numbers sixty-five performers, and is mainly composed of players formerly in the Thomas Orchestra. It is substantially the same as that engaged by Mr. Carlberg for his symphony concerts at Chickering Hall, in New York. The programme of the first concert of the twenty-first season (Dec. 14) was as follows: —

Symphony, "Eroica" . . . . *Beethoven.*
Aria, "Ach! Ich habe sie verloren" . . . . *Gluck.*
MISS ANNIE MCCULLUM.
Concerto for violin . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Andante — Rondo.
MR. EDWARD REMENYI.
Overture to "Genoveva" . . . . *Schumann.*
Solos for violin: —
(a.) Nocturne, E flat, Op. 9, No. 2 . . . . *Chopin.*
(b.) Melodies heroiques et lyriques Hongroises.
Transcribed by REMENYI.
(c.) Mazourka, Op. 7, No. 1 . . . . . . *Chopin.*
Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger" . . . . *Wagner.*

Opinions may vary concerning the manner in which Thomas interprets the music of certain classical composers; but there can be only one voice with regard to his command of an orchestra, and we know that the Thomas band without the magnetic influence of Thomas is like the play of Hamlet minus the Prince of Denmark. The orchestra is one of the best in the world, and, with Thomas at the head, it is perfection.

In the performance of the Symphony, a close observer might have noticed the absence of certain fine touches of tone-shading which formerly characterized the work of this orchestra; but the strength, clearness, and brilliancy of the interpretation were beyond question The Vorspiel of *Die Meistersinger* also was performed in magnificent style.

Mr. Edward Remenyi gave an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's beautiful Concerto. The orchestra was a sustaining power, instead of a drag upon the performance, as was the case when he played in New York. In response to an encore, after the Chopin pieces, he played a transcription of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Altogether his performance was the best I have heard from him, being really admirable, albeit the eccentricities of his style will come out in the oddest manner. Miss McCullum is endowed by nature with a good voice, but she has yet to learn how to sing. Her efforts in this direction were warmly applauded by the assemblage and crowned with flowers, if not with success. . . .

JAN. 11. — At the third concert of the Symphony Society, at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 4, the programme was: —

Unfinished Symphony, in B minor. . . . . . *Schubert*
Air from "Xerxes" . . . . *Handel.*
MISS ANNA DRASDIL.
Concerto for piano, Op. 16, A minor . . . *Edward Grieg.*
MR. FRANZ RUMMEL.
"La Captive." Reverie for contralto, with orchestra, *H. Berlioz.*
Symphony in C, No. 2. . . . . *R. Schumann.*

The strangely beautiful fragment by Schubert affects the imagination with an indescribable charm. It is a tragedy of the gods. What the rest might have been who shall dare to fancy? As well attempt to restore the Venus of Milo. Schumann's Symphony, in C, is among the greatest of all the great symphonies, — a masterpiece of genius. The subjects are lofty and poetic, and developed with matchless skill. The work, as a whole, is symmetrical in form as well as noble

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in design. It contains not a trivial nor a redundant measure. The work of the orchestra was not quite what it should be. With all respect to Dr. Damrosch, who is a sound musician and who is doing good work, it must be said that certain portions of the Symphony were slighted; notably the Scherzo, which was rushed through at a terrible pace, at the sacrifice of clearness and expression. Miss Drasdil sang the air from "Xerxes," familiar to concert goers as the "Largo," for violin, with organ, harp, and strings, arranged by Helmesberger. Afterwards (for encore) she sang Hiller's "Prayer." Her phenomenal voice and her fine phrasing were best displayed in the "Reverie" by Berlioz, a composition of considerable difficulty, and remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the orchestral setting, as well as the skill with which the melody is varied to suit the changes in the poet's thought.

Mr. Franz Rummel plays with facility and good taste, but for some unknown reason he failed on this occasion to do justice to the Grieg Concerto, a remarkably original and elegant composition, which I have found occasion to praise heretofore. His interpretation was lacking in force, and he failed to produce a broad, sonorous tone from his instrument. The orchestral accompaniment was too heavy, and at times the piano was quite inaudible. I hesitate to sit in judgment on Mr. Rummel's playing, as I hear from every quarter that it is remarkably fine. I am inclined to believe that from nervousness or some other cause he failed to do himself justice at the concert. A. A. C.

Baltimore, Jan. 11. — We are to have our Peabody Concerts, eight of them as usual, the first to take place the 25th of this month. Rather a late beginning this, and to be ascribed mainly to the usual delay in opening the subscription list, which the committee should have done in October instead of putting it off until December. If this had been done the requisite signatures would probably have been obtained by this time. As it is, the list falls short, about one hundred subscribers, of the number calculated on, and the deficit will have to be made up in some way or other before the end of the month. Perhaps a trustee with a big heart and a plethoric purse will assist the musical department out of its present dilemma. The arrangement with the orchestra is essentially the same as last winter. The performers are guaranteed a certain sum out of the subscription fund, for thirty rehearsals and eight concerts, the receipts for admissions at the door being divided equally among them. The Institute furnishes *gratis* the hall, gas, printing, attendance, and the director.

As a natural consequence of such an arrangement, the orchestra will be smaller than might be wished (there will be but thirty-two performers), and scarcely able to cope with the new music of the new schools, for which our ambitious director entertains so decided a predilection. We shall therefore have to content ourselves with the more simple compositions of the earlier standard classics, and the opinion of your correspondent is that we can well afford to do without the clashing innovations of Berlioz and Saint-Saëns for a season, and turn with keener enjoyment to the pure simplicity, the passionate depth, and the sublime beauties of Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart.

It is greatly to be deplored that, while the other departments of the Peabody Institute are enjoying ample appropriation from the Institute fund and from private sources, the musical department should suffer so much neglect. It is true, the Institute, like some other institutions and corporations to-day, is, to use a common but suitable term, "short," for reasons given in former letters to the Journal. But how does such an excuse agree with the new annex erected for the library, and the unstinted appropriations to the lectures? Without inquiring more deeply into the causes of this unfortunate state of affairs, let us rather look about us for a remedy. The Institute will probably not be in position to make appropriations to the concerts as formerly, for some years to come, and until that prosperous condition of affairs is reached, the only way in which the concerts can be made an absolute certainty is by private donation. The Peabody Art Gallery sprung into existence entirely in this way: by donations of works of art from such men as Mr. W. T. Walters, and Mr John McCoy, and a good round sum from Mr. John W. Garrett. Mr. Charles Eaton, chairman of the musical committee, and the only trustee who seems to take an intelligent, active interest in the welfare of the musical department, has, on several occasions, substantially assisted the concerts.

These are steps in the right direction. Seventy-five thousand dollars, properly invested, would, with the addition of what should be realized from the sale of tickets, yield a sufficient sum annually, to insure the performance of ten symphony concerts, with four rehearsals each. Surely a few of our wealthier citizens should have $75,000 to spare for so laudable an object!

For the immediate future, we are satisfied to know that we shall have the concerts this season, at any rate. The advent of the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which is to give a concert here on the 21st, is looked forward to with interest in musical circles. Musikus.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 14, 1878. — The week from Dec. 6 to Dec. 13 brought us four concerts of note, two by local organizations, and two by visiting musicians. The first was by the Arion Club, a male chorus of about sixty voices, whose leader is Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins, of Chicago. They have associated with them the Cecilian Choir, a chorus of some sixty ladies, who assisted at this concert, the programme of which was composed of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The choruses of these two compositions were sung, in the main, with precision of attack, with accuracy throughout, with purity of intonation, with delicate gradation of light and shade, with fire, spirit, and vigor such as I have never seen surpassed and rarely equaled. It is evident that Mr. Tomlins has very rare gifts as a chorus director. He knows how to select his singers; he restricts the number to precisely those required to balance the parts properly; he weeds out poor material remorselessly; he carefully develops every voice which can be made available, giving personal attention to each individual singer; he knows exactly what he wants done, and insists on its being done, requiring strict attention from every singer from the start; he has the gift of command, and of inspiring his forces with unbounded enthusiasm, and he is full of power and unflagging energy. He pays the closest attention to minute details, and he studies the compositions he is to conduct with the utmost care, so as to give a true interpretation of them. The result of all this was that the choruses were almost faultlessly done. I should not be obliged to write "almost" but for the fact that the chorus had only a single rehearsal with the orchestra, and that in a place so different from the room where their usual rehearsals are held that they felt awkward and embarrassed. The same uneasiness appeared somewhat at the concert, and in some parts of the most difficult choruses the singers showed a tendency to pull apart; but Mr. Tomlins, who also seemed slightly anxious, succeeded in holding them well together. The remedy for this is obvious. There should be more rehearsals with the orchestra, and in the place where the concert is to be given. The orchestra, also, ought to be better than this one, which was very weak in strings.

The part of Acis was taken by Dr. C. T. Barnes of Chicago, who gave it very creditably. The other soloists were Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Abby Clark, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. Miss Kellogg has made marked improvement during the past two years. Her voice has gained in fullness and evenness, and she has grown a more mature artist. Her style shows everywhere the careful training and example of Mme. Rudersdorff. One could desire to feel more power behind her rendering of such music as *St. Paul;* at the last recitative, especially, before the chorus at the climax, "Oh great is the depth," it was evident that she had reached her limit, and had no power in reserve; but she makes noble use of the gifts she has, and we are to be thankful and ask nothing more. Miss Clark has a beautiful tone, and sang the Aria "But the Lord is mindful of his own" so exquisitely, and with such pure and deep feeling, that we all regretted that there was nothing more for her to sing. This Aria was as enjoyable as anything else in the whole evening. Mr. Fessenden was not in his best voice, but his work was entirely adequate, as was, of course, Mr. Whitney's, who sings as easily as if he had power enough in reserve for half a dozen other parts at the same time if it could only be made available.

On the whole, except the inadequate orchestra, the performance was one which Mendelssohn himself might have admired.

The second concert was the 250th of the Milwaukee Musical Society, also a male chorus with an associated chorus of ladies, about the same in numbers as the Arion Club and Cecilian Choir, under the leadership of Prof. Wm. Mickler, a sound and learned musician, and an excellent conductor. The following was the programme: —

1. Second Symphony (D major) Op. 73, *Johannes Brahms.*
2. Aria for Soprano, from the Opera "Orpheus" . . . . *Chr. v. Gluck.*
   Miss Lina Allardt.
3. Maennerchor, "Take wing, my song" . . . *F. Toetan.*
4. Songs for Soprano.
   (*a*.) Asra . . . . *Rubinstein.*
   (*b*.) The Violet . . . . *Mozart.*
5. Reverie for Violin . . . . *H. Vieuxtemps.*
   Mr. Emil O. Wolff.
6. Introduction and Chorus of the Messengers of Peace from the Opera "Rienzi" . . . . *Rich. Wagner.*
   Soprano, Miss Lina Allardt.
   Tenor, Mr. J. Oestreicher.

Of course, the main interest of the evening centred in the Symphony, a noble, satisfying, and inspiring composition, every way worthy of a great writer. I heard it all twice in rehearsal before the concert, and, having previously gone through the score at the piano with Professor Mickler, was able to form a very good idea of the whole. The form is the traditional one, the only noteworthy peculiarity being the interruption of the Allegretto, which reminds one of a minuet, though it has by no means the dance spirit of the Mozart minuets, by a genuine scherzando movement in six-eight time. This interruption occurs twice, if I remember rightly, and contrasts with the stately and graceful movement of the Allegretto most charmingly. It combines new motives with a modification of the principal motive of the Allegretto in a thoroughly musician-like way, and so gives the most perfect balance of unity and variety. In fact, these qualities appear throughout the work, the more one studies it, not only in the separate movements, but in the balance and contrast of the four movements. The thematic treatment is admirable, the counterpoint masterly, and the instrumentation a continual surprise and delight. The themes of the first and third movements are well marked melodic phrases, easily remembered, and very charming, those of the first movement impressing at once by their significance, and by their broad, noble character. The Adagio and final Allegro are formed of motives not so easy to carry away with one, but the total effect of the former is very pleasing, while the latter, rushing forward merrily to the final climax, makes a very satisfactory ending to an extremely fine composition. This Symphony is not what the Germans call an "epoch-making" or a "path-breaking" work, but it is nevertheless thoroughly original, both in its motives and treatment; and coming, as it does, from a composer twenty years younger than Wagner, it proves that those prophets of the future who sung dirges over the grave of pure instrumental music were too hasty. The Symphony has life in it yet, and only requires the touch of a master to show that genius is still able to express its conceptions through forms which sufficed for Beethoven.

As to the performance of this work, the orchestra was of fair size, — eight first and eight second violins, five violas, five 'cellos, three double-basses, and the usual wind instruments, — but had to be made up in part of young and inexperienced players; and the number of rehearsals was limited by lack of funds, so that one must not think of applying the tests of excellence which we apply to orchestras of mature artists, who play together continually under the same leader. But though various crudities and roughnesses were perceptible, the horns being especially uncertain, the performance as a whole was very spirited, and good enough to enable us to keep our attention fixed on the work itself, and to make it thoroughly interesting and delightful. We owe cordial gratitude to the Musical Society, and to its able conductor, for this performance. The rest of the programme does not require lengthy mention. The solo performances were not remarkable either for merit or demerit; the male chorus was well sung, as was also the chorus from *Rienzi*, a chorus simple enough in form to be by anybody else than Wagner; it is really charming in its motives and instrumentation, and even in its perpetual modulations, as characteristic of its author.

I approach the topic of the Marie Rose concert, which comes next in order, with some diffidence. Is it not presumption, even damnable heresy, to find fault with a great "*prima donna assoluta*, the only legitimate successor of Parepa"? And yet, if I must confess the honest truth, I not only was not inspired by this renowned lady's singing: I was even dissatisfied and displeased by it. She sang a grand Aria from *Il Trovatore*, she tore a passion to tatters, she worked her *tremolo* stop (Italian "wobble"?), and I forgave her; for though I felt even more strongly than ever before that the music was all rubbish, I recognized the fact that, if she *must* sing and act this stuff, she must needs be melodramatic and sensational. But she also sang a song in English, "It was a dream," by Cowen, and kept on her tremolo all the same. I doubted here, but smothered my doubts because of the semi-pathetic character of the song. But when she sang "Comin' thro' the rye," and "wobbled" through this also, I gave her up. Deliver us from prima donnas who can't sing a single plain straightforward tone in a simple ballad! The programme had this merit, it was a very consistent whole, — not one really noble or fine thing in it, though most of it was better than the aforesaid grand Aria. Mme. Rose was very well supported; but I confess to enjoying Brignoli more than all the rest put together. I hope this doesn't do injustice to Mr. Carleton, Mr. Kaiser, or Mr. Pease, whose performances, as such, were certainly creditable; but nothing but the highest virtuosity can redeem a programme of inferior, uninspiring music, and prevent it from being tedious.

Virtuosity we had in Wilhelmj's concert, the last one I have to mention, and plenty of it; unfortunately we had also a programme the chief aim of which was the display of virtuosity. But somehow the general tone was higher, and despite the fact that there was little real music played or sung, one could n't help being not only interested but enthusiastic. Your readers need no estimate or eulogy of Wilhelmj's playing from me; those who have heard him will believe that in him the highest point of technical excellence has been reached. Pity that we could n't have heard him play the Beethoven Concerto instead of Paganini's. Next to him, Mme. Carreno interested and pleased us; but she also had no music to play which could show whether she is a great artist or only a skillful executant. More's the pity. Why must artists leave all the good music out when they give us a chance to hear them but once? I am firmly convinced that the inferior programmes do not satisfy even the general public as well as the best music would. And however much a virtuoso may rejoice in the consciousness of ability to overcome difficulties, surely every real artist must feel that mere ability to play a violin or piano, considered as an end, is no more worthy of respect than ability to walk a rope stretched over Niagara. It is the end to which technical attainment is a means, the interpretation of the noblest productions of human genius, which makes a violinist higher and better than a tight-rope performer. Will artists ever learn to appeal to what is *best* in their audiences? J. C. F.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

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AFGHAN SONG.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Sha. I am the chasm whose hidden ground
Timorous hunter shall never sound;
How canst then measure those dark depths profound?
Hs. I am the reins that, descending, sweep
Interspace, fissure, and channel steep;
I will awaken those echoing deep!

Sha. I am a pendant, I dazzle or smite;
I am a serpent, as sage as slight;
I am the teeth of the topmost height!
Hs. Feint, that defends from the dagger blow,
Knowledge that baffles the sinner, I know;
Paths round the uppermost peak may go!

Sha. Seek not thy wandering way to wend
Up where an chamois yet dared ascend;
Over pine summits my branches bend!
Hs. I am the silvery flakes that rest
Wrapt in the folds of the snow-cloud's breast;
I will repose on thy lofty crest!

Sha. I am the mellowless mountain mere,
Century fettered by frost-chains drear;
Hope not to breathe in mine atmosphere!
Hs. I am the beams of the burning sun,
Warning to life all I shine upon;
I will enkindle that heart of stone!

Sha. Gate of the garden of Paradise,
Haughty as Khyber, my heart defies
Open approach or astute surprise!
Hs. Love, dauntless daughter of rock and snow, —
Love strong as mine will the power bestow
Hearts proud as Khyber to win, sweet foe!

ETELKA GERSTER IN BERLIN.

(Translated from Die Gegenwart, May, 1877.)

BERLIN has just had, at the close of winter, a great and unexpected pleasure. At the present hour, can be made the rare, supremely consoling, I might almost say exalting, observation, how an honest and sincere good-will, in the best sense, such as under ordinary circumstances one is fortunate to find in a single individual, has suddenly seized a whole community. Commonly, through the crowding together of individuals, the nobler emotions are suppressed and the baser are forced to the surface; commonly unkindness, envy, ill-will, rule the masses, and, as a matter of course, the world is mentioned as "the wicked world, the stupid crowd;" but now the sweet miracle is to be seen of Berlin — yes, Berlin, execrated for its coldness and its lacerating criticism — pleasing itself with the office of a loving, tender, and indulgent father.

The young girl who has worked this miracle is called Etelka Gerster; and it is a real tenderness, an affecting and solicitous friendship, that Berlin offers this young maiden.

About four weeks since, there stood in the newspapers the announcement that one of the usual Italian opera companies, such as have been accustomed to favor us for many years, would appear at Kroll's Theatre. Every one knows what is generally to be expected from such a company.

> "Sie war nicht in dem Thal geboren,
> Mau wusste nicht woher sie kam,
> Und schnell war ihre Spur verloren,
> Sobald sie von uns Abschied nahm."

The "accomplished artists" outbid each other in insignificance. The affair then took its natural course. At the first performance, three weeks ago, the hall of Kroll's Theatre was empty; if we except the critics, who in the way of business were obliged to be present; only a few of those people had strayed in upon whom it depends whether an impression is to be made upon the public; and thus of this singing company it could almost with certainty be prognosticated that it would share the fate of its predecessors, and, like the rose, would blossom but a day.

Three weeks later, and in Kroll's great hall not a seat remains unoccupied! Hundreds and hundreds must turn away from the door disappointed and cross; and the privilege to attend a performance must be paid for, by those who are able to procure tickets in the customary way, at prices that remind one of the extravagant days of commercial prosperity. The first rows of the parquet are reserved for the court, which is represented in a completeness only seen on extraordinary artistic occasions. The Emperor himself is present long before the beginning of the performance, and salutes his guests. All the high officers of the court have appeared. The gray-haired field-marshal, Moltke, the ministers, the highest representatives of foreign diplomacy and ambassadors, are here; and farther in the hall the eye beholds nearly all the well-known and renowned persons of the capital; and the name of the so recently entirely unknown "artiste," who sings Lucia, is to-day in every mouth!

The younger people cannot remember ever to have seen so sudden and tremendous a triumph; the elders, to find a counterpart, refer to the first days of Henrietta Sontag, Pauline Viardot, and Jenny Lind. The entire public is as if electrified. All the professional critics announce, with a unanimity entirely unexampled, that a wholly unusual, divinely-gifted artist has appeared before us, furnished by beneficent nature with every gift to reach the loftiest heights; and who, under judicious direction, and an intelligent appreciation of her wonderful natural capacity, will also reach them.

The critic's praise sounds this time quite otherwise than when laurels are to be bestowed on those who have already achieved greatness. It is plainly to be perceived in the criticisms, how the writers rejoice to be able to praise the unusual appearance in an unusual manner, and do it with a heartiness and cordiality, with the sincere conviction of doing good, while they demand what is good. At the same time can be read, from the joyous and unreservedly appreciative criticisms, a friendly care for the future of the new bosom child, a sort of melancholy anxiety lest the tender germ may not be allowed to mature, lest, in the foolish haste to force its growth, it may be materially injured, if not perhaps entirely destroyed. And this anxious forethought is fully justified.

Etelka Gerster is a girl in the bloom of youth. Her power of voice is in no way remarkable; she does not possess one of those voices that defy the storm, that through their impoving proportions compel universal attention. Her's has nothing striking, nothing on a large scale. It is therefore entirely natural that the directors of both the great German operas, who have had the opportunity to hear Fräulein Gerster, have passed this modest and unassuming nature by, without having made an attempt to win her for their prominent establishments. Her lovely and poetic voice corresponds with her appearance: a simple, sweet face, with intelligent, speaking eyes, modest and maidenly, and no great beauty. Through her entire absence of stage routine (until now she has appeared before no important audience), she shows still in her bearing and gestures a certain want of security and a helplessness which a refined public, already beginning to love the singer, finds charming, but which, perhaps, might be otherwise judged by a foreign audience, before whom Etelka Gerster might now appear with a famous name. Her répertoire is still small.

Everything indicates that Etelka Gerster's duty toward herself and toward us is: to oppose herself steadfastly to all allurements that may hereafter arise, and to show herself firm now amid the temptations of a sudden fame. This restraint must be doubly hard for her at the present time. She has stepped in a day out of complete *obscurity* into renown. The nowhere justly appreciated prima donna of an insignificant Italian troupe is to-day mentioned in one breath with the first living artists. The stormy applause must have something intoxicating in it, and it would be strange if the incense that rises to her to-day in thick clouds should not bewilder her senses. But at the same time let her make the most earnest efforts, in the midst of the turmoil that must seize her, to preserve for herself some sobriety and deliberation. Let her think of the truth of Voltaire's utterance, that there is no heavier burden than a suddenly renowned name: "Il n'est plus lourd fardeau qu'un nom trop tôt fameux;" and that she must become strong not to succumb under this sweet burden.

The characteristic of Etelka Gerster's art is, as has already been said, not the imposing, powerful, gigantic; it is the lovely, tender, the maidenly charm. It does not transport, it wins; it does not seize, it touches; it does not shake, it holds. A favorable star has so decreed that these charming gifts have been immediately recognized here. It has been an inestimable piece of good fortune that Etelka has sung for the first time before a small audience on Kroll's small stage. Had her début taken place at the Opera House, in that great building, with a spoiled and not always considerate audience — in which yesterday the trombones blared out the Consecration of Swords, and which to-morrow will be visited, it may be, by the mad dances of the Venus Mount, — who knows, whether the weighty orchestral masses would not have covered the modest voice, and whether the

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peculiar charm of her soulful tones might not have died away in the vast space, unrecognized before an apathetic public.

Now the case is quite different. Now that it is known how wonderfully beautiful the voice is, how masterful its cultivation, now Etelka Gerster may feel sure in Berlin, wherever she may sing, of full appreciation. How would it be in another, greater, more pretentious city, in which she has not had the opportunity to show herself under the conditions that here offered the proper opportunity for the unfolding of her peculiar art? How would it be in great, noisy Paris, which, rumor says, seeks to allure the young artist who is truly ours?

I must honestly confess that I cannot imagine this timid girl, who has entraenced us all by her simple and heartfelt expression, by her masterly execution, as now appearing on the stage of the Parisian opera-house, behind the powerful orchestra, which forbids every fine shading, where one must scream at the side of singers in whom routine and great register of voice take the place of true art.

Etelka Gerster belongs to the same family of artists from which sprang Jenny Lind, and she knew quite well what she did when she consistently refused the most brilliant offers to sing in Paris; it was a true knowledge of herself that directed the Swedish singer. It is a good friend of Etelka Gerster who now repeats to her the beautiful verse from Simrock's "Warning from the Rhine:"

"Doch berauhert der Laut, Dich behöret der Schein,
Entzucken fasst dich und Graus."

It is no petty self-seeking, no selfish desire to gain permanently an excellent singer, that has inspired these lines. Berlin, which has installed Etelka Gerster in art, feels itself much more called upon to care that the wonderful talent shall remain preserved to art, and that it shall not be too soon exhausted by a foolish overtraining of its powers, and through compulsion, become entangled in a false position and discouraged. Etelka Gerster has for the present but one duty: to enter upon no new duties. Let her use the coming time, after the close of her present obligations, in completing her studies, and in the extension of her repertoire. Let her strive for a further cultivation in dramatic action, for which she possesses an unlimited capacity, and then — let her stay with us in Germany! She is a complete mistress of the German language; and, besides, Germany offers to a true artist, quite other and more profitable duties than are placed at the disposition of artists in France. Glance only at the repertoire of the Parisian opera: *Huguenots* and *William Tell*, *William Tell* and *Huguenots*, in pleasing alternation! And when she has really sung the queen in the *Huguenots* and Bertha in *Tell* fifty times in the course of the year, she will, in the most favorable case, stand at the end of the year in the same artistic grade at which she stood at the beginning, or perhaps will have descended some grades lower in the path of routine. Mozart's operas alone should be able to hold her back from the serious step of crossing the Rhine. Etelka Gerster is the appointed singer of Mozart,—let her remain with us! But however her fate may be decided, we deem ourselves fortunate to have been able to greet her at least at the brilliant commencement of her career, and our heartfelt wishes will henceforth accompany her. Paul Lindau.

A SOUVENIR OF CHOPIN.

Chopin was a genius, pleasant to remember. He was *sui generis*, unique. When with him, he seemed to you in a certain sense far off and intangible. We are not very familiar with the Polish character, and he was a Pole, and, as such even, not like other Poles, though they have a dash of the charm and mysticism of the East; but he had a personality which was of no country. Like Hawthorne,

"Something o'erinformed the tenement of clay."

and made them both evanescent and weird, if not spectral and unreal.

The genius of each precisely answered to that feeling of remoteness which we had when near them. If Hawthorne had not written a line, if Chopin had not traced a note, we still should have felt each to be a genius. For this mysterious something which we call genius is not composed wholly of the brain, but the entire nature and temperament go to its formation. And in all geniuses it is this total force which agitates and interests us. Shelley is another instance. He is never familiar, humdrum, and ordinary. We hear of his sailing paper boats, or wandering with a book into the forest, but we know that something kept him apart from others who do so. It is not by choice, but by a high necessity, that they ravish us with their gifts. The sacred fire, so bright to us, often hurt and branded them with pain.

Chopin, with blonde hair and light blue eyes, had a whiteness of complexion all his own. We feel sure that Shelley's face shone; and from Chopin's came a sad and plaintive brightness which excited your highest sympathy.

Another great genius was living with him at the same time in Paris; but what worlds kept them apart, in temperament as in gift! Rossini seemed the embodiment of jovial worldliness. A thousand Barbers seemed to look out from his merry eyes, and in his capacious frame one could fancy stored, in order as on shelves, a thousand operas.

He often dined at a *table d'hôte*, where I met him, and, when there, seemed the king of it. His wit, his laughter, his spacious plenitude of jovial strength, illumined and led the company. He seemed happy with a crowd about him; and is not his sunny music made for the many, full of sociable fire and a nobleness which the crowd could understand, if not emulate? But in no such gatherings would you find Chopin. He shrank like a sensitive plant from the rude touch of the world. His music cannot be called popular, or simply expressive of pleasant companionship. There is a wail through it, like the cry "Finis Poloniæ!" attributed to his heroic countryman. There is something *maladif*, *saccadé*, petulant, whimsical, in it, full of surprises. I should suppose it would be called, as art, very personal and distinguished. It was written for the select few, for those who suffer and for those who think. Therefore it was a pleasure, in every sense rare, to encounter him.

I had several times that pleasure. I heard him at a concert in St. James' Square, London, where, in a nobleman's house, all that was choicest in that capital came to do him honor. While he played, a row of prima donnas stood behind his piano, — Viardot, Garcia, Madame Sartoris, and others. He seemed to play as much upon the expressive nerves of their faces as upon the ivory of the piano. His mood, his touch, were reflected in their looks, and as his transparent hand and long, far-reaching fingers shot along the keys, there was a mute echo in their sympathetic eyes. Through the room there was that feeling of exaltation which is known when something superior is acting upon you. Each heart by itself conversed with that other, so alien, so mystic, so impossible, in the heavy atmosphere of London.

I had the great pleasure of dining with him afterwards, with a few of his lady friends. The whole man was changed. The reaction had come. There was the *détente*, the unbending, the escape from that too high strain. He was infinitely frolicsome, playful, and *bizarre*. By the law of sympathetic antagonism, antipathy, he was obliged to ridicule and make fun of a fat lady and her daughter, who had sat just before his eyes. He mimicked the mother's suggestions to her daughter as to when applause was fit, and the fine efforts this worthy lump of prose had made to follow the flights of so strange a bird.

But he was a genius in all this as much as in his playing; and it was delightful to see the gamesome boy appear, instead of the lyrical and suffering poet. One of the ladies, with much simplicity, asked me to describe Niagara to him, that he might write a piece of music upon it. I did so, and he was pleased, but it was asking too much, even of such a genius as his, to describe what he had not seen, and it was very plain he would not care to get his wares at second-hand.

I also had the privilege of sitting with him, an old lady friend of mine our sole companion, while Jenny Lind sang for the first time in London the "Mariage do Figaro." There was something in her exceptional and Northern nature which pleased him. They were, perhaps, in their intensity and strangeness, somewhat akin. He spoke of her having accepted his advice to banish all additions, and sing the music simply, just as Mozart wrote it. It made one of those evenings one never forgets; and, alas, I have none such afterwards to remember in the society of the illustrious master. T. G. A.

"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME," ETC.

A musical work may sound "as sweet," although some other name than that of its true creator has been bestowed on it; but, should we call a rose a violet, would not even a blind man think its scent, if quite "as sweet," yet a little foreign and unexpected? Many lovely children of the composer's imagination are wandering over the world under

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the disguise of names that do not belong to them, although their rightful ones possess an equal claim to consideration.

Even the half-cultivated amateur now knows that the gentle little waltz of sixteen measures, No. 2 of the set "Les Viennoises," Opus 9, by Franz Schubert, *is* the composition of Franz Schubert; yet its soft melancholy is still misnamed "Le Désir," and refractory publishers, here and there, still persist in presenting it to the musical world, a poor solitary on the desert island of a "one-page sheet," as a daughter of Beethoven! Every pianist knows, too, that the little waltz still occasionally encountered under the title of "Weber's Last Waltz" is not by Weber, but by Reissiger, who has vainly remonstrated against the injustice of depriving him of the credit due to him as its composer. The list of works whose authorship is contested is a long one; among these Mozart's Twelfth Mass will be remembered, as the Ritter von Koechel and Otto Jahn, not to mention other authorities, have decided this to have been written by some other composer than Mozart.

If Schubert has been unjustly deprived of the credit of having composed his pensive "La Mélancholie," misnamed Beethoven's "Le Désir," a sort of compensation has been offered by destiny, or the publishers, in the song "L'Adieu" ("The Last Greeting"), printed as No. 3 in the Lacour (Paris) edition of forty songs by Schubert, with French text. This song was really composed by an amateur named Wegrauch, at Dorpat, in Livonia, in 1820, and entitled by him "Nach Osten." Another amateur, a Prince W——, was accustomed to sieg it successfully at evening parties in Paris, announcing it as a Lied by Schubert (the only Lied composer then known in Paris), either from carelessness, or — as Lenz suggests — to spare Parisians the trouble of pronouncing another rough German name. And as a Schubert Lied, under the title "L'Adieu," it was afterwards published in Paris.

The claim of the fine sacred song, "Pietà, Signore, di me dolente," to be considered as the work of Stradella is disputed by some authorities; but as by far the greater number of these agree as to its genuineness, we are at liberty to take the side that pleases us best in this musical drawn battle.

But another fine aria has been, this time altogether erroneously, attributed of late to Stradella: I mean that entitled "O del mio dolce ardor," from Gluck's opera, *Paris and Helen*. Every student of musical literature is aware that this opera was composed by Gluck in 1769, two years after the composition of his *Alceste*; but it has been entirely dropped from the modern opera repertory, though the earlier produced *Alceste* is still occasionally represented, at least in part. *Paride ed Elena*, however, is so little known that few persons, even of some culture, are acquainted with the score (published in 1770), or its preface, replete, like all the (too little) literary work Gluck gave to the world, with the elevated thought, the fine critical insight, to be expected from so great an artist, interspersed with not a few passages of self-defense against the unjust judgments of some of his contemporary reviewers. Alas, that genius should ever be forced to waste its valuable time and power on such self-defense! Gluck, however, as a reformer, could scarcely have hoped to escape the *auto da fé* altogether.

The aria, "O del mio dolce ardor," is the second number in the first act of *Paris and Helen*, and is sung by Paris, who, landing near Sparta with his sailors, thus expresses his emotion on first treading the earth trodden by Helen, and breathing the air she breathes. The melody is large and noble, and yet "elegiac in a soft Italian dream," as Marx beautifully says, and the instrumentation of the accompaniment is altogether admirable. The singing of Paris is interrupted by a sacrificial dance and offering at the shrine of Venus; then Paris continues, in the aria, "Dall' aurea sua stella;" then another dance interveses; and, before the entrance of Amor, Paris concludes his fine *scena d'entrata* with the aria, "Spiagge amate," another powerful and charming melody, an appeal to nature — the meadows amid which Helen wanders, the fountains where she crowns her hair with roses — to disclose to him the spot where dwells the most beautiful among all women. The action of the opera then proceeds.

Mrs. Adelaide Sartorio, in her novelette, "A Week at a French Country House," has also erroneously attributed Gluck's aria to Stradella; and the error is continually repeated in concert programmes, when the song is performed. Not to speak of historical accuracy, what a singular error of taste to include the melodious sighs of Paris in a collection of "classical sacred songs," entitled "Sion," as has been done by Schlesinger's publishing house (attributing the air to Stradella)! And how audibly, notwithstanding, the melody, expression, declamation of Gluck, speak to us in every measure of the composition!

Then there is the exquisite motet by Anerio, "Adoramus te, Christe," the credit of which has been given to Palestrina (who needs no credit), etc., etc. My musically cultivated readers may recall many other examples of works whose authorship is either disputed or erroneously bestowed; it is, however, strange that such an example as that of Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor" should hitherto have escaped remark.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

NOTE. — Some years ago (April, 1869), we copied into this Journal the interesting programmes of some historical recitals given in New York by the author of the above article, in one of which appears the aria, "O del mio dolce ardor," rightly attributed to Gluck. We believe that Mrs. Ritter was the first to introduce it to an American musical public — ED.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE OPERA.

BY WALTER D. LAWSON, B. MUS.

ADOPTING as a normal condition the justification of opera conveyed in the definition of Dr. Marx, who tells us that it is "a drama in which, in lieu of ordinary speech, an elevated utterance, the language of music and song, is introduced, *with the same artistic rights and truth, as, in the higher drama, poetry supersedes the prose of common life*," we are next led to inquire more closely into its nature as an art-work, which may be described as an endeavor to portray, for man's delectation and instruction, some of the countless phases of human existence, — not only the superficial existence which society sees around it, but also an inner life which we all know from experience to exist, and from which spring "fountains of joy and of sorrow." The drama is sometimes entirely based upon these secret emotions, — for instance, a so-called psychological drama of modern date entitled "The Bells." To this end, poetry, music, painting, and mimetics jointly contribute, and inasmuch as human existence is made up of moments of indifference and of passionate energy, of moments spent in self-communion or in the society of our fellow-creatures, so it became necessary to create in the opera *forms* of expression, which, while receiving additions and improvements at the hands of many generations of master-minds, were acknowledged by them to be justly suitable. These forms are recitative, aria, duet, ensemble, chorus, etc., all of which are susceptible of modification, according to the number, character, or length of the episodes of emotion. It was also found necessary to adopt the overture, interlude, postlude, as a means of preparing an audience for what was to follow, to allow time for the accomplishment of an act, for the purpose of commenting upon the same, or for other reasons.

It will at once appear that these forms require some sort of justification; for instance, it is quite contrary to the laws of nature that a person should speak, still less sing, his thoughts aloud, or that two or more persons should be guilty simultaneously of the same thing. Yet in the monologue of drama and the aria of opera, in the dialogue and duet, etc., such a proceeding occurs. This is a privilege of art without which it would be impossible to represent life as it really is, and it finds sufficient justification in the pithy remark of Goethe: "Art is so called simply because it is not Nature;" but, in addition to this, it may be observed that the audience while listening to an aria is perfectly aware that it involves a very irregular proceeding, but is quite content to be deceived with regard to the nature of monologue, as it is to be misled by a departure from the Aristotelian laws respecting the dramatic unities. "The fact is," says Dr. Johnson, "the spectators are always in their senses, and know that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players."

We have, then, a creation in which several arts work together according to certain laws, and subject to the restrictions imposed by force for the purpose of producing through the medium of various senses one and the same impression in an enhanced degree. Is this combination the drama is not to be wholly sacrificed to the music, nor is the music slavishly to follow the drama, or act merely as commentator; its province is, rather, to render in all its psychological significance each phase of feeling or action which is involved in the drama; nay, more, it is to suggest and complete that which words would be unable to express (we do not agree with E. A. Poe, the American poet, who held that language could express everything); it is here the "inarticulate enfathomable speech" which lays bare the deeper emotions of the human breast.

A coöperation of arts after this manner naturally offers to the artist such a catalogue of difficulties that we can hardly wonder at not yet having attained to the ideal of opera. As it is, the weaknesses of the present style are evident in every score and every libretto; and moreover they are not such as admit of dispute, but stand there in all the abjectness of self-conviction. To point some of them out is the purpose of this essay, and I may perhaps be excused if in so doing I adopt an arrangement of topics which has no greater recommendation than that of being most convenient to myself. The following are a

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few of the "counts" on which opera may be indicted: —

(1.) Non-accordance of musical expression with the expression of the text.

(2.) Subordination of (*a*) orchestra to song; (*b*) song to orchestra.

(3.) Chaotic accumulation of instrumental and vocal forces.

(4.) Flimsy character or abhorrent nature of plot.

(5.) Stereotyped character of recitative.

(6.) Psychologically unjustifiable overtures.

(7.) Mutilation involved in adapting a drama to a musical setting.

The following remarks, and references to well-known works may now support these charges: —

(1.) We have all heard of the disputes to which the union of music and drama has given rise. The wars between the Gluckists and Piccinists in the eighteenth, and between the Wagnerites and Anti-Wagnerites in the nineteenth century, have served to concentrate general attention upon the matter, but without affecting it permanently; for the idea of opera at the present day is much the same as it was a quarter of a century before Gluck's classical period; and, as far as can be foreseen, the opera as evolved by the genius of Mozart will not cease to hold the stage while that which is form, power, and beauty is appreciated by musical artists. This I say without venturing an opinion as to the respective merits of the rival systems, which would only lead me from the object which I have in view; nor, on the other hand, do I wish to suggest that Mozart's operas are free from faults in this respect, even if their type of construction be true. The affinity between words and music has not always been rightly understood or sufficiently respected, and many have unconsciously erred in their judgment with regard to the very nature of the combination, — which must be alike pleasing to the intellectual and to the sensuous perceptions.

Two of the most flagrant examples in classic opera of a total disregard for the sentiment of the text may be found in the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, in the *rôle* of the "Queen of the Night." The first of these arie contains no less than thirteen bars of extremely florid writing upon the syllable *ce* of "mercede;" and the second, twice eight bars upon the word *e*, commencing after a rest with which we should be satisfied to conclude the phrase; also eleven further bars of mixed legato and staccato phrases upon the second syllable of "crudel," the whole being broken up by pauses of three quarters of a bar and less. Moreover, the voice compass extends in these arie to the F in alt. And for all this where is the justification?

The physical effect produced in the singer by such performances must be known to every one. Song which imposes such severe strain upon the vocal organs (evident in the fact that these arie are more often than not transposed into other keys to suit the singers, and are even then sung by them at the utmost limit of their voices) cannot but be detrimental to art. To those who may ask for proof of this, I strongly recommend an essay written by Herr Gloggner, formerly professor of singing at the Conservatorium of Leipzig, which was published in several of the early numbers of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*.[1] Therein they may read, or get a German scholar to read for them, of the superb organs of vocalists who have passed away: of soprani possessing powers of voice unknown at the present day, of tenori who could for many seconds completely overtone the blast of a trumpet; therein they may study the causes which have led to the decline of vocal power which is thus rendered apparent. With this decline the name of Verdi is frequently associated.

But to return to the subject. In Donna Anna's aria in the second act of *Don Juan*, we find ten bars devoted to vocalizzi upon the last syllable of "sentirà," the broad vowel offering such a tempting opportunity for the display of the singer's technic. Here the text is certainly not suggestive of such *tours de force*; indeed, there is no psychological justification whatever. It is worthy of remark that in the first aria of Don Ottavio's affianced, which might with greater reason have been written in the florid style which characterizes that now under consideration, there is absolutely nothing of the kind; it is simply *true*.

As a concluding illustration of my meaning, I will quote the so-called "Jewel-Song," from Gounod's opera *Faust*. This is not wholly without justification; the shake (which Mozart has used to express cowardice) is here highly expressive of Margherita's excitement; but the succeeding phrases are open to the charge of being somewhat ordinary and unsuggestive.

The non-classical works of Donizetti, Bellini, and others offer innumerable instances of these faults, although worthy of study for finish in vocal writing; but the beautiful vocalization of Italian opera does not compensate us for the shallowness of composers, who, to quote Dr. Schlüter, "make their heroes encounter death to the tune of a lively waltz." But, as we have seen, there are faults almost as glaring in classic opera; and, amongst these the bravura aria is not the least prominent. Than this, no variety of the aria has met with more abuse. In most instances a direct concession to the vocalist, we may find it in our hearts to excuse the divergence from the strict rules of art, although in the studio we may feel necessitated to shake our heads over certain leaves in the scores of, for instance, Mozart and Rossini, knowing as we do that the vocal portion was adapted in the one case to the voice of a sister-in-law, in the other to the somewhat *blasé* organ of a wife. Why is it, O ye gods, that even those things which we are accustomed to regard as a means of raising us above the level of mere animal existence into an ideal world should be open to the suspicion conveyed by an astute lieutenant of police, in the words, "Ou est la femme"? Why?

(2.) (*a.*) The subordination of orchestra to song is a well-known characteristic of Italian opera, and in some of them is carried to such an extreme that the usual demands upon an orchestra are reduced to little more than rhythmical accompaniment, so strongly marked as to be presumably a source of delight to individuals of terpsichorean proclivities. Those musicians whose patience has been exhausted by the sheer monotony induced by a performance of, for instance, *La Traviata*, with all its aggravation of beats, as regular and continuous as those of the human pulse, will bear me out in what I say. It is here that we feel the inestimable superiority of the opera of Mozart, or of the new school, in which the orchestra plays such an important part.

This same principle exists in another and better form. In the seventeenth century, Lully, in his endeavors to give due prominence to the words, adopted a style of art in which not only form was wanting, but melody — the very essence of music — was sacrificed. In the eighteenth century, Gluck brought these ideas to a higher stage of development; but it was left to Wagner in the nineteenth century to attain to what some are inclined to regard as the highest form of musical dramatic art. These three periods evidence enormous strides in the development of the orchestra, which, while being subordinated to the drama, shows itself, in contradistinction to the mere accompaniment of Italian opera, more in the light of commentator and enhancer. It is peculiarly instructive to consider the differences and resemblances which exist between the three-century-old recitative opera of Jacopo Peri and the musical drama of Wagner, minute in detail and colossal in proportions.

(*b.*) Beethoven's *Fidelio* instances faults of the opposite nature. A master of the orchestra, he gave to it an undue prominence over the vocal parts. It would seem, that the human voice did not offer him sufficient scope, for the same thing is noticeable in all his vocal works. A contributor to a musical lexicon says of him, "He has written more music that is sung than vocal music;" and Mensel, the author of an excellent volume upon his life and works, tells us: "Not seldom he gave way to the temptation of raising the declamatory element above the melodic, and the lyric above the dramatic, and of hiding the want of progress and activity by means of the orchestra."

(3.) The masters of the modern school, following the example set them by Hector Berlioz, who has developed to caricature the powerful orchestration of Beethoven, seek, by increasing the number of instruments in ordinary use, reviving those which have become obsolete, and adopting others newly invented, to increase the means of effect at their disposal; and this is perhaps necessary in some respects, — for instance, to restore the disturbed balance of wind and string, to accommodate the orchestra to the growing dimensions of concert-halls, opera-houses, etc.; but for all this, there has undoubtedly been an excess of zeal in this direction, and effects have been produced which may be catalogued with those reported during the leviathan festival held at Boston some years ago. The small orchestras of Mozart are regarded disdainfully by these gentlemen, who, however, are for the most part wholly unable to produce similarly powerful effects, even with all their additions and multiplications. Notably in the scores of Richard Wagner, we find a heaping together of vocal and instrumental forces; in fact, there are passages in *Lohengrin* which amount to little more than an inexpressive jumble. Take, for instance, the chorus "Ein Wunder ist geschehen," quoted by Lobe in his work on instrumentation, where, besides the string quartet, there are 3 flauti, 3 oboe, 3 clarionetti, 3 fagotti and tuba, 4 horns (in E and A), 3 trombones, and the timpani playing fortissimo against the chorus of mixed voices. "Who," asks Lobe, "amongst those who have heard the opera, can affirm that he received any other than a most hazy impression of the men's voices sounding out of the noisy orchestral tutti?" With respect to the phrase "Dank der Herr" of the females, he further says: "With the eye, one can see it in the *partitur*, but no mortal ear either of the present or of the remotest future will bear anything of it." The so-called "Prügelscene" in the *Meistersinger* offers a further instance of miscalculation. These are, of course, but occasional lapses, for, generally, Wagner's orchestration and instrumentation are blameless, and he is, moreover, like Liszt, a perfect master of orchestral color.

Meyerbeer also laid himself open to censure on the same score, as indeed upon almost every other, according to the opinions of eminent art critics and *connoisseurs*. — *London Musical Standard.*

(To be continued.)

[1] Translated in vol. xxxi. of this journal. Herr Gloggner was for some time connected with the Boston Conservatory of Music.

The Cincinnati Musical Association connected with the College of Music offer a prize of $1000 for the best choral and orchestral composition of about one hour in length.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

"ITALOPHOBIA."

We have heard a good deal about this curious disease lately. If we were to credit some accounts, almost all of our ablest musicians are afflicted with it, and are trying their best to inoculate the general musical public. The symptoms of this fell malady are described as a tendency to smile contemptuously, to exhibit signs of boredom, at times even to show disgust and horror, accompanied in extreme cases with gnashing of teeth and profane ejaculations, while listening to music written by any Italian composers, with the single exception of Luigi Cherubini. The disease is also said to attack musicians with various degrees of severity. For instance, a very severe case will be accompanied by all the above-mentioned symptoms; in a less violent one the person attacked with it will show no signs of discomfort, will even be pleasurably excited while listening to Spontini's operas, Boccherini's quartets, Rossini's *Barbiere*, or Bellini's *Sonnambula;* in very mild cases the diseased subject will be roused to fury only by Verdi, Donizetti, Mercadante, Gordigiani, Petrella, and a few others. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Italophobia is said to be that those persons who are subject to it, especially in its more malignant forms, are really pleased at their own morbid condition, and do all in their power to spread it among their friends; that they strive to become a sort of pathological propagandists, and even to establish a musical inquisition for the torture of healthy music-lovers who are not afflicted as they are. The effects of the disease upon its victims are described as most disastrous, generally including desiccation, or ossification of the heart, and an abnormal development of the brain, notably of the mathematical faculty; if allowed to run its course, unimpeded by powerful antidotes, it results in a species of semi-insanity, or monomania. We are told that this frightful disease was first brought to the United States by Teutonic emigrants, who evaded the quarantine laws, and thus gave it to the inhabitants of this country, among whom it spread rapidly; in the vicinity of Boston it has assumed all the dread proportions of a raging epidemic.

Just see what terrible things may be happening in the very midst of our community, without our knowing the faintest suspicion of it! For surely we should never have known anything about this insidious Italophobia, had not some public-spirited Italians discovered it, and kindly told us of it. Some curious remedies have been recently proposed. They are admirably fitted to combat a disease of such peculiar nature, one against which homœopathy, allopathy, electricity, and the water-cure have shown themselves to be utterly impotent. One's only doubt is whether these remedies are such as our people can take with safety, and whether they may not have some unhappy results, such as softening of the brain, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Let us see for a moment what medicaments this new Italian pharmacopœia has discovered. There seem to be only two.

The first is "that the patient should banish all prejudice in favor of any particular school of music." A most excellent tonic, and one that can be taken with equal benefit by both physician and patient.

The second is that the diseased subject should subscribe to the following articles of faith, and implicitly believe in them.

"(1.) An amateur is a better judge of art than an artist, for the latter has given up a great portion of his life to the study of art, has acquired an extended knowledge of the subject, has consequently certain fixed ideas and opinions, and looks at art through scholastic spectacles. The amateur's soul, on the contrary, is a *tabula rasa*, upon which art can inscribe what it pleases, unhindered.

"(2.) One work of art is not better in its way than another, except in so far as it appeals more or less strongly to the emotions. The sentimental emotions are the only trustworthy criterion of æsthetic value.

"(3.) The opera is the highest form of music, because it includes all other forms.

"(4.) The good and bad in art are merely a matter of individual taste."

When taken to be well shaken, and the cure is certain.

Ah, but good, kind doctors, what a dose you propose to us! How can we ever swallow it? What æsthetic œsophagus is large enough to admit it? Yours may be, but surely ours is not.

In the first place I, for one, wholly deny that an amateur is a better judge of music than a musician. To quote from Berlioz: "If the art of music is at once an art and a science; if, to have a thorough knowledge of it, one must go through complex and quite long studies; if, to feel the emotions it arouses, one must have a cultured intelligence and a practised ear; if, to judge of the value of musical works, one must have a well-furnished memory, in order to be able to make comparisons, and, in fine, know many things of which one is necessarily ignorant when one has not learned them" (all of which suppositions I most potently believe to be true), then, I say, the musician has an incalculable advantage over the amateur. Then I also deny that any art should be judged on a purely emotional basis. A picture, sculpture, statue or musical composition which appeals strongly to the emotions, is not necessarily a fine work. One has to ask, whose emotions it appeals to? Tupper may affect a boor very much as Shakespeare affects a cultivated man. The æsthetic faculty is not simply emotional; some of the very grandest works of art are those which have no hold upon the emotional part of man whatever. Which produces, or attempts to produce, the more emotional effect upon the spectator, the Marsus Amulius before the Capitol, or one of Canova's pugilists? And which is the greater work of art? The answer need not be given.

As for the opera being the highest form of music, *because it includes all others*, one must remember that the opera is, and ever will be, a compromise. No art can attain to its highest development by encroaching upon the domain of another art. No art can attain to its highest development by giving way to the encroachments of another. In so far as music reigns supreme in opera, it tends to weaken the dramatic truth and vigor of the form. In so far as the dramatic element predominates, it will tend to dwarf and disturb the musical part. And then, does the opera include all other forms? Who would ever venture to introduce a well-worked out string quartet into an opera? Where do we even find a vigorously elaborated fugued chorus in one? This is enough to prove our point that the opera does not include all other forms.

When it is said that the good and bad in art are only matters of individual taste, I, for one, can only say that, by nature and education, I am entirely unable to imagine how any one can uphold such a proposition. The good and bad in art, as in all things, are, to be sure, purely relative. But to deny the existence of certain eternal canons of art seems as wild as to deny the existence of natural laws.

But, after all, is this Italophobia a wholly morbid state? Is it the result of prejudice? I cannot think it to be so. If I may make so bold as to speak, not for myself alone, but as one of a class, I would say that there are many persons whose firm and matured conviction it is that modern Italian composers, in spite of their surpassing genius and natural gifts, have by no manner of means reached so high a degree of development in the art of musical composition as the Germans have. It is no one-sided question of nationality, it is simply a question of what is better and what is worse. And who shall blame us for keeping our strongest enthusiasm for what we honestly hold to be the better? We recognize as well as any one that the average Italian music appeals to the feelings in a very different way from the works of those men whom we reverence as classic masters. But we are firmly convinced that the classic German masters appeal to the feelings in a far higher way than the Italians, and appeal more strongly to them. W. F. A.

CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

THE EUTERPE. This is the name of a new association, which has been formed quite silently and privately, with just enough of mystery to pique curiosity, and just enough of exclusiveness to make the many wish to count among the few. That is to say: the purposes are individuale, the membership is limited. Its object, as stated at the head of its by-laws, is "to promote the cause of Music;" but the document is non-committal as to special fields in musical art which the society designs to cultivate; all fields are open to it. But so far as its mission may be read by its first practical examples of activity, it is a most important one, and most desirable to have well represented, namely, the giving of classical chamber concerts (string quartets, etc.), in the best style practicable and with the best artists that can be obtained. Amid the crowd of concerts, great and small, the wilderness of programmes, pure and mixed, Boston has too long lacked this element. It was not always so! Twenty and thirty years ago the violin quartets, quintets, trios, with piano, etc., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and the rest, were of regular and frequent occurrence winter after winter. Those were the days when the Mendelssohn Quintette Club stayed at home and had not begun their "apostolic" circuits through the West.

Chamber music, in the nature of the case, is only for small audiences, not much more than a parlor circle, select, appreciative, quietly attentive, in a hall of moderate size. As the quartet for strings forms in itself the quintessence, as it were, of musical art, so its audience must in some sense correspond. The Euterpe, therefore, wisely (at least for the present) limits itself to 150 members, each paying an annual assessment of seven dollars, for which he receives two tickets for each of the four concerts to be given (until otherwise ordered) on the second Wednesday of December, January, February, and March. This leaves a small margin of room for a few more privileged listeners. The executive committee are bound to "provide the very best performances that the treasury of the association will allow." There is a special programme committee for each concert. The officers for 1878–79 are: *President*, Charles C. Perkins; *Vice-President*, B. J. Lang; *Secretary*, Arthur Reed; *Treasurer*, Wm. F. Apthorp; *Directors*, Julius Eichberg, W. S. Fenollosa, John Orth, George L. Osgood, Hamilton Osgood, John K. Paine, J. C. D. Parker, and H. G. Tucker.

The first concert was given on Wednesday evening, January 15, at Mechanics' Hall. The aspect of the room was agreeably social and art-

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istic, the platform for the performers being raised upon the middle of the floor, surrounded by the listeners in hollow square. The artists engaged for the occasion were of the New York Philharmonic Club: Messrs. Richard Arnold, first violin; Julius Gantzberg, second violin; Emil Gramm, viola; and Carl Werner 'cello. But, Mr. Werner being ill, Mr. Henry Mollenhauer, also of New York, took his place. The programme was certainly most choice, consisting of two important quartets: Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1; dedicated to Prince Rasoumoffsky; composed in 1806, L. Van Beethoven. (Allegro. Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando. Adagio molto e mesto. Thème Russe; allegro.) Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1; dedicated to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy; composed in 1842. Robert Schumann. (Introduzione; andante expressivo, allegro. Scherzo; presto. Adagio. Presto.)

There are few, if any, compositions in this form to which we can listen with more interest. They are such works as the most appreciative and most experienced music-lovers and musicians like to hear whenever they have a chance. Yet, considering that a generation has grown up here innocent of all acquaintance with the earlier quartets of Beethoven, or with those of Haydn and Mozart, so familiar once, and that already in this seventh quartet Beethoven enters his most profound and mystical period, as it were sounding new depths in advance of his contemporary compositions in other forms (the third, fourth, and fifth Symphonies, the Sonata Appassionata, Overture to *Coriolanus*, etc.), might it not have been wiser, from an educational point of view at least, to begin with some of the clearest and most readily appreciable models of the quartet form and genius? After such long privation we fancy we could listen with an appetite to all the six quartets of Beethoven's Op. 18, given seriatim, — say two of them each evening, with a third for contrast from another master; or say, one by Haydn or Mozart, one early one of Beethoven, and one more modern on a larger scale. In this way the younger generation might learn the form and structure of the quartet in simpler specimens, and thus lay the foundation for a right understanding of the later works. But we make no complaint, and we are well aware that for the carrying out of our suggestion there should be ten or twenty quartet concerts in a season, instead of only four. As it was, the concert was exceedingly enjoyable.

This Quartet in F is one of Beethoven's most imaginative creations, revealing him in all his moods. We cannot weary of the opening theme: it starts with the violoncello, broad and full of suggestion, grows to a triomphant climax in the first violin, then is answered by the curt staccato chords of an equally suggestive counter theme; then both flow on together gathering a wealth of fresh accessory ideas to swell the stream, developing into a complete, strange, fascinating whole. Then the Allegretto Scherzando is led off by a playful rhythmic figure of four bars on one note, a sort of mocking or coquettish challenge, by the 'cello, which is answered *sotto voce* by a most quaint and piquant theme in the second violin; then comes the working up, with truly magic art, the episodes, the modulations, and the sudden transformations into remote keys, keeping imagination on the *qui vive* with eager and delighted interest to the end of a very long movement. The scene and the mood change entirely with the lovely Adagio, one of the most wonderful revelations of the deepest tenderness, the most profound and spiritual experience of the master's inmost soul. It cannot be described, it must be heard and felt. But how strangely it passes, through a slight airy figure floating through several bars of fine divisions in the first violin, into a long trill which covers the almost surreptitious introduction of the seemingly frivolous Thème Russe (a compliment to his Russian patron), — again, for the third time, the 'cello leading off! The little theme, however, is so treated with all the marvelous resources of his imitative and contrapuntal art, and set in so many charming lights, presented under such Protean aspects, that you believe it full of meaning and importance before you are done with it. On the whole, the fantastic element predominates in this quartet; but it is such *fine* fantasy, so essentially poetic! and then the Adagio has seriousness enough to temper all.

The performance was well studied, accurate, smooth, finished, elegant, with few exceptions. All was distinct, the phrasing nice; yet it was rather a subdued and dreamlike impression which it gave us. It was delightful to read the score of it, hearing the notes translated into sounds in that way; yet it was more like recalling it in thought, in calm fireside contemplation, than like being moved and thrilled by the Beethoven fire and accent. We think it might have been played with more fire to advantage. Mr. Arnold's leading is sure and even, hardly strong and quickening. We were much struck by the beauty and power of tone, and the masterly execution on that important instrument, so seldom heard at its best, the viola, in the hands of Mr. Gramm.

The first of Schumann's three Quartets, Op. 41, is also a tone-poem of a deep and earnest spirit, imaginative, not at all commonplace, but of decided individuality. It is one of Schumann's most ideal, and yet clearest works. The A-minor key of the musing introduction (two-four measure) a single page, lasts only to the entrance of the Allegro, which is in F major, a delicate and subtle movement in six-eight rhythm. This was nicely rendered. The Scherzo (Presto) again in A minor, six-eight, nimble and fairy-like, with a brief Intermezzo in four-four time, is most original and charming; this was perhaps the most felicitous performance of the evening. The Adagio, in F, is a marvel of beauty, and deep, thoughtful feeling. There is nothing morbid or unclear about it. It will reveal new charm and meaning the oftener it is heard. There is great life and stir and vigor in the Presto Finale, mostly in A minor, but ending in the major, and it was well brought out.

For the second concert the two works selected are: the Sextet (for strings) by Brahms, and the good old B-flat Quintet by Mendelssohn.

"Wunderkinder." We have had within these last weeks two fresh revelations of undoubted musical genius. One was Etelka Gerster's singing; the other was the performance of those truly wonderful child pianists, Mlles. Louisa and Jeanne Douste. Such things come once in an age. These children, born in London of French parents, — one a serious looking maiden of twelve and a half years, the other, a minute speck of humanity, who looks all eyes and merry smiles, only seven and a half, — came to this country with the Mapleson opera troupe. Their principal teacher in London has been M. Mortier de Fontaine, a distinguished player of Beethoven, and, if we remember rightly, one who was near to Chopin, if not for some time his pupil. The gift of the children seems to have been not recognized from the first, but properly respected. They have been made at home almost exclusively with good classical music, and they evidently love and feel it.

In response to a very general request, so glowing was the report of those who had been hearing them in private, they gave a concert at Mechanics' Hall on Thursday, January 16. A severe snow-storm kept many away, yet there was an encouraging attendance on the part of our most refined and appreciative music-lovers. This was the remarkable programme of these little ones: —

Concerto No. 9, in G major (orchestra represented at a second piano-forte) . *Mozart.*
Allegro — Andante — Allegretto.
(Cadenzas by Mortier de Fontaine.)
Jeanne Douste.

Song without words, No. 1, in E *Mendelssohn.*
Arabesque, Op. 18 . . . . . *Schumann.*
Louisa Douste.

Fugue . . . . *Bach.*
Gigue . . . . *Mozart.*
Jeanne Douste.

Theme and Variations, for Four Hands . . . . *Beethoven.*

The little Jeanne mounted the piano stool with difficulty, looking laughingly round upon the audience as if conscious of the joke of it. The beautiful, refined mould of her head and forehead — and of the sister likewise — interested all. Mr. Lang, at a second piano, led off with the orchestral prelude of the Mozart Concerto, of which she played the three difficult movements, including the long, elaborate Cadenzas, not only with fine technical precision, excellent phrasing, with an amount of force astonishing for one so small, but with an expressive accent, a seemingly instinctive light and shade, which made it all as beautiful as it was wonderful. You were not only surprised, you enjoyed it as artistic interpretation. Though her fingers could not span an octave, yet she brought out every chord, and sequences of chords, with full significance. Though she could not reach the pedals, yet she contrived somehow to produce pedal effects. It was the instinct of genius, the inner sense of how it ought to sound, that put power into her fingers where it was required. Now and then she suddenly struck out a passage of two or three bars, putting it in so strong a light, that all were startled and amused and broke out into spontaneous applause. It was simply the child's own musical sense and feeling that did that, and nerves and muscles found themselves for the occasion. Her reception of the applause, and indeed her whole manner, throughout the concert, was perfectly simple and childlike.

The Bach Fugue (not one of the most interesting) was played with perfect distinctness and clear individualization of the parts, and with that vitality of touch and accent which is found only in those in whom musical feeling and perception are innate and positive. It was good, clear, solid, fugue playing. And the Mozart Gigue was all it was meant to be. In the four-hand Theme and Variations by Beethoven little Jeanne took the upper part, as well as in one of Brahms's Hungarian dances, where the child caught the real quaint Hungarian accent.

The sister seems of a serious nature, but has not parted with the sweet graces of childhood. Her face is full of sensibility, and she shows every sign of a fine organization. If there was, necessarily, now and then a weak place, or a betrayal of effort in the playing of the younger one, the older showed herself an artist, sure, intelligent, expressive, finished. We could hardly have a more satisfactory interpretation of that Song without Words, or of all the phases of that difficult Arabesque of Schumann. In a piece of Chopin which she offered for an encore, her memory failed her — for, be it understood, the entire programme was performed without notes, Mozart Concerto and all; she brought it to a graceful close, but seemed as much mortified by the accident as any mature artist would be.

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Altogether, it was a most interesting and delightful exhibition. It was music, it was art; and the child artists none the less true children. There is no sign whatever of their having been forced or bound to task work; they play as if they loved it; and it is all wholesome, happy life with them, as much as if their life were all play in the literal sense. It is clearly genius, and much is to be expected of these children, provided they are not brought too much before the larger public, but suffered to remain as simple, unaffected, and spontaneous as they now are.

THE OPERA.

WE had to leave the second week of the Mapleson troupe at Boston Theatre unchronicled; and now a few words only must suffice. Happily the task is lightened by our lack of opportunity to attend three of the six performances: the repetition of *Carmen*, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and the repetition of *Lucia* on Saturday afternoon, when hundreds were unable to procure even standing room, and Mme. Gerster's triumphs reached their climax. Thursday evening offered a much finer opportunity for Miss Hauk, as Margaret in Gounod's *Faust*, and she improved it well. In singing and in action she fell not much short of any of her predecessors in the character. Into the "Jewel Scene," to be sure, she put more of girlish outright joy and vanity, no shadow of the evil influence in the background tinging her voice or look with sad foreboding. At the spinning-wheel, too, she flung aside the melancholy strains of the King of Thule ballad with singular freedom. In the garden scene there was hardly the tenderness, the innocent and beautiful *abandon*, that we have sometimes witnessed. But in the scene in the church her action rose to real tragic power and her vocal declamation was impressively dramatic. Mme. Frapolli (known as Pisani) was the Siebel: and her large and noble contralto voice, her artistic and expressive singing, her well conceived and easy action, made much of the little part. The Martha, too, was uncommonly clever. Sig. Campanini's Faust was excellent, and Sig. Del Puente's Mephistopheles, capitally sung and acted, really appealed to the imagination. Mr. Carlton, who took the part of Valentine at an hour's notice, acquitted himself with great credit. Choruses and orchestra were quite up to the mark.

On Friday evening the house was crowded for *Il Flauto Magico* of Mozart, so delightful in its music, so humorous, so sublime and exquisitely absurd by turns, and thoroughly enjoyable when well performed, in spite of its absurd and unintelligible libretto. The cast was a strong one, although the shortcoming of one essential part, the Queen of Night, was fatal to completeness. Mlle. Lido, the Russian lady, who took this part, was ill, and sang very feebly, omitting altogether the second of her two great arias. No wonder that the delicious music of her Three Ladies suffered and was out of tune; and the infection, in a less degree, extended to the other trio, the three Genii, though excellent singers (Mme. Frapolli, Mme. Lablache, Mlle. Parodi, etc.) were cast in both sets. It was the one appearance in the season of Mme. Roze, who had been ill for some time, in the principal character of Pamina. Her beauty of person, tasteful Oriental splendor of costume, ease and grace of action, and expressive singing (although somewhat affected with the *tremolo* — not, however, to the extent that one of our Western correspondents had led us to anticipate), combined to make a very artistic and satisfactory presentation of the part. Sig. Frapolli's Tamino, the Moor Monostatos of M. Thierry, the Papageno and Papagena of Sig. Del Puente, were all excellent; but Sig. Foli surpassed himself in his superb presentation of the august part of Sarastro. His delivery of the great aria was magnificent.

There were two Gerster nights, besides the matinée already mentioned. In *I Puritani*, which contains some of Bellini's sweetest and most florid melody for her, — although the opera as a whole has little of the freshness of the *Sonnambula*, — she still confirmed and deepened the impression that in her we have one of the purest revelations of genius, beautiful voice, and constrained, perfect art in music of that kind. It was no doubt the same with her Gilda in *Rigoletto*, unnatural and horrible as the plot of that is. She still confines herself, and wisely, to her own true sphere, — to the innocent, pure, maidenly parts, and to the music which does not demand the *great* voice suited to majestic, intense tragic rôles. That may come in time. But what she does is well-nigh perfect of its kind, and a singer may be great in that kind as well as in the other. We think the clever Berlin feuilletonist, Paul Lindau, has described her truly in the article translated on our first page, in spite of his cool suggestion of appropriating her for Berlin. Since he wrote, she has become married, and has gone on in the discreet path which he pointed out. She does not sing in Grand Opera *Huguenots* and *Tells*, but keeps to her maidenly and graceful parts. There is sense in his suggestion that she ought to be *par excellence* the Mozart singer. We shall hail her return to us, and with her that of Her Majesty's Opera, whenever it may be, with joy.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 25. — It is but a few years since Cincinnati succeeded in obtaining acknowledgment for her claim of advancing art and especially musical culture. The limits of this letter will not permit my giving even a cursory account of the manner in which progress was made. The faithful and thorough work of the resident teachers and artists prepared the way for the great achievements which unbiased and sober observers may safely predict. A short statement of the condition of musical matters at present, and of the immediate prospects which are daily being realized, will enable your readers to judge for themselves, perhaps with more coolness or rather coldness than is in the power of one who is subject to the influences at present at work in our city. After the remarkable pecuniary and satisfactory artistic success of the last May Musical Festival, the project of making Cincinnati the musical centre, let me modestly say of the West, could be more emphatically brought home to the skeptical and reflective few whose cooperation was indispensably necessary. The departure of Mr. Thomas from New York, and the loss or gain which would probably arise to that city in consequence are points which have been more than sufficiently ventilated. But, unless indications are entirely deceiving, the influence which his activity is exerting in his new field of labor has by no means been overrated. A Faculty was formed of such local teachers as had proven themselves thorough and efficient; in addition to these the services of Messrs. Jacobsohn, Baetens and Hartdegen, were secured to form with Mr. Thomas a string quartet. Mr. Whiting was engaged as organist, Sig and Mme. La Villa as vocal instructors. A recent addition, in the person of Mr. Perring as teacher of oratorio, has swelled the number of the Faculty to thirty-two.

The success of the College of Music from a business point of view has exceeded all expectations. The number of students enrolled is rapidly passing three hundred. While the activity of the teachers therefore is reaching a large number of the musical element in our community, the most potent influence is exerted through the orchestral concerts, the chamber concerts, organ concerts, and last but not least, through the chorus classes which have been arranged and are daily growing. In these latter general elementary musical instruction is most thoroughly given, as well as instruction in sight singing. One step suggested the other, or made it necessary; the college choir resulted from the success of the chorus classes. A thorough, impartial examination of each individual applicant has brought together the very best of our local singers, and a chorus which promises great things has thus been formed. The most rigid discipline is enforced in regard to the attendance of the rehearsals, the first half of which is given to training similar to that of the chorus classes, the second to the study at present of Cherubini's *Requiem*. Mr. Foley is the instructor and assistant director; the general plan of study adopted is that of Wüllner, the Munich chorus director.

The series of orchestral concerts consists of twelve, that of the chamber concerts of the same number, while organ recitals are given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The programmes of the orchestral concerts comprised: —

Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 36.
Overture, "Leonore," No. 4.
Violin Concerto, Op. 61, played by Herr Wilhelmj.
Bach: Air, adapted by Mr. Thomas.
Aria: "Erbarme," sung by Miss Rollewagen, violin obligato. Mr. Jacobsohn.
Haydn: Symphony in G, No. 13, Breitkopf & Haertel ed.
Schubert: "Der Doppelgaenger," adapted for orchestra by Theo. Thomas. Sung by Miss Rollewagen.
Schumann: Fourth Symphony. Overture, "Genoveva."
Brahms: C minor Symphony.
Hungarian Dances.
Wagner: Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger."
Overture, "Tannhäuser."
Berlioz: Ball scene from "Romeo and Juliet."
Reinecke. "In Memoriam:" Introduction and Fugue.

On Christmas night the *Messiah* was given; soloists, Miss Marie Van Thompson, Miss Emma Cranch, Mr. Hartley, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

In the Chamber Concerts we heard:

Beethoven: Quartet No. 9, Op. 59.
Quartet No. 10, Op. 74.
Quartet No. 11, Op. 95.
Trio in B, Op. 97 (Mr. Andrés, pianist).
Mozart: Quartet No. 1 in G.
Haydn: Quartet in G.
Schubert: Quartet D minor (posthumous).
Schumann: Piano quartet, Op. 47 (Mr. Schneider, pianist); Quartet, No. 3, Op. 41.
Brahms: Quintet, Op. 34 (Mr. Singer, pianist).
Saint-Saëns: Suite for 'cello and piano, Op. 16 (Mr. Doerner, pianist).

Mr. Whiting has drawn on his almost unlimited répertoire to such an extent that space will not permit even a short *résumé* of his programmes. Bach, Mendelssohn, Hesse, Thiele, Fink, Lemmens, Best, Smart, — in brief, all the celebrated organ composers of the old and new school, have been interpreted in a masterly manner. His own compositions, too, find favor with musicians and the public.

At the Wilhelmj concert on the 23d, almost every seat in the immense hall was occupied, and the conquest of this great virtuoso was complete. ALPHA MU.

NEW YORK, JAN. 27. — The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place Jan. 18, with the following programme: —

Symphony No. 3 ("Scotch") . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
"Slumber Song" from the Christmas Oratorio . *Bach.*
MISS CARY.
Entre Acte, Ballet Music { "Ali Baba" (revived by Carl Reinecke) . . . . *Cherubini.*
(First time.)
Piano Concerto, No 1, in E-flat . . . . *Liszt.*
MADAME RIVE-KING.
Aria: "Ah, Mon Fils," from "Le Prophet." *Meyerbeer.*
MISS CARY.
Overture, "Jessonda," Op. 63 . . . . *Spohr.*

The so-called Scottish Symphony is a noble and beautiful composition, always to be heard with pleasure, and to which praise seems more fitting than criticism; yet in the fourth movement the march at the close seems like an after-thought, and a thought quite foreign to the vein in which the symphony is composed. In other words, the symphony ends when the march begins. Query: Why the march? The performance of this work was all that could be desired. Theodore Thomas has excellent ideas; not only can he "call spirits from the vasty deep," but the spirits come at his call, and that is more than they will do for some conductors on this side of the river.

The Entre-Acte and Ballet from the forgotten opera of Cherubini were played with a precision and delicacy which were as delightful as the music itself is charming.

In the "Slumber Song," from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, the orchestral part is all important, and this work of the greatest of all composers was performed with true reverence and loving care. The vocal part was rendered by Miss Cary, in a manner deserving the highest praise. I have never heard her sing otherwise than well; but the music of Bach is a crucial test, and woe to the artist who brings to the performance anything short of honest merit. Her second selection might have been a better one, but she received an encore, to which she responded with some ordinary ballad, — something of an anti-climax after the Bach music in the beginning of the evening. But then she went from Bach to Meyerbeer, and, after that, *facilis descensus*, etc.

It is but a few years since Mme. Julia Rivé King — then at an age when usually the artist has in view only long years of toil and vexation, with perhaps success at the end — came to New York, unheralded, almost unknown, and established her reputation as a pianist of the first order by a performance of Liszt's Concerto, in E-flat, at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Her public appearances in this city since that time have not been numerous, but each one has served to confirm the critical judgment that pronounced in her favor on the occasion of her debut.

The E-flat Concerto is not only a work of enormous mechanical difficulty, but it demands that the artist who undertakes to perform it brilliantly and effectively should be many-sided. In all works of this class much is left to the imagination of the performer, who must feel the life, the warmth, the passion, the splendor of conquest, the gloom of defeat, and see the profusion of changing hues with which the composition is colored. That Mme. Rivé-King is technically perfect in any work she undertakes may be taken for granted; it only remains to say that her phrasing was broad and intelligent, her expression full of fire and intensity; and this, added to the excellent support afforded by the orchestra, made the interpretation full and complete. For an encore the pianist gave her own arrangement of the Guilmant fugue.

Mr. G. Carlberg gave his third Symphony Concert at Chickering Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 25, with the following programme: —

Overture, "Ruy Blas" . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Concerto for Piano, Op. 10 (new) . . . . *Ignaz Brüll.*
1. Allegro Moderato. 2. Andante. 3. Finale Presto.
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN.
Aria from "Belmonte e Constanza" . . . *W. A. Mozart.*
MRS. J. K. BARTON.
"Waldweben," from the Music Drama, "Siegfried" . . . . *Richard Wagner.*
Gavotte, arranged for string instruments, and with an intermediate original movement, by FERDINAND DULCKEN (first time) . . . . *Padre Martini.*
STRING ORCHESTRA
Symphony No. 4, in B-flat, Op. 60 . . . . *Beethoven.*

The material from which the list was made up is not bad, but the arrangement of the programme might be improved. The miscellaneous character of the selections in the first part, to which was added an encore for each solo artist, did not furnish the best kind of introduction to a Beethoven symphony. Many persons in the audience were doubtless wearied before the symphony began, and many more, I am sure, before it was finished.

The work of the orchestra in the lighter selections was better than in the symphony, in certain parts of which the first violins and a few other instruments appeared to be carrying out their own ideas instead of those of the conductor.

The Gavotte by Padre Martini was originally written for

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the piano. It is very ingeniously adapted for string orchestra by Mr. Dulcken, and was beautifully played.

The Concerto by Ignaz Brüll, known to fame as the composer of the opera of *The Golden Cross*, is a fine piece of composition. The leading theme of the first movement is original and well worked out; but the work as a whole seems not designed to leave a deep or lasting impression. The Concerto was beautifully played by Mr. Hoffman, who deserves and receives unqualified praise whenever he appears in public. Being recalled, after the Concerto, he played one of Schumann's "Novelletten." The singing of Mrs. Barton was not conspicuous by any pronounced fault, nor remarkable by any great merit. It seemed to please the audience, and, as I believe singing is introduced in the programme of a symphony concert for that purpose alone (in any other sense it is certainly an innovation), nothing more was to be desired.

A. A. C.

Baltimore, Jan. 27. — The large attendance which greeted the concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of your city, given here on the 21st inst., may be accepted as an evidence that our taste for good old chamber music is developing. The audience was composed of the flower of our musical public, and showed by the discriminating manner in which the applause was bestowed, that it understood what it listened to. The concerted pieces were the "Oberon" Overture, Beethoven's Quartet in C minor, No. 4, a melody for quintet by Haydn, a menuetto for sextet by Mozart, and a Valse Caprice, composed for the piano by Rubinstein, and excellently adapted for the little orchestra, by Mr. R. Hennig, a musician whose evident knowledge of instrumentation is pleasing to note in connection with his masterly performance on the 'cello.

The power of tone and the precision and accuracy of shading with which all these selections were given, were received with the appreciation they deserved. Very agreeable is the addition of Mr. Ludwig Manoly's contrabasso to the club; the beautiful blending of its rich, sonorous tones with the other instruments, was decidedly effective. The solo selections were a fantaisie for flute by Briccialdi, a characteristic piece by Jervais for 'cello, Ballade and Polonaise for violin by Vieuxtemps, and a fantaisie for clarinet, of Mr. Ryan's own composition.

For the soloists, in "showing," as one of our leading musicians who is not quite up to the vernacular, expressed it on a certain occasion, "the skill of the instrument," one can have only praise; but in the selections we should like more music and less pyrotechnic display; and the manner in which the solo performances were received proved that by far the greater portion of the audience were of the same opinion.

The Quintette Club may have had some unpleasant experiences as to the quality of Baltimore audiences on former occasions, but the attendance on Tuesday evening was of a character well able to digest more solid musical food than that which was served up to them in the instrumental solo selections. Mr. Heindl and Mr. Listemann were both recalled, and we hoped to hear what else they would play beside fioriture and bravura. They kindly responded with more fioritura and more bravura. Mr. Ryan's clarinet playing is the best, in the recollection of your correspondent, that has ever been heard in Baltimore, but his part in the "Oberon" Overture gave us more pleasure than his entire fantaisie with variations. The fine, well-cultured mezzo-soprano of Mrs. H. F. Knowles took the audience by storm. She sang a song by Benedict with Mr. Heindl's flute obligato, an encore piece, and the "Batti-Batti" air from *Don Juan*. Her rendering of the air, in style especially, reminds one forcibly of Miss Cary's charming *Zerlina*.

The Quintette Club should visit us occasionally in the "off" weeks, between the Peabody concerts, and assist in reviving our taste for good old chamber music.

An exceptionally large audience gathered to enjoy the first Peabody Concert on Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

I. W. A. Mozart (1756–1791). (a.) Symphony G minor. No. 2. Work 45.

(b.) Recitative and Air from the opera "Magic Flute."

Miss Jenny Busk.

II. L. van Beethoven (1770–1827). (a.) Eighth Symphony F major. Work 93.

(b.) Violin-Romance F major. Work 50.

Mr. Josef Kaspar.

Air with Variations.

Miss Jenny Busk.

August Soderman (1840–1873). Norse Folk-Songs and Folk-Dances. Adapted for orchestra.

The orchestra was in fair trim, the reeds and French horns especially so, the critic of the *Baltimore American* to the contrary notwithstanding. This distinguished authority, in conjunction with the erudite positivist of the *Gazette*, is again riding his ancient hobby of insisting that the orchestra should be seated according to the plan of Hector Berlioz, and, moreover, scarcely condescends to notice the violin solo of Mr. Kaspar because, forsooth, the young musician did not play the Beethoven Romance from memory, "according to the accepted custom among solo performers at the present day!" The orchestra is rather small, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the concerts are given this season, but taking this fact into consideration, everything went as smoothly as could be expected at the first concert. The attentive care with which the Andante in the Mozart Symphony was given, and the precise shading in the second and third movements of Beethoven's "Kleine Symphonie," were particularly noticeable.

Miss Jenny Busk is an old Baltimore favorite, and, although she is fast passing into the period of the "sere and yellow leaf," one cannot help admiring the still lovely purity of her voice, and the excellence of her method.

Mr. Joseph Kaspar is the son of a member of our Peabody orchestra, and has the reputation of being a hardworking, ambitious young violinist. He played the F major Romance in the style of a violin student who has been thoroughly trained under good masters, and what slight imperfections there were in his performance, are to be ascribed entirely to the embarrassment incident to a first appearance in public. He needs a little more confidence in his own ability, and some experience; his talent and ambition will do the rest.

Soderman's Norse Folk-Songs and dances, with which the programme closed, are simple and quite pleasing, but rather out of place in a symphony concert. The dances continually awaken recollections of "right hands across," "ladies' chain," "swing your partners," etc., and the repetitions are tiresome.

Mr. Hamerik has left for New York, to direct the concert to be given there this week by the American composer, O. B. Boise, whose symphony was performed by our Peabody orchestra two years ago. Mrs. Falk-Auerbach accompanies him, and will perform a concerto for piano and orchestra, also by Mr. Boise.

Musikus.

Philadelphia, Jan. 12. — Mr. Charles H. Jarvis gave his fourth Soirée last evening to an appreciative audience in Natatorium Hall, being assisted by Mr. Carl Gaertner, well known, I believe, in your city, of which he was formerly a resident. A sonata by Schubert, No. 9, A major, not heard here before, was the opening piece. The allegro and andantino did not prove so acceptable as the scherzo, and the rondo, the latter being specially full of beautiful and quaint thoughts. This was executed by Mr. Jarvis as if *con amore* and in perfect accord with the great composer, whose early death has caused continual regrets from all civilized nations.

A posthumous work by Mendelssohn, — Andante Cantabile, B minor, — which could not deny its creator, gave great satisfaction, and may be classed with his better piano-forte compositions. Quite a treat to some of us were Sterndale Bennett's three musical sketches, Op. 10, whose refined and fairy-like fancies commend them to all intelligent musical organizations; and the Ballade, Op. 20, by Reinecke, which procured a higher regard for freedom of treatment than has been previously ascribed to him. An Etude, Op. 1 No. 2, by Tausig, of no special merit; and Weber's "Invitation" as transcribed by Tausig, brilliantly closed the piano-forte solo portion of the programme.

Mr. Gaertner was well received upon this, his first appearance this season. This superior artist is entirely too modest, and should by all means permit himself to be heard more frequently. In his solo, the Capriccio by Vieuxtemps, his bowing, intonation, and expression were all that could be asked, but, in the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2, there was a flavor of intelligence and exaltation displayed which gave a special charm to a performance of rare beauty; indeed, I cannot recall a larger appreciation of any previously heard instrumental duo, for both performers were in excellent spirits, and worked together in closest sympathy.

Americus.

NEW MUSICAL BOOKS.

[We take the following from the *Crystal Palace Programme* (London). It is evidently from the pen of the accomplished editor of the new "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Mr. George Grove, whom some of us had the pleasure of meeting a few months since during his brief visit to this country in company with Dean Stanley.]

Three works have appeared within the last month that are important enough to claim a few words of notice here.

(1.) *Die Familie Mendelssohn* (1729–1847). — This, as its name implies, is a history of the Mendelssohn family, from Moses Mendelssohn, the great Jewish philosopher, down to the death of his still greater grandson, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The book is by Sebastian Hensel, the only child of Felix's eldest sister, the well-known "Fanny" of the composer's too delightful letters, and himself the subject of more than one letter and allusion in the same charming collection. The work is in three volumes, compiled from family papers, and includes frequent unpublished letters and journals by Felix, his father, mother, and sisters, and his friend Klingemann, filling up many a gap in the fragmentary records which have been hitherto given to the public with such sparing hand. As a specimen of the deeply interesting nature of its contents to musical people we will only mention the fac-simile of the first twenty bars of the Hebrides Overture as written down by Mendelssohn in a letter to his family immediately after his visit to the Cave of Staffa, which is known to have inspired him with that most fascinating work. Another very valuable feature of the work is a series of eight portraits from the pencil of W. Hensel (the husband of Fanny,) namely, the father and mother of Felix, Felix himself, Fanny, Rebecca, their husbands, Hensel and Dirichlet, and Cecile, Felix's wife.

(2.) *Correspondance inédite de Hector Berlioz*, a small octavo volume, containing one hundred and fifty-six letters by one of the most original, witty, spirited writers to be found even among Frenchmen. They are addressed to men and women alike, and a few names taken almost at random from the index will give an idea of the intellectual rank of the correspondents of this eminent composer and critic, long acknowledged as the most brilliant feuilletonist of the Paris press: Liszt, Mme. Ernst, Ferdinand Hiller, D'Ortigue, Robert Schumann, Mme. Horace Vernet, Richard Wagner, General Lwoff, Mme. Massart, Hans von Bülow, etc. But no list of names can give an idea of the wit, grace, and force of the letters themselves. They range through half a century (1819–1868). The first is a humble note to old Pleyel — Haydn's contemporary — begging his subscription towards the publication of a *pot-pourri* on Italian opera airs for flute, horn, and strings. The last is a pathetic broken detail of the sufferings of a dying man, written a month or two before his departure, and ending, "Adieu! j'ai beaucoup de peine à écrire." "Je sens que je vais mourir." The price of this precious little volume is only three shillings.

(3.) The last on our list is the third volume of the *Life of Beethoven* by Alexander W. Thayer, an American amateur well known to lovers of music, who has left his pleasant New England home, and resided in Germany for a quarter of a century that he might collect the materials for a real thorough biography of the great composer. It is no compliment to Mr. Thayer to say that his work surpasses everything written upon Beethoven before it, for nothing that came before it can compare with it at all. He has for the first time sifted every statement; seen every document for himself, left nothing to hearsay or inference where facts were obtainable; while from the columns of newspapers, from play-bills and concert programmes, from diaries of obscure travelers, and the recollections of those who were on the verge of the grave, and from the innumerable materials which Beethoven himself fortunately left behind him — sketch-books, conversation-books, memorandums on margins of his favorite authors, scraps of notes three lines long, which he would fire off by dozens a day to his intimate friends, in a hand more like the marks of a spider crawling over the paper than anything that a pen, guided by human fingers, could produce, — from all these he has, with unwearied patience and devotion, produced a work which exceeds not only the biography of other musicians, but is hardly surpassed by anything that has been written on the subject of Frederick the Great, Goethe, or Napoleon. Nor must it be supposed that the ultimate form of these researches is dry or repulsive. Quite the reverse. The first volume, occupied in great part with details of the Archbishop-Elector's Court at Cologne, and of society at Bonn — details necessary as the foundation for the statue of the vast figure which had its earliest station there — is perhaps more inviting to the archæological musician than the general reader. But even before the close of the first volume Mr. Thayer launches his hero in full stream; and through the second and third volumes there is no impediment to his course. The result is a picture different in many respects to the ordinary portraits of Beethoven; and if the differences are not always in his favor, but tend to bring out into better colors men like Mälzel and Johann van Beethoven, — whom we have been in the habit of thinking all wrong, while Beethoven himself was all right, — the result can be nothing but a gain. The more a really great character can be studied exactly as he was, the more just will be the appreciation of him. He may not be what we imagined him, but he will be more real and more consistent, and on the whole, properly balanced and considered, not less great. We need not fear for the author of the Ninth Symphony. What Bettina says of him in one of the letters here quoted by Mr. Thayer will always be true: "If I could understand him as I feel him, I should know all about everything."

Mr. Thayer's volume begins with 1807 and ends with 1816. It thus embraces the great middle period of Beethoven's productive activity, the period which produced the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th symphonies, the 4th and 5th pianoforte concertos, two great quartets, the B-flat trio, the *Egmont* music, and many works hardly inferior to these masterpieces; and is cut off from that later epoch, — the splendid "Indian Summer" of his life, the epoch of the Mass in D, the Choral Symphony, and the so-called "Posthumous Quartets," — by the miserable interval of despondency and inaction caused by his difficulties with his nephew. Nor in other respects are these ten years less interesting in Beethoven's biography; they include the invasion of Bettina, the romantic intercourse with Amalie Sebald, the still more romantic and mysterious episode with an unknown lady, when Beethoven really seems to have been on the brink of marriage, — the dissipations of the Vienna Congress, and much more of moment in his personal life. We trust that we may look for the concluding volume or volumes of this important work before long, and that nothing may occur to interrupt Mr. Thayer's useful and honorable labors till he has brought his biography to a complete close. We might add, till he has published it in English; for at present it is in German, — a curious indication of the greater speed of musical literature in Germany than in this country. Meanwhile, however, the German is not difficult, and Beethoven's own letters are quite untranslatable.

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REAWAKENING.

O FULLNESS of the earth and sea,
O splendors of the sky,
Have ye no power wherewith to stay
The voice whose music ebbs away,
The song whose sounds die?

For, as in him whose days are done,
Whose souls of life run low,
Spirit and senses faint and fail,
And round about grow dim and pale
Starlight and sunset's glow,

So chilly ashes sinks and fades
The flame of all desire,
And mute, as though no feeblest strain
It overtone could sound again,
Hangs the long silent lyre,

Where love itself can wake no more
Its wonted tender lay
For love but glimmers from afar,
E'en like some white, swift-dying star,
Through shifting shadows gray.

And, like a bird whose heavy wings
In vain would rise on high,
Unto dim earth my soul alone,
Can cleave, nor reach God's amlit throne,
Nor send to Him its cry.

Yet praise to Him, the dawn is near,
The hour of night is past,
Faint life revives and earth grows fair,
As on my lips this dumb despair
Bursts into song at last!

STUART STERNE.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 10.)

I RETURN to M. Karasowski's observation, made, he asserts, by "a lady," on the occasion of that evening party at which George Sand and Chopin met for the last and only time after their separation,—the assertion that George Sand "begged Chopin to improvise at the piano while she wrote, and thus, inspired by his playing, she produced her best romances." With all due deference to the lady who displays such intimate familiarity (?) with the habits of George Sand and Chopin while engaged in artistic occupation, I doubt the possibility of successful literary labor under such a condition. As far as we may judge from their own accounts, and those of their friends, Chopin and Mme. Dudevant were accustomed, when residing under the same roof, to pursue their occupations apart from and independent of each other. She expressly says that when at Valdemosa she wrote "in solitude." Chopin, when residing in one of Mme. Sand's pavilions at Paris, was much engaged, during the day, in teaching, the intermittent, yet attention-compelling noise of which was not likely to prove especially inviting to her muse. If it occasionally happened that they put-not their avocations together,—if George Sand, the enthusiastic lover of all art, especially of music, sat within hearing of Chopin's improvisation while writing her romances,—we may be almost certain that she either passed to listen, or, if she continued to write, did not listen at all, and consequently was not "inspired by his playing while she wrote." For the music of Chopin demands, nay, commands, the closest, the most wrapt attention from an intellectual and musically constituted listener. How much more must it not have compelled this when enhanced by all the perfection of performance, the poetic grace, the fervor, that characterized the composer! This romance-writing of George Sand "to music" sounds too much like the magical invocations of witchcraft; and will the spirits rise "when you do call for them" under such circumstances? Apart from the question as to whether they were invoked, and did respond in this especial case, we may doubt the power of any artist to excite, by the exercise of his artistic powers, another artist to immediate activity in his; and although such a result is of occasional occurrence, it is the least powerful form in which the influence of one mind can manifest itself upon that of another. True influence, lasting inspiration, is more occult, penetrates more deeply, and displays itself less superficially. As George Sand herself has said: "The combination of the arts must be sought for within the depths of the soul; but, as they do not all speak the same language, they can only be affected by and explain themselves to each other through the most mysterious analogies, in which, after all, each one only expresses itself."

But by what of beautiful, by whom among the gifted that she knew, was George Sand, "the sonorous soul, the Æolian harp of his time," as Renan has called her, not inspired in some way? Generously glad to give honor where she fancied it to be due, she sometimes imagined that she derived inspiration from sources on which she really bestowed it, often overvaluing her friends, and projecting the rays of her own genius and warm feeling on unworthy objects. In one of his "Causeries," Sainte-Beuve writes: "Though people say of George Sand that when she speaks of her friends she becomes an echo that multiplies the voice, I say that far from merely multiplying the voices of her supposed inspirers, she absolutely renders them unrecognizable." And again, in another essay: "This illustrious author imagined for a time that Gustave Planche was a great critic, able to unveil all the mysteries of language to her; he certainly corrected her proofs with tolerable exactitude, but not without destroying some of the graces of her style." She lent the charm of her eloquence, in gratitude, to whatever caused her heart to beat in unison with the joys and sorrows of her fellows, their passions, politics, or philosophy, during her brave and continual search for truth, amid all her errors and illusions never losing her deep, instinctive faith in God, or her humanitarian optimism. Like all true artists and poets, she echoed or reflected all she felt or witnessed in the experience of others; and, next to love, beyond all things art,—and nature, the foundation, the life, the soul of art. Not by right of distinct, artistic genius, or by means of study, but through her intimate feeling for nature, she has often sounded profound psychical truths and æsthetic principles. Yet we should greatly err were we to apply to her the often misapplied title of "art-critic." Say, rather, that she knew exactly how to give prompt and correct expression to the warm and noble emotion with which all true art inspired her. Witness a few of her remarks on this subject: "There is only one truth in art, beauty; one in morality, goodness; one in politics, justice. But if any of us should attempt to restrict the frame, and exclude from it all that is not beautiful, good, and just, according to us, we should deface the image of the ideal, and be left alone with our own opinions. For the limits of truth are vaster than any of us suppose. . . . . The only really important and useful works on art are those tending to excite admiration for great art-works, and consequently to enlarge and elevate the enthusiasm of the reader. All other criticism is cold, evil, puerile pedantry. . . . . Art and poetry are the two wings of the soul. Let the notes they strike be terrible or delicious, these awaken within us an instinct of sublimity that lies slumbering or ignored by us, or renew it when they find it exhausted by suffering or fatigue." And again, when alluding to her artistic aspirations, in a letter to Victor Hugo: "I fear I was wrong in supposing myself predestined to artistic creativeness. I am too contemplative, too much like a child. I wish to seize, embrace, understand everything at once; and, after such little puffs of misplaced ambition, I often happen to fall with all my weight on a mere nothing, a blade of grass, a small insect that passionately delights me, and which suddenly, by what prestige I know not, seems to me as great and complete, as important in my emotional life, as the sea, volcanoes, empires and their sovereigns, the ruins of the Colisseum, the pope, the dome of St. Peter's, Raphael and all the masters, and the Medican Venus into the bargain! Perhaps I love Nature too well to be able to interpret her reasonably; so call me 'artist' no more, but only 'friend,' as we term the weary and unfortunate who hesitate on the way, and whom we encourage to proceed, meanwhile pitying their sorrows."

Among those of her intimate friends in the world of art whom we may conjecture to have exerted some influence on the development and the works of George Sand, we find as many painters as musicians; for Chopin, Pauline Garcia, and Liszt, we have Calamatta, Clesinger, Delacroix, Fromentin, and others; her style is picturesque as well as musical, and her subjects are often borrowed from the art of painting. And if, on the other hand, we glance at the varied results of the inspiration that flowed *from* her, let

[1] *Nouvelles Lettres d'un Voyageur.* The GEORGE SAND. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

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us not forget the assertion of some of her admirers, that she created a revolution in the entire school of French landscape painting among her contemporaries. All unprejudiced observers of the progress of art and literature will so far agree with this as to admit that, but for the pen that brought French scenery, especially that of Berry, into fashion even in France itself, — but for George Sand's extraordinary truth of descriptive detail in conveying not only the large general impression, but also the inward individual expression of landscapes, — such men as Daubigny, Dupré, Theodore Rousseau, and their followers, would have sought to illustrate foreign scenes and subjects more often. It was this powerful literary influence that kept pietorial fancy busy at home. It is at least certain that George Sand's contemporaries were the first among French painters to abandon those classic models of imaginative design which they found in the landscapes of Rubens, Rembrandt, Watteau, and others, and to substitute, in place of noble but conventional embodiments of fantastic reverie, the actual aspects of Nature; and not merely her outward realism, but her picturesque accidents, her varied expressions, interpreted by their own lyric individuality; thus using a landscape site to express their emotions, as a poet interweaves his feelings with an event that occurs outside of his own experience. Before the appearance of this school of landscape art in France, we may look in vain for any exposition of such romantic moods of nature as we find translated by the large, breezy shades, the strange sunsets, the magnificent yet not dazzling color, of Theodore Rousseau, who has so fitly been termed "a naturalist continually seduced from nature by ideality;" or the sometimes cold, yet always harmonious twilight melancholy of Corot, whose wondrous tone of unity wins upon us by slow and sweet degrees. The school of to-day is also true to nature, but not in so profound a sense; realistic imitation has, for the time, discrowned romanticism, in art as in literature, and many art-lovers lament, with Jardieu, that "the woodland Muse of France is now in mourning for the loss of her grand school of landscape painters," the contemporaries of George Sand. We may question, however, whether the romantic movement is musical and pictorial art, which so closely followed that of literature, was not rather "in the air," than an intellectual epidemic which the mass of artists caught from the example of two or three leaders. Perhaps the so-called "impressionist" school of to-day directly descends from Jean Jacques Rousseau, the literary grandfather of the modern landscape! Such revolutions, though of apparently sudden appearance, are always really gradual in growth, progressive, historical.

George Sand passed through better training in design and painting than usually falls to the lot of those journalists or magazinists who make a specialty of reviewing works of pictorial art. Her first teacher in drawing was Mlle. Grenze, daughter of the celebrated painter. After her separation from her husband, before becoming aware that she possessed the necessary qualifications for a successful literary career, Mme. Dedevant attempted to add to her income by painting cigar boxes, fans, and other fancy articles, in which attempt she failed to meet with much success. At this time she made an earnest study of the masterworks of painting to be seen in Paris; and she thus describes her experience in endeavoring to explain to herself the varieties and the differences existing in schools, subjects, types, and methods: "I went alone, mysteriously, to the Louvre, as soon as it was open, and often remained until it was closed. As I had no one to tell me what was fine, my growing admiration had all the attraction of a discovery for me; I was surprised and delighted to find, in painting, enjoyment as great as that I had derived from music. I interrogated my own feelings in regard to the obstacles or affinities that existed between myself and these creations of genius. I contemplated, I was subdued, I was transported into a new world. In fine painting I felt all that life is; a splendid *résumé* of the forms and expressions of beings and things, the outward spectacle of nature and humanity seen through the mind of the painter who places it on view. I beheld the present and the past together; I became classic and romantic at the same time; I had conquered an infinite treasure, the existence of which had been hitherto unknown to me. I could not give a name to the feelings that seemed to crowd my heated and yet dilated mind; but I went away from the museum under such an influence that I often lost my way in the streets, forgetting that it was necessary to eat, and knowing not whither I was going, until I suddenly discovered that it was already time to prepare for the opera, to hear *William Tell* or *Der Freischütz*." Passages in the "Voyage en Italie," "Les Maîtres Mosaïstes," and others of her works, prove the extent of her studies in the art of painting, made during her tour through Italy, and testify to her keen powers of observation. Take, for example, these remarks on Benvenuto Cellini, in one of her letters: "We may observe in his works that he often undertook to execute a vase, and designed its form and proportions carefully; but, during the execution, he would become so strangely fond of a figure or festoon as to be led into enlarging one in order to poetize it, and displaying the other in order to give it a more graceful curve. Thus, carried away by the love of detail, he forgot the work for its ornament, and, perceiving too late the impossibility of returning to his first design, instead of the cup he had commenced, he produced a tripod; instead of a ewer, a lamp; in place of a crucifix, a sword-hilt. This, while satisfying himself, must certainly have dissatisfied those for whom his works were destined. While Cellini retained all the power of his genius, this enthusiasm was an additional quality, and every work of his hand was complete and irreproachable in its way; but after he had been tried by persecution, dissipation, imprisonment, and misery, we perceive that his hand became less prompt, his inspiration less firm, and he produced works of marvelous finish in detail, but of inconceivable awkwardness in their general effect. The goblet, the ewer, the tripod, the crucifix, and the sword-hilt met in his brain, fought, agreed again, and at last found a place together in compositions devoid of form or usefulness, logic, or unity."

But, if we concede the power of friendly influence on the progress of genius, we may be allowed to suppose that the friendship between Mme. Sand and the distinguished Italian artist, engraver, and designer, Calamatta, was not fruitless in artistic results to both parties. Calamatta had been requested by George Sand's publisher to execute a new portrait of the lady for a new edition of her romances, and a life-long intimacy between the artist and his sitter was the consequence of this incident. To Calamatta she accords the praise of having been the most thoroughly trustworthy of all her friends. A sort of revival of the art of etching was at that time taking place among French artists, Delacroix and Daubigny foremost (though Jacques' earliest etchings dates as far back as 1830), but no decline of interest in engraving had manifested itself. Calamatta lived in artist comradeship with another engraver, Mercuri, whose reproductions of Leopold Robert's delineations of the joy and beauty of Italian peasant life are so highly prized by amateurs. It would seem that little mental affinity existed between Mme. Sand and Mercuri; but Calamatta, to whose art we owe several remarkable portraits, and minute and patient reproductions of the creations of the ancient masters, taught her the processes of the art of engraving, and she, in return, aided him in various ways. One of her articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on Calamatta's copy (a masterpiece of engraving) of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "La Joconde," — that type of mysterious beauty, with her fleeting smile of repressed emotion, — beginning, "Who is this woman, without eyebrows, with jaws heavily developed under their luxuriant roundness, with hair either very fine or very thin, with a somewhat dull, yet superhumanly limpid eye?" created a sensation in artistic Parisian circles of that day. George Sand's frequent intercourse with Calamatta enabled her thoroughly to comprehend the difficulties — similar to those that confront the reproductive musician in his performance of the masterworks of composition — with which the engraver contends. She truly says: "The engraver knows only the timid joys of genius, for his pleasure is constantly troubled by the fear that he may be led into becoming a creative artist himself. I would not venture to decide the difficult question as to whether an engraver should faithfully copy the defects and qualities of his model, or copy freely, giving scope to his own genius; but I think we apply the same principle to the translation of foreign books. In such a task I should prefer masterworks, and take pleasure in rendering them as servilely as possible, for even the defects of masters are amiable and respectable. Were I obliged to translate a useful but obscure and ill-written work, I should be tempted to write my best, in order to render its meaning as clear as possible. This accident of doing too well may happen to engravers who interpret rather than reproduce; and perhaps only a

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genius among painters would pardon his copyist for having had more talent than himself." The portrait of George Sand at the age of thirty seven, designed and engraved by Calamatta, is perhaps the most satisfactory portrait of her that exists; if somewhat idealized, according to the testimony of her friends, who have nevertheless pronounced the likeness astonishingly true, it presents her as those who never saw her imagine she must have looked at her best, with one of her most characteristic expressions, — rich, glowing, in the fullness of complete mental and physical development. The whole woman speaks to us from that face, or, indeed, seems concentrated in the powerful yet soft, contemplative, almost ruminative, large, dark, deep eyes.[1]

Amid the supposed influences that, apart from the promptings and inspiration of her own genius, may or may not have actuated George Sand, we cannot forget the collaboration in the romances, "The Prima Donna," and "Rose and Blanche," of George Sand and Jules Sandeau, the young author, whom, on his separation from his wife, Baron Dudevant introduced to her as a possibly useful guide and adviser in literary affairs. There is a fine page of narration in one of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur," in the concluding sentences of which we may fancy we trace an allusion to the days of her collaboration with Jules Sandeau. It refers, however, not to authorship, but to etching, that art in which the capacity for feeling and expressing passionate emotion is so desirable, and the possession of which capacity perhaps rendered the lovers of whom George Sand writes, such fine etchers. I give the passage: "I care little about growing old, but I care much about growing old in solitude; yet either I have never met the being with whom I could have been willing to live and die, or, if I have, I knew not how to retain his affection. There was once a good artist named Watelet, better skilled in etching than any man of his time, who loved Marguerite Lecomte, and taught her to become as good an etcher as himself. For him she abandoned husband, fortune, native land. The world condemned, and then, as they were poor and modest, forgot them. Forty years after, people discovered that in the neighborhood of Paris, in a little house called Moulin-Joly, there lived two artists, an old man and woman, who etched together, sitting at the same table. The first idler who found out this wonder announced it to others, and the fashionable world hastened to Moulin-Joly to behold the phenomenon. A grand passion of more than forty years' standing! Two fine twin talents, ever assiduously employed at a beloved task! Philemon and Baucis during the days of Mesdames Pompadour and Dubarry! A new era! This miraculous couple found friends, patrons, admirers, flatterers, poets. Fortunately old age carried them off soon after, or the world would have spoiled everything. Their last etching was one of Moulin-Joly, the little house of Marguerite, with this device, —

> "Cur valle permutem Sabina
> Divitias operosiores?"
>
> (Horace, Odes.)

It is framed and hung in my chamber, above a portrait, the original of which no one here has seen. For an entire year the person who gave me that portrait lived by a similar labor to that which partly supported me. Every morning we consulted each other about our work; every evening we supped at the same table, conversing on art, sentiment, and plans, and the future. The future broke its promise to us. Pray for me, O Marguerite Lecomte!"

(To be continued.)

[1] In *Lui et Elle*, that vulgar book which Paul de Musset wrote with the mistaken intention of defending his brother, but between whose pages he has forever buried that brother's reputation as a man of honor, Edouard (Alfred de Musset) says of Olympe (Mme. Dudevant): "Dark, and of a pale olive complexion, with bronze reflections, she has immense eyes, like an Indian. I have never been able to look on such faces without emotion. Her expression, not very mobile, yet assumes an air of pride and independence when she becomes animated, while talking."

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE OPERA.

BY WALTER B. LAWSON, B. MUS.

(Continued from page 20.)

(4.) Notwithstanding the large number of operatic works which find favor with the public, it would be difficult to select from amongst them a dozen libretti which meet the requirements of a healthy and educated mind. They are, for the most part, simply excrescences from the vigorous trunk of the drama, and typical of that which is puerile, abnormal, or horrid. The education of the people, which is obviously the primary object of every art, the drama not excepted, seems to have been almost wholly disregarded by the librettist, and their entertainment, which we must regard as the secondary object, is so associated with depressing influences and morbid ideas as to become problematic.

Let us regard a few opera texts. Here is a cheerful one by Wohlbrück: —

The Vampyre, to which Marschner has composed such exquisite and withal realistic music, illustrates a period in the existence of a disgusting and unreal creature, which (in the character of a nobleman), to save itself from the pangs of hell, is compelled within a limited time to suck the blood of three innocent maidens, which deed is actually perpetrated or attempted within the knowledge of the audience; but, failing to carry out on a third victim the condition imposed by the Evil One, its consignment to the infernal regions naturally follows. Whatever may be good and virtuous in the remaining *dramatis personæ* is swallowed up in the hideousness of this monster.

We read that at a performance, at Athens, of Æschylus's tragedy of the Eumenides, the audience was so appalled, on the appearance of the Furies, that women lost the fruit of their womb, and children expired in convulsions of terror. These effects doubtless resulted from the terrible associations which such an apparition would have for the Greeks. With such a record before us, we may safely say, and this without urging the possibility of such extreme effects being produced upon a modern audience, that the act of witnessing a performance of the *Vampyre* might lead to distressing mental and bodily effects upon persons superstitious enough to believe in the existence of such creatures (and there are those who do), or even upon more enlightened spectators. I do not speak idly; I myself have witnessed the result upon a person of peculiar temperament.

The plot of *La Juive*, by Halevy, is even more revolting. A Jewish maiden is betrayed by a young noble, who afterwards causes her to be tortured and eventually to be cast into a caldron of burning pitch. There is not a very wide step from a fable of this kind to the reality of employing criminals as actors and causing them to be burned, crucified, or otherwise done to death in the natural course of the drama, — a proceeding not unknown to history.

In *La Traviata*, female depravity is held up to the respect and pity of spectators, who, could they but see it in real life, would treat it with scorn and aversion. This sort of subject is somewhat freely run upon by French romancists, in whose particular province it seems that *die Spitzbuben sind alle ehrlich*, — all rogues are honorable.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* carries us to another extreme, for notwithstanding all the endeavors which have been made to ascribe an importance to the libretto, it stands there an undeniable triviality. Even if there were any truth in the statement that it is illustrative of a certain period in the history of freemasonry, we should still fail to perceive its *raison d'être*, seeing that it is performed before others than freemasons, and that those of the brotherhood who witness its performance may be as ignorant of its meaning as those of the audience who have not been initiated into the mysteries.

In *Rigoletto* the dramatic action centres in a brutal murder and a body in a sack. *La Sonnambula* is a very harmless story written upon the moral-pointing and tale-adorning principle. *Don Juan* is stigmatized by Beethoven as a "scandalous subject," and so on.

We will now consider a text which both Beethoven and Goethe held to be one of the best, namely, that of Cherubini's masterpiece, *Der Wasserträger*, better known in this country, where it is so seldom performed, as *Les deux Journées*. Here we have no brutal murders, no torturing deaths, no fiddle-faddle about freemasonry which no one can understand, but a simple story which, from beginning to end, offers nothing that is ignoble or offensive to good taste, while it lays bare before us, in a manner that we can appreciate, some of the higher emotions of humanity. It is divided into three acts, each of which is short and decisive and pregnant with action, and but little change of scene is necessary: it is therefore easy of comprehension. Nothing further seems wanting than the exquisite music of Cherubini. As next in worth to this, Beethoven ranked the libretto of *La Vestale* of Spontini, and Goethe that of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

Simplicity of dramatic form is the first desideratum, and whatever may be said respecting the dramatic unities, as insisted on by Aristotle and carried out in the Grecian drama, one thing is certain, which is that the plot loses nothing in simplicity by their observance; and since dramatists have thought proper to allow themselves every license in this respect, we find a corresponding intricacy of action in their productions. It will almost invariably be found that the greatest interest is excited in such plays as show a proximate preservation of the unities.

In conclusion of this section a word on a well-worn topic. The subject-matter of the drama of Wagner has been ridiculed as "mythical rubbish." It no more deserves the name than does Milton's "Paradise Lost." If accepted in the Wagnerian spirit as depicting, in a condensed form, the struggles of humanity, it is far from being rubbish. The difficulty of regarding it in this light simply results from its want of association in our minds.

(5.) The want of originality in recitative is a fact patent to every musician. This hapless branch of musical art has been in danger of becoming little better than a means of perpetuating worn-out phrases, of which we can assure ourselves by referring to any opera or oratorio scores that may be at hand. But even well-

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seasoned recitative is perhaps more endurable than spoken dialogue, which causes a lull in the performance, although phrases such as sol, do, sol, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, do, are well calculated to create "feelings unutterable" in the musician.

After a lapse of nearly three hundred years, opera, although very different in its character, has again become continuous recitative, and while we may decline to acknowledge the doctrine of a composer who imagines the possibility of dispensing with form, we must still give Wagner the credit for having introduced a little variety in recitative, disregardful of the fact that musical critics decry his efforts as "awkward skips of fifths and sixths." In this and in many other respects opera will derive much good from the efforts of the modern-school composers.

(6.) If we may regard as the ideal of an opera overture one which, while being quite independent of the contents of the opera itself, is still so conceived that it prepares the audience for that which follows, paints the *dramatis personæ*, and suggests the action, then we may refer to the overture to Mozart's *Don Juan* as being the nearest approach to this ideal, for it borrows nothing from the opera but the motive of the adagio, while it is pregnant with suggestion. Some of his other overtures, although more admired, and indeed of a higher degree of merit when regarded simply in the light of concert pieces (notably those to *Figaro* and *Die Zauberflöte*) lack this essential property.

Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, which is perhaps more favored than any other, is constructed on the "programme" principle. That this principle of construction is unjustifiable may be recognized in the fact that on a first hearing the audience must necessarily be ignorant of the drift of pieces extracted from an opera which has not yet been heard. The requisite knowledge would, however, be brought to bear upon a second hearing, when the work receives some sort of justification. There are other kinds of overtures, amongst which may be mentioned a kind which, being originally intended to prelude an opera seria, is made to do duty for a comic opera, or *vice versâ*. At this we need in nowise feel offended, for we are well acquainted with the school from which such ideas emanate.

The reader will call to mind modern instances in which the overture is replaced by a short prelude of independent construction.

(7.) On this head there is much to be complained of. The total want of justification in cutting and warping an epic or dramatic art-work for musical purposes does not require to be demonstrated; and when we find that the very flower of artistic conception is involved, we are naturally struck with the enormity of the proceeding. The argument that this is mainly owing to the scarcity of good libretti and librettists, offers no excuse for those purveyors of words who dare to lay their sacrilegious hands upon the classics. The only form of subject-matter justly suited to the opera proper is the libretto proper, and it must be reserved for some cunningly devised art-combination, perhaps after the manner of Wagner's musical drama, to represent the classics in their entirety, — the only form in which dramatic works may reasonably be represented.

For an illustration of my meaning, I turn to Goethe's immortal masterpiece. Goethe looked to Beethoven for a setting of *Faust*, and he, of all musicians, was the one who might have attempted the colossal task; but when spoken to on the subject he exclaimed, uplifting his hands, "Das wäre ein Stück Arbeit" ("that would be a piece of work"), and he knew his weaknesses. It would be instructive to know Goethe's ideas upon *Faust* as an opera libretto, and still more so to hear his opinions upon it as the libretto of M. Gounod's well-known opera.

It is quite possible to attend a performance of this at Covent Garden (Nilsson as Margherita), and bring away with one an insight which in some particulars may be broader and deeper than that acquired in the studio. Witness the canzonetta, "King of Thule," and the exquisite recitative passages which precede, interlard, and follow it, of the prison scene, and others; but for all this Faust ceases to be Faust, and Margherita is no longer Margherita. The wonderful and ineffable apparent in the drama no longer accompanies them; they simply become characters, in contradistinction to the beings which Goethe conjured up from the heaven-lit depths of his intellect. In fact we have a bare plot extracted from the work, and of course expressed in other language, and this language in a strange tongue; further, to meet the requirements of persons of various nationalities, the Italian libretto has been translated into most European languages. A libretto thus manufactured necessarily bears as much resemblance to Goethe's work as would a copy of the Apollo Belvedere, in which the muscular development had been roughly spoke-shaved, to the original sculpture. By the way, Gounod's opera offers the number of acts insisted on by the critical writers of Greece, namely, five, the mystic number of Plato, superseded in the Middle Ages by the number three,[1] and the result is tedium. Composers have yet to learn that a composition may be too long.

(Concluded in next number.)

MASON'S PIANO-FORTE TECHNICS.[2]

THE only arts which lie within reach of the masses are poetry and music. It will be a long time before public art galleries will furnish means for contact with painting and sculpture in their highest and best forms. To the fountains of poetry all may go, and their draughts be measured only by their capacity.

In this music is at a disadvantage, since there must be a medium for expression, and thus the majority receive it at second hand. Undoubtedly the piano combines the greatest number of qualifications as a medium for the interpretation of music to the masses, and hence a means for their musical culture. Any attempts, therefore, to better the instrument itself, or render those who use it as a means for expression better able so to do, will be of benefit to music and the people.

It is a most wofully abused instrument, and grievous charges have been laid at its door, but it is nevertheless growing steadily in popularity, and justly, for no single instrument can take its place in the home. But with all this in its favor, how few get any culture out of it! The land is full of practicers on the piano, but where are the students? We have many *players*, but where are those who can make it *speak* to the souls of their listeners?

I speak advisedly in saying that the greatest reason for this lies in a defective technical development, or rather, a *total lack* of *proper* technical development. We are met at the outset with this difficulty, that the technique of the instrument must be mastered before it can be a medium for intelligent musical expression. The popular idea of this, however, is such that the student revolts at the thought of technical work; and we cannot blame him, for it presents no intellectual or æsthetical allurements as ordinarily brought before his mind. It is related of a noted musician, that during his technical practice he always had a book or paper to read. This expresses the popular idea that a technique is to be acquired by going through so many exercises, the mind having nothing to do about it. The majority of teachers (not including those who are musically illiterate) could give no clear definition of technique, and how can they know what technical development means? Scores of technical works have been written, and exercises innumerable, but one looks in vain for the principles upon which these have been formed, or a hint as to the mental processes involved. *Are* there any principles? What relation does the mind sustain to this matter? Can new life be infused into the dry bones of technique? I believe it to be possible to make it, if not a real pleasure, at least a means for mental and, to a certain degree, æsthetical improvement. It is the purpose of this paper to bring before the readers of the JOURNAL work, from the pens of Wm. Mason and W. S. B. Mathews, bearing directly upon these questions. It is a work based upon the physiology of mind and muscle, and their relations to one another, and is certainly a new departure in the right direction. One of the main objects of the work, and the key-note of the whole matter, is stated as follows: "The entire course of practice in this system is influenced very much by a desire to induce the *mental habits* on which good playing depends." Technique, in its essence, is the establishment of the proper relations between the mind as the seat of thought, and the mechanism by which that thought is to be expressed.

Technical development is therefore the growth of this relationship. This involves the idea of a mental and physical side, both of which, and their relations to one another must be understood by every teacher. These are the fundamental principles laid down in this work.

It begins with the physical mechanism, and considers "the bony frame-work, the flexor and extensor muscles, the interosseous muscles, and the thumb." Everything is clearly illustrated and explained, with the exception of the extensor muscles, which are not illustrated, and referred to only in a vague manner. The importance of these muscles, and the necessity for a careful study of the upward stroke of the finger, would have been impressed more fully upon the student's mind by illustrating and explaining them.

The important point, however, is not what *muscles* are used, but what are their functions and action, and their relations to the mind, for upon these depends the question of exercises and their treatment. Hence it makes a difference whether the following statement is true: "Each of these great flexor muscles (flexor digitorum profundus and flexor digitorum sublimis) acts on all the fingers, its action being determined into one finger or another by an act of will. In consequence of this it happens that the fourth and fifth fingers are able to strike as powerful a blow as the second or third, since all are acted upon by the same muscles." If this be true, why do we spend so much time trying to strengthen the fourth and fifth fingers?

The answer would be, because "the difficulty at first experienced in controlling these fingers arises almost entirely from their not having been previously accustomed to obey the will." That is: we have not been accustomed to determining the action of these great flexor muscles into those fingers.

But this does not suffice, because, after only a few attempts, one *can* determine the independent action of the fourth and fifth fingers, and when this is done, as great an effect should follow, if the whole muscle acts, as when we will it into

1 "Alle gute Dinge sind drei" is a common expression in Germany at the present day. The English "luck in odd numbers" may have had a similar origin.

2 *A System of Technical Exercises for the Piano-Forte*, etc., etc. By WILLIAM MASON, Mus Doc. W. S. B. MATHEWS, Associate Editor. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 1878.

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the first or second fingers, since the fingers in that case are simply so many points of contact, between the key and muscle. The facts are however, that but few ever secure the same results absolutely, even after years of labor. But there is a still stronger argument derived from the physical structure of the muscle.

It follows from the statement of the work that the muscle could have but *one* tendon, which divides into four, and in that case it would be difficult to see how the muscle could act through one tendon upon one finger when the one tendon has four attachments.

According to all anatomical plates, however (Gray, Wilson, Pancoast, and Encyclopædia Britannica), these *muscles* are represented as dividing into four tendons. Gray (Anat. page 307), after describing the origin of *digitorum sublimis*, says: "The fibres pass vertically downwards, forming a broad and thick *muscle*, which divides into four tendons," etc. Of *profundus digitorum* he says (Anat. page 308): "The fibres form a *fleshy belly* of considerable size, *which* divides into four tendons." (Emphasis is mine.) There is no mention here of one tendon. Wilson says (Anat. page 236): "The *sublimis digitorum* arises, etc. . . . . *It* divides into four tendons." Of *profundis digitorum* he says the same thing. If there be four tendons it follows that a certain part of each of these muscles acts independently upon one finger, and another part upon another finger, and equality of finger touch depends upon making each of these parts, by assiduous practice, equal to one another.

Development of the whole muscle will not necessarily result in an equal development of all the parts, but an independent development of the parts will not only conduce to equality, but strengthen the whole. This will be referred to again. I cannot agree with the writers in passing over the lumbricalis muscles with the simple remark that they are unimportant. These muscles, from their conformation, and attachment at the base of the first phalanx, give evidence of being those most concerned in velocity, and for this reason anatomists have dubbed them the "fiddlers' muscles."

The second chapter is devoted to the "Relations of the Mind to the Art of Playing," "Mental Automatism," and "Laws of Practice." It is a concise analysis of the physiology of the mind, so far as it refers to piano-playing and its relations to the muscles. Automatic or reflex action of the muscles is an established fact in physiological science. It is what every pianist strives or should strive to realize. He literally studies to forget about his fingers, as the mechanism by which he expresses his thoughts.

There is in the brain a centre for the cognition of sound, which controls the motor centres of the muscles of the voice. This has been termed the "phono-motor" centre, and "it is an unusual strength or activity of this centre that constitutes the physiological basis of 'an ear for music,' or the ability to spontaneously imitate sounds of a higher order than speech." "Piano-playing 'by ear' arises from such an activity of the sound receiving and registering apparatus as enables the phono-motor centre to extend its operations beyond the vocal organs (as originally intended), and to seize upon and use the motor centre from which the arms, hands, and fingers are controlled in their usual employments, and in this way to reproduce the sounds which gave delight."

There is not only an automatism of muscle, but of mind. The centre of tone-thought can be taught to think for itself automatically, and leave the mind free for other thoughts. "Among the purely automatic parts of piano-playing thought are the scales, arpeggios or various chords, and the disposition to complete the rhythm." Hence we ought to study to forget tones to a certain degree. The automatic action of the fingers ought to depend upon the automatic action of this centre of tone-thought. I say *ought*, because the fingers may be trained, and in fact generally are, to respond to the visual centre, while a tonal conception is totally wanting. This is the central thought of the whole work, and cannot be too strongly impressed upon the student's mind.

The laws of practice as deduced from these facts are: "First. The entire series of motions which it is attempted to render automatic — whether scale, arpeggio, cadenza, or what not — must be performed a considerable number of times without the slightest variation from the correct order or method."

"Second. After a considerable number of these performances, a more rapid performance of them is to be attempted.

"Third. When the passage can be played in the second degree of speed, then it is to be attempted in velocity."

"Fourth. Practice which includes mistakes is worthless, and worse than worthless, because in so far as it forms a habit, it is a habit of falsity."

It would have been more in keeping with the central thought of this chapter to have coupled the idea of motions with that of tones, since one object of technical development, and the more important one, is the establishment of automatic tone-thought. The term "practice" is so associated with that which the authors so much deplore, namely, slovenly work, that I wish they had substituted the term "study," thus making it read, Laws of Study. It will be seen that this is the most important chapter, since it is the basis of all that follows. And if there were nothing more in the work that is new and progressive, this alone would rank it beyond any work of its character. C. B. CADY.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The fourth symphony concert (January 30) could not fail to be interesting with such a programme as here follows; and the interest was shown both in the unusual number of the audience and in the close attention and delight manifested from beginning to end.

Overture to "The Men of Prometheus" . . *Beethoven.*
Concerto in D minor, for three pianos, with String Orchestra . . . . . *J. S. Bach.*
(Allegro maestoso. — Alla Siciliana. — Allegro.)
G. W. Sumner, J. A. Preston, and A. W. Foote.
Second Symphony, in C, Op. 61 . . . . *Schumann.*
Introduction and Allegro. — Scherzo. — Adagio. — Allegro vivace.
Overture to "Anacreon" . . . . . *Cherubini.*
Phaëton: Poëme Symphonique, Op. 39 . . *Saint-Saëns.*

Beethoven's Ballet Overture, of his youthful period, light, buoyant, Mozartish, yet with plenty of his own native fire in it, was played with crisp precision and great spirit. The triple pianoforte concerto of Bach, in D minor, was heard for the first time here in an orchestral concert. In a more private way, that is, in a chamber concert, it was played as long ago as 1853, and with all the string parts represented, by Otto Dresel, Alfred Jaell, and William Scharfenberg. Several times since then it has figured, in whole or in part, in a piano-forte concert, with a fourth piano to represent the string accompaniments. This time it made its first appearance in the great Music Hall, accompanied by all the strings of the orchestra. The first Allegro, in which all the instruments start off in unison, is perhaps not so exhilarating, nor so rich in interwoven independent melody of all the parts as that in C, which we heard last year; but it is strong, hearty, wholesome music, like the quickening hand-grasp of a strong, wise, genial friend. The Siciliana movement is a strain of heaven's own tenderest and sweetest melody, even more exquisite than that aria in the suite, of which the violinists make a solo. The finale has a sinewy syncopated motive, and rushes onward gathering force from all sides, like the mingling of many rills in the strong current of a brook. It was finely rendered by the three pianists, and such was the power and volume of the three noble grands, with all the string accompaniment, that the listener found himself fairly surrounded, — caught and held in the thousand arms of a resistless maelstrom of harmony. The flying spray or send of light embellishments, cadenzas, etc., which the heaving mass gives out in the first piano toward the end of the several movements, was very delicately and distinctly done by Mr. Preston. Objection has been made to the playing of the pianos so far apart. It is true that they could not all be equally well heard, except from certain favored seats. On the other hand, if they had been brought together in the middle front of the stage, the sounds of the orchestral parts would have been practically shut out from the hall.

Schumann's great symphony in C has taken its turn with his three other symphonies, from year to year, since these concerts were begun. But never before has it made its mark so palpably as in this last performance. To many listeners it used to seem heavy, lengthy, morbid, and obscure. The biographers indeed refer the composition of the first movement to a sick and depressed period in Schumann's life. But what a wealth of musical invention and deep life experience there is in it! The ruminating, groping introduction is pregnant with germs which are wonderfully and beautifully developed in the intense and most imaginative Allegro, which now and then, to be sure, modulates into a most drooping, melancholy mood, but never ceases to be fascinating, while the unity of the whole is perfect. The Scherzo, with its two trios, is a most original and exquisite play of fancy; its form and humor haunt you after hearing it. The Adagio is of the tenderest and deepest that Schumann ever wrote; and the final Allegro has enough life and stir and vigor to sweep away all sickly vapors in the full career of manly deed and triumph. This symphony is extremely difficult, and very fully scored; yet it was remarkably well interpreted from first to last, and made a deep impression. We think there were very few persons in that audience who will henceforth call it tedious or obscure, although repeated hearings will reveal new beauties and new meaning. Mr. Zerrahn had reason to feel proud of his orchestra after that performance.

The graceful Cherubini Overture was keenly relished. The short introduction is somewhat formal and old-fashioned, but the Allegro is full of the delicate, fine fire of a genial, healthy, and poetic nature. It is anything but "programme music," yet the term Anacreontic may well describe its quality. It offers a fine opportunity for the violins, which was signally improved, for the men played it *con amore*. Nothing could be in greater contrast than the programme music which wound up the concert, the "Phaëton," by Saint-Saëns. It was first brought out here two years ago in one of these concerts, and made quite a sensation then. But it was found to contain qualities of a somewhat higher order than

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what we commonly call sensational. With all that it has of startling, it is not *mere* "effect." It is essentially musical, and shows the artist hand. The pervading motive, the urging of the fiery steeds across the skies, though persistently kept up, never grows monotonous; it is developed, growing more and more engrossing, pregnant with catastrophe. It is relieved, too, beautifully, by a sympathetic second subject, a strain of pity and condolence, as if the nymphs and goddesses were watching the doomed youth with fear and sorrow; and as the chariot plunges from its course, how powerfully it is all worked up to the crashing climax, and how touchingly the whole orchestra subsides when all is over. It is decidedly the cleverest of all these modern French effect pieces that we have yet heard.

MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD'S Ten Piano-forte Recitals at his rooms, on Friday afternoons (each repeated on the following Monday evening), came to a close on the 24th and 27th ult. The last was most remarkable in programme and interpretation: —

{ Fantaisie, C minor . . . . *Bach.*
{ Fugue, C major ("Well tempered Clavichord"), No. 1 . . . . *Bach.*
Sonate, Op. 111 (Last Piano Sonate), C Minor . *Beethoven.*
Maestoso — Allegro con brio ed appassionata — Arietta con Variazioni.
"Isolden's Liebes-Tod," from "Tristan and Isolde" . . . . *Liszt-Wagner.*
Études Symphoniques, Op. 13 . . . . . . *Schumann.*

We must go to the great pianists, to the Rubinsteins and Bulows, to find another who can master and commit to memory, and clearly, satisfactorily perform — in fact interpret — in one concert two such great works, and so immensely difficult, as the last Sonata of Beethoven and the great Variations by Schumann.

The Liszt-Wagner piece, too, was no trifle, one of the most impressive of transcriptions from that source; and the smaller things from Bach, with which, as usual, Mr Sherwood happily commenced the concert, showed the true artist in the rendering. Hardly once or twice, if ever, have we heard these important compositions so clearly and expressively presented. The preceding recital (ninth), in which Mrs. Sherwood bore a large share of the burden, we were obliged to lose, and we can only give the programme: —

{ Prelude and Fugue, B-flat major, No. 21 ("Well tempered Clavichord") . . . . . *Bach.*
{ Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
MRS. SHERWOOD.
Songs without Words, No. 1, E major, No. 3 (Hunting Song) . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Moments Musicaux, No. 3, F minor, No. 4, C sharp minor . . . . *Schubert.*
"In the Country," Op. 26 . . . . *J. K. Paine.*
No. 9, "Farewell." No. 10, "Welcome Home."
Rondo in C ("Perpetual Motion"), arr. from Sonate, Op. 24, by Johannes Brahms, as a study for the left hand . . *C. M. v. Weber.*
MR. SHERWOOD.
{ Two Novelletten, Op. 21, No. 1 and No. 2 . *Schumann.*
{ Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2, E-flat . . . . *Schubert.*
MRS. SHERWOOD.
"Chorus of Dancing Dervishes," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (arranged for piano by) . . . . *C. Saint-Saëns.*
MR. SHERWOOD.

A more rich and interesting series of Piano-forte Concerts than these by Mr. Sherwood it would be hard to recall. The mass, and the variety of compositions of the highest order, important works of all the greatest masters, was astonishing; and all given in the course of twelve weeks. Of Bach, some Prelude and Fugue, or Fantaisie, etc., formed the wholesome introduction of almost every programme. A Beethoven Sonata was almost sure to follow. Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, as well as Wagner, Liszt, and other moderns, were largely represented. And the interpretations, both by Mr. and by Mrs. Sherwood, were, with hardly an exception, of the most satisfactory kind. Such a draft upon the mental and physical resources of one man can hardly be appreciated.

THE CECILIA, on Friday evening, February 7, gave at Tremont Temple the finest concert thus far in the course of its three seasons. The crowd of associate members and invited friends were all made happy by the excellent performance of two cantatas, in extreme contrast to each other, but each admirable of its kind. The first was the sacred cantata by Bach: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," — or rather one half of it, — which was given entire a few years since in one of the symphony concerts. The selections this time included the short orchestral symphony which introduces the whole work, and the four numbers of the second and more joyous part. An excellent orchestra was provided, with Mr. J. A. Preston at the organ, and the chorus of mixed voices was in fine condition. The beautiful recitative and duet, a dialogue between the Soul and Jesus, was sung with true expression by Mrs. G. A. Adams and Dr. E. C. Bullard. Every one must have felt the tender beauty and pathos of this music. Next came the quartet with chorus, in which a chorale in unison is so wonderfully interwoven: "O my soul, be content," etc., which grows and swells to a magnificent conclusion. Mrs. Jennie Noyes and D. Langmaid completed the quartet. Dr. Langmaid, in excellent voice, sang the tenor Aria: "Rejoice, O my Soul," to great acceptance; and then came the sublime concluding chorus: "The Lamb that was Slain" and "Amen, Hallelujah," which, though much shorter and more concise, is even grander than the final chorus of the *Messiah*.

Gade's romantic, highly colored "Crusaders" formed the second part — given for the first time here with orchestra, which put an entirely new life into it. Indeed, instrumentation is Gade's strong side always, and to leave out the orchestra in such a work is to leave out the soul of it. It was wonderfully descriptive and most fascinating in the enchantments of the middle part, entitled "Armida." The young lady who sang the part of Armida, Miss Annie Louise Gage, surprised all by the beauty of her voice (in which many recognized a strong resemblance in quality to that of Mrs. Harwood, who sang this part so finely when the "Crusaders" was first given by the Parker Club), and by her artistic and expressive style of singing. Dr. Langmaid was the Rinaldo, and was fully equal to the heroic tenor strains; and Dr. Bullard made the appeals and exhortations of Peter the Hermit very impressive. Altogether it was a complete and signally successful performance. The concert was repeated on Monday evening, but unfortunately without the orchestra, it being impossible to procure one on that evening; so that the accompaniments were represented on the piano-forte (Mr. Tucker) and the organ (Mr. Preston), — very creditably, it must be said.

WE were unable to attend MR. EDDY'S ORGAN RECITAL several weeks ago, but a friend who did, and is competent to judge, writes us as follows: —

Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, director of the Hershey School of Musical Art, Chicago, Ill., the leading organist of the West, gave an organ recital in this city, before an audience of our best musical people, on Friday, Jan. 3, at the South Congregational Church, about which many of our best judges speak in unqualified terms of praise. It was certainly the most interesting organ recital given in Boston for years, both as to the quality of the selections and the manner of their presentation. Mr. Eddy's apparent ease, and absolute mastery of the work before him, no less than the dignified, strongly marked nobility of conception and the beautiful, harmonious taste displayed in phrasing and registration, made the organ speak with the eloquence of the human voice or violin, combined with the power and contrasts of a full orchestra. The Chopin Étude, a strong, quick movement, calling for great dexterity of execution, was less satisfactory, owing, apparently, to a lack of *timbre* in the organ, or to imperfect light and to a slight stiffness of mechanism in the instrument. The "Allegretto," by Guilmant, and the "Elevation," by Saint-Saëns, although characteristic of the modern French school, are hardly of sufficient musical value to stand beside the other numbers of the programme, whereas the Concert-Satz, by Thiele, is one of the most brilliant and at the same time solid and substantial examples of modern music yet heard. Below is the programme: —

1. Sonata in D minor, No. 5, op. 118 (new) . . . *Merkel.*
I. Allegro risoluto. — II. Andante. — III. Allegro risoluto. — Fuga.
2. Allegretto in B minor . . . . *Guilmant.*
3. Grand Prelude and Fugue in C minor . . . . *Bach.*
4. Sonata in G minor, No. 2, op 77 . . . . . . *Buck.*
I. Allegro moderato ma energico. — II. Adagio molto espressivo. — III. Allegro vivace non troppo.
Dedicated to H. CLARENCE EDDY.
5. Elevation in E minor . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
6. Grand Étude in C sharp minor . . . . . . *Chopin.*
(Arranged by Haupt.)
7. "Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique" . . . *Guilmant.*
8. Grand Fantasia in E minor ("The Storm") *Lemmens.*
9. Concert-Satz in E flat minor . . . . *Thiele.*

We have yet to notice the interesting concerts of the present week, including those of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Euterpe, the Fifth Symphony Concert, etc. In the Sixth Harvard Concert (February 26) the Brahms Symphony in D will be repeated, and Mme. Julia Rivé-King will play.

LADY CONDUCTORS.

A FRIEND writes us from Worcester (Feb. 11) as follows: A wave of musical excitement passed over Brooklyn on the first appearance of Miss Selma Borg, at the head of the late Thomas Orchestra. A ripple has passed over Worcester, the occasion being the presentation of Haydn's Toy Symphony, by Miss Mabel Allen, daughter of Mr. B. D. Allen, who, wholly unaided, trained and brought out an amateur orchestra, exhibiting musical skill and ability, and the steadiness and self-possession of a veteran. The performers were decked with gay-colored sashes and caps, and presented an attractive picture aside from doing their work well. The performance was satisfactory in every respect. Miss Allen was made the recipient of a beautiful silver *bâton* and a basket of flowers.

The young leader is barely out of her teens, and considering the difference of years and experience, it was as great a triumph for Miss Allen to lead these amateurs, to whom the experience was new, as for Miss Borg to take the stand before a band of artists, all of whom were an assistance to her.

Both are to be congratulated on their successful position. Truly, woman's sphere widens in this nineteenth century!

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, FEB. 8. — A concert given by Mr. O. B. Boise, at Chickering Hall, on Thursday evening, January 30, commends itself to notice by the fact that the programme was entirely composed of the works of Mr. Boise. Every one knows that in these days, and particularly in our own country, it is very difficult for the composer of an orchestral work (unless he be already famous), to secure even a public hearing of his music, to say nothing of a recognition of any talent he may be fortunate enough to possess. Such being the case, the composer who imagines he has something to say must set aside all sensitiveness and boldly demand to be heard.

The action of Mr. Boise in thus taking time by the forelock was certainly commendable, and the composer had the ear of a large and very intelligent audience.

The concert began with a Symphony called "In Memoriam" and closed with a Festival Overture for orchestra and organ. The other selections were: "A Child's Requiem," for vocal quartet and organ; a Concerto for piano-forte and orchestra; and three songs entitled: "Good-night," "Cradle-Song," "There is fallen a splendid Tear."

The workmanship of the orchestral composition gave evidence of hard study on the part of the composer; and if his orchestral effects were not always entirely new and startling, it may be remembered that very few composers have reached greatness at a single bound, and that success is usually the result of cumulative efforts.

The best feature of the concert was the piano forte Concerto, which was charmingly played by Mme. Nanette Falk-Auerbach. The songs were effectively sung by Miss Emily Winant. Mr. S. P. Warren was the organist, and the vocal quartet consisted of Miss Helen Cary, Miss Mary C. Huss, Mr. C. M. Pherson and Mr. Geo Martin Huss.

Dr. Damrosch gave his fourth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 1, with the following selections: —

Symphony, No. 2, A minor (new) . . . *C. Saint Saëns.*
Concerto for violin (Allegro) . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
HERR AUGUST WILHELMJ.
Overture to "Euryanthe" . . . . *Weber.*
Serenade, No. 3, D minor . . . . . *Robt. Volkmann.*
String Orchestra.
Chaconne . . . . *J. S. Bach.*
HERR AUGUST WILHELMJ.
Les Preludes: Symphonic Poem . . . . *Liszt.*

The symphony, by Saint-Saëns, is a highly colored, imaginative work, thoroughly French in style and abounding in really beautiful effects. The instrumentation is masterly, and the composition is characterized by elegance and refinement rather than by strength. It is pleasant to notice a gradual improvement in the orchestra with each concert. Dr. Damrosch has his men well in hand; much that was at first wanting in smoothness of tone and unity of purpose is now supplied, and their playing, on this occasion, was unquestionably excellent. The symphony did not go quite smoothly, in all parts, but the familiar and lovely *Euryanthe* overture, the "Serenade" for string orchestra, with 'cello obligato by Mr. Fred. Berguer, and the splendid tone-picture by Liszt, were most vividly presented. The nervous energy of the conductor seemed to be conveyed to the players, thus giving to the performance of the music the life and character which are necessary to every good interpretation.

The great violinist, Wilhelmj, is now no stranger here, but the wonder and admiration which he excites seem to increase each time he appears in public. It is admiration compelled, not sought for. The marvellous breadth, fullness, and purity of his intonation, the absolute accuracy of his stopping, the perfect ease with which all difficulties were overcome, and the noble spirit which animated the artist, were indeed enough to hold the audience breathless, during the performance of the concerto and the Bach Chaconne. At the conclusion of each, the silence was profound for an instant, and then the hearers, many of them rising, actually shouted with delight. As a consequence they had the pleasure of hearing Wilhelmj four times, instead of twice; the two additional selections being a remarkably fine transcription of Walther's "Prize Song" from *Die Meistersinger*, for violin and orchestra (transcribed by Wilhelmj), and a Romanza of his own composition.

If anything is lacking in the playing of so fearless an artist as Wilhelmj, the want may be defined in one word, *passion*. Given this, the result would be absolute perfection, — something not to be expected this side of Utopia.

A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 26. — Mr. Jarvis's fifth soirée was given last night. His opening piece was a Suite, Op. 91, by Raff, the one so frequently played by Mad. Schiller.

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Its great difficulties vanished before the immense virtuosity of the executant, and afforded a fine contrast to the Chopin Notturno, Op. 27, No 2, — the same that the great violinist Wilhelmj has transcribed with such admirable effect and taste. In this delicate and tender *morceau* Mr. Jarvis displayed a neatness and clearness of execution truly admirable, and threw into it a degree of intelligent and refined expression to occupy our thoughts and feelings to the exclusion from memory of the remainder of this the most imposing programme he has yet performed in public.

Mad. E. Seiler gives monthly private concerts of her pupils at her school, 1104 Walnut Street, which are attended mostly by the parents, guardians, and friends of the young ladies pursuing their studies there, thus affording an opportunity of watching their progress and efficiency.

Your correspondent "assisted" at a recent pupils' entertainment, but was prevented by indisposition and the great heat of the room from hearing the whole programme; in fact he missed some of the more ambitious numbers. The company was large, and contained some of the *élite* of Philadelphia society, who seemed much pleased with the singing of the young ladies, and applauded heartily. The "American Lady's Quartette," a close imitation of the "Swedish Lady's Quartette" in manner and style of music, even to minor details, sang with a delightful intelligence and expression. They were recalled amidst great enthusiasm. The voices were well balanced, and showed the advantages of continuous singing together, which produces a sympathetic blending not to be heard under ordinary circumstances.

FEB. 7. — A short season of Italian Opera by Kellogg, Cary, Adams, Lazzarini, Pantaleoni, Conly, Kaufman, and Gottschalk, under the direction of Behrens, and management of Strakosch, gives me no opportunity of saying anything new, save to notice a new aspirant to public honors in the person of Miss von Elsler, from Springfield, Illinois, who is known on the stage as Maria Litta. As a vocalist she is very, very promising, and has made a most favorable impression upon our cognoscenti. Her voice is pure soprano in *timbre* and compass; her volume is not great, but sufficient; her execution is neat, clean, and brilliant; her trill is most facile and beautiful. The young lady is not as yet entitled to praise as an actress, nor would she be likely to supplant Helen in the affections of any modern Paris, but she has rare musical intelligence in addition to the qualities already enumerated, and that is much more valuable in the estimation of AMERICUS

CINCINNATI, FEB. 8. — To give your readers a more definite idea of the heightened musical activity of which Cincinnati can now be proud, it will be necessary to supplement the hasty letter in your last by a more detailed account of the work of the College of Music, and of the organizations connected with it. A simple, accurate statement of the present *status quo* is all I now propose. The large outlay needed to call into life at once an institution like the Cincinnati College of Music naturally compelled the business managers to advertise very extensively. If now and then, in doing this, good taste was made subservient to the policy considered necessary in view of the tone to which the public has become accustomed in all such matters, the circumstance that no complaints have been entered sufficiently establishes the fact that in no instance has the slightest deception or even exaggeration been practiced.

Among the many discriminating friends whom Mr. Thomas made as an orchestral director, there were not a few who hesitated to form or express an opinion as to his fitness for the directorship of an educational institution. If all doubts in that regard have not yet been dispelled, they bid fair soon to vanish altogether. Scarcely a week has passed in which a new feature has not been introduced, an additional link inserted into the chain of instruction, which it is intended shall become as complete as possible for diffusing a broad and thorough knowledge of the art of music. As soon as emergencies peculiar to our country, and especially to our section, have arisen, they have been met, and thus far successfully and with the best judgment.

In the instrumental and vocal departments the system in vogue in European conservatories is in general adhered to, with perhaps the exception that class instruction is less liberally employed, and more attention given to the individual. The authority which an institution of such dimensions gives to the individual teacher enables him to proceed rigidly, and without making any concessions, in employing a thorough and strict method, and, above all, in giving only the very best of music to the student. Not that for years this course has been indifferently pursued by the prominent teachers of our city; but the large quota of students furnished by the smaller towns of this and the neighboring States makes it possible to reach circles heretofore beyond the influence of conscientious instructors. One of the most noticeable and praiseworthy features of the course of instruction, however, is the effort on the part of the musical director, as well as of the teachers, to impress on the mind of the student the necessity of obtaining a good general knowledge of music, and cultivating the taste for good music, all of which can be done by attending the chorus classes, the private and public orchestra rehearsals, and the organ concerts, facilities which are offered to the pupils without extra charge.

The chorus classes are deserving of especial mention. The members of these are instructed in musical notation, sight singing, etc.; concise and clear definitions are given of time in music, measure, bar, the construction of scales, the system of intervals, etc., — all this according to approved and thoroughly digested methods. Hand in hand with these the theory classes progress. It will be evident to every one that by thus distributing the subjects more thoroughness, with concessions to the less talented, is made possible. The attendance on these classes is strictly controlled by carefully kept registers. The influence of these phases of instruction can scarcely be overestimated. Even the College Chorus, of which mention was made in the last letter, is subjected to this course; failure to attend on the chorus class arranged for the members brings with it forfeiture of membership of the College Chorus. These few remarks may give an idea of the high aim which the musical director has in view. The fruits are beginning to appear. But it would not be wise to anticipate too much.

As the programmes of the chamber and orchestra concerts given so far have been published in your journal, a few words concerning the organizations which execute them may not be amiss. For six years past we have had a standing orchestra, which was under the direction of Mr. Michael Brand, a musician of unusual talent and ability. Mr. Hallenberg, who had undertaken the management of the organization, found himself restricted during the first few years to drawing on the resident musicians only, as the orchestra, on account of want of permanent employment, was necessarily disbanded during the summer months. As soon as the hill-top resorts sprang into existence, however, he was enabled to keep the organization intact during the whole year, and immediately began to procure the services of the best musicians obtainable in other cities, until the orchestra during the last season, in its nucleus, consisted of very good musicians, some of them excellent. Mr. Thomas, on his arrival, secured the members of the Cincinnati Orchestra, as it was called, and supplemented it with such other musicians as he deemed fit. The progress made by this new organization, as *Concertmeister* of which Mr. Jacobsohn exerts an excellent influence, together with his quartet associates, Messrs. Baetens and Hartdegen, is really astonishing, and redounds to the credit of Mr. Thomas, who is proving himself more than ever before a most excellent director, and no less successful a drill-master of orchestral bodies. The string orchestra has improved remarkably in fullness of tone, precision, and intonation, while the unity and balance of the whole organization is becoming more and more satisfactory with every public performance. The pecuniary resources placed at the disposal of the director are such as enable him to have as many rehearsals as he thinks necessary, a decided advantage over similar bodies elsewhere. The programmes already published serve to prove that the works essayed at the different concerts are among the most difficult of orchestral scores. In the last concert a novelty was presented: Symphony No. 1, in D, of C. Ph. Emanuel Bach, a work of remarkable freshness and originality when the date of its composition (1776) is considered. The other numbers of the programme were triple concerto, D minor, J. S. Bach, performed by Messrs. Andres, Schneider, and Singer; Overture to *Magic Flute*; and the Pastoral Symphony.

In the last chamber concert Mr. Thomas made his final appearance as member of the string quartet. His duties have become so manifold and so engrossing as to make it impossible for him to devote enough time to the rehearsals for a good ensemble. His place will be filled by Mr. Eich, who for years has been considered one of the best of our resident violinists. Mr. Jacobsohn's extraordinary abilities as a violinist and musician are acknowledged throughout the country. Mr. Hartdegen, too, is so well known that he can forego any mention of his excellence as a 'cello player. Mr. Baetens combines with a perfect mastery of his instrument, the viola, a very extensive experience in England and on the Continent as a quartet player, while Mr. Thomas in former years gave the public frequent opportunity to judge of his qualifications as a violinist. With every succeeding concert the ensemble has improved noticeably; especially in the last two a warmth of tone color, produced by a more perfect balance of the different instruments, was apparent, giving promise of unusual excellence. The programme consisted of Quartet in E-flat, Mozart; Rondo Brillante, Op 70, Schubert (Messrs. Andres and Jacobsohn); Quintet in C, Op. 29, Beethoven (with the assistance of Mr. Brockhoven). In the last number, especially, Mr. Jacobsohn displayed his wonderful technique, and, above all, his excellent musical taste and moderation in ensemble playing. The enthusiasm created was genuine and unaffected.— Mr. Whiting's activity continues with the most gratifying results, as is shown by the attendance on his organ recitals. The public is gradually coming to an appreciation of their artistic and pedagogical value. Among other numbers his programmes during the past week contained: Fugues, Bach; Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Mendelssohn; Andante and Finale from Fourth Organ Symphony, C. M. Widor; Cannona in A minor, Guilmant; Organ Study on Pleyel's Hymn, J. Bapst Calkin; Four Interludes to the "Magnificat" (plain chant), Whiting; Overture to "The Siege of Rochelle," Balfe. ALPHA MU.

CHICAGO, JAN. 24. — On Thursday evening, January 9, the "Abt Society" gave its first concert This society consists of a male chorus of twenty-four persons, embracing the leading voices of the city, and is to devote itself to the performance of four-part music. While its aim is but to produce music of a limited order (for all the part songs that are usually given by societies of this character have about them a certain sameness), it will fill a place in our concert season, and do much to interest a large class of persons who admire music of this kind. It is very fortunate in regard to its active membership, for I have never heard better voices in a chorus of this kind. The balance of the parts is good, and the leading tenors are particularly strong, while the second basses possess voices of much power, voices which harmonize nicely, and furnish a good foundation of pure tone for the other parts to rest upon. Of course, as this was a first concert of a new society, after but some three months' practice, one can hardly expect more than a suggestion of possibilities. The programme consisted of the following numbers: —

"The Village Blacksmith" . . . . *Hatton.*
"Evening" . . . . *Kunze.*
"How came Love" . . . . *M. Frei.*
"He 's the Man to know" . . . . *Zöllner.*
"Serenade" . . . . *Storck.*
"Blest Pair of Sirens" . . . . *Mosenthal.*
"Good Night" . . . . *Kirchner.*
Pilgrim Chorus from Tannhäuser . . . . . *Wagner.*

They were assisted by Mr. Max Pinner, of New York, pianist, who played the following pieces,

(*a.*) Allegro . . . . *Scarlatti.*
(*b.*) Nocturne . . . . *Chopin.*
(*c.*) Polonaise, Op. 53 . . . . *Chopin.*

and the Tarantelle from Venezia e Napoli of Liszt. Also by a home vocalist, Miss Fannie Whitney, who sang "Nobil Signor" from *The Huguenots* of Meyerbeer, and a song of Blumenthal's. Mr. Pinner was very well received, being twice recalled. He seems to be a truly intelligent player, possessing much refinement of taste, and is able to bring out a pure quality of tone from his instrument, without forcing it beyond its limit into the confines of noise. His interpretation of the gentle Nocturne of Chopin was particularly pleasing, and indicated that he had made a close study of the poetical nature of this composer, and that he was able to reproduce the dreamy sentiment of longing (which seems to be the idea in this Nocturne) with so much fidelity that the Chopin spirit was at least made plain to us. In the Liszt selection he was also very happy, and manifested the pleasing faculty of producing beautiful tone effects from the piano. His effort seemed to be, in all his playing, to interpret the works of the composers, rather than to astonish by any brilliant effect; and in thus placing self subordinate in the representation of the musical intentions of others, he manifested an honesty of purpose highly commendable in these days of superficial show. Miss Whitney is a young singer who has yet much to learn, particularly in regard to the formation of pure tone. Like many young singers she forces her voice, hoping to gain volume, and loses thereby quality, which is surely a most necessary element in all musical tone.

On Monday evening, January 13, Her Majesty's Opera Company began a season of two weeks at Haverly's Theatre. As this company has been so recently in Boston it is hardly necessary to do more than record a few impressions. The first week we had *Carmen* (twice), *La Sonnambula*, (twice), *Nozze di Figaro*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the old stand-by, *Il Trovatore*. Indeed, taken as a whole, we have never had opera given as perfectly in the West, and for two weeks the enthusiasm of our musical people and the daily press has had very little limitation. The most perfect performances have been *Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Carmen*. The *Figaro* of Mozart suffered very badly, owing to a foolish quarrel between Madame Roze and Miss Hauk in regard to dressing rooms; in consequence of this childish difficulty the lovely opera was so badly mutilated as to be hardly recognizable; and the whole performance just escaped being a complete failure.

The "Gerster nights" have called out the largest numbers of people, and "standing room" has often been at a premium at the operas in which this gifted lady has sung. Indeed, gallantry may excuse me for passing by the splendid chorus, and the fine band, and the most worthy support furnished this charming singer, to notice more particularly the talent of the lady herself. I can remember no operatic experience that was more interesting than the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Mme. Gerster took the title *rôle*. From the moment she sang her first aria, "Regnava nel silenzio," until the closing note of the "mad scene" in the third act, she held the audience spellbound. As we remember the gentle presence of this charming singer, and listen for the reecho of those pure, melting tones, it is difficult to recall any vocalist who has made a more marked impression upon us than this lady. A number of singers have had as great flexibility and vocal technique, but no one has sung Lucia in my hearing who could so completely represent the idea of the character, even amid all the brilliancy of the music. In the "mad scene," where other singers have made the music a vocal display of execution, she undertakes the more difficult task of representing the heart-broken girl, maddened by her grief. The brilliant cadenzas with the flute seem to have a higher art in them than ever before She renders the florid passages as if her attention had just been called to the music of the flute, and her madness took the form of mimicry; she imitated intuitively. The wonderful sympathy of her high notes is remarkable, for she is able to impress on them such coloring of tone that nothing seems unfitting the character she is representing The very identity of the spirit is felt there,

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manifesting the pure emotions of a noble soul. The careful manner in which she never allows a note to increase in volume at the expense of purity and sweetness is a lesson to all our young singers. Her Amina in *Sonnambula* is also a very perfect creation. In the "Ah, non credea" the delicate purity of her tones, breathing a simple sadness that was most touching, gave such a lovely picture of the simple and pure maiden that the audience was hushed to perfect silence through deep sympathy with the character, as well as calmed by delight.

There is something greater in such singing then mere art. It is as if the spirit of song, mistress of all forms and powers, was manifesting her own pure thoughts in the most perfect and lovely manner. Splendid voices have sung to us before, larger and grander tones have been given, but for simplicity, purity, sweetness, and real feeling, Mme. Gerster stands alone. She makes a little home for herself in every musical heart, and we shall love to remember her there with honest devotion.

In *Rigoletto* her powers have not so fine an opportunity to manifest themselves.

Miss Minnie Hauk had little to do the first week except to sing the part of Carmen and half of a part in *Figaro*. Her acting of the Spanish Gypsy was very fine, and she lent to the character power and dramatic consistency of which it is hardly worthy. We believe it is in no way a favorite *rôle* with her, and indeed it gives her but little opportunity to display her real ability and musical culture. In other parts she does herself much more justice. Madame Rose has been singing quite well, and had it not been for the "Gerster fever" would have attracted much attention for her honest efforts. As it was she had a warm reception. She sang in *Figaro* and *Il Trovatore*.

Sig. Campanini comes back to us a fine artist, and has met with an enthusiastic reception. Signori Galassi and Foli have made themselves favorites, and Sig. Frapolli has proved himself to be a careful singer; indeed the whole troupe have now a firm place in our esteem. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 5. — Since I wrote you last there have been five local concerts worthy of record. Four were chamber concerts by four young people, two brothers and two sisters named, Heine. They range in age from fourteen to twenty-one years, and have been trained by their father to play the piano-forte, violin, viola, and 'cello. Their playing, if not that of mature artists, is interesting and musician-like, and worthy of the name of genuine interpretation. They are thoroughly at home in the whole range of chamber music, classical and modern, and read everything at sight. The programmes speak for themselves. The only mistake was in opening each with an overture.

(1.) BEETHOVEN. Overture: "Egmont;" String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 5; "Kreutzer" Sonata, Op. 47 (2d and 3d movement); Quartet, for piano, violin, etc., Op. 16.

(2.) SCHUBERT. Overture: "Rosamunde;" Duo for piano and violin, Op. 162, in four movements; String Quartet, posthumous, in G; Adagio and Rondo, posthumous, for piano, violin, alto, and 'cello.

(3.) MENDELSSOHN. Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, Op. 66 (last three movements); Violin Concerto (2d and 3d movement); String Quartet, in E flat, Op. 12.

(4.) Overture: "Preciosa," *Weber*; Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, (2d and 3d movement), Op. 54, *Fesca*; String Quartet, Op. 136, Allegro, *Raff*; Quartet, piano, violin, etc., Op. 47, *Schumann*.

The fifth concert was the 260th of the Musical Society, under the leadership of Prof. Mickler. This was the programme:

Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream." *Mendelssohn.*
Chorus, with Tenor Solo, "The Young Cavalier." *F. Möhring.*
J. Oestreicher and Maennerchor.
Aria from "Jessonda." . . . . *Spohr.*
Franz Remmerts.
Songs for Mixed Chorus . . . . *Abt.*
(*a.*) "I Must Sing Again."
(*b.*) "Come Gang with Me."
(*c.*) "Wanderer's Joy."
Unfinished Symphony (in B minor) . . . . *Schubert.*
"Past!" . . . . *F. Möhring.*
Maennerchor, with Baritone and Tenor Solos.
Messrs. Franz Remmerts and J. Oestreicher.
Songs for Baritone: —
(*a.*) "By the Sea" . . . . *Schubert.*
(*b.*) "The Two Grenadiers." . . . . . *Schumann.*
Gypsy Life (Poem by Em. Geibel) for Mixed Chorus. *Schumann.*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment, by . . *C. Grädener.*)

The orchestra seemed to be in rather better condition than at the previous concerts of this season. The whole concert was well done, the choruses especially showing improvement in precision and shading. Mr. Remmerts's noble baritone voice was at its best in Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," as exciting and inspiring a song as he could possibly have selected. We are to be so fortunate as to hear him again soon.

Perhaps I ought to mention among our local concerts the Sunday concerts at Turner Hall by Chr. Bach's orchestra. These are primarily intended for amusement and recreation, rather than for culture; but the programmes not infrequently include such overtures as Mozart's *Magic Flute*, Weber's *Freischütz* and *Oberon*, movements from Haydn's and Beethoven's symphonies, Saint-Saëns's *Phaeton*, etc. They are reasonably well done.

Wilhelmj has been here again and played the Beethoven concerto in D most superbly. He grew on us all the time as virtuoso and artist. He had with him this time Mr. Emil Liebling as pianist. Mr. Liebling has a very sure and clear technique, and played Liszt's transcription of Bach's great G-minor organ fugue in a way that left little to be desired. I was not so much inspired by his rendering of the Chopin Scherzo.

I have further to chronicle a concert by the Mrs. H. M. Smith concert company, with a light but pleasing and creditable programme. Mrs. Smith herself seemed to be in her best voice, and sang with rare purity, precision, and beauty of expression. The whole company deserves favorable mention. J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO. — Good music is not without its faithful, able representatives in the farthest Western city of this continent. One of the most devoted and most influential for good, particularly in the fields of organ and piano music, was the lamented Joseph Trenkle, whose spirit and whose influence still live. He is well remembered and esteemed in Boston. Another Bostonian, a more recent emigrant, is doing a good work there. An important member of our Apollo Club, he has carried the good seed with him to his new home, where he inspires, teaches, and conducts the Loring Club, of which he is the father. It is composed of some fifty male voices, and its tasteful miniature quarto books of words and programmes, which we occasionally receive, are much after the model of the Apollo books; while its répertoire includes very many of the best part songs given by the Boston clubs, confining itself thus far to this more modest sphere, and not yet undertaking such grand tasks as the *Antigone* music of Mendelssohn. Mr. Loring is endeavoring to gather a chorus of ladies, so that the Club may bring out music for mixed voices, including now and then a chorale, or other short work, by Bach.

Better still, San Francisco has its regular series of classical chamber concerts, string quartets, quintets, etc., all from its own local resources. These are given by the Schmidt Quintette, composed of Miss Alice Schmidt (Leipzig pupil), piano-forte; Louis Schmidt, Jr. (do.), violin; Clifford Schmidt, violin; Louis Schmidt, viola; Ernst Schmidt (Leipzig graduate), violoncello. All of the Schmidt family! So the *consensus* should be perfect. One of the local critics, honest and outspoken and a cultivated musician, writes of the fourth concert, December 6): "The keynote to the entire evening was struck in the string quartet of Haydn, with which the concert opened — Mr. Clifford Schmidt leading — of which the Menuetto was given with the most charming grace and humor. Mr. Clifford also placed a new feather in his cap — and a still larger one, I think, in that of his teacher, his elder brother, Louis, Jr. — by his really admirable playing of the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; the Andante, although beautifully played, suffered somewhat from the rather rapid tempo in which it has become the fashion of late years to play it (entirely uncalled for and mistaken, I think), but the Finale was a delightful performance in many respects. So was also that of the Variations Sérieuses, by Miss Schmidt, who certainly showed great courage in attempting this most difficult and profound of Mendelssohn's piano-forte compositions, but who proved herself to be as nearly equal to the task of playing it as it is possible to be at her age. The enthusiasm of youth is rarely tempered with artistic reticence; young blood must be permitted its moments of gush. But I prefer it in mild doses, especially in Mendelssohn's music. The String Quartet of Schubert — the posthumous Allegro molto in C minor — a work of indescribable beauty, and one that made a truly profound impression on the audience, was one of the most perfect quartet performances I ever heard anywhere. Aware, as I was, of the great difficulty of this movement, both for each individual player and in the *ensemble*, I had prepared myself to be satisfied with a moderately good performance of it, and, indeed, should have considered this quite an achievement. But I was delightfully disappointed. Mrs. Tippett, who did not seem to be in her best voice, sang with the true musical intelligence and sympathetic style that characterizes everything she does. The first song, by Raff, was not well chosen, for her, since it should be given with a dramatic force for which her voice is entirely inadequate; the songs of Reinecke, with violin, he sings beautifully."

The fifth and last programme (December 29) included the piano-forte Quintet of Schumann, clarinet Quintet of Mozart, Gavotte of Bazzini for strings, Aria for violin by Bach, a Ciaconne for violin, by Vitali, Romanza for 'cello, by Bargiel, and the brilliant Capriccio in B minor of Mendelssohn (with quintet accompaniment) for piano-forte. Mrs. Mariner-Campbell sang an Aria from "Pré aux clercs" with obligato violin, and a "Slumber Song" by Oscar Weil.

Then again, still more important, San Francisco has, and has had for a quarter of a century, its own orchestra, which plays symphonies, etc., — a larger orchestra than we can command just now in Boston, and a very good one, as Mr. Zerrahn will testify, who conducted in the festival there last June. The silver anniversary of the presentation of a baton to the conductor of this Philharmonic Society, Mr. Rudolph Herold, was to take place on the 22d ult. We have before us programmes of eight Orchestral Matinées given in two months (September 18 to November 20). They include, Beethoven: *Leonore* Overture, numbers 1, 2, and 3; Eighth Symphony. Mozart: Concerto in E flat for two pianos; Concerto for French horn. Haydn: Symphony in D. Schubert: unfinished Symphony in B minor. Schumann: Symphony in D minor (twice). F. Lachner: Suite No. 2, in E minor. Gade: Fourth Symphony, B-flat. Rubinstein: Ocean Symphony. Besides many smaller pieces.

CINCINNATI. — The President of the College of Music, in his statement to the directors, declares that the result so far exceeds his most sanguine expectations; that the school has already 283 pupils, with ample accommodations for from 500 to 1,000. It is complained that the weekly organ concerts are too much of a drain upon the treasury of the College.

The new College Choir will take up the following interesting works for practice with a view to public performance: Handel's "Hercules," composed in 1744, and originally styled an Oratorio (never yet given in this country); Schubert's Mass in E-flat; Verdi's "Requiem;" selections from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and Bach's Cantata, "Ein feste Burg."

"The Musical Club" is the title of a Cincinnati institution of two or three years' standing, composed of most of the leading musicians of the city, who meet together in a friendly way on Sunday afternoons. They have usually a printed programme, but sometimes any one who feels like it plays. It has done much to promote a kindly feeling among the members. Occasionally a member submits a new composition to the criticism of the Club, and we are told that some very creditable efforts have been made in this direction. This Club paid a graceful tribute to the memory of Beethoven on the 108th anniversary of his birth (December 17, 1878), when the following programme was presented: —

(1.) Trio for piano-forte, violin and 'cello. Op. 70. No. 1.
Geo. Schneider, S. E. Jacobsohn, A. Hartdegen.
(2.) Sonata, for piano-forte. C major. Op. 53.
Armin Doerner.
(3.) Elegiac Song, for four voices and accompaniment of strings. Op. 118.
Misses Ruth Jones and Emma Cranch; Messrs. Geo. A. Fitch and Chas. J. Davis.
(4.) Quartet, for two violins, viola, and 'cello. Op. 95.
Theodore Thomas, S. E. Jacobsohn, C. Bartens, A. Hartdegen.

It is the Board of Directors of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association who offer the prize referred to in our last. We quote from their announcement: —

"This association was organized for the purpose of elevating the standard of music. In the three festivals already given, it is believed that this object has in good measure been attained. The choral and orchestral works of the great masters have been worthily represented, and honest, healthy musical influences have been exerted upon large numbers of people. New works have been given upon these occasions. The directors of the association are, however, now convinced that with the resources of soloists, chorus, and orchestra available for the festivals, there is the proper field in this country for the display and encouragement of native musical talent.

"The association, therefore, offers a prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the most meritorious work for chorus and orchestra, the competition for which is to be open only to *native-born* citizens of the United States. This work will be performed at the fourth festival in the month of May, 1880.

"Five judges will be appointed to decide upon the merits of the compositions presented for competition. Three of these judges, one of whom will be Mr. Theodore Thomas, will be nominated by the Musical Festival Association. The other two judges will be selected by the three whose appointment is already provided for. Mr. Thomas will be president of the board of judges. The works offered for competition must not occupy more than sixty minutes in the performance.

"The full score and a piano score of all works must be placed in the hands of the president of the board of judges in Cincinnati, on or before October 1, 1879.

"The author of the prize composition shall own the copyright of his work.

"The association will pay the cost of its publication, having direction over the same, making its own arrangement with the publisher for such numbers of the work as it may require, which shall be free from copyright. The association shall have the right of performance at any and all times."

PITTSFIELD, MASS. — Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed in the First Church January 27, by the Oratorio Class of Mr. Blodgett's Music School, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, soprano; Miss Florence E. Holmes, contralto; Mr. W. H. Fessenden, tenor; Mr. J. F. Winch, basso, and an orchestra from Boston; conductor, B. C. Blodgett; organist, E. B. Story.

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BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1879.

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TO PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE, BY C. P. CRANCH.

What measure, what restraint, to fond regret
For one who was so dear, can e'er be set?
Melpomene, to whom thy father gave
Thy liquid voice and harp, teach me thy grave,
Sad music! Must then perpetual sleep of death
Fall on Quinctilius? When, for modest worth,
For uncorrupted faith —
Sister of Justice — truth unveiled and clear,
Say when upon this earth
Shall we e'er find his peer?
He is bemoaned by many good and true;
Bemoaned by none, O Virgil, more than you.
You supplicate the gods, alas, in vain,
To give Quinctilius back again:
Though sought by you with pious prayer,
Not thus was he entrusted to their care.

What though you touch the lyre with harmonies
Sweeter than Orpheus mid the listening trees,
The life-blood never will retrace its course,
That empty shade to penetrate,
Which Mercury, relentless to enforce
Against all prayers the stern decrees of fate,
Drives with his dreadful wand along
To join the dusky throng.
Hard lot! Yet ills we're powerless to repair,
Become through patience easier to bear.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 27.)

WITH almost as much apparent right as the friends of Chopin, the friends of Delacroix might assert that George Sand wrote some of her finest pages under *his* "inspiration." He was for years her intimate friend (their acquaintance dated from her first residence in Paris), and the instructor of her son Maurice, who afterwards displayed varied talent as an artist in his genial designs, and as a *littérateur* in romances of greater erudition than spontaneity. We should not, indeed, do her great injustice were we to term her, in a certain limited æsthetic sense, the pupil of Delacroix. But what a pupil! How many painters, art-critics, or reviewers, among her contemporaries, could have held their own with such depth of thought, such precision of expression, as she did, whether in agreement with, or in opposition to, the views of her distinguished friend? — a friend, too, who, in addition to his remarkable genius as a painter, displayed uncommon talent in criticism, to the literature of which he contributed many valuable articles, reviews, and letters, which were collected and published after his death. Mme. Dudevant has devoted as many appreciative pages to the genius and character of Delacroix as to those of Chopin, — two artists between whom there existed many resemblances and points of contact, in respect to personality and character. Both were radical in artistic principle, original in artistic manifestation, elegant and fastidious in personal habits, exclusive in society and in friendship, warmly enamored of the ideal. The chief tendency of each artist was the same: a patient study and passionate revelation of the inmost mysteries of pictorial or musical color. But Delacroix, though generous and disinterested as Chopin, was more combative; equally indifferent to pecuniary considerations, he was more so to those of fame and friendship, and he shrank from no trial that would enable him to carry out his artistic convictions. He was one of the most assiduous frequenters of Chopin's salon, and delighted in his compositions, which, he said, in their involved, melting, chromatic harmonies, their soft unity or startling variety of tone, threw him into profound reveries that often suggested to him new combinations of color. It is singular to observe how often Delacroix's admirers have written of the impression produced by his pictures as a "quasi-musical" one, an expression not inapplicable to works in which, from the perfect harmony that exists between subject and sombre yet luminous color, the painting seems magnetically to project its thought to a distance, and to involve us in its own atmosphere, as all great music does. We often find twenty or thirty different tones of color in a single head by Delacroix; the same trait may be observed in the compositions of Chopin, who seems to have needed a musical system more finely divided than our present European one, in order to express his infinitesimal shades of thought. One of Delacroix's contemporaries wrote of his "Sultan of Morocco:" "When has a finer piece of musical coquetry been displayed on canvas? What painter has sung such capricious melodies as this painter has done? What a prodigious chord of novel, hitherto unused, yet delicate and charming tones!" And that admirable writer on art, Théophile Sylvestre, in writing of Delacroix, observes: "This painter not only infinitely exalts the physiognomy of his heroes, but, by what magic I know not, he enables us to look at them through the medium of colors, each one of which recalls, at the same time, a natural feature, and an aspiration of the soul; through blue and green he pursues the immensity of ocean and sky, causes red to sound like the clang of warlike trumpets, and draws sombre complaints from violet. Thus, in colors, he reinvents the melodies of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber." Still better has Charles Baudelaire described the haunting, indelible impression, the ideas, similar to those evoked by romantic music, which are awakened by Delacroix's pictures, in those lines that speak of the painter's woods and lakes,

"Où, sous un ciel chagrin, des fanfares étranges
Passent, comme un soupir étouffé de Weber."

The enemies of Delacroix complained that in order to startle, he gave nothing but continual successions of dissonances, like some great composer, predetermined to split his listeners' ears; the same complaint that is uttered to-day by the opponents of Wagner.

But, although Chopin and Delacroix displayed more than one similar trait in their characters and works, there is another composer, between whom and Delacroix so many more points of resemblance exist, — according to my belief, at least, — that I wonder that the comparison has not yet been made. I mean Hector Berlioz. This composer has been compared to Rembrandt, yet that resemblance is only a slight and superficial one. The likeness between Berlioz and Delacroix was in no way derived from the influence of such intimate intercourse as existed between Chopin and the painter, and if in part owing to the same nationality, and to the spirit of the time, — the revolutionary intellectual movement that affected, more or less, all great minds at that epoch, no matter in what art they expressed themselves, — it arose principally from strikingly original, innate qualities. There was also some resemblance between their artistic development and careers. Delacroix abandoned the antique theatrical style of his master, Guérin, to follow the dictates of his own bold genius; Berlioz forsook the teachings of the Conservatoire (horrifying the orthodox Cherubini by his radical tendencies), in order to carry out his own artistic belief; Delacroix's pictures, "Dante and Virgil crossing the Styx" (1822), and his "Massacre of Scio" (1824), were regarded as the confession of faith of the new school of French painting, and excited a war that is not yet, perhaps, at an end; Berlioz's symphony, the fine "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," played in public for the first time only a few years (four or five) after the first public exposition of Delacroix's great paintings, became the war-cry of the new romantic musical school; the same storm of derision, anger, envy, abuse, surprise, mingled with glowing admiration and enthusiasm, greeted both great artists from the outset, as it usually happens on those rare occasions when some novel and sublime creation shakes mediocrity to its centre, strikes rapturous terror into the heart of the world of art, and gives the signal for another intellectual revolution; unless, indeed, such works are wholly misunderstood, and for a time ignored, as it also happens occasionally. But originality invariably creates its own — a new — standard, and is therefore misunderstood at first, save by a few rare spirits, in exact proportion to its originality. Few people care to climb the novel, rugged paths instead of the smooth and well-beaten ways they have been long accustomed to. They ask, Why will the new mind work in this new fashion? Why not express itself in writing, painting, composing, in the same manner as its predecessors? The new men found a few ardent admirers, however, men of too much breadth and depth of mind themselves not to appreciate a different order of genius, and too noble and generous to fear to express that appreciation openly; thus we know how bravely Robert Schumann took the field in defense of Berlioz (although Schumann somewhat modified his approbation subsequently), and

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among the defenders of Delacroix it is pleasant to find M. Thiers, — who, as an art critic, was much in advance of his time, — finely expressing his admiration of the "Dante and Virgil," in an article written for the *Constitutionnel* as early as 1822. The choice of subjects with Berlioz and Delacroix was often similar, sometimes identical. They have illustrated Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet; Faust, Ivanhoe, Waverley; Sardanapalus, the Odalisques; the Captive, etc., etc. But the most real resemblance lay deeper than any mere outside one. Both men were characterized by the same determined striving towards the most unfettered expression of inward feeling; a striving so resolute, that I will venture to assert that their aspiration was not so much towards pure beauty, or, "*la grace, plus belle que la beauté*," as towards expression, and that they regarded this as more desirable than either beauty or grace. Both displayed the same apparent — but only apparent — audacious exaggeration of details, the same grandiose conception and explosive opulence of coloring, the same general tone of dramatic melancholy, the same occasional harshness, with an occasional surprisingly exquisite, sylph-like, flower-like delicacy and fancifulness of idea and execution. But, as music is an art less generally understood than painting, Berlioz, though only three years younger than Delacroix, passed through a far longer and more painful ordeal in his struggle for recognition, than did the more immediately successful painter; indeed, Berlioz remained one of art's martyrs all his life, and is only now — too late, alas! — beginning to be recognized as all he really was. Nor can we say that, strictly speaking, Berlioz has founded a school with numerous disciples, like Delacroix; though his influence on subsequent composers, especially Liszt and Wagner, has been great, it is somewhat occult. Yet it cannot be said of any composer that he has founded a school, though he may have inaugurated a new stage of musical progress; for music is so thoroughly subjective an art that the greatest composers, as soon as they have thrown off the fetters of conventionality, are always the most original and consequently the most inimitable. In Germany, for twenty years, the muse of Berlioz was slandered as a Mœnad, himself as a lunatic, his works as the result of hasheesh visions, the creations of a Hell-Breughel enlarged to the colossal dimensions of a Michael Angelo.[1] Delacroix, too, was often made the object of comparisons drawn from the vocabulary of the Inferno; the academical Ingres, on leaving the room where Delacroix's pictures were exhibited at the first universal Parisian exposition, so far forgot himself as to exclaim aloud, "Bah! it smells of sulphur!" Even Berlioz's sharp-cut, noble face and his kindly blue eyes were described as those of an ogre; the music-dealer Hofmann, in Prague, kept a plaster cast of the bust of Caracalla from the Capitoline Museum in his window, and coolly pointed it out to his customers as "the bust of the famous Berlioz!" If a phenomenon, however, he was no monster, though blood seems more often to flow through his scores, — as across the canvases of Delacroix, — than any weak counterfeit of vitality.

[1] Pieter Breughel the younger, the Dutch painter, was nicknamed "Hell-Breughel," from his fondness for subjects treating of deviltry, witchcraft, robbery, etc., and permitting sharp contrasts of light and shade and color. One of his most famous pictures, in the Florence gallery, is his "Orpheus playing to the Infernal Gods."

In endeavoring to judge of the influence which the circle of artists surrounding George Sand may or may not have exerted on the tendency of her works, it is agreeable to observe that Charles Baudelaire, fine and subtle critic, though so imbued with the spirit of pessimism, believed, with George Sand, an optimist in her judgment of her friends, that the character of Delacroix was as entirely noble as his genius was sublime. In Baudelaire's study of the life and works of Eugène Delacroix, he speaks as follows: "At first sight Delacroix simply struck us as a courteous gentleman, one of rare cultivation, unprejudiced and unimpassioned. He only permitted old acquaintances to penetrate the varnish and to divine the abstruse recesses of his soul. Prosper Mérimée was the man with whom, outwardly, he could alone legitimately be compared; both displayed the same somewhat affected apparent coldness, the same icy cloak covering exquisite sensibility and ardent adoration of the good and beautiful; the same deep devotion to a few friends and convictions, under the pretense of egotism. All in Delacroix was energy, but the energy of will and nervous vivacity; for physically he was frail and delicate. The tiger on the watch for his prey displays less fire in his eyes, less spasmodic impatience of his muscles, than did our great painter when his whole soul was possessed by one idea, or striving to possess itself of a vision. The very character of his physiognomy, — his Peruvian complexion, and large black eyes, somewhat marred and sunken, indeed, by the continual exercise of their powers of observation, yet seeming almost to swallow the light; his lustrous, abundant black hair; his fine, thin lips, which had acquired an expression almost bordering on cruelty from continued tension of the will, — his entire person, indeed, conveyed the idea of an exotic origin. He might have been compared to the crater of a volcano, artistically concealed by tufts of flowers. Delacroix was warmly in love with passion, and coldly resolved to seek every means of expressing passion in the most unmistakable manner. These are the two traits most observable in all extreme genius, the genius that Heaven did not create merely to please cowardly and easily satisfied natures, those that find nourishment enough in mild, timid, imperfect works. Immense passion, backed by formidable will, — such was Delacroix as an artist. In his eyes passionate imagination was the most precious of divine gifts, the most important of human faculties, but sterile and powerless unless sustained by sure and rapid technical ability, capable of seconding that imperial and despotic faculty in its most impatient caprices. He never found it necessary to excite the always incandescent fire of his own imagination, but he complained that the day was too short for the study and practice of every means of giving voice to that imagination. To this incessant preoccupation we must attribute his perpetual researches into the mysteries of color, his inquiries into the science of chemistry, and his long interviews with color manufacturers. In these studies he resembled Leonardo da Vinci. Yet Delacroix, in spite of his love for all the brilliant, ardent phenomena of vitality, will never be confounded with the vulgar crowd of artists and *littérati*, whose narrow, near-sighted intelligence, and rough, rationalistic materialism strives to conceal itself behind the vague and obscure name of realism." The manner in which George Sand has written of Delacroix, as of Chopin, and others of her friends, should be enough to convince us that she would be the last to conceal any source from which she might possibly have drawn any of her supposed outside "inspiration;" had she been a practical plastic artist, she would certainly have shared the noble, reverent feeling of Washington Allston, who said, "I would not be the first painter in the world, even if I could; but, if possible, the second, for then I should still have some one to look up to." I extract a few passages from her remarks, so utterly opposed, in their critical spirit, to the satanic spirit, — that of cold, cynical denial, — on the character and genius of Delacroix: "Eugène Delacroix was one of my first friends in the artist world, and I am also fortunate enough to count him among my old friends now. Old, it must be understood, is the word that refers to the age of our relations toward each other, but not to the person. Delacroix is not, never can be old, for he is a genius, and therefore always young. To name him is to name one of those pure men, of whom the world fancies it has said enough in declaring them to be honorable, since the world does not know how difficult it is to be so for the laborer who bends under the weight of his task, or for the artist who wrestles with his own genius. The history of our intercourse may be related in these few words: friendship without a cloud. A history as rare as it is delightful! but with us it is the absolute truth. I do not know whether the character of Delacroix has its imperfections or not; but while living near him, in continuous social relations, or in the country, I failed to discover even a small fault in it. And yet who can be more simple, affectionate, trustful, confiding in friendship, than he is? I certainly owe to him, besides, the happiest hours of pure delight that I ever tasted as an artist. If other great minds have initiated me into their discoveries and delights in the sphere of an ideal common to us all, I can say that no artistic individuality was ever more sympathetic to me than his, or more intelligible in its vivifying expansion. In music, and in poetic appreciation, too, Delacroix is equal to what we should expect from one whose standard in his own art is so exalted; and in conversation, when he fully reveals himself, he is charming, or sublime, and both with perfect unconsciousness. He is great, too, not only in his art, but in his artistic life. I shall not speak of his private virtues, his tenderness toward his suffering friends, his devotion to his family, or of the solid qualities of his character, for those are mere individual merits which appertain to all honorable private life, and which friendship has no right to publish to the world, since they do not concern it;

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but the integrity of his *artistic* conduct, his indifference to popularity, his disdain of money, his refusal to yield a single artistic principle, in spite of loss, and in the face of persecution, — all this, like every noble example of public life and character, belongs to the public, and must be placed before the public, for its profit, admiration, and if possible, for imitation as well as appreciation. Many of his own admirable letters would paint him as he is better than I could do it; but may we unveil the character of living friends in such a manner, even though we believe the revelation may result in their glorification? No; friendship, like love, possesses its own modest discretion and timidity." [1]

(To be continued.)

MASON'S PIANO-FORTE TECHNICS.

(Continued from page 29.)

FROM this review of the two factors, mind and muscle, it is at once plain that exercises must be chosen which have a twofold object: the training of muscles as such from a gymnast's point of view, and the training of them for the expression of thought. This is true of the exercises found in this work. Of course some of these exercises should have a more direct bearing upon muscular development; and the same, or others, because of the method of treatment, should furnish the most arduous mental discipline. Among the former should be classed the two-finger exercise, since it has for its main object the bringing into action of all the muscles of the fingers, both singly and combined. Before this is presented "touch" is explained (Chapter VI.). (Owing to lack of space I must refer the reader to the work itself for illustrations and definitions.)

In general it is divided into finger, hand, and arm touch. There are four forms of finger touch: (1) "Clinging touch;" (2) "Plain legato;" (3) "Mild staccato," and (4) "Elastic touch." "In the *clinging touch* the pressure always exceeds the natural power of the fingers." "In the *plain legato* the pressure does not exceed the natural force of the finger." The two-finger exercise is applied to the diatonic and chromatic scale, broken major thirds, broken chromatic major and minor thirds, double thirds and sixths, diminished seventh chord and black keys. There are four forms or methods of practice depending upon the touches used: First, "Exercise for the *clinging touch*." In this the first key is struck with a free blow "from the wrist," and is held down with a heavy pressure till the "next key is struck by the next finger, which must be raised high for that purpose." This second key is held down with a heavy pressure, and the second finger is changed for the first, and "the third key is struck in the same manner as the second, and so on."

Second. "Exercise for the *elastic touch*." In this the first key is struck down as in the former case, but the second tone is produced by extending the finger, and then spitefully shutting the hand.

Third. "Exercise for *light and rapid playing*." In this the "*plain legato*" and *light staccato* are used.

Fourth. "Exercise for *velocity, lightness*, and *brilliancy*." This "is the summing up of the other three with something peculiar to itself," namely velocity, which has a more direct bearing upon the mental side.

Because of its simplicity of form and bringing into action all the muscles of the fingers, this exercise is certainly the most effective means for muscular development. The novelty here is its application to so many different tonal forms, diatonic scale, broken thirds, etc., and the methods of practice, as just explained. Valuing this exercise as much as the authors, I still must, in part, dissent from the method of treatment. In the chapter on "How to use this System" (Chapter XIII.), it says, "This (the two-finger exercise) is the first technical exercise to be given to beginners, since if they cannot play two tones successively it is of no use to ask them to play more." And children are to "receive each one of the elementary forms," that is, the first and second methods of treatment. To give this exercise in the manner described would be like requiring a beginner in vocal culture to sing as loudly as possible, in order to give flexibility and strength to the vocal chords. Mere gripping muscular strength is not what is first wanted. Each finger has its nerve centre or motor centre, and the great object of technical development, as regards the fingers, is to teach each one of these motor centres to respond independently of all others, as far as possible, to the slightest volition and its reflex action. Hence, concentration of nerve force is the first essential, and generally this cannot be done at first in connection with the use of much muscular power. And right here the bearing of the question upon the action of the flexor muscles is plain. It is this ability to send the nervous current through the proper motor centre into any given muscle (which I have termed *concentration of nervous force*), which constitutes that "independence" and "flexibility" so much talked about by teachers, and as little understood as the way to the north pole. Concentration of nervous force and inner muscular power is as essential in piano as in vocal training; and which, we ask, should come first, concentration or great strength? Will not strength grow with the growth of concentrated effort? This can have but one answer, and that in the affirmative.

The application of the two-finger exercise to the diatonic scale is given as the simplest form. It might be asked why the trill is not a simpler form, since it allows of a more quiet position of the hand, and avoids all that tendency to use the hand which arises in the attempt, on the part of a beginner, to strike the same tone with two successive fingers. It admits also of continuous treatment, and the application of all those devices suggested in this work for mental training. It is a matter of note that the trill finds no place in this system. Another two-finger exercise I should like to have seen incorporated with the others, and that is, an exercise for the development of the independent action of the *adductor* of the thumb. The under-stroke of the thumb is too important to be relegated to scale and arpeggio practice alone.

Another important set of exercises, having a strong bearing upon muscular development, are those for the hand stroke. This is secured in this work by the octave exercises. A-side from the application of the velocity idea, there is nothing essentially novel. It is a concise and complete treatment of a subject that is generally let alone till met with in some composition, and then some awful octave *étude* is brought out to meet matters. The early development of the hand stroke is not dwelt upon, not even mentioned. This should be one of the first, and rather precede than follow finger exercises, since it conduces to looseness of wrist in finger practice. No one need wait till he can reach an octave before putting into practice all the principles laid down in this chapter. Any one can reach a sixth, and this admits of a great variety of treatment for acquiring flexibility of wrist and scale movement.

It remains for us to notice some points in this system which have a bearing upon the mental side. These are rhythm, as applied to technical exercises, and the velocity idea. In the chapter on rhythm there is some ambiguity in the meaning of that term. At least it is made to do duty for two distinct ideas.

"Any rhythmical succession becomes a rhythm when it consists of a symmetrical number of measures and ends with an accent." "Thus it plainly appears that all musical rhythms consist finally of twos or threes, or combinations of both. In this book rhythms are distinguished as rhythms of threes, fours, sixes, eights, nines, . . . and so on, according to the number of tones in the measures of which the rhythm is composed." In the first quotation we have the idea of the union or grouping of measures as constituting rhythm. In the second quotation, this idea is again expressed, and also the definition of rhythm as being the subdivision of the units of the measure. With this exception this chapter is very complete and systematic. The tables and illustrations are all that could be desired.

The importance of this is seen, however, in its application to technical exercises. The idea of using rhythm in this direction is not new, but its systematic application as here developed is extremely novel and exhaustive, and leaves no room for additions. The advantages as they are enumerated are: (1) discipline in time; (2) accentuation conduces to discrimination in touch and emphasis; (3) the attempt to complete the rhythm cultivates endurance; and this latter requires (4) concentration of mind, and hence is an effective means for mental discipline. If I were to give the order of these, — the discipline in concentration of mind, and tone, — thought should come first, as this is essential to a comprehension of all the rest. There is another advantage which might be urged here, and that is that this conduces to a study of tone and tone combinations from an æsthetical stand-point.

The velocity idea, as applied to technics, is new, although found in the studies of Czerny, Bertini, and others. It is based upon the principle of automatic thought, and automatic relations between the thinking centre and mechanism of expression, as explained in the chapter on the mind. When one reads a sentence rapidly, but little of the tonal elements enters into the conscious thought. So in playing rapidly the mind cannot consciously take cognizance of all the tones, but thinks from point to point, ordering the performance of large groups of tones. This "velocity exercise" thus consists, in general, of any passage (rendered familiar by previous practice) played in the manner following: Taking its first tone firmly, we hold it for a little over two counts; thus fixing the mind on the final tone of the passage, we pass lightly over the intervening tones, alighting on the final key at the third count.

This exercise is at first taken in short distances, which are progressively enlarged, the rate of counting remaining unchanged, whereby the speed of the velocity passage is augmented by degrees. It will be seen that velocity is narrowed down to the idea of a "spurt;" but musicians who have written *Studes* for velocity had that idea of velocity which is illustrated by Weber's "Perpetual Motion," as well as this, which is illustrated by the embellishments of some adagio movements and in Chopin's works; and they wrote for both, so that while "it may

[1] Those among my readers who closely follow the periodical art-literature of the day will remember the article by Gauthier, in *L'Art*, vol. iii., 1877, entitled "Lettres inédites d'Eugène Delacroix" (and containing a fac-simile of Delacroix's first sketch for his "Hamlet"), which article urged the publication of a more complete collection of Delacroix's letters than that previously given to the world. This wish has found its realization in the collection that has recently appeared in Paris. (Lettres d'Eugène Delacroix, recueillies et publiées par M. Burtz. Paris: Quantin. 1878.)

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be noticed that this manner of attaining velocity is different from that advocated in the principal *velocity études* in common use" may be true in a certain sense, because more systematically worked up, it is not true in this most important sense that the velocity *études* referred to were written to cultivate a different kind of velocity, one which involves the idea of endurance. I do not wish to undervalue this exercise in the least; on the contrary, I think it a *very important* one; but I do wish to guard against the idea that this can take the place of that velocity which requires clearness and conscious control of thought and muscle (nerve force), or that it will *lead* to it.

The work as a whole is one of great importance, and marks, I hope, a new era in technical development. I cannot do better, in summing up the good qualities of the work, than to quote from the preface the novelties and the claims made for the work, simply stating that they are modestly made and fully realized.

"The points of novelty in this system are: (1) The direction in regard to touch and the two-finger exercise; (2) The systematic application of rhythm; (3) The full and complete scale and arpeggio treatment; (4) The method of velocity; and (5) The school of octaves."

"We do not offer this system as the only combination of exercises adopted to make players. But what we do claim is: First. That the exercises in this system have a more direct relation to the wants of players, and a more systematic and exhaustive application to the muscles of the hand than any other collection of exercises known to us. Second. That the application of rhythmic treatment familiarizes the pupil with all kinds of time, and a habit of mental concentration indispensable to good playing. And third, That the practice of mechanical exercises in rhythmical forms with accentuation, and without notes, brings the fingers more quickly into the habit of obedience to the phono-motor centre, and so cultivates the ear and renders the playing more musical." There is a novelty not mentioned here and which is too important to pass over, and that is the chapter on the mental physiology and mental operations in playing. It seems to me that the authors would confer a favor and render the book of more value, because of a readier sale, if they would get out a cheap pocket edition, a practicable thing, since it is but a work of reference.

C. B. Cady.

Oberlin, O., *Jan.* 28, 1879.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE OPERA.

BY WALTER B. LAWSON, B. MUS.

(Concluded from page 29.)

So much for the treatment of dramatic works; it would appear inconsistent to expect better for the epic.

It is well known that Lord Byron experienced a considerable dread of having his works dramatized, and the difficulties which would beset any attempt at a stage representation of his "Manfred" afforded him no little consolation. At the present day, some fifty years after the death of the author, this work is thoroughly well known to theatre habitués.

Aspiring composers may still look to the legacy of Byron's genius for several opera libretti. For instance, what might not be expected in the way of effect from the "Corsair," torn from its sequel, "Lara," and cut up into acts and scenes somewhat after the following manner? —

Act I. Pirates' Isle — Apartments of Conrad and Medora.

Act II. Bay of Coron — Palace of Pacha — Burning Fleet, and Conflict.

Act III. Dungeon Scene, Gulnare and Conrad — Assassination of Pacha.

Act IV. Pirates' Isle — Death of Medora, etc.

Provided with a proper proportion of arie, ensembles, and choruses, for which the poem offers such charming opportunities, it might worthily succeed the grand opera of Meyerbeer. Alas, poor Byron![1]

A few words on an allied topic. We have, we will assume, an opera before us, in which the musical setting vies with the libretto in realizing that perfection of the whole which is the acme of artistic endeavor. Suddenly there appears upon the scene a so-called "adapter," who — ever on the *qui vive* for opportunities of earning honest pence — undertakes a translation of the text, which he ultimately effects by mangling the sense, altering the accentuation — grammatic, oratoric, and pathetic — inserting syllables where none are necessary, and removing them where they are, causing *roulades* to fall upon unimportant syllables, etc., etc., and the result is offered to the public as an artistic rendering of the libretto in the familiar tongue.

It is only when a translation is undertaken by responsible and conscientious men, such as the Germans, Bernhard von Gugler, Dr. W. Viol, and others, that any benefit accrues to art. In most cases, the translations are of no value, beyond that of mere reference, to the opera-going mass.

Music cannot fully exist but as an independent art, and the only possible combination of verbal and tone language which shall be truly suggestive is, perhaps, that known as programme music. We must either content ourselves with this, or with opera proper, whatever its faults. It cannot be expected that an art which admits of beautiful form in addition to exquisite melody should be made to sacrifice both, even when the form and substance of the drama, and distinct enunciation of words, is involved. The clear comprehension of the drama, which is supposed to result from a truthful association *à la* Wagner, is partly lost by the non-observance of form, which divides a plot into appreciable episodes and portions of episodes. In programme music, which many hold to be unworthy of the artist, may be associated the highest poetical with the highest musical form This we can instance with symphonic works of modern date. Why this should be regarded as a lower branch of musical art is a matter for the reader's consideration. It may, however, be mentioned that J. C. Lobe, who is conservative in principle, advises young composers to imagine their various and contrasting ideas (in pure instrumental music) as representing personalities, which in itself is the germ of programme music.

Liszt, one of the greatest modern writers in this style, recognizes the extraordinary suggestiveness of music. It is with him a tone language: the orchestra is the passionate human heart, the instruments individually are the chords within it which vibrate to the yearnings, the fears, to all the secret feelings of humanity. Timbre, which is beautifully described as the color of tone, yields to him an unlimited source for the development of these feelings. But form, such as we are wont to expect, is wanting in his works. Form does not exist for the heart. It is the soul which yearns for form, and for the reason that we are not angels we love his music. In the "Lament of Tasso," a so-called *poëme symphonique*, programme music has attained to an elevation previously unconceived. On hearing it we are constrained to observe, "Tasso! Tasso! thy woes are ours, and in thy triumph we exult!"

A short summary, written after a manner much approved of, of late years, by musicians of the "higher development" species, will read thus: —

Beethoven gave too great prominence to instrumental parts.

Mozart, in the *Zauberflöte* and elsewhere, approached the ridiculous in his roulades for the prime donne.

Meyerbeer committed two faults: his prime donne scream, and his orchestra raves.

Rossini's aim was to please the public.

Verdi, Donizetti, and other Italians, wrote vocal pieces with orchestral accompaniments.

Balfe the same.

Offenbach is a composer of can cans.

Wagner is ——— ?

A friend of mine, who informs me that he belongs to the "new school," bids me add: —

Italian opera is fudge.

English opera would be fudge if it existed.

French opera is almost fudge.

German opera is becoming fudge, through the birth of musical drama, of which Wagner is the exponent.

It may be as well to mention that this gentleman has very prominent eyes, and a conical head.— *Lond. Mus. Standard.*

1 At the time when the above was written, Mr. Francillon's adaptation of Byron's poem (lately set by Mr. Cowen) had not been made public, and was quite unknown to me.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

BACH-BITING.

Certain expressions of public sentiment through the medium of the daily and weekly press have greatly astonished me of late, and the more so that they seem to show an unfortunate and entirely unnecessary phase of what must otherwise be hailed as a decided change for the better in the attitude of our press and public toward the art of music. We are plainly outgrowing the servile respect for hearsay authority in musical matters which, some years ago, might have been thrown in our teeth as a reproach, with considerable justice. We are beginning to listen with our own ears, to think for ourselves, and to establish our own standards of criticism. Yet in thus freeing ourselves from what was, after all, a self-imposed intellectual bondage, it seems to me that we often exhibit a too childish recklessness, and, worst of all, a too flippant disrespect for that which is eternally venerable in art. Some of us, anxious to assure ourselves of our perfect intellectual independence, are a little too prone to indulge in petulant or frivolously sarcastic flings at august names which have hitherto been thought to have earned the right of claiming reverent treatment. Johann Sebastian Bach is the one who is at present most frequently made the butt of what some persons call wit, but which seems to others (in this connection, at least), far more akin to something to which dictionaries give a less honorable name.

It is by no means surprising that Bach's music in general should be slow in working its way into popular favor. One may even reasonably doubt whether it have the elements of popularity in it, or at least whether certain profound qualities in it do not so veil its (so-called) "popular" characteristics that it can never appeal to the uncultivated masses of music-lovers. Certain it is that Bach has never been a popular man in the concert-going sense of the term, even in his own country. Indeed, the average Bostonian or New Yorker, with no marked predilection for Bach's music, would probably be somewhat surprised to find how much the average Berliner,

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Dresdener, or Viennese, sympathized with him, if their respective tastes could but be put to the test. Yet one would think that the attitude it which eminent composers and musical thinkers since Bach's time have been almost without exception maintained toward that great master must have some power to convince any person who takes music in earnest that, even if he cannot personally enjoy Bach's music in an æsthetic way, there is something in it which eludes his comprehension, and which is entitled to respect rather than easy-going contempt.

Passing over those music-lovers who are prevented from feeling the essential beauty of Bach's works by an unconquerable repugnance to the musical forms of his day, and who cannot recognize a master in a man who happens to wear a pig-tail, I would like to say a word or two concerning those who take upon themselves to deny, implicitly or explicitly, that there is in Bach the perennial beauty of form, charm of melody, and sentimental or passionate quality of expression which can meet the æsthetic demands of a musician of the present time. Let us cast a glance over the composers whose music they do admire and enjoy without stint. Take men like Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Raff, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Liszt, Wagner, or Verdi. Which one of these men — composers of very various schools — looks upon Bach otherwise than with the most enthusiastic and passionate admiration? Nay, more than this, many of them have been ardent fighters in the cause of his music. Mendelssohn devoted a large share of the labor of his life to what was no more nor less than a Bach-propaganda; Schumann wrote a piano-forte accompaniment to the violin chaconne; Raff has arranged the same work for full orchestra; Saint-Saëns has made piano-forte transcriptions of many movements in his cantatas; Liszt has done the same for his great organ fugues and toccatas. "The Well-Tempered Clavichord" has so honored a place on Verdi's study-table as any work by a more recent composer. Remember, I am mentioning no timid eclectics, no simply respectable musical scribblers whose reputation has the taint of pedantry, no easy-going pedagogues with antiquarian proclivities, but the veriest modern cosmopolitan musical composers, men who in their writings do and dare all that the most intense passion, the most extravagant musing after brilliant effects, can prompt them to. Can any one imagine that these men are willing to waste their precious enthusiasm upon an old composer whom they merely look upon as a model contrapuntist, or a skillful expert in the craft of stringing notes together? No; artists and men of genius may have a certain respect for such an one, but they keep their admiration and their enthusiasm for a man of nobler stamp. What, then, can explain the singular unanimity with which these men almost adore Bach, if it is not that they descry in him a quality of genius that is as perennial as it is mighty? Think you that these composers are not as fully imbued with the spirit of *their* own compositions as their most ardent and exclusive admirers can be? It seems hardly likely. Yet, penetrated as they are with the musical spirit of their time, — and as they must be to write as they do, — this fact has not lessened their love and admiration for Bach's music one jot. You see I am not putting forth my own personal opinions of Bach; I am merely showing the opinions of others, and of such others as must have most weight — if any opinions have weight — with the class of anti-Bachites for whose benefit this article is specially written. Remember that I am very far from saying, as I am very far from believing, that any man is bound to like, enjoy, or love Bach's music merely because Raff, Brahms, Verdi, or any other of his musical gods or heroes admires and loves it. But *quod non licet Jovi* most assuredly *non licet bovi*, and when we see the leading minds in the world of music in our present era unite in regarding Bach with the most profound admiration and heart-felt veneration, it seems as if the merely every-day person who takes upon himself the responsibility of decrying his compositions, and of standing in the way of their public appreciation, assumes a responsibility for which he is in no way fitted. When it comes to such utterly childish side-things as calling a Bach concerto a "series of difficult piano-forte exercises," or saying that such and such a work has about as much sentiment in it as "the least inspired" of the pieces in "The Well-Tempered Clavichord," what can we do but blush in sheer shame? When Mark Twain, in his "Innocents Abroad," wrote his little pooh-poohing quips about the frescoes of the old Italian painters, he was exuberantly and legitimately funny. He cleverly assumed the position of a perfect savage in art matters, and his buffoonery was supremely good. But one can hardly assume that those persons who write in very much the same vein about Bach's music would be willing to claim the immunities of Mark Twain's position. — W. F. A.

CONCERTS.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. — The programme of Sunday evening, February 9, instead of a single oratorio, was made up of an attractive variety of shorter works. The Music Hall was crowded, and few left their places until the end. First came Luther's Chorale: "Ein' feste Burg," harmonized, not exactly too, by Otto Nicolai, — as if Bach had not done it better! But it was grandly sung by the great solid mass of chorus. Next, Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" confirmed the good impression which it made at the last Festival, as a graceful and expressive piece of contrapuntal writing; the fugue, "Art thou not it that rent Rahab," being both clear and interesting, and really masterly in treatment. The only fault we have to find is with the text, which brings the chief accent of the oft recurring theme so awkwardly upon the little pronoun "it," which might easily be changed with no harm to the meaning. The contralto solo was beautifully sung by Miss Annie Cory, and both the chorus portions and the fine instrumentation were admirably rendered. Mr. Parker's work wears well.

The principal novelty of the concert was the "Flight into Egypt" from the trilogy *L'Enfance du Christ* by Hector Berlioz, whose compositions are much more highly appreciated now in Paris than they were while the eccentric composer was alive. We might have enjoyed this quaint and curious music more, could we have heard it in its connection with the whole work. It opens with a little pastoral, one might say rustic, and antique sounding overture, mainly of reed instruments, the *Corno Inglese* predominating, — a vague and idle sort of warbling, innocent and pretty enough in its intention, but to our feeling rather artificial. Then comes a chorus: "Farewell of the Shepherds," very naive and melodious, but for a certain ugly turn which disturbs the smooth flow of the harmony several times. It is said that Berlioz "originally wrote it for organ on a loose slip of paper at the corner of an écarté table at the house of Duc the architect, and then fooled all musical Paris by introducing it on a concert programme as composed by Pierre Ducré, a chapel master of the seventeenth century." There is also a narrative tenor solo, sweet and simple, which was sung by Mr. C. R. Adams, not in his best voice, and not too familiar with the music. On the whole, we doubt whether we were in the right mood, or sufficiently *en rapport* with Berlioz that evening, fairly to appreciate this singular, though delicate and quiet, fragment of his music. Thinking of the far more spontaneous and natural *pastorale*, etc., of Bach, we could not overcome the feeling that there was something artificial and affected, at least dilettantish about it. The Sanctus from Gounod's "St. Cecilia Mass" was of the grandiose kind, an immense piece of sensational effect, overwhelming by its massive weight of harmony, with all of brilliancy that brass could add, and with the bass drum imitating cannon. Mr. Adams led off impressively in the tenor solo, and the great chorus, orchestra, and organ answered, swelling to a climax of most irresistible sonority. It created such enthusiasm that it had to be repeated, yet we suspect its charm would wear out with familiarity.

Mendelssohn's ever welcome "Hymn of Praise" formed the second part of the concert. The three movements of the introductory orchestral symphony, and the accompaniments throughout, were played with remarkable spirit by a more complete and capable orchestra than we often have for oratorio performances. Mr. Zerrahn conducted with inspiring energy, and all the choruses went finely. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg sang the soprano solos like an artist, though she seemed fatigued and out of health. Miss Cary was altogether admirable; and Mr. Adams sang the tenor solos very finely; his rich manly voice, though somewhat husky, served him well in parts; and his artistic method, his intelligent conception, and admirably distinct enunciation and declamation, are always to be watched with profit by those who seek a model.

And now, in preparation for the two performances of Good Friday (April 11), the Society devotes itself to the study of a great work, every moment spent in learning which is a step of musical *progress* in the truest sense; we mean the *St. Matthew Passion Music* of Bach, which this time will be given entire, the first part in the afternoon, the second in the evening. Go Easter Sunday *Judas Maccabeus*.

EUTERPE. — The second chamber concert of the new club was given at Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday evening, February 12. The matter for interpretation and discussion consisted of a Sextet, Op. 18, by Brahms, entirely new here, and the delightful old B-flat Quintet, Op. 87, by Mendelssohn, which carries us back to the very first days of the Quintette Club which still bears his name in Boston, — and throughout the land. There could not be a greater contrast in the two halves of a concert. The Sextet, in the first place, is for a strange combination of instruments, — first and second violin (Messrs. Arnold and Gautzberg), first and second viola (Graham and Hermann), first and second violoncello (Carl Werner and W. Reinecke), — an unpromising experiment, plainly prompted more by the conceit of originality than by any inward musical necessity. The violins were overborne and the ensemble rendered dull and opaque by such thickness of the bass and middle parts. All were early in their seats, mindful of the rule which bars out late comers until the end of the first part. And so all ears were on the alert, and all listened intently, with patience to the end. But very few, we fancy, felt rewarded, but rather glad when the Sextet was over. The Allegro was a puzzler from the beginning, — the same vagueness and intangibleness of theme, that was experienced in the same composer's C-minor symphony, a sense all through of some

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thing labored, learned, overstrained and lacking inspiration, lacking any *raison d'être*. Now and then a few charming measures, a striking effect, a promise of something genuine at last, but every promise unfulfilled! Then too there were cruel discords, passages which it is no slander to call ugly. The Andante moderato began in an impressive hymn-like style, and proceeded — hardly can we say developed — through a great variety of phases, some of them charming, others startling; certainly there were captivating ideas started in the course of it, and much that seemed original; yet we could not feel it a consistent whole, nor did we find it edifying; but we have met one or two who have studied it and who think otherwise. The Scherzo, and the Rondo (poco allegretto e grazioso) brought little that we care to recall, even were we able; the most that we remember is the constraint and fatigue. The performance was hardly more than respectable, and here and there decidedly rough.

After this nightmare what "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream," and over the faces of the audience! The Mendelssohn Quintet was welcomed with sincere delight; and not because it was familiar merely, but because it is intrinsically musical and there is no resisting its enchantment. The Allegro, soaring like a lark, with motive irrepressible and full of fire, both in the main theme and in the persistent triplets which offset it and seem to fan it into flame; the Andante scherzando, quaint and ballad-like, an exquisite fancy; the Adagio, profoundly tender and pathetic, out of the inmost heart and genius of the master, one of his truest inspirations; and the Finale, answering the challenge of the first Allegro, and even exceeding it in brilliancy and power, — all these had not to be listened to by virtue of the will; they took possession of you and kept you happy to the end. We think the artists of the New York Philharmonic Club, on their part too, felt happier, and certainly were more successful in this last half of the evening's task. And so the concert, by its contrast, taught a lesson.

The next programme (for March 12), is of the choicest: Mozart's G-minor Quintet, and the second of Beethoven's Rasoumofsky Quartets, in E-minor.

Harvard Musical Association. — The fifth Symphony Concert (Feb. 13) had the largest audience of the season. The programme, while offering nothing out of the common, was all of sterling excellence, composed of genial, graceful, ever fresh and charming music, — compositions with which nearly every listener has agreeable associations.

Overture "Reminiscences of Ossian" . *Gade.*
Cradle Song, from the Christmas Oratorio *Bach.*
Second Symphony, in D, Op. 36 . . . *Beethoven*
Nocturne and Scherzo, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Songs, with Piano-forte: —
(a) Ave Maria . . . . *Hauptmann.*
(b) The Fisher Maiden . . . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Overture to "Egmont" . . . . . . *Beethoven.*

Gade's romantic "Ossian" Overture was so well played as to prove highly enjoyable, and almost as good as new. The same may be said of the early Beethoven Symphony in D, which is too seldom heard; a work full of fresh, buoyant life and cheerfulness, though the Introductory Adagio is majestic enough to be the prelude to a great solemn festival. What a stride from this to the next Symphony, the "Eroica," which, by the way, will be given in the eighth and last concert of the season! The lovely Nocturne and Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music have lost nothing of their enchantment: the delicious strains were drunk in with delight, and the fairy Scherzo was so finely played that the call for a repetition was imperative. All was most clearly, delicately outlined; and the long flute passage near the end, — the very hum and flutter of light fairy wings, — was so neatly done, so well sustained, by Mr. Rietzel, as to merit special notice. — The strongest feature of the programme was the *Egmont* Overture. It never can grow too familiar. What other master could compress so much of meaning and dramatic fire, so much of musical marrow, and the very poetry of music, into the short space of seven minutes!

Miss Ita Welsh was the vocalist. Her fresh, sympathetic, maidenly quality of voice is well suited to the "Cradle Song" of Bach, in which, though not the kind of music in which she is most at home, she made a very good impression. The two songs, in which she had the advantage of Mr. Lang's tasteful accompaniment, were given with more freedom, and indeed with fine expression. Meyerbeer's "Fischer-Madchen" was the most original and interesting of the two.

Mr. Arthur W. Foote's Concert in Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 1, offered so thoroughly musical a programme that we were particularly disappointed to be compelled (by illness) to lose it. Moreover we know the earnestness, the well directed and persistent study, and the solid progress of the young musician, — one of the few who have taken a Master's degree at Harvard on the strength of special studies in music. As we wish these columns to preserve a record of the concert, we borrow from the *Traveller* a notice we can trust, from the pen of one of our own collaborateurs. — But first the programme: —

Suite in D minor . . . . *Handel.*
Prelude — Fugue — Air and variations — Capriccio.
Aria. — "Love sounds the Alarm" ("Acis and Galatea") . . . . *Handel.*
Sonata in A-flat major . . . . *Weber.*
Variations Sérieuses. (Op. 54) . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Songs. { "Gold rolls here beneath me." (Op. 34) *Rubinstein.* / "Ach, ihr Lieben Aeuglein." (Op. 21) *Jensen.* }
Prelude in B-flat major . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Overture to the 29th Cantata . . *Bach — Saint Saëns.*

To begin with a Handel suite, or some composition of its period, is usual enough, but we think it is something new to our public to see Sebastian Bach brought in as the climax of a programme. And Saint-Saens' transcription of the overture to Bach's 29th Cantata was in every sense of the word a climax. The sterling vigor, the joyous strength of the music, made the more palpable to the physical sense by the arranger's larger treatment of the piano-forte, sent the audience home in a more jubilant frame of mind than the most tearing piece of modern virtuosity could. Another novelty was Von Weber's Sonata in A-flat major. We have decidedly heard too little of Von Weber's piano-forte music. Time was when we could afford to lay more stress upon this writer's want of sustained power in developing a motive into a stoutly-built composition in the sonata form, than upon the spontaneity of his invention and the brilliancy of his genius. But now that we have heard so much music in which striving after dramatic effect and furious intensity of passion almost blinds the æsthetic sense to purity of form, so genial and withal so unique a personality as Von Weber's comes to us like a refreshing breeze in the dog-days. True, Von Weber was a sort of musical spendthrift; it often seems as if his inexhaustible wealth of invention made him lazy and luxurious. The way in which he sometimes approaches a point in his more serious compositions where an elaborate and skillful working out of the themes seems an artistic necessity, and then coolly shirks the hard work and merely calls upon his fertile invention for another entrancing melody to take its place, is rather like that of a lecturer who should call together an audience, read them half his lecture, and then say to them, "Ladies and gentlemen, I find that the effort of delivering this discourse fatigues me too much; but I have a very large bank account, and will give every one of you a hundred dollars to let me off now." Thus if Von Weber's piano-forte music often balks the expectations that it raises in us, we can be pretty sure that the composer will put his hand in his melodic pocket and pay us for our disappointment in some pleasant way.

Mr Foote's performance was good throughout. In the opening numbers of the Handel suite in D minor a touch of excusable nervousness somewhat shackled him, but this soon wore off, and his playing of the sonata and of Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses was that of a true artist, and an artist with brains, too. His technique showed itself to be equal to the often severe demands of the music: yet it was by his musical feeling, intelligent comprehension, and sustained power of vigorously carrying through long rhythmic periods without danger of an anti-climax and with noble breadth of phrasing that he shone most brilliantly. He plays the most trying phrases with a security that prevents all fear of collapse. This does not sound like very high praise as everyday criticism goes: yet, when we say of a man that he has crossed Niagara on a tight rope without any trembling in his knees and with steadily easy grace of movement, we think that praise enough has been given him. This is a coarse simile, but let it pass.

Mr. W. H. Fessenden sang Handel's "Love sounds the Alarm" and a brace of songs by Rubinstein and Jensen in his accustomed refined and finished style; perhaps a thought too delicately and with a too great fondness for *pianissimo* effects. If he could only appreciate how absolutely and entrancingly beautiful his stronger tones are, he might use them more frequently and to excellent advantage.

Several concerts of peculiar interest have occurred here during the past ten days, including remarkably fine ones by the Apollo and the Boylston Clubs, that of Mme. Cappiani and her pupils, the Harvard Symphony on Thursday of this week, and Mr. John A. Preston's piano-forte concert on Wednesday. Of all these further notice must be deferred until our next number.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Feb. 24. — Mr. William Courtney gave a concert of English ballads and glees, Feb. 11, at Chickering Hall, with the assistance of Miss Beebe, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Robertson, and Mr. Jameson. Mrs. Howard was the pianist. The writer of this notice was prevented from attending the concert, but is informed that the audience was large and appreciative.

For the same reason he can give no detailed account of the third concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, which took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 15, with the following programme: —

Symphony in C minor, Op. 5 . . . . *Gade*
"O mio Fernando" . . . . *Donizetti.*
Miss Drasdil.
Violoncello Solo — Serenade . . . . . . *Volkmann.*
Mr. Bergner.
"Bilder aus Osten." Op. 66 . . . . . . *Schumann.*
Cavatina, "Di tanti palpiti" . . . . *Rossini.*
Miss Drasdil.
"Bacchanalle" / "Huldigung's March" } . . . . *Wagner.*

The "Violoncello Solo" was neither more nor less than the Serenade No 3, in D minor, for string orchestra with 'cello obligato. The concert is generally regarded as the weakest of the series.

The Oratorio Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, at Steinway Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. The soloists were Mrs. Mary L. Swift, soprano; Miss Anna Drasdil, contralto; Mr. M. W. Whitney, bass; and Mr. Geo. Simpson, tenor. This noble work is too seldom heard in New York. The chorus is uniformly spirited and literally radiant with genius, while its effect is heightened by the frequent introduction of choral passages, and many of the solos are of wonderful pathos and beauty. The chorus singing, without being remarkable for absolute precision of attack or perfection in crescendo and diminuendo, was uniformly excellent, and could only result from long and careful drilling by a competent conductor, such as we have in the person of Dr. Damrosch. Mrs. Swift has a sweet but not a powerful voice: her upper notes are not entirely agreeable, being thin and reedy. She sang with feeling and good taste. Miss Drasdil, whose voice is like a violoncello, won the first encore in the Arioso: "But the Lord is mindful of his own" Mr. Whitney, although suffering from hoarseness, sang magnificently, — as, indeed, he always does Mr. Simpson failed to make any marked impression until he sang the Aria: "Be thou faithful unto death," which he rendered with so much feeling that a well deserved encore followed.

Mr. G. Carlberg gave his fourth Symphony Concert, at Chickering Hall, on Saturday evening, February 22, with the following programme: —

Symphony im Walde, No. 3, Op. 153 . . . . . *Raff.*
Concerto for Piano, Op. 54 . . . . *Schumann.*
Mr. Franz Rummel.
Overture, "Egmont" . . . . *Beethoven.*
Hungarian Fantasie for Piano (with Orchestra) . *Liszt.*
Mr. Franz Rummel.
Norwegian Rhapsody, No. 4. Op. 22 (new) . *Svendsen.*

Nothing could be more welcome than the "Im Walde" Symphony, as fresh and spontaneous in its loveliness as sunshine after rain, and filled with the mysterious sounds heard in the heart of the forest. It is descriptive music in the best sense, but not "programme music" The performance of the Orchestra was the best I have heard at any of Mr. Carlberg's Concerts, and calls for nothing but praise.

Mr Franz Rummel, whose public appearances have been frequent of late, and whose praise the newspapers "loudly chant," is, in many respects, an extraordinary pianist. He has great power of execution: his runs, trills, and chords are marvels of rapidity, evenness, and force, — and joined to a

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really magnificent technique, there is a certain vim and dash in his performance which excites wonder as well as admiration. Now for the other side of the medal. His touch is hard, — unsympathetic. It has not the singing quality inseparable from true legato playing. As to his reading of Schumann's Concerto, it seemed to the writer that in certain passages the sentiment was forced or exaggerated rather than spontaneous; a subjective style of playing, which is never entirely agreeable, and which only a great artist can make even tolerable.

The Hungarian Dances were performed with much skill and delicacy. In these the performer was in his element, and his superb finger power was manifested to such an extent that the audience was electrified. For encore he played the last movement of Weber's *Concert-Stück*. A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 22.—Her Majesty's Opera, represented by Col. Mapleson's fine company, has monopolized the attention of the musical public for the past two weeks. The nine performances were highly successful, the Academy of Music on the Gerster nights being crowded to suffocation, — no figure of speech, I can assure you, and many being turned away from the doors, for there was not even standing room. Our best people came out in force, and the dress and show contradicted the existence of hard times.

After the exhaustive critiques in the JOURNAL it would be superfluous to attempt anything in that line, but the experience of a properly appointed orchestra and chorus has given confirmation to the oft repeated advocacy in our local papers of the policy of permanently establishing a large and efficient chorus and orchestra to be attached to our (miscalled) Academy of Music. The observation and experience of every traveler in Europe have shown that a single great artist, or even a quartet of superior vocalists, cannot satisfy the demands of an educated public in the performance of modern opera. The orchestra is a potent factor, and scarcely less so is the chorus; in the writing of the present day they are indispensable. We would not depreciate the value of the artists; far from it. We certainly could not be satisfied with the mediocre talent so often heard in the theatres of Germany. There they have perhaps gone to the other extreme. There is little danger of that happening in our country, where the star system will probably flourish for many years to come. But the spirit of speculation in which opera is given in America is disposed to take advantage of the want of culture in the general public rather than to supply means of educating it to a proper estimate of what a musical drama should be. The late William K. Fry tried to show us the way many years ago, and his efforts have not been excelled even by Col. Mapleson's troupe, but the speculators — the old-clothes men of art — threw every obstacle in his way when living, and have not imitated his example since his death. The chorus and orchestra of the present company have preached a powerful sermon in their own defense, and, we trust, have opened the way for a permanent establishment to be attached to our beautiful opera-house, — a consummation for which your correspondent has labored long but in vain.

The Cecilian Society gave a concert on the 19th in Musical Fund Hall, assisted by Miss Fanny Kellogg, of your city, and Mad. Auerbach. Mr. S. T. Strang continues his interesting organ recitals in Grace Church. Mr. C. H. Jarvis will give the seventh of his series of ten concerts this evening. The Mendelssohn Club, under Mr. W. Gilchrist, gave Gade's "Erl-King's Daughter," in Germantown last week. Mad. Seiler's pupils are studying Kreutzer's "Night in Granada." The Cecilian has abandoned the project of giving the "Creation," which is to be regretted. Sullivan's little opera, *H. M. S. Pinafore*, is being sung (?) in five different theatres. Sullivan and Gilbert are said to be on their way to this country to arrange for the production of a new opera. AMERICUS.

BALTIMORE, FEB. 24. — The first three Peabody Symphony Concerts this winter have all been so well attended that one is justified in looking for full houses during the remainder of the season. As an evidence of progress this speaks well for our musical public. It is gratifying to note the unusual number of new faces this year: people who have seldom, if ever before, sat through a Symphony Concert, listening with marked attention, and with a certain amount of correct appreciation.

The programmes of the last two concerts were as follows: —

Second Concert, February 8: —

Overture to "Alceste" . . . . *Gluck.*
Symphony in G, No. 13 . . . . *Haydn.*
Cavatina from "Semiramide" . . . . . . *Rossini.*
Miss Elisa Baraldi.
Piano-Concerto, G minor . . . . . . *O. B. Boise.*
Allegro — Andante con moto — Allegro.
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
Songs, with piano, "The Valley" — Serenade . . . . *Gounod.*
Overture to "Princess Ilse" . . *Max Erdmannsdörfer.*
A legend of the Harz Mountains.

Third Concert, February 15: —

Third Symphony, "Eroica" . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Cavatina from "The Martyrs" . . . . . *Donizetti.*
Miss H. A. Hunt.
Nocturne E minor. Work 34 . . . . *C. C. Mueller.*
Scotch Folk-Songs, with piano.
"Dinna ye forget, Laddie" — "Down the burn, Davie Love."
(*a.*) Overture to "My Life for the Czar" . *M. J. Glinka.*
(*b.*) Komarinskaja. Russian Scherzo — Wedding song — Dance song.

None of the above selections were new to the orchestra except the difficult Erdmannsdörfer Overture, and Beethoven's *Eroica*. We can hardly mention in the same category with these the Nocturne by Mr. C. C. Mueller, of New York. This was also new to the orchestra and to your correspondent, and is likely to remain so.

The *Eroica*, though never before performed at the Peabody, and with fewer rehearsals than might have been wished, was very acceptably interpreted by the orchestra. Just in this connection I would call attention to the adverse criticisms on the Peabody Orchestra which have appeared this season in two of our daily papers,— the *American* and the *Gazette*. It gives your correspondent pleasure to say that the ideas of that portion of our musical community which takes the more intelligent interest in the Symphony Concerts, and in music of a higher order generally, are not represented by the remarks of the two learned gentlemen who perpetrate the musical criticisms for the above-named papers. Moreover, the more these two critics exercise themselves about lack of instruments, false seating of the orchestra, peculiarities of the director, and what not, the larger the attendance becomes. The only evil that may result is that some influential paper elsewhere may publish one of these articles (unconscious that they are the result solely of personal prejudice, an undisputed fact in musical circles here) as affording a correct idea of our Symphony performances; for the garb of profound musical erudition in which they are clothed is calculated to deceive.

Miss Hunt, whose name appears on the programme of the third concert, was greeted as an old acquaintance. Her appearance awakened in many of the audience agreeable recollections of the days of Mr. L. H. Southard, well known in your city, formerly director of our Peabody Conservatory.

Her Majesty's (!) Opera closed here on Saturday afternoon with *Lucia*, to a house the like of which for numbers has not been seen here for many a day. At the performance of *Sonnambula*, also, there was not an empty seat in the house. *Carmen* and *Figaro* were not quite so largely attended, — a decided tribute to Gerster. At the performance of *Sonnambula* and *Lucia* the audience actually rose and shouted, so great was the enthusiasm called forth by the "Hungarian Nightingale."

The Peabody Orchestra gave an afternoon and an evening concert on the 22d, at Lincoln Hall, Washington, under the auspices of the Athenæum Club of that city, which turned out so satisfactorily from a musical point of view that the club has expressed its intention to repeat the experiment. The programmes were as follows: —

MATINEE.

Overture to "My Life for the Czar" . . . . . *Glinka.*
Symphony in G, No. 13 . . . . *Haydn.*
Rec. and Air from the "Magic Flute" . . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Jenny Busk.
Prelude to the 4th act of the Opera *Torvillle.*
Work 12. (Summer Night in the Woods. Love scene) . . . . *Asger Hamerik.*
(*a.*) Barcarolle, F-sharp major. Work 60.
(*b.*) Fantasie-Impromptu, C-sharp minor. Work 66.
(*c.*) Valse, A-flat major. Work 42 . . . *F. Chopin.*
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
Air with Variations.
Miss Jenny Busk.
Norse Folk Songs and Folk-Dances . *August Södermon.*

EVENING.

Eighth Symphony . . . . *Beethoven.*
Rec. and Air from "Magic Flute" . . . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Jenny Busk.
Prelude to 4th act of *Torvillle* . . . *Asger Hamerik.*
Piano-Concerto, G minor. No. 1. Work 25. *Mendelssohn.*
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
Air with Variations.
Miss Jenny Busk.
Norse Folk-Songs and Folk-Dances . . . *A. Södermon.*

MUSIK U.

CHICAGO, FEB. 19. — On Thursday evening, February 13, the "Apollo Musical Club," assisted by the "Arion Club" of Milwaukee, gave a concert in this city, with the following programme:

{ *a* "Cavalry Song" . . . . *Möhring.*
{ *b* "The Forsaken" . . . . *Koschat.*
Chorus.
{ *a* Night Song . . . . *Lenz.*
{ *b* Night Song . . . . *Abt.*
Arion Society.
"Revenge, Timotheus cries" . . . . . *Handel.*
Mr. Franz Remmertz.
{ *a* "Calm Sea" . . . . *Rubinstein.*
{ *b* "Spring Song" . . . . *Franke.*
{ *c* "Three Fishers" . . . . *Goldbeck.*
Apollo Club.
Overture to "Aladdin" . . . . *Hornemann.*
Double chorus, from "Œdipus" . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Cantata of "Fridthjof" . . . . . . *Max Bruch.*

The union of the two societies made a male chorus of nearly 150 voices, the largest *Maennerchor* we have ever had here. In the first part, the most notable numbers were Goldbeck's "Three Fishers" and the Mendelssohn double chorus. These were splendidly sung. The most important feature of the concert was the performance, by both clubs, of Max Bruch's "Scenes from the Fridthjof's Saga" of Bishop Tegner, with Mrs. Emma Thurston and Mr. Franz Remmertz as soloists, and a full orchestra. Dramatically, the work lacks consistency, for from the scenes used as a text for the music but little idea of this celebrated poem could be obtained. The work only embraces parts of Cantos XII., XIII., XIV., and XV. of the poem, or "Fridthjof's Return," "Ingeborg's Bridal," "Balder's Funeral Pile," "Fridthjof's Exile," and "The Viking Code." Between these last two scenes comes "Ingeborg's Lament," which in the poem is directly after the parting of the lovers in the earlier part of the Saga, and is not quite logically consistent here. Musically the work is very strong; the interest never weakens, and there is a rich climax at the close which is very satisfactory. Yet one can but wish that the composer had taken a larger portion of the poem, which is so dramatic, of such beauty and strength, that it should be made the text for a more extended musical work. Max Bruch would have been able to accomplish this in a most satisfactory manner; for the musical setting to the few scenes forming his Cantata is dramatic in form, rich in harmonic design, and manifests a sympathy with the characters and incidents of the poem, in keeping with the mystical embodiments of the Norse mythology.

"Fridthjof's Farewell to the North" was grandly given by Mr. Remmertz, who took the title rôle. His powerful voice and his interpretation were in keeping with the idea of the character, and in this number with the chorus reached a dramatic climax of power and intensity of feeling that is pleasing to remember. "Ingeborg's Lament" is a sweet and tender piece of melodic writing; and her pleading to the Falcon to stay with her, even while "Fridthjof is far o'er the sea," is quite touching in its plaintive character. It was sung with feeling and taste by Mrs. Thurston. The last scene in the Cantata, "The Viking's Code," is a number of great power, and is trying in its demands upon the singers, being *fortissimo* all through; yet there is a fascination in the dramatic character of the music, so that the chorus is led up to the climax at the end impelled both by the wonderful spirit of the words and by the grandeur of the composition. It is a work that a Maennerchor may well be proud to produce. The whole performance reflected credit upon the two clubs; the few shortcomings were not of any great magnitude; and the chorus, orchestra, and conductor should be congratulated upon the success of their labor in bringing out the work.

On the 18th, the Beethoven Society gave the "Odysseus" or "Scenes from the Odyssey," a cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Max Bruch, thus giving us the pleasure of hearing two important works by the same composer within a week. The soloists were: Penelope, Mrs. O. K. Johnson; Nausikaa, Miss Kittie E. J. Ward; Pallas Athena, Miss Lizzie Hoyne; Antikleia, Arete, Mrs. Frank T. Hall; Odysseus, Mr. George Werrenrath; Hermes, Mr. Edward Dexter; Teiresias, Alcinous, Helmsman, Mr. F. L. Koss; Conductor and Musical Director, Carl Wolfsohn.

In the treatment of this old Grecian story, the composer manifested a greater consistency of dramatic design, than in his *Fridthjof*. The cantata follows the adventures of Ulysses with a quite faithful consideration of the Homeric idea; and thus we have a unity of purpose that becomes at once interesting. The ten scenes of the work are as follows: 1. "Odysseus on the island of Calypso," which introduces a chorus — of Nymphs — and solos for Odysseus and Hermes. 2. "Odysseus in Hades," with solo and chorus, both of a most varied character. 3. "Odysseus and the Sirens," a number of great beauty, containing lovely music, vocal and orchestral. 4. "The Tempest at Sea." 5. "Penelope Mourning." 6. "Nausikaa, and chorus of maidens." 7. "The Banquet with the Phaiakes." 8. "Penelope weaving a garment." 9. "The Return." 10. "Feast in Ithaca," closing with a grand chorus of the people.

The work has unity of design, but unfortunately for a public performance in one evening, it is too long. Some of the choruses, as well as many of the recitatives, are so long as to be a little monotonous, and a slight cutting in a few places in the first part of the cantata would add to its effectiveness. The instrumental score contains many striking beauties. The accompaniments are generally pure and graceful in style. The second part was performed much better than the beginning. The chorus did some splendid work. The orchestra was uneven at times, owing to excess of enthusiasm on the part of the brass instruments, who seemed to consider themselves the whole band. The most successful of the soloists was Mrs. Johnson, our favorite contralto, who sang the trying music of her part with a beauty of delivery and an intensity of dramatic passion that were very gratifying. Her success was universally recognized by the large audience. Mr. Werrenrath, who came to us from New York, was suffering from the effect of a recent severe illness, and while his style was that of a cultivated singer, he was unable to meet the requirements of his part; we regret that he was forced to make his debut in this city under such distressing circumstances. Miss Ward and Miss Hoyne deserve praise for the highly creditable manner in which they sang the music of their respective solos. Mr. Carl

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Wolfsohn and the Beethoven Society richly merit the commendation of our musical public, for their earnest devotion to the cause of good music. We have much to thank them for. C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Leipzig. — The programme of the fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Jan. 23, included: the *Coriolanus* overture of Beethoven; Aria from "Acis and Galatea," sung by Joseph Standigl; Concerto for violoncello, by Schumann, played by Robert Hausmann, of Berlin; songs by Schubert ("Fahrt zum Hades," and "Aufenthalt"); Arioso, Gavotte, and Scherzo for 'cello, by Carl Reinecke; and the *Symphonie Dramatique* by Rubinstein.

Paris. — From letters of Mr. James Huneker (Jan. 17 and 31) to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, we glean the following items: —

— A good concert was that given by Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, at the Salle Erard, that perfection of a music hall. The programme was made up almost entirely of the new works of Mr. Boscovitz, with the exception of some Chopin numbers and a Liszt-Schubert Valse. For his own compositions I can only say they are decidedly original, recalling at times, though faintly, Chopin, in an exquisite Berceuse and an odd Minuet, for which Mr. Boscovitz has taken the old Mozart form and filled it with new life. In a Danse Hongroise of his own, Mr. Boscovitz displayed that immense technique which justly places him foremost [?] among our living pianists.

— On Sunday I also heard another fine concert at the Théâtre du Châtelet. These concerts are given once a week under the auspices of the Association Artistique, whose roll of members includes, among others, the distinguished names of St.-Saëns, De Beriot, Duvernoy, Gounod, Jaell, Massenet, and Vieuxtemps. They played at this concert the Italian Symphony of Mendelssohn, Schumann's *Manfred*, the Leonore Overture of Beethoven, and a Funeral March of Hamlet, by Faccio, the leader of the orchestra in La Scala, Milan. It was nothing but Wagner from beginning to end. Mme. Marie Jaell, the wife of the celebrated pianist, played a concerto of St.-Saëns for piano, in her usual frigid style, for, while she showed great skill in fingering, she has not a particle of expression. A decided novelty, and one worth hearing, was a trio, by Berlioz, for two flutes and a harp. It is a dirge, and abounds in beautiful passages. These concerts are very satisfactory. The orchestra, if it is smaller, plays as well as the Pasdeloup, while I think the acoustics are better than in the vast winter circus.

— The Opéra Comique, this week, revived Gounod's charming opera, *Romeo and Juliet*. While the cast is not so well filled as at the first representation in 1867, with Miolan-Carvalho and Duchesne in the principal rôles, still it is excellent. Talazac has a fine tenor, and if Mlle. Isaac is not the ideal of Juliet, yet she possesses a vibrating, well-cultivated voice, that tells. The opera is well mounted, with a capital chorus

Although it was generally supposed that Sivori, the great violinist, would not play this season in Paris, he nevertheless delighted a large audience, last Sunday, at the Concert Populaire, with his lovely music. He is no longer a young man, but the vigor and fire of his playing are immense. He gave with orchestral accompaniment a Berceuse, of his own composition, with a delicacy unapproachable. It was played with the *mute*, and the bow never left the strings once. It was so *piano* that many of the audience were, I am sure, unable to hear it. In startling contrast came a Mouvement Perpetuel, also with orchestra, and by the same composer. This was as presto and forte as possible. Sivori's tone is not so masculine as that of his great rivals, Joachim and Wilhelmj, but it is exquisitely sweet; he lacks the generous breadth of the German school. He plays nearer to the bridge than any one I have ever heard, without the suspicion of a screech. It reminds one of gold being drawn to cobweb fineness. He played for an encore the well-known, alas, too well known, "Carnival of Venice." Whether it was given us in the style of his illustrious master, Paganini, I cannot say; only that it was amazing, painful, and finally tiresome. It was a most astonishing *tour de force*, and I believe would drive most violin players crazy. Sivori is a great violinist, though I think that there are others equally as great; but comparisons are odious, and I will make none.

— Mr. Frederic Boscovitz gave a second piano recital at the Salle Erard, which was as successful as the former one. Mr. Boscovitz, after playing among other things some new works of his own, gave a sonata by Nichelmann, a composer who flourished about 1740. It was extremely interesting, and reminds one of Bach or Handel. Mr. Boscovitz also played some selections from Field, Handel, and Chopin. The color and life he infuses into everything he touches make one feel that the Hungarians are born pianists. His playing is never tame, and while always giving the composer as he is, he nevertheless plays with an individuality that raises him above the level of most pianists. A Madame White gave some selections from De Beriot and Lalo for the violin in good style, but with rather a thin tone. I could not help thinking of the number of female violinists who appear before the public now. A short time ago the idea of a woman playing on that instrument was laughed at, pronounced ungraceful, etc. Now not a season passes but a half dozen violinists of the gentler sex prove to us that the true instrument for woman is, *par excellence*, the violin.

London. — The *Musical Directory* for 1879 contains some remarkable statistics of the present condition of musical art in England. In London during the past year there were not fewer than four hundred grand orchestral and oratorio concerts, besides some two hundred and fifty piano-forte matinées, benefit and miscellaneous concerts. Add to this over two hundred performances of Italian and English Operas, and we have, without including operettas and musical farces, a sum total of eight hundred and fifty important musical performances, an average of about three per day. London counts about forty amateur societies, which give private concerts; twenty-nine Protestant and fifteen Catholic churches in which sacred musical performances take place; and one hundred and seven concert halls (exclusive of the *Cafés-Chantants* and "music halls"). On a superficial estimate there are in the British metropolis two thousand music teachers, who earn their bread by giving lessons, and about five thousand in the provinces; while one hundred and twenty provincial towns possess one or more (often six or seven) musical societies. In London during the past year there appeared thirty-five hundred new compositions, among them about one thousand songs and ballads, two hundred vocal duets, etc., twelve hundred piano pieces, two hundred and fifty dance pieces, one hundred sacred pieces, one hundred sacred duets. The rest consists of pieces for organ, orchestra, harp, harmonium, guitar, violin, flute, etc.

— Carl Rosa, with his English Opera Company, at Her Majesty's Theatre (he having formed an alliance with Mapleson) seems chiefly to occupy musical attention in London just now. Recently they have brought out Wagner's *Rienzi* and Ernest Guiraud's *Piccolino* with very great success.

— The chamber compositions of the lamented Hermann Goetz, composer of the admired opera "The Taming of the Shrew," and of the Symphony in F, which lately made a mark in London, are now exciting interest. At the popular concert of Saturday, Feb. 8, his piano trio in G minor was to be performed by Mlle. Marie Krebs, Mme. Norman-Neruda, and Sig. Piatti; the programme also including: Quartet in C minor, Op 18, Beethoven; Sonata in D, Mozart (Mlle. Krebs); and "Liebeslieder Walzer," Op 52, for four hands, with voice parts *ad lib.*(!), by Brahms. — On Monday (10th), Joachim "the magnificent" was to make his first appearance for the season, to play (with Mlle. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti) Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, and Haydn's in G major, Op. 64; also, as solo, the Adagio from a concerto by Viotti. Mlle. Krebs was down for a sonata, in C minor, by Schubert; and Herr Henschel for an Aria from Handel's *Serse*, and Schubert's song "An die Leyer."

Baden-Baden. — Adolf Jensen, a gifted composer, who has lived here for several years in still retirement, died on the 23d of January. His songs and piano-forte pieces (not a few of which have been made known here in Boston in the concerts of Ernst Perabo and others) are highly esteemed in Germany. He was born at Konigsberg, and had but recently completed his forty-second year. His productive activity continued to the last days of his life. The *Signale* says: "Jensen ranks among the most graceful and most finely sensitive of the romantic tone-poets who have proceeded from the Schumann school, and yet have developed into an independent artistic individuality."

Stuttgart. — A new four-act opera, *Conradin von Schwaben*, has been produced at the Theatre Royal, with signs of more than ordinary success. The plot was suggested by the Grand Princess Vera of Russia, the young widow of Duke Eugen of Wurtemberg, and the libretto written on this plot by Herr Ernst Pasqué. The music is by Herr Gottfried Linder, a master in the Conservatory, who was called on at the end of each act, and several times after the fall of the curtain, on the first night. Last autumn, 162 pupils were admitted into the Conservatory, where the whole number now amounts to 676, showing an increase of 13 on last year. Of these 676, 224 (4 more than last year), intend devoting themselves to music professionally, namely: 82 males and 140 females, 100 not being natives of Wurtemberg. Stuttgart furnishes 365 pupils; the remainder of Wurtemberg, 42; Baden, 25; Bavaria, 4; Hesse, 4; Prussia, 26; the Reichslande, 2; Bremen, 1; Hamburg, 2; Mecklenburg, 1; Oldenburg, 1; Austria, 4; Roumania, 2; Switzerland, 23; France, 1; Great Britain, 84; Russia, 13; Norway, 1; Greece, 1; Spain, 1; North America, 64; Australia, 2; and India, 7. During the winter session of six months, 863 lessons are given every week, by 35 regular masters, 2 assistant masters, and 4 female teachers.

Well Taken In. — Most of our newspapers have innocently swallowed the *canard* about Robert Franz's wonderful recovery of lost scores of Bach, — "120 violin sonatas!" Ye gods! The hundred or more American musical journals are yet ringing with the stupendous news, not having seen Franz's public statement that there is not one word of truth in the story. But it is a very pretty story for all that, and doubtless the invention of some waggish Wagnerite or envious "Bach-hater;" here it is as told in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: —

"German papers announce a discovery of much interest to the musical world. The treasure-trove consists of a large portion of the missing works of Johann Sebastian Bach. The discovery was made by Herr Robert Franz. Convinced that the long-lost Passion Music and Christmas oratorios might yet be brought to light, Herr Franz commenced a systematic research in every place where the great master had been known to reside. After much fruitless labor he arrived at the seat of the Witzleben family, and passing one day down an alley in the garden, noticed that the young trees where they were tied to their supports were bound round with strips of paper to prevent the bark from being scored. A closer inspection showed that the paper bore the beautiful handwriting of Bach, and, turning to the gardener, Herr Franz besought him to say whence the precious MS. had come. The reply was to the effect that in the loft there had been several chests full of the paper covered with old notes, and as it was of no use to any one he had made it serve instead of leather for binding up the saplings, adding that he had done so for some time and found the result highly satisfactory. Herr Franz hastened to the loft, when he was rewarded by finding a chest yet untouched and filled to the brim with MSS., which on inspection proved to contain no fewer than 120 violin sonatas. His joy was dashed, however, by the certainty that the precious music had long ago gone to bind up the trees and had irrecoverably perished through exposure to the weather. It is probable that the works now discovered will not be received with such favor by the general musical public as was accorded to the symphonies of Schubert unearthed by Mr. Grove and produced at the Crystal Palace Concerts by Mr. Manns. Herr Joachim, however, will find in them 'fresh fields and pastures new;' while every one who has the least pretense to a love of music must admit the discovery to be one of exceeding interest."

Wellesley College, Mass. — The forty-first concert (fourth series) was given at this institution on the last evening of January. The performers were C. N. Allen, Wulf Fries, C. H. Morse (musical professor of the college), pianist, and the junior class "Glee Club." The programme was as follows: —

Trio in G . . . . *Haydn.*
(a.) Andante. (b.) Poco Adagio. (c.) Rondo all' Ongarese.
Vocal Trio, "Evening" . . . . *Goldbeck.*
Variations Concertante in D. Op. 17. (Piano and 'cello) . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Vocal Duet, "The Angel" . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Suite in E. Op. 11. (Piano and violin) . *C. Goldmark.*
(First time in this country.)
Vocal Trio, "Sweet May" . . . . *Barnby.*
Trio in C minor. Op. 1 No. 3 . . . . . *Beethoven.*

Oxford (O.) Female College. — A Beethoven entertainment was given in the chapel, Jan. 31, with the following programme: —

1. Lecture: Subject, "Beethoven" . . . . *Karl Merz.*
2. Andante con moto, from Symphony Op. 67. *Beethoven.*
Misses Susie Rittenhouse, Rhoda Gray, Jennie Harrison, Anna Dumont.
3. In questa Tomba. Vocal Solo . . . . *Beethoven.*
Miss Sadie Elliott.
4. Adelaide. Vocal Solo . . . . *Beethoven.*
Miss Mary Colmery.
5. Symphony, Op. 36 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Misses Mary Colmery, Fannie McClellan, Leila Cox, Alice Ballenger.

Chicago. — Mr. Charles H. Brittan delivered a lecture on "The Development of Vocal Music from the 16th Century," at Park Institute, Feb. 7, with musical illustrations by Mrs. Oliver K. Johnson. These were the musical numbers: —

1 { (a.) Aria — "Pieta Signore" . . . . . *Stradella.*
(b.) Song — "Nina" . . . . *Pergolese.*
2 { (a.) Aria — "My Heart ever Faithful" . *J. S. Bach.*
(b.) Aria — "He was Despised" (Messiah) . *Handel.*
3 { (a.) Song — "In questa Tomba" . . . *Beethoven.*
(b.) Song — "Thine is my Heart" . . . *Schubert.*
4 { (a.) Duet — Abendlied . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Brittan.
(b.) Song — "Thou Art Like unto a Flower." *Schumann.*
5 { (a.) Song — Hungarian Song . . . . . *Franz.*
(b.) Song — "Blinkt der Thau" . . . *Rubinstein.*

— Sebastian Hensel's book upon the Mendelssohn family, of which he is a member, is rich in anecdotes. One of the best is the story of the original courtship of Moses Mendelssohn,— an episode which will be new to English readers. In Prussia, during the last century, every Jew was compelled at his marriage to purchase a fixed quantity of goods from the newly-founded Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Berlin. This was certainly an odd way of encouraging art and manufacture; but, worst of all, the Jew, not allowed to choose what he liked, must be content with the "recommendation" of the authorities of the royal factory, who thought Prussia ought to be rewarded for her tolerance by a considerable subsidy from the purses of rich Jews. Moses Mendelssohn, on his wedding-day, had to purchase twenty massive porcelain apes as large as life, some of which are still preserved by various branches of the family. This was under the rule of Mr. Carlyle's hero,— Frederick the Great,— and at a time, too, when Moses Mendelssohn had attained wide renown as a philosophical thinker.

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SONNET.

LOVE, when thou com'st. — too rare and far between! —
In dreams to me that with night's stars must set,
Canst thou, like him who finds at morn not yet
His friend awake, and should not call, but lean
Tenderly o'er him, then steal out unseen,
But leave for greeting on the coverlet
A starry branch of fragrant blossoms, wet
With early dew. — then too not let me glean
A brief, bright joy from thy fleet visiting?
And not for my sole portion leave the slow,
Undying thorn of grief, sharp as the sting
Of pricking thorns? O Love, yet be it so, —
Come even thus! That bitterness untold
Is sweeter than all else the earth may hold!

STUART STERNE.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 28.)

THERE is a passage in the "Impressions et Souvenirs" which places these three great artists, Chopin, Sand, and Delacroix, in an interesting light before us. Delacroix, fine conversationalist as he could be, and expansive as he appears in the passage I allude to, was only so among those few intimate and proven friends who had a right to be considered his intellectual equals. Exclusive and fastidious; believing, if ever artist did, that "the painter who courts popularity closes the door on his own genius;" averse to society, save in those elegant circles where feminine tact exercises its divine right of melting all rebellious and discordant elements into an atmosphere of harmony and grace, or among his compeers in the artist world, Delacroix, in ordinary general society, appeared, when he did appear there at all, taciturn and reserved. He discouraged conversation in the studio, apart from that necessary to instruction, as a species of dissipation. "Conversation on art, or on subjects that most seriously concern artists," said he, "save among equals, when mind kindles mind with electric friction, is a giving pearl of one's self to unworthy receivers, or an exhaustive mental debauchery and loss of concentration, leading to nothing; to shake hands too often lowers the character." This exclusionist was evidently of Robert Schumann's opinion: "The artist should be cheerful as a Grecian god, in his intercourse with life and men; but when these dare to approach too near, he should disappear, leaving nothing but clouds behind him." Chopin, charming, fanciful, witty as he could be at times, was by nature little of a conversationalist; few composers are. Why should they be so? Does not their speech begin where ordinary language ends? On the occasion described by Madame Dudevant, she and Delacroix had previously discussed the teachings of M. Ingres and the opinions of his disciples, repeated in our day by the Cabanellists and the Académie, the eternal subject of rule and exception, classic and romantic, tradition and originality; both friends, however, being on one side of the question, as we might expect from their characters.

"Delacroix said: 'M. Ingres thinks that light was made to embellish; he does not perceive that it was intended to animate. He has studied, with very delicate precision, the smallest effects of light on marbles, gold, drapery; he has only forgotten one thing, — reflection. He does not seem to suspect that everything in nature is reflection, and that all color is an exchange of this. He has scattered over all the objects that have posed before him little companions of sunshine that seem to have been daguerreotyped, but there is neither sun, light, nor air in any of them. The livid and tarnished tones of an old wall by Rembrandt are rich in a very different manner from this prodigality of tones, pasted on objects that he never succeeds in uniting by means of the necessary reflections, and which consequently remain cold, isolated, and harsh. Observe that what is harsh is always cold!' Chopin joined us at my door, and we ascended the stairs disputing about the 'Stratonice' of Ingres. Chopin does not like that picture, because its figures are affected and devoid of genuine emotion; but the finish of the painting pleases him. Chopin and Delacroix love each other, I may say, tenderly. They possess many affinities of character and the same grand qualities of mind and heart. But in their respective arts, Delacroix understands and adores Chopin, but Chopin does not understand Delacroix. He respects, esteems, cherishes, the man, but detests him as a painter. Delacroix, whose faculties are more varied, appreciates and understands music, in which art his taste is just and exquisite. He is never tired of listening to Chopin; he enjoys him, knows him by heart. Chopin accepts and is touched by this homage, but when he looks at one of his friend's pictures he suffers, and has not a word to say. Infinite are his wit, finesse, sarcasm, yet he cares not for painting or sculpture; Michael Angelo frightens him, Rubens makes his flesh creep. All that is eccentric scandalizes him, and he shuts himself up in the narrowest proprieties. Strange anomaly! for his own genius is the most original and individual existing. But he does not like to be told so. It is true that the revolutionary Delacroix's literary taste is also classic and formal as can be imagined! It is useless to dispute with them; I listen; but at dessert Maurice breaks the ice. He begs Delacroix to explain the mysteries of reflection, and Chopin listens, his eyes enlarged by surprise. The master establishes a comparison between the tones of painting and those of music. 'Harmony in music, we know, does not merely consist of the existence of chords, but in their relations, connections, logical successions, all that I may be allowed to term their auditory reflections. Painting cannot proceed otherwise. Let us take this blue cushion and this red cover. Place them side by side. You see that where the two tones touch, they borrow from each other; red is tinted with blue, blue is flushed with red, and between them they produce violet. Crowd the most violent tones into a picture, but if you give them the reflections that unite them, you will never appear loud. Is Nature sober in color? Does she not overflow with glaring, audacious, ferocious oppositions, that yet never destroy her harmony? It is because she enchains everything by means of reflections. You may pretend to suppress these in painting, but the result is somewhat inconvenient; you suppress painting itself.' Maurice observes that the science of reflections is the most difficult in the world. 'No,' replies the master, 'it is as simple as good-day, and can be explained like two and two make four. The reflection of one given color on another invariably produces a third.' 'But how about the re-reflection?' demands the scholar. 'Diable, Maurice, how you run on! You ask too much for one day!' The re-reflection launches us into infinity, as Delacroix knows, yet he cannot explain what he is still in search of, and which he has owned to me he has sometimes found rather through inspiration than by means of science. He can teach the grammar of his art, but genius is not to be communicated to others, and there are unsounded mysteries in color, tones produced by relation, which are nameless, and do not exist on any palette. Chopin has ceased to listen, has seated himself at the piano-forte, and now does not perceive that we are listening to him. He improvises at random, and then pauses. 'Well,' asks Delacroix, 'surely you have not finished?' 'I had not yet commenced. Nothing will come, — nothing but shadows, reliefs, reflections that I cannot fix. I seek the color; I cannot even find the design.' Delacroix replies, 'You cannot find one without the other, consequently you will find them together.' 'But suppose I should find nothing but moonlight?' 'Ah, then,' exclaims Maurice, 'you will have found the re-reflection!' This fancy pleases our divine composer. He takes up his idea again without appearing to recommence, so uncertain and vague is his first sketch. Our eyes seem to behold the soft tints corresponding to the bland modulations which are received by our ears. Blue! we float in the transparent azure of night. Light clouds assume every form of fancy; they fill the sky; they close round the moon; she throws out great opaline disks, and awakens the softly sleeping colors. We dream of a summer night; we await the nightingale."

But like the lady of M. Karasowski's biography certainly meant to say that the spirit of music, rather than that "the spirit of Chopin, breathes from the best of George Sand's romances." For it would be difficult to discover anything of Chopin's peculiar characteristics in the works of George Sand, so different, so opposite, appear the natures of these two artists as displayed in the tendency and effect of their works. The question, Which of George Sand's romances may be considered her best in a purely literary sense?

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is one foreign to our present inquiry; let us, then, endeavor to ascertain how much of *the musical spirit* may be found in her works, and what share of that may reasonably be attributed to the "inspiration" of Chopin.

Unfortunately for this latter assumption, however, it is known that George Sand's love and taste for music dated from childhood, and her musical talent was more an inherited than an acquired one. The father, whom in her filial pride she has characterized as, in accomplishments and courage, "a personification of the chivalrous phase of the last wars of the republic and the first wars of the empire," possessed the temperament of an artist as well as the valor of a soldier. He was well versed in literature, languages, and design, but above all in music; his voice was a fine one, and his violin playing must have been superior to that of many amateurs, for he was able to perform a part at sight in symphonies and quartets. He attempted, rather late in life, to acquire the knowledge of composition which he needed in order to carry out his talent for that science. Madame Sand says: "M. de Vitrolles has related to me the odd result of this tardy scientific study. Previous to it, my father's imagination had appeared to overflow with charming melodies and musical ideas. But, after acquiring the science necessary to express these, his imagination became cold, and his natural genius for musical creativeness deserted him without his becoming aware of it himself." Possibly the creative musical talent of Captain Dupin was not strong enough to survive the robust discipline of scientific training, — an experience not infrequently that of students of composition! When engaged in the campaigns of Napoleon, the first thought of the young officer, on arriving in a city new to him, was to visit the musical celebrities of the place; he wrote letters, evincing much taste, judgment, and enthusiasm, to his mother about these visits and his attendance at great musical and operatic performances, from which his daughter quotes in her autobiography. Throughout her childhood and convent life Madame Sand was deeply impressed by music; the singing of Tyrolese national songs by the prisoners of war who passed through Berry, the chapel music, the voice of her grandmother, all delighted her. Her general musical education would have been no better and no worse than that of most ladies of her social position, but for the fact that her grandmother was a lady of uncommon musical talent and knowledge. She taught the principles of music to little Aurora Dupin with such soundness and completeness that everything seemed easy to her; much more so than when, in after years, masters of greater pretensions only succeeded in disgusting the young student with her own endeavors. At the age of sixty-five Madame Dudevant's grandmother remained, in spite of years and infirmities, so accomplished a singer that she was able to move her hearers to tears by her noble style and expression when performing the masterpieces of the old Italian school, listening to which, seated under the old spinet, in company with her favorite dog, Madame Sand then thought she would gladly have spent her whole life. Her grandmother had known Gluck and Piccinni, and loved the music of both, saying that comparison was a bad rule in art, as it was better to appreciate than to compare different individualities. Madame Sand says: "I have heard much singing since those days, many magnificent voices; but if I have heard more, I cannot say that I have heard anything better." May not the recollection of her grandmother's noble style of singing noble music have had its share in "inspiring" George Sand in her invention of the character of Consuelo, the high-minded pupil of the old Italian master Porpora, — as great a share as the large, expressive singing of her friend, Madame Pauline Garcia, the great artiste who is said to have been depicted in the heroine of "Consuelo" and "The Countess of Rudolstadt"? Although these novels were written at the time when Chopin was an inmate of Madame Sand's house, they are two of her most objective books; and although many of the characters are musicians, the aim and tendency of the works are more religious and revolutionary than musical. And the musical subjects chiefly treated of are Italian vocal music and lives of opera singers, branches of the art in which Chopin was comparatively uninterested, though Bellini was one of his intimate friends.

But George Sand wrote as beautifully of music (more eloquently than any other woman) before her acquaintance with Chopin as during the continuance of their friendship. Exquisite passages on the subject of music abound in her letters to Liszt, Meyerbeer, Gerard, Rollinat, and others, written from Italy and Switzerland in 1834, 1835, and 1836. Some of these are finer than anything she wrote on the same theme afterwards, in their rare combination of warm feeling for nature and appreciation of art. If George Sand ever errs in writing of music, it is not when she depicts the inmost meaning, the æsthetic significance, the soul-moving effect, of that art, but when she dilates on technicalities, schools, methods, and compositions, where her incomplete training for the task becomes occasionally apparent; and we rather wonder that she, far from seeking the "inspiration" of the musicians who surrounded her, did not take more advantage of their superior knowledge, in order to render her delineations of musical art blamelessly correct from a scientific point of view. How fine is that eulogy of music to be found in the opening of one of her letters to Liszt! as true, too, as it is poetical, for the modern art of music almost originated in the chants of the first Christians. "Music is the art of association, friendship, prayer, and faith. Christ told his apostles, at parting, that He would be with them where only one or two were gathered together in his name. The apostles, condemned to wander, labor, and suffer, soon dispersed. But when the disciples met, between imprisonment and martyrdom, the chains of Caiaphas and the stones of the synagogue, if they knelt together, no matter whether on the roadside, in some olive wood, or in the neighborhood of towns in a 'high chamber,' when they had conversed about their master and friend, the desire each felt of invoking his spiritual presence inspired them with the power of song, and the Holy Spirit, whose fiery tongues had invested them with the gift of language, also shed upon them the gift of the sacred voice of music, which can only be worthily spoken or understood by the purest and most elect of all human organizations." And here is one sentence descriptive of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which is more to the point than long pages of mere analytical criticism: "Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony opens enchanted perspectives to the imagination, a valley of Engadine or Mismia, a terrestrial paradise, through which the soul takes flight, leaving limitless horizons behind her, and ceaselessly flying towards new ones, in which the bruised heart heals, the oppressed bosom expands, the mind and brain become renewed, and, identifying ourselves with nature, we sink into a delicious repose." Beautiful is her account of the effect of music on the water, where, after describing a moonlight night in Venice, she speaks of meeting a gondola conveying the orchestra that had been engaged by some English nobleman to perform a serenade: "Unexpected pleasures are the only genuine ones in the world. Yesterday I went to see the moon rise over the Adriatic, and opposite La Salute I met a boat slowly moving towards the Grand Canal, scattering round her, like fragrance, the sound of a delicious serenade. 'Turn the prow,' said I to old Catullo. Another boat followed my example, then a second, then another, then all on the canallazzo; even several empty ones, whose gondoliers rowed towards us, crying, 'Musica, musica!' with the hungry tone of Israelites calling for manna in the desert. In ten minutes the dilettanti were surrounded by a flotilla; all oars were silent, and the boats floated at the will of the water. Harmony glided softly on the breeze as the oboe gently sighed, and we held our breath lest that should interrupt its complaint of love. Two or three harmonious harp passages fell as if from heaven, a promise of angelic consolation to suffering souls. Then the horn rang as if from the depth of the woods, and the lover fancied he beheld his first love advancing towards him from the forest of Frioul. The violin exhaled a thrill of melodious joy; the four instruments united their voices as happy souls might do, embracing ere they depart for Paradise. Even when their accents ceased, my imagination still heard them, for their passage had left a magical warmth in the atmosphere, as though Love had waved his wings through it. There was a moment of silence which no one dared to break. The melodious bark began to hasten as though she would escape us, but we sprang upon her wake like a flock of petrels disputing for the possession of a dorado. The fugitive escaped as Orpheus might have done; a few chords from the harp restored silence and order. It was like the realization of some beautiful dream: the file of silent gondolas wafted by the wind along the magnificent Canal of Venice, while, to the sound of suave motivos from *Oberon* and *William Tell*, every undulation of the waves, every light bound of the oars, seemed to respond to the sentiment of every musical phrase. The gondoliers, in bold attitudes on their poops, stood out against the deep blue air like thin, black spectres, behind the groups of friends and lovers whom they were conducting. The slowly rising moon seemed to listen to and love the music."

"Spiridion," one of the most mystic of

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romances, a novel without a woman, was written during the sojourn of the friends at Valdemosa, in the ruined cloisters of that *chartreuse*, under the influence of the romantic, picture-que, natural scenes and sounds of the island of Majorca. But though, in that theological novel, we may fancy we detect the echoes of the storm-wind, clamorous seas, and rushing torrents that echoed through sonorous galleries and broke upon the ear of its writer while fashioning her large and fluent pages, where shall we find the traces of Chopin's "inspiration"? If I remember rightly, she makes only one mention of music in the entire book. It is the passage in which Alexis describes how he first became aware of the meaning of music, when listening to a fisherman singing to the stars of the mystery of night and the softness of the breeze, in a melody as large, sad, and monotonous as the music of the sea, with a deep, powerful, melancholy voice.

But of all George Sand's writings on music, the most interesting, to those of us who are musicians, at least, are her references to Chopin's manner of composing and playing when at Majorca, where, inspired by the sea, the wind, the complaints of sea-birds borne away by the tempest, but inspired above all by his own genius, love, and grief, he wrote many of his exquisite "Préludes," whose vague or restless rhythms respond to the most despondent, capricious, or passionate of our dreams, while he was suffering from the depression of gloomy superstition or tragic spleen, or agitated by the exaltation of noble, tempestuous, tender, imaginative, emotion. I need not apologize to the music lover for the length of the following extracts, translated from her observations on this subject: —

"To the imagination of Chopin, even when he felt comparatively well, the cloisters seemed peopled with terrors and phantoms. He did not say so, but I saw it. On returning from my nocturnal explorations among the ruins with my children, I often found him, as late as ten o'clock at night, still studying at the piano-forte, pale, his eyes sunken, his hair disordered. He would scarcely recognize us for several minutes, and then, making an effort to smile at himself, would play to us the sublime works he had just been composing, — or rather, I should say, the terrible, or beautiful, or harrowing ideas that had taken possession of his mind in this hour of solitude. It was at such times that he composed those brief and beautiful pages so modestly entitled 'Préludes' by him. Some of these master-works present to us a vision of deceased monks and funereal chants; others, more soft and melancholy, suggested themselves to him in hours of sunshine and comparative health, amid the laughter of children under his windows, the distant sound of guitars, the singing of birds amid the dewy leaves and the small, pale roses that budded under the light snow; and some are filled with a gloomy sadness that pierces the heart while it charms the ear. There is one that he wrote on a lowering, rainy evening, — one that plunges the soul in frightful depression. My son Maurice and I had left him almost well, on one of those mornings when we were accustomed to visit Palma in order to purchase articles necessary for our housekeeping. Heavy rains came on while we were away; the torrents overflowed. We had traveled three leagues in six hours, only to get back in the midst of an inundation; we arrived late at night, through many dangers, having been deserted by our driver and having lost our shoes. We hurried at once to our invalid, fancying we should find him in a state of excessive, indeed, but it had frozen into a sort of tranquil despair, and we found him playing an admirable prelude, while tears ran down his cheeks. He rose with a loud cry on seeing us enter, and exclaimed in a strange tone, with an absent-minded manner, 'Ah, I was sure you were dead!' When he recovered himself and saw the condition in which we were, the retrospective idea of our danger again made him almost ill; he afterwards told me that he had seen our adventures as one in a somnambulistic trance might have done, and, unable to assist us, or, indeed, to distinguish the vision from the reality, he had lulled his anxiety by the effort of composition, until it had seemed to him that he was dead, as he fancied that we also were. He beheld himself as though drowned in a lake; heavy, icy drops of water fell rhythmically on his heart; and when I called his attention to the rain-drops that were then falling rhythmically on the roof, he, protesting against the puerility of audible imitation, and opposing what I termed imitative harmony, insisted that he had not been aware of the sound. He was right, for his genius overflowed with the mysterious harmony of nature, which he translated into musical thought by means of sublime equivalents, not by a servile repetition of outward sounds. His composition of that evening was really filled with the rain-drops that rang on the sonorous tiles of the chartreuse, but in its melody, as in his imagination, these took the form of tears, falling from heaven on his heart. . . . In regard to inward sentiment and emotion, I consider the musical genius of Chopin to have been the most sublime that ever existed. He has caused one instrument to speak the language of the infinite; in ten lines, easy enough for a child to play, he has often condensed poems of immense elevation, dramas of tremendous energy. And he understood his own weakness perfectly. This consisted in an uncontrollable excess of power. Therefore he could not, like Mozart, create a masterpiece of art in one uniform tint. His music is full of shadows and surprises; sometimes, though seldom, it is mysterious, eccentric, tormented. Though he had a perfect horror of formless obscurity in art, the exaltation of extreme emotion often carried him into regions unknown to any but himself. A friend and judge less able than I was to understand his character, or to become identified with every fibre of his intellect, saw him familiar with his modes of feeling, thinking, and working, would have forced him to render himself more intelligible to the world in general. Yet, in early youth, as well as in some of his later compositions, he embodied a few cloudlessly happy ideas, crystal springs in which an undiemed sun is shining, while some of his unpublished romances and Polish songs are charming in their simplicity, and adorable in their sweetness. But how brief, how few, are these tranquil ecstasies of poetic contemplation! The song of the lark in heaven, the floating movement of the swan on stirless waters, are, with him, but momentary flashes of serene beauty. He was more deeply saddened, and for a longer time, by the plaintive cry of the hungry eagle on the rocks of Majorca, the bitter bise of the north wind, and the gloomy desolation of the snow-covered pine-trees, than he was delighted by the perfume of the orange-blossoms, the capricious grace of the wild vines, or the original beauty of the Moorish melodies which he heard the field laborers singing at their work."

George Sand did not abandon music as a subject after her parting from, or after the death of, Chopin; then, as before her acquaintance with him, many beautiful passages on musical themes may be found in her novels or letters. For instance, in one of her later stories of country life, "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," full of pleasing descriptions of rural music, and of music's effect on uncultivated minds, an exquisite passage occurs, unrivaled in a certain thrilling, supernatural charm, where Tiennet is described as trembling at the sound of the mysterious concert of bells and *cornemuse* in the forest at night; and how poetically Brulette relates her reverie while listening to Joset's playing! Madame Sand retained her love of music to the last; she has been described as a grandmother of sixty, playing — at her daughter's request, for the gratification of some visitor who had been admitted to the intimacy of family life at the Chateau of Nôhant for the first time that evening — some of Chopin's nocturnes by heart, with a power and expression seldom met with among young amateurs, but scarcely ever in a lady of her age.

On examining those of her works in which she has written of music, with the hope of discovering how much of "the spirit of Chopin" is to be found in them, it is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than the belief that, though Chopin, her musical friends, and music undoubtedly suggested many ideas to George Sand, as other persons and subjects probably also did, yet, as her genius was of spontaneous growth, a flame springing from an inward source, that of a nature extraordinarily gifted in itself, her works were of course almost entirely nourished and vivified by the same interior fire. That this power was very little dependent on outward influences is sufficiently proven by the fact that she preserved the grace and force of her faculties throughout a literary career of nearly fifty years to the end; her last works convince us of the truth of what Ch. de Mazade has said, that "she underwent no decline, but age only brought to her a pacification of her remarkable genius that was not unfavorable to its effect on her readers."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PATHETIC FALLACY.

MR. RUSKIN, in one of his books, uses the term "pathetic fallacy" to express in Art the mistake of transferring the habits of thought and feeling of our day to an anterior age. In one sense this mistake is universal, and almost inevitable. The religious painter of the time of Titian, or the Dutch painter of the time of Rembrandt, imagined for their sacred pieces that the people about them were sufficiently suitable for

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apostles and martyrs. So little was known, then, of the manners of the East, even of its costumes, that there were few critics to object to seeing Abraham as a Rotterdam burgomaster, or Saint John as a handsome Florentine. Oddly enough, almost the first Bible picture that had the real flavor of the East was painted by Horace Vernet, who, making, at the well, Rebecca support on her arm the jar of water, gave to the extended neck and the impatient lips of Jacob something of that thirst which only the East knows. Since then, however, Holman Hunt has studied on the spot the venerable heads of Judea and its landscape; and, in his "Shadow of the Cross," copies the ancientest tools he could find of the carpenter's trade. And Jerome and Alma Tadema instruct while they please us by a familiarity, half imaginative and half realistic, with ancient expression and costume. Their learning sits easily upon them, and by their help the world takes long strides towards the realization of the perished past.

In our history, our two hundred years cannot go back so far as they carry us; but how common is it for critics, not of New England, to repeat one cuckoo cry of criticism when the brave Puritans are mentioned. They indulge in the "pathetic fallacy" to shield themselves from an honest admiration which is their due. We hear forever of their burning of the witches (which they did not do) and of their persecution of the Quakers. These critics seem wholly to forget that the Puritan fathers did not come here either with a sentimental liberality toward those opinions which were repugnant to them, or with those modern ideas of liberty and the rights of man by which they are now condemned. If they had been people of that sort, they could have stayed at home and temporized with the powers that were. It was the very bitter energy of their belief which forced them from home ties into a solitude they hoped to make their own. And when they found that solitude invaded by sectarians, however honest, repugnant to their conscience and belief, they felt cruelly that their desert was a divided one, and that they must share with others its mastery.

We are judging them by the softer convictions of our time, if so strong a word suits the emasculated indifference which we call liberality.

And, as to the treatment of the witches, the blunder of the Puritans was an epidemic of the time, which ran the world over, and by chance only was it at Salem that the last flicker showed itself before expiring. The decision of Sir Matthew Hale is said to have cut short, as with a blow, what certainly good sense should never have protracted so long. But these epidemics of the human race are never guided by good sense. From the mad Neapolitan dance, surviving in the Tarantella, to the religious maniacs of the French mountains and at the tomb of the Abbé de Paris, good sense is the one thing absolutely not there. It is a pity, indeed, that good sense is not as catching as these follies and horrors. And have we not had in our own time the foolish crowd of Millerites, with whom reason abdicated as the childish whim ran like wild-fire! We have said that these cuckoo notes of criticism usually come from beyond New England. Its headquarters is at New York; and we do not like to believe that it is any envy of so noble an ancestry as the Puritan fathers that prompts it. It is true that the worthy burghers of Holland who founded New York were not liable to any such severity of judgment. We think that fanaticism was neither their strength nor their weakness, and still less should we like to believe that the partiality of that established English church which drove the Puritans to exile still prompted in its American representative any injustice of opinion towards a body of men whom all should revere. And if they must be disliked, let us hear no more of the misuse of that pathetic fallacy, which, incapable of sympathy with their lofty endurance, judges them by the judgment of our day, and measures their iron souls by a weakness no longer capable of such a strain of heroism.

T. G. A.

HENRY JAMES'S NEW BOOK.[1]

Mr. Editor, — You have been reading, I see, Henry James's last book ("Society the Redeemed Form of Man"), as I have; and I doubt not with great interest. To me it seems a remarkable work for its elevated thought and its earnest and profound convictions, and is the most satisfactory statement the author has given to the public of his readings of Swedenborg passed through the alembic of his mind. At any rate, it is his spiciest work. Being in the form of letters to a friend, he allows himself a freer swing; and while he is very earnest in endeavoring to state his ideas clearly and concisely, and to this end states and restates and recapitulates, he is always fresh and without monotony. True, he often writes from deep feeling, which manifests itself in unlooked-for sarcasms and homely phrases and epithets. But these flashes show at what a white heat and with what a depth and intensity of conviction his thoughts run.

To me his book has been very stimulating and suggestive in the region of those profound truths he discusses, and I think must be so to all who are seeking for solid ground for their faith in the unseen. And this, however we may differ from him in many of his affirmations.

But I did not set out to write a review of this book (for it would be hardly in the line of your journal), but intended to ask if it did not strike you as having a resemblance in its style (including matter and manner) to certain forms in music. To be sure, there is nothing exactly poetical or designedly artistic in the form or spirit of it. Yet one can't help admiring his sonorously rhetorical style, and might not be over-fanciful in calling the book a grand symphonic poem with endless modern and original variations, sometimes with most unexpected harmonies, upon the severely simple and archaic themes of Swedenborg. Or, better still, call it a long, full fugue, like one of Bach's, teeming with those never-ending, still-beginning thoughts, — the same thought never repeated in exactly the same phrase, but always fresh in its repetition; running into majors and minors, now dropping an idea and now taking it up, now mingling in others; and then all spinning their course along in one braided and interwoven *yarn*, I might say, if it were one of his gifted son's stories; call it rather theologic strand of many harmonious colors and gradations of light and dark.

Somehow I am reminded of old Bach's fullness and earnestness when Mr. James tells us that he began with intending to write ten letters, or about 100 pages, but finds he can't possibly finish under twenty-eight letters, of 480 pages.

I don't know how it is with professed musicians, but I know we outsiders often think Bach is about making an end on't, when he hasn't the least idea of so doing. Not that I, for one, *want* him to end, for I revel in him; but the hunt does sometimes seem to be about up, when lo and behold, the fox is hardly in sight, and the view-halloo just beginning. Such are the mistakes of outsiders. How is it possible for them to predict just where and when the riders come in at the death, and whether there may not be, after all, a *da capo* for the whole performance?

I have a great admiration for those men who are so full of their subject that they don't know when to stop. Only, let it be seen that they *are* so full (and of something worth telling) that they must overflow and keep running. What a perennially fresh-running brook is Bach, down to his very *ultimates*, as Swedenborg might say, that is, to his very name! But Heaven preserve us from men or women who think they have a mission to talk, or preach, or make poetry or music, *ad infinitum*, when all but they themselves know them to be unmitigated bores! C. P. C.

Cambridge, Mass.

[1] *Society the Redeemed Form of Man, etc.* Affirmed in Letters to a Friend. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

I.

All that makes anything live is expression. *Look through form* for expression. The *essence* of form is a great deal finer than form. Look at some of the French figure-painters of to-day! Bouguereau, for instance. We find knowledge of form and skill in representing it; but in order to work like that you've got to flatten out every impressionable form in your constitution.

You work to express what you feel; and some one who never feels anything says, "When that is done it will be beautiful!" "When it is as bad as my things," they ought to say.

The thing, and the appearance of the thing, are two different affairs. If you are looking with the eye you are taking down facts; and a million of them won't make a conundrum. Your eyes are windows through which you receive impressions, keeping yourself as passive as warm wax, instead of being active. The talk of your friends makes you savagely active to get hold of things and to do them. You have more than you need of that. If I am *looking* I don't *see!* You must be lazy, and say, "Let me see a thing, and I'll paint it." Pretty soon you'll see something that will be reflected on your perception. *That* is a jewel!

For this reason I want you to make memory-sketches. They are the only essence; the only things you really feel. They won't say much to *you*. No matter. You work for the pleasure of doing. People say, "Don't you get attached to your sketches?" Attached! I should think not, after they're done. You might as well be attached to the dinner that you've eaten.

It was meant that everybody should express some plan in creation. A mosquito means something; an idiot means something. But if the mosquito tries to be a gnat, or the idiot a Daniel Webster, they have a hard time.

People are too much given to swapping themselves off for something better than themselves. The minute you give the reins to your ambition to excel, to get the start of Jimmy, to go to the head of the class, you fall into those mean motives which are the aim of our Christian community, whose prayer is, "O Lord, let me go to the head of the class, and let all the other boys go down!" We're always trying to get ahead of somebody else.

Here you all are together. You ought to help one another, ought to be delighted when another excels, for you can learn something of that one. We go to church on Sunday and talk about doing to others as we would be done by, and on Monday we do nothing of the kind. I don't believe that the men who joined Moody and Sankey's church are any more honest than they were the day before they joined. They don't confess

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

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that they've been in the habit of doing mean things. They say, "Have you joined Moody and Sankey's church? If you had you 'd be a great deal better man than you are." If they would say less and do more! If they 'd come down town and say, "Let's put our religion on our counters! Let's use no poor cotton instead of good!" They don't learn something in order to use it. Whatever you put into your pocket and don't use is worse than useless. The pirate who runs up a black flag is honest in comparison with pretenders. Don't misunderstand me! I exaggerate, and I intend to. In painting you have to exaggerate.

It has been said that "genius consists in the power of taking a hint." Genius is nothing but love. If you love to paint, if you love to sing, if you love to black boots, you are a genius. The reverse is hatred.

Genius is like a seed in the florist's drawer. It longs to get out. It says, "For God's sake let me get out; let me be planted! Let me go somewhere! Let me grow! Let me decay, even!" If we would only let ourselves swing along, and not take so much trouble! I say that; and yet nobody takes more trouble and gets more discouraged.

You can't grow if you look at a thing so high that it makes your stomach go down, — injures your diaphragm. You hear Essipoff, and go home to try to play Chopin as she does. It makes you sick to remember her runs as you try your own. You forget the tremendous training she has had.

People like Essipoff are not spoiled by some fond parent who thinks her child the wonder of the world. No, such an artist was early taught to try, try a little more each day, always with an ideal a little ahead, and by and by she opens the window and sees the whole world. The sickening part of it all is when she must meet the world. "I don't think she is this; and I don't think she 's that!" Nothing of what she *is*. Let her make a mistake in a Chopin nocturne, and the critics howl with delight.

The world can't see good things. The oak does n't have to yield to the beech, nor does it say, "I am greater than the beech!" It 's all narrowness. It 's the way we are taught. A parent would give a half-a-dozen pair of gloves if her young one could paint better than anybody else. A greater love would be to have you pass for what you are.

Children don't learn from love of what they are learning. They love to beat some one.

To return to Form. You must know form to get expression. People think that the representation of form is reached by correct drawing. Look at Rembrandt's figures; some of them five heads high! The fact is, we are all too smart. We try too much. *I* do; and I know the world is about alike.

Oh, it 's no joke — painting! But it 's awfully amusing. You 'd rather cry over painting than laugh over anything else, except perhaps music. An art is no joke. Just think! You may put your hand down on paper, and you may do something that will be as lasting as the Parthenon. Art is all that remains. The fellows who are only filling their pockets with dollars, what are they going to leave?

CRITICS generally find fault with the artist or the composer. The fact that audiences also deserve blame seems not to enter into their minds. The public often forces artists to yield to their corrupt taste, and there are few who can effectually resist this pressure. Many yield. Some do so reluctantly, others give way readily. In such a struggle it is the solemn duty of the press to stand by the man who aims at pure taste. — *Brainard's Musical World.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

CONCERTS.

SINCE March came in, the public musical performances in Boston have been comparatively few; but to complete our record we have to go back and pick up half a dozen concerts which occurred in the last ten days of February. We begin with the vocal clubs: —

The concert of the APOLLO CLUB (February 19, and again with the same programme February 24) was one of the most interesting it has ever given. The singing was in all respects most admirable, — an improvement even on the best efforts of the past. The pure, sweet, manly quality of voices; the sonorous, perfectly musical ensemble; the prompt and sure attack; the precision; the fine phrasing, delicate light and shade, distinct enunciation; and the pervading fire and spirit, seemed to leave nothing to be desired in respect to execution and interpretation. The selections, too, though mainly part-songs, were uncommonly interesting. The least so, perhaps, was the opening piece, of more pretension than the rest, the "Hymn to Music," by Lachner, although that is musicianly and has its beauties. The most important was Schubert's wonderful setting of Goethe's emblematical poem, "Song of the Spirits over the Waters," with the low, mysterious murmur of its rich accompaniment of two violas, two violoncellos, and bass (Messrs. C. and J. Eichler, Wulf Fries, Carl Behr, and Aug. Stein). Only a composer of Schubert's imaginative genius could keep up the interest of so long a work, all in so low a tone of color. The poetic images are musically reproduced with an exquisite truth to nature: the brooding silence over the still water, the rush and roar of the torrent, the creeping over level meadows, the planets "gazing at their fair faces in the glassy sea," — ever a new phase of enchantment! Rheinberger's playfully romantic ballad, "Salentia von Isenberg," was singularly original and charming. The "Drinking Song" by Lux and Hatton's very sweet and tranquil "Evening's Twilight" were as welcome as ever, and justly so.

The monotony of strict male part-song was agreeably relieved by a masterly English prize glee, by Evans (1811), for five voices, "Beauties, have you seen a toy called Love?" by the duet "Non fuggir," from *William Tell*, finely sung by Mr. Wilkie and Dr. Bullard, the former showing great improvement both in the sweetness and purity of his high tenor voice and in graceful ease of execution; and finally by closing the concert with Bishop's good old glee of "Meinheer van Dunck," which it was a pleasure to hear revived by so fine a chorus. But for a still greater element of variety three of the movements (Allegro, Andante with variations, and Scherzo) from Hummel's master-work, the Septet, were interspersed between the vocal numbers, and very artistically played by Messrs. Sumner, pianist, Carl Eichler, viola, Wulf Fries, 'cello, A. Stein, bass, Wm. Rietzel, flute, C. Faulwasser, oboe, and Edw. Schumann, horn. The hall was too large for the full intensity of effect from these few instruments, yet the performance gave great pleasure, and the Scherzo had to be repeated. Mr. Lang has certainly the choicest of materials for a male chorus under his control, and he has trained them to a rare perfection of ensemble. There is no need of saying that the Music Hall was crowded.

BOYLSTON CLUB. — Right upon the heels of the Apollo (the next evening, Tuesday, February 25), came the second concert of this younger and very vigorous, enthusiastic club, with the advantage of having united with itself a choir of female voices. Its conductor, Mr. George L. Osgood, full of zeal and fondness for high tasks in music, familiar with what is best in music, old and new, and continually growing in his mastery of all the resources of his art, has wonderfully succeeded in inspiring his large body of singers with his own tastes and ideals. They take up an elaborate old work, which at first seems strange, repulsive, and impracticable to them, but he makes them learn it till they sing it *con amore*. Such was the case that evening with the opening *pièce de resistance* of the programme, the singularly beautiful, expressive, and uplifting, as well as wonderfully learned and ingenious, Motet in B-flat, by Bach, "Sing to the Lord a new-made song." It is for double chorus (eight real parts), and seems to exhaust all the resources of counterpoint, yet all is naturally flowing and melodious; each part follows its own melody, as if it had nothing else to think of, and yet all combines in one expressive whole. Often the two choruses are strongly contrasted: while one sings on in running figurative phrases, the other exclaims, "Sing ye," etc.; then they alternate; then all the eight parts become involved in most melodious complication, yet each part so marked that you lose nothing of it; there is a continual crescendo of mutually exciting ardor and activity, till the commingling phrases seem like a busy swarm of bees, all growing to a climax in a splendid, glorious song of praise. This is Allegro moderato. Then comes a second movement, Andante sostenuto. Here we meet our most familiar chorale (essentially that), "Old Hundred," given out by single lines by one chorus, with Bach's inimitable harmony, the other chorus filling the intervals between the lines with a more contrapuntal four-part subject of its own. This is a form to which Bach is partial (witness the Passion Music), one chorus representing, as it were, the prayer of humanity, the other the consoling church, with the serene and peaceful harmony of the chorale. Omitting a few pages, the performance passed on to the rapid and exciting Hallelujah fugue, with which the Motet ends, and in which the two choruses are consolidated into one. The work was remarkably well sung, considering its great difficulty, and the utterly unusual character of the music for nearly all the singers. It was all clear, well sustained, and rendered with fair light and shade and good general expression. It would be a wonder indeed if such a work pleased all the critics, some of whom were doubtless strangely out of their proper element in it; or if it took hold of half the audience with a tithe of the power it might do, upon frequent repetition; or even if the careful and industrious rehearsal of it had quite converted all the singers to a realizing sense of its intrinsic power and beauty. There are innate differences in the musical natures of people, in their depth and sensitiveness, in their capacity of sympathizing with what is deepest, best, and holiest in art. Perhaps the popular sort of admiration which clings to *Trovatores, Carmens*, and the like, might, if it only could get hold of one of these great works of Bach, prove fatal to its freshness, dim its celestial purity, and drag it down into the category of things commonplace and hackneyed. Such things demand real, interior, sincere appreciation, and not the *furore* and clapping of hands of each new nine-days' wonder. We are tempted here to apply to Bach's music what the philosophic Henry James, in his last book ("Society the Redeemed Form of Man"), says of the unattractive style to common readers of the writings of Swedenborg: "They would seem to have been mercifully constructed on the plan of barring out idle acquaintance,

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and disgusting a voluptuous literary curiosity;" but to deep religious natures, "to the aching heart, they will be sure to bring," he thinks, "infinite balm and contentment." To enter truly into the spirit, into the divine rest and beauty, of Bach's music, one must have known some deep experience. It would be well to repeat the Motet once or twice; then more people would begin to appreciate it. But if Bach's music bars out idle acquaintance, and disgusts voluptuous, pampered, artificial taste and curiosity, it often wins the *simple* listener. Many such, without understanding, love it; so that it may be said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter [this] kingdom of heaven." How many musical amateurs, professors, critics, curiosity hunters, are simple enough to respond to the child-like spirit that pervades and sanctifies the learned harmony of Bach, of which they see only the outward form?

The Motet was followed by a Choral Hymn, by Brahms, for mixed chorus, with organ accompaniment. This seemed to us the clearest, least sophisticated, least overwrought, and most expressive composition we have yet heard from Brahms. It is noble and uplifting music, growing to a climax which we may almost call sublime; and it was sung superbly.

In the second part we had "King Eric," a sweet and graceful setting by Reinberger of Reinick's sentimental and romantic ballad, beautifully sung; "The Little Bird," from the Swedish, for tenor solo, tenderly and sweetly sung by Mr. Osgood, with exquisite accompaniment of female chorus; Mr. Osgood's beautiful male part-song, "Thou 'rt like unto a flower;" "Sunset," by Gade; "O world, thou art so wondrous fair" (male chorus), by Storch; the "Presage of Spring," by Hollander, in which the fresh, pure female voices were quite in harmony with the "balmy air" and "violets" of which they sang; a lovely "Slumber Song," by Kücken; Schubert's beautiful "Forest Hymn" (*Nachtgesang im Walde*), full of fine effects of echo, sounds approaching and receding, which suffered from the impossibility of procuring the four horns so essential as accompaniment; and, finally, the hearty, delightful old Italian madrigal, composed by Constantius Festa, in 1541, for mixed chorus. All the singing showed most thorough and judicious training. The piano-forte accompaniments were effectively and tastefully played by Mr. Petersilea. The third concert will be on Wednesday evening, April 16.

MME. CAPPIANI'S second annual benefit concert was remarkably good for a concert mostly of singing pupils. The chief fault was its too great length. But the programme was far from monotonous. This accomplished prima donna of Italian and German opera has been doing a good work in our city as a teacher; her pupils of both sexes are numerous, and quite a number of them bore striking testimony on this occasion to the excellence of her instruction. Some of them were a little nervous, to be sure, and won all the more sympathy for that, but for the most part they had pleasing voices, well developed, gave their tones out in frank, honest style, and sang with good taste and expression. The teacher sang an Ave Maria of her own composition; a recitative and aria, with unseen female chorus, from *L'Africaine*, and in Costa's Quartet (canon), "Ecco quel fiero istante," — all in excellent voice, and in the large and noble style of an artist. Of the young lady pupils, Miss Annie Wentz appeared the most advanced, and sang a recitative and aria from Spohr's *Jessonda* in tones of great beauty and with good dramatic style and fervor. Miss Ida Kleber showed rare facility and sunny brilliancy in a florid "Waltz per Sempre," composed for Mme. di Murska, and had to repeat it. Mendelssohn's "Zuleika," by Miss Alice Potter, and Thomas's "Mignon" air, by Mrs. T. Buxton, were sung with feeling and expression. The Trio of maskers from *Don Giovanni* was fairly sung by Miss Sybilla Bailey, Dr. Allison Dudley, and Mme. Cappiani. Mr. Martial Wood gave a refined rendering of Adam's *Noël* and Gounod's "Salve dimora;" and Mr. Theodore Castelhuhn made a favorable impression with Schubert's "Wanderer."

The aid from without was furnished partly by Mr. M. W. Whitney, who has found a fine addition to his concert répertoire in an Aria from Righini's "Selva incantata," which he sang in his best style to general admiration, and who also gave "A mariner's home 's the sea" by Randegger; partly by Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, who gave a superb rendering (Mrs. S. taking the orchestral accompaniments on a second piano) of Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia, Op. 15, Mr. S. having already played the Concert Toccata by Dupont; besides an Offertoire upon the organ by Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, and a successful rendering of Ernst's *Otello* Fantaisie for violin by Mr. Van Raalte.

MR. JOHN A. PRESTON, one of the most talented of our young pianists who have come forward under the tuition of Mr. Lang, gave a concert at Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday evening, February 26, which was alike remarkable for the ambitious tasks which he essayed and for the success with which he acquitted himself in them. Here is his programme: —

Prelude and Fugue (Op. 35), Mendelssohn; Aria, "Dove Sono" (Figaro), Mozart; Sonata in F minor (Op. 14), Schumann (Allegro — Scherzo — Quasi Variazioni — Prestissimo possibile). Four Preludes (from Op. 28): A major, F major, A-flat major, G-sharp minor, Chopin. Songs: "Marie at the Lattice," Franz; "Der Lindenbaum," Schubert. Fantasie in F minor (Op. 49), Chopin.

It was Mr. Preston's second public appearance only before a Boston audience as solo pianist; his first was in a Symphony Concert last year, when he made his mark in a Concerto by Saint-Saëns. Schumann's F minor Sonata (first published under the title of "Concerto without Orchestra"), was a bold undertaking for the most accomplished virtuoso; Von Bülow is the only one who has ever played it here in public, and it is said that even he did it not without some misgiving. Its various movements combine all the peculiarities and all the difficulties of Schumann's young, original, audacious style. It is full of his breath-catching, nervous syncopations, his bold modulations, his intricate and finger-twisting figures and phrases, as it is full of fire and passion, original conceptions and ideal strivings. We can hardly imagine anything more difficult to bring out evenly and clearly than the first and last movements, the last at a rate of speed indicated by *prestissimo possibile!* The Scherzo is an exciting, fascinating movement, with a grand broad sweep carrying all before it. The dirge-like theme of the third movement was the invention of Clara Wieck, who became Schumann's wife, and some of the Variations are very striking. The young interpreter proved himself equal to all the technical exactions of his task, and accomplished every difficulty not only with a firm, sure mastery, but with an ease that left him free to think and feel the music, and throw a great deal of his own native fire into it. His look and manner are those of a very serious artist; he takes all in earnest, and never trifles with his work.

After this exceptional and trying composition, none of the easiest to appreciate without several hearings, it was a new sort of pleasure and a relief to hear his graceful, refined and poetic renderings of the four Chopin Preludes; and it was a happy thought in him, an instinct of artistic symmetry, which led him to repeat the short and perfect little one in A major at the end of the four, making that the key-note, as it were, of the whole group. The Chopin Fantaisie was another arduous undertaking, which he mastered with all ease. The singing by Miss Annie Louise Gage made a most pleasing feature of the concert; her voice and style are full of sensibility, and she did justice to the Mozart and the charming songs.

SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT. — A large audience listened, at Boston Music Hall, on Thursday afternoon, February 27, to a very satisfactory rendering of an interesting programme, which included: Part I. Overture to "The Return from Abroad," Mendelssohn; Romance (larghetto) and Rondo vivace from the Concerto in E minor, Chopin; Incantation of the Witch of the Alps, and Entr'acte, from music to Byron's "Manfred," Schumann. Part II. Piano solos: *a.* Prelude and Fugue, Haberbier-Guilmant; *b.* Tarantella from "Venezia e Napoli," Liszt; Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 73 (second time), Brahms.

The pianist was Mme. Julia Rivé-King, who has wonderfully improved in power, finish, and expression since she first appeared in Boston, in the twelfth season of these concerts. Her technique is consummate. The Chopin Romance was given with the utmost delicacy and refinement of phrasing and of light and shade; and all the piquancy and brilliancy of the Rondo finale were exhibited in a manner that showed a plenty of reserved power. She understands remarkably well how to bring out the full tone of the instrument, and in an easy way. Her touch is exquisite, and there is no affectation about it at all. Yet we should not say that fine poetic feeling was her strong point. The Prelude by Haberbier, and the Fugue by Guilmant, originally written for the organ, were transcribed by herself, and with true conception of their meaning and effect. The Prelude, a melody with airy arpeggio accompaniment, had a rich and full sonority; the Fugue is a clear and strong one, and was made very effective in the rendering, although we should think the lady less domesticated in fugue music than in other freer forms. The Tarantella by Liszt was admirably done. The impression which she made throughout was very positive, and held the general attention closely to the end of each interpretation.

The orchestra won new recognition by the precision and the delicacy and the fine spirit with which they played Mendelssohn's youthful overture, which seemed to us more fresh and buoyant, as well as having more artistic substance, than it ever did before, when we have heard it only outlined as it were by less complete orchestras. So, too, the daintily imaginative *morceaux* from the "Manfred" music were delightfully presented.

We do not find ourselves at all alone in saying that the second Symphony of Brahms does not improve upon acquaintance. Indeed, to our feeling, it is a less successful effort than his first one, in C minor. And we even make bold to suggest, at the risk of shocking some of the admirers, that we can conceive of a Sterndale Bennett writing a much better symphony than this of Brahms in D. In spite of a certain pastoral softness and repose with which it opens, and the sweet infusion of horn tones continually, you soon feel a cloying fullness in the Allegro non troppo. There is a certain feebleness, a sugar-and-water character, in the subject matter of the themes; and when it comes to the *working up* after the repeat, it is done with an unstinted use of contrapuntal means,

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such as the real matter of the movement does not seem to call for. And near the end of the movement there are some obscure, unsatisfactory periods which suggest the fancy whether all this super-refined contrapuntal distillment has produced anything better than a bad quality of spirit, which shows its effects upon the brain in the uncomfortable, distracting headache (*Weltschmerz — Katzenjammer*, — what you will) of the Adagio which follows. For verily that Adagio, after several hearings in concert and rehearsal, still refuses to reveal its meaning, and leaves us with the sense of having listened to something ugly and ungenial, which we would fain avoid hereafter. Yet there is no denying the earnestness of all, so far, which makes us half ashamed of speaking so lightly of it as we have done.

In the third movement (Allegretto grazioso) our tone-poet seems to have slept off the beclouding influence, and to go forth with buoyant step and feeling into the wholesome air and light of nature; for its principal theme is cheerful and graceful, indeed fascinating; but even this, taking the whole piece together, is fragmentary and disjointed; the rhythm and the tempo and the thoughts themselves are continually changing without warning and apparently without reason; there is nothing like development or continuity. Thus the first graceful Allegretto subject, in 3-4 measure, suddenly changes to Presto, in 2-4; then, as suddenly, you have a reminder of the "Orgy" motive in the *Huguenots* for a few bars; then a few bars pianissimo for the violins, which recall the rain-drops in the storm scene of the Pastoral Symphony, and so on. It is all pretty, but it hardly seems to hold together, — the giddy fancies of a wayward humor. The Finale (Allegro con spirito) is all rush and brilliancy, and its strong impulse is so well sustained to the end that we think it on the whole the best part of the symphony. In spite of its earnestness, of the contrapuntal skill and learning displayed in it, of the remarkable instrumentation, and the many single passages of power and beauty (including one or two reminders of Beethoven), we feel, as most have felt, the lack of genuine creative inspiration in this large and labored work. All agree that Mr. Zerrahn had brought his orchestra up to a high mark of excellence in the execution.

The concert of this week is entirely orchestral. Of the eighth and last (March 27) the programme will be found among our advertisements.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, FEB. 21, 1879. — The musical season is at its height. Concerts, operas, chamber recitals, and benefit soirées are being given so rapidly that I find it impossible to report even one third of them, although, *entre nous*, a glance at some of their programmes is sufficient and one prudently stays away. A mutual admiration society for the audition of the works of the members is in operation now, and though it may be interesting to the friends of the composers, a stranger will hardly find it the same. A notable exception to this class of things was the second concert given at the Salle Erard by Mr. Frederick Boscovitz, previous to his departure for the United States. The programme was excellent, Mr. Boscovitz playing first a sonata by Nichelmann, whose name is unfortunately disappearing from our concert programmes. A descriptive tone-piece in three movements followed next, entitled "Contes de Fôret Noire;" it brought Mr. Boscovitz before us as a composer with a strongly marked individuality; leaning decidedly toward the romantic, although he showed in a bright menuet, reminding one of Mozart, that he is not a bigot in any school. A Field Nocturne, an air from Handel, and a Chopin Valse, proved his varied talents. As a Chopin player he certainly ranks high: that divine coquetry which is the life and soul of the valses by that composer was visible in Mr. Boscovitz's interpretation. The recital closed with the Tannhauser Marche, rendered in his usual vigorous style.

Another exceptional concert was given by Miss Anna Bock of New York, who is a pupil of Lebert of Stuttgart. Miss Bock, though young, is on the high road to fame, and is developing rapidly into an artiste of the first order. She is distinguished not alone by her virtuosity (which is remarkable), but by her poetic touch and deep feeling, as exemplified in her rendering of several Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin numbers; and what music is a better test for those qualities? Liszt has said some very flattering things about Miss Bock's playing, and I don't think his *Lordship* has erred.

We have been regaled the past three weeks by Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" at the Concert du Chatelet. A fair chorus and good soloists have made the performances a success. If Germany has her Wagner, France proudly points to the great Hector; although some one wittily says: "The music of the future is the natural daughter of Berlioz," to which remark I take no exceptions. The Pasdeloup concert on Sunday last was capital. Beginning with the sublime C-minor symphony of Beethoven, it ran down the gamut with the names of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Paganini, Glinka, Saint-Saens, and Rossini, — a musical ragout, without doubt. The symphony was played well. The "Marche Hongroise" by Berlioz, with its strong national coloring, could not be found fault with. Paganini's "Mouvement Perpetuel," arranged for all the first violins, was a piece of virtuosity; they played as one man. An aria from Saint Saens's new opera, "Etienne Marcel," was a failure. It was sweet, pretty, feeble, etc.; and that leads me to remark that Saint-Saens is too prolific a composer to do anything great. The quantity of notes he turns out every year must be immense; but I am afraid these influences are hardening me into a musical-Philistine, and I will stop. J. H.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8. — The fifth concert of the Symphony Society took place at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, March 1st. The list began with Cherubini's stately *Anacreon* overture, which was very finely performed. This was followed by a concerto, Op. 32, for piano-forte and orchestra, by Xavier Scharwenka, a brilliant and effective work, although not strikingly original. Mr. Bernhard Bockelmann, who undertook to play the concerto, enjoys the reputation of an excellent musician and a successful teacher of piano-forte music; but he has few qualifications for a concert player, his performance being labored and monotonous.

Next came Grieg's mournful and rather dull cantata, "At the Cloister Gate," with Miss Henne (soprano), and Miss Winant (alto), as soloists, and chorus by singers from the Oratorio Society. The singers, chorus, and orchestra did full justice to the music, and it was probably their excellent work which gained the honor of an encore, to which Dr. Damrosch promptly but not wisely responded by repeating the entire piece.

The "Symphonie Fantastique," by H. Berlioz, which brought the concert to a close, was heard, complete, for the first time in New York, although parts of it have been played here before. It may be called a study of instrumentation, and as such it is a work of unusual interest. No one knew better than Berlioz the requirements and the capabilities of each instrument of the orchestra, and, given certain effects, no one could produce them more skillfully than he. Every one who hears the "Symphonie Fantastique" must acknowledge this to be true. Add to the knowledge and talent of Berlioz melodic invention, which he lacked, and the result is a great composer (which we now have in Joachim Raff).

In the "Symphonie Fantastique," as in the "Harold Symphony," there is a "fixed idea," but it is a melody, not an instrument, as in the work last named. This melody (being almost the only one which the symphony contains) represents the "beloved one" as she appears to the artist in a delirious dream, the result of an overdose of — opium, says the programme, whiskey, it is to be suspected, — and runs through the five movements, changing in character somewhat with each. In the "Ball room" it is adapted to the measures of the dance and one thinks of "Maud" set to music. The third movement is a pastoral, beginning with the "Ranz des Vaches," and ending with some terribly realistic thunder.

The fourth movement is a triumph of the art of scoring. The march to execution, the steady tramp, tramp of the guards, the tolling of bells, the reappearance of the melody at the fatal moment when it is cut short by the headsman's stroke (another terribly realistic piece of business), all is magnificently worked up.

In the fifth movement the composer has cast all convention to the winds. Thanks to the kind offices of Monsieur de Paris, the artist in his dream has reached the place not to be mentioned to ears polite. He is greeted with dæmoniac yells by all the fiends therein assembled. Suddenly the beloved one appears limping and jumping! — a melody on crutches! It is the same, but oh, how changed! From a noble, dignified, and altogether well-conducted melody it is now degraded to a trivial and inexpressibly vulgar jig.

"Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee."

Grand finale. Burlesque of the "Dies Iræ" by demons in chorus. Jim-jams!

If any one is in the least shocked by the foregoing paragraph, let him be assured that it is no worse than the programme. In fact I think I have toned it down considerably.

I feel bound to say that the performance of the symphony, which is as difficult as it is grotesque, was highly creditable to Dr. Damrosch and his orchestra. The men are thoroughly in sympathy with their conductor, and his interpretation of the music was both vigorous and clear.

At the fifth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society (March 8th), Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Fuchs's Serenade in D, for string orchestra, and Liszt's "Tasso" were performed. Mr. Richard Hoffman played Brull's Concerto, Op. 10, for piano and orchestra (the same which he recently performed at one of Mr. Carlberg's symphony concerts, at Chickering Hall).

Mr. Carlberg has in rehearsal a Nocturne for orchestra (new) by C. F. Daniels, one of our rising composers. It will be played at the next symphony concert, March 22.

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, MARCH 5. — The Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of Mr A. Rosenbecker, gave its second concert on the evening of February 21, offering the following programme: —

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream." . *Mendelssohn*
Concerto, Op. 16, with orchestra . . . . . . *Henselt.*
Mr. Emil Liebling.
Aria, From opera "Sosarme" . . . . *Handel.*
Mr. George Werrenrath.
Symphony, Op. 11 . . . . . . *Norbert Burgmüller.*
Allegro Moderato; Andante; Scherzo.
"The Two Grenadiers" . . . . *Schumann.*
Mr. George Werrenrath.
Serenade . . . . *Volkmann.*
String Orchestra.
'Cello Solo by Mr. Eichheim.
Rhapsodie, Hongroise, No. 3 . . . . *Liszt.*
Orchestra.

We were prevented from attending the evening performance, but listened to the "public rehearsal" in the morning, and heard the programme simply played through without interruption. In our "symphony concerts," we are unfortunately laboring under many disadvantages, and there are drawbacks that seem to prevent, at least for the present, an adequate performance of large orchestral works. The first great difficulty is that our orchestra is not careful enough in the matter of tuning, and there is often a sad disregard of a positive pitch on the part of the instrumentalists who compose the band. For this surely the conductor is responsible. Another drawback to a good performance is too few rehearsals. It is hardly supposable that a number of men can come together and, after from two to three short rehearsals, interpret difficult classical works with even a moderate degree of finish. For this the public is in part to blame. They do not give the management sufficient financial support to enable them to hire the musicians for a greater number of rehearsals. To expect the members of the band, who are forced to resort to all kinds of measures to obtain a simple livelihood, to give their time (which to them means money, at least in a limited degree), without payment, to rehearsals of music for the public's pleasure is to ask the weak and struggling to support the rich and powerful. There must be a better realization of the duty of the public in this regard before our orchestra can even have the opportunity for improvement.

In interpretation, tone-coloring, the phrasing of the small figures of a composition, the proper control of the instruments in a long crescendo that a climax of pure tone may be reached, instead of an intricate noise, in the subjection of the accompanying parts to the theme, our orchestra has much to learn. Before these, however, tune and a correct reading seem primarily necessary. Yet our material in individual ability is good, and we are not without the hope of a development to better things. Let the musician learn that the cultivation of the public's musical taste by the means of truly good performance will bring him a fuller return in a more adequate support.

Mr. Emil Liebling played two movements of the Henselt Concerto with much power and brilliancy. The composition, however, seems hardly worthy of the practice it takes to master its difficulties. It seems to us that the study of a Beethoven, a Chopin, or the Schumann Concerto would be more compensating, and would give greater pleasure to a really musical listener. Our young pianists have yet to learn that true music is above the common plane of mere display. To manifest dexterity of fingering, or to master all the difficulties of technique in octave playing, scales, broken and extended chords, until all the possible feats of mechanical agility are accomplished, will not in itself make a player. These are but the externals. When the master-spirit shall touch the keys, a sweet melody will sing to us in beautiful tones, our natures will awaken to the realization of a pure and gentle influence, and we shall be hushed to silence and made willing captives to the wonderful power of real music. There is much need of a singing (*legato*) style with many of our new school of pianists.

We have in mind, as we write, the delicate and most artistic playing of Mr. Otto Dresel, as an example of this. The words of Bach, from his autobiography, come like holy counsels from the past, and should be regarded as "golden words" by our young pianists. We transcribe them: "I have taken the trouble," he says, "to compose singing music for the piano-forte, for I think such music ought to touch the heart. The piano player who merely thrums and drums, with no regard to feeling, cannot succeed in this, according

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to my ideas." And the cultivated musical mind of to-day thinks, "Amen."

Within the last week Mr. George Werrenrath has given four Song Recitals, singing songs by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Gounod, Robert Franz, Liszt, Jensen, Rubinstein, Brahms, Wagner, etc., Mr. Carl Wolfsohn acting as pianist and accompanist.

Monday evening, the Hershey Hall Monthly Concert, under the direction of Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, took place. The programme was excellent. Miss Minnie Sherwood, Mr. Liebling, and Mr. Gill assisted.

Mr. Eddy gave his eighty-fourth organ recital on Saturday last. He has played ninety-seven selections from Bach alone at these concerts, and greatly aided in making more general the appreciation of this master. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., FEB. 22 — We have heard Remenyi. I shall not attempt to give a comprehensive or detailed estimate of him, nor a comparison of him with Wilhelmj, but only to record the impressions of one evening's performance. And I will say first of all, that before he was through with his first piece, Ernst's "Othello Fantaisie," I found myself wondering why none of his critics had mentioned the *humorous* element in his character, behavior, and performance. Remenyi is not ridiculous; on the contrary he is self-possessed, dignified, and plays with perfect poise and as great a mastery of himself as of his instrument; but his first appearance provoked a smile on every face, which broadened and broadened continually with every phrase until it grew into a mild ripple of delighted laughter. This mirth, which may seem somewhat disrespectful in the writing, had in it no element of contempt. We did not laugh *at* Remenyi, but *with* him; for it was impossible not to feel that, however serious, pathetic, or sentimental the composition he might be playing, it was invariably colored by the fun-loving, comical side of a strongly-marked individuality. Besides the "Othello Fantaisie," he played some of his own Chopin transcriptions, some original compositions of his own, one by M. Dulcken, and Capriccios, Nos. 21 and 24, by Paganini. In all these there was the same genuine Remenyi flavor, and the same mirth-provoking vein which I have described.

It was extremely interesting, certainly, to see how he had taken up the exquisite Chopin Mazurkas and Nocturnes for the piano and made them over into violin pieces, adding embellishments and cadenzas enough to double their length. Whatever one may think about this performance being duly reverent to Chopin, the result is very difficult to be displeased with. In fact, though disposed to be a purist in such matters, I found these transcriptions as played by M. Remenyi very charming and delightful.

But how would Remenyi play Bach or Beethoven? Would he bring himself to be a real interpreter of a great author? Could he possibly merge his own individuality in that of even the greatest of composers, and give himself up to interpreting his conceptions with conscientious fidelity? The impressions left by this evening's performance point toward a negative answer. But however that may be, Remenyi's playing of his own compositions, and of other works which are or may be adapted to the peculiarities of his genius, is so charming, so masterly in its way, so productive of real delight, that we can pardon him if he leaves interpretation to other, if perhaps greater men. We are glad to accept and enjoy him as he is.

Mme. Rivé-King, who was to have filled an important part in this programme, was ill, and only attempted a single piece, a prelude by Haberbier, followed by an organ fugue by Guilmant, transcribed by herself. Her work in this transcription is thoroughly musician-like, and has resulted in making a very interesting and desirable addition to her répertoire. As regards her playing, it was, in spite of her illness, so full of fire and vigor, so conscientious in interpretation, so clear, and sure, and reposeful, that it cannot be thought of with anything but perfect satisfaction. She is by far the finest American pianist it has been my fortune to hear.

The vocalists were Mr. Remmerts and Miss Gertrude Franklin. Of the former I spoke in my last letter, and have nothing to add to the praise therein expressed. He is every way a noble and praiseworthy singer. Miss Franklin has a light, but sweet and pure voice, well suited to ballad singing, and sufficiently flexible and well-trained to make her performance of florid Italian *fioriture* very enjoyable.

I think I mentioned in my last the Turner Hall concerts of Chr. Bach's orchestra. I ought to mention two of its wind instrument players, Mr. Altner, an excellent oboist, a new-comer here, and Mr. H. N. Hutchins, a cornet-player, who seems to me to be surely on his way to distinction.

The Arion Club has given its second concert, with the assistance of the Apollo Club of Chicago. Both clubs are directed by Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins, of whose excellent qualities as a director I have written before. I hardly know where to look for his equal in efficiency. He has the faculty of inspiring his men with the utmost enthusiasm, and gets out of them all they are capable of. This resulted in a performance which I have nothing but praise.

The first part of the concert was filled up with four-part songs, sung partly by the two clubs combined, and partly by each separately, with one aria, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," from Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, sung by Mr. Remmerts, and closed with a double chorus from Mendelssohn's *Œdipus in Colonos*.

The second part was occupied with Max Bruch's "Six Scenes from the Frithjof Saga," Mr. Franz Remmerts and Mrs. Emma Thurston being the soloists.

Scene I. describes Frithjof's return from a successful enterprise, full of joyful anticipations of meeting Ingeborg, his betrothed, and his own family. But during his absence Ingeborg's brother, Helge, Frithjof's enemy, had destroyed the latter's family, burned his house, and forced Ingeborg to wed King Hring. Scene II. is devoted to Ingeborg's sorrowful bridal procession, her terrible grief, and proud resignation, disdaining pity. Scene III. depicts Frithjof's revenge on Helge, his desecration of the temple of Balder, his curse and exile. He finds Ingeborg's ring on the arm of the god, and pulls it forcibly off. The god falls into the flames, the temple blazes up, the priests pronounce maledictions and sentence of banishment upon him. In Scene IV. he takes his farewell of the mighty Northland in a noble solo, responded to by the chorus of his followers. Scene V. is devoted to Ingeborg's Lament; and lastly, Scene VI. shows Frithjof and his men at sea, on their way southward.

It will be seen that the situations are admirably adapted for musical treatment, and a pretty thorough study of the work has given me a very high opinion of its excellence. It is difficult to deny genius to a composer who has succeeded so well in depicting emotions of such depth and intensity as those suggested in the text. Certainly we must admit talent and musicianship of a very high order.

I am happy to record that the public received the work most enthusiastically, and seemed to enjoy it more than the lighter first part of the programme. This goes to show, what I have often asserted as my belief, that the best music makes its way, even with the general public, whenever it is worthily presented. J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — Old Harvard and its neighborhood have been enjoying some good music lately. Under the management of Professor Paine a series of Chamber Concerts by the New York Philharmonic Club is in progress at Boylston Hall. The programmes, as well as the performing artists, are for the most part the same as those of the Euterpe in this city. The second concert was on Thursday evening of this week.

Then, too, there have been in the latter half of February four amateur performances of an original and very pleasing operetta called "The Goblet of Salobreña," — the plot, the poetry of the airs and concerted pieces, the spoken dialogue and the music, all composed by a citizen of Cambridge, a graduate of Harvard, Mr. William Abbott Everett, who for many years has been too deaf to be able to hear even his own music. Musically it is not a work of much pretension, — the occupation and the solace of his enforced leisure. Yet all who have heard it — four crowded houses of the best Cambridge society, in the little Arsenal Theatre of the Cambridge Dramatic Club — have pronounced it clever and enjoyable. Certainly the melodies are fresh and graceful, and do not sound flat or hackneyed; they are no mere echoes of tunes floating about in the common air. The duets, trios, quartets, and male choruses, too, are musical and well constructed. The accompaniments are for piano-forte only, mostly expressive and effective in design, though sometimes a little lame in composition, showing the want of a professional training. But the music had undergone the critical revision of the gentleman who so happily played the accompaniment and conducted the rehearsals and performance with so much *savoir faire*, — Mr. W. A. Locke, who after graduating at the college, has been studying music for a number of years in Germany, and has settled down as a teacher in Cambridge. Both the singing and the acting of the ladies and gentlemen who took part won great favor. The scenery, costumes, and stage appointments, too, all produced out of the club's own resources, were excellent. The plot, purely fanciful, even to the names, is a romantic extravaganza, half humorous, half sentimental, about "Castle in Spain," of which this was printed as the argument:

"Duke Almanzor and his daughter Inez are driven by a storm into a haunted and deserted castle. His retinue bring in a prisoner, the Lady Cristina. Inez, with the aid of Diego, her lover, disguised as steward, takes advantage of the duke's belief in an old legend, and by personating a ghost decoys him away in search of a magic goblet, by rubbing which spirits are forced to restore a *lost treasure*. Rolando, in an attempt to rescue his captive bride, is taken prisoner. He promises Almanzor that the ghost, Berenguela, shall restore his daughter and the lost treasure on condition of a general pardon. Inez, the lost treasure, reveals herself."

THE Cincinnati Musical Festival Association announces the following programme of the principal works to be performed at the festival in May, 1880: First night: Cantata, "Ein' feste Burg," Bach, solo quartet, chorus, orchestra, and organ; symphony, C major (Jupiter), Mozart; Utrecht Te Deum and Jubilate, Handel, solo quartet, chorus, orchestra, and organ. Second night: "Missa Solemnis," D major, Op. 123, Beethoven, solo quartet, chorus, orchestra, and organ; symphony, D minor, Op. 120, Schumann. Third night: Overture, "The Water-carrier," Cherubini; Stabat Mater, Palestrina (motet for two choirs a capella); symphony, No. 8, F major, Op. 93, Beethoven; "The Tower of Babel," Rubinstein (sacred opera in one act, Op. 80), soloists — tenor, baritone, bass, — three choirs, orchestra, etc. Fourth night: Prize composition. This will be the work which will receive the prize of one thousand dollars offered by the association for the most meritorious work for chorus and orchestra, the competition for which is to be open only to native-born citizens of the United States. A Faust overture, Wagner; "Song of Spirits over the Waters," Op. 167, Schubert, eight-part chorus for male voices and string orchestra; symphonic poem ("Mazeppa"), Liszt; "Zadok the Priest," coronation anthem, Handel, chorus, orchestra, and organ.

LONDON. — *Figaro* (March 1) is disappointed with the new Violin Concerto by Johannes Brahms, which was performed at the Crystal Palace by Joachim. It says: "Since the production of the new concerto, with Joachim at the fiddle, and Brahms himself at the conductor's desk, at the Gewandhaus concert on New Year's Eve, we have been kept in a state of excitement about the new work. . . . The first movement of the new concerto is not of that complex sort which foreign critics led us to expect. The balance between the orchestra and the solo violin is well preserved, and here alone in the work can it be said that Herr Brahms has sought the basis of his violin concerto in the symphony. But there is little that is new and a good deal which is decidedly weak in this movement; a respectable piece of musical workmanship, but devoid of all individuality. Herr Joachim's cadenza, too, though a marvel of executive difficulty, did not strike the audience as being particularly appropriate. It is, however, in the second or slow movement that Brahms is heard at his best. The first theme given out by the hautboys is truly beautiful, and its simplicity and delicacy of treatment are maintained throughout. The last movement in the rondo form is a mere piece of *ad captandum* display, calculated to tickle the ear of the populace by the brilliancy and difficulty of the solo violin part, but that is all. That Brahms could have written such stuff is not a little astonishing, and when we are told that, being composed by a man who was unacquainted with the technicalities of the violin, it had to be considerably modified by Herr Joachim, we are forced to confess it is not at all like Brahms. The last movement fell flat, and although there was a recall, the honor was indisputably intended for the violinist rather than the work."

LEIPZIG. — Mr. J. F. Himmelsbach writes (Feb. 4) to the Philadelphia *Bulletin:* The fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert witnessed the successful performance of an exceedingly interesting orchestral novelty, namely, a "Symphonie Dramatique" written by Anton Rubinstein. This composer is perhaps one of the most prolific writers of the present day, but not all of his creations, by far, are so developed and finished as could justly be expected from one so bountifully gifted; some of them are not worthy of a very inferior talent, and others wholly unenjoyable, particularly those of a larger form, in which his wild fancy, getting the better of his musical judgment, would necessarily lead him into chaos and confusion. Were he more discriminating in the choice of his ideas, and did he take more care to use these in accordance with certain laws, — not arbitrary laws, but such as even a Schumann could not disregard with impunity, — he would certainly rank very much higher as a composer. In point of talent he is equal to the best, — a talent from which wonderful things may yet spring, and will, the moment he concludes to be more conscientious and less careless and negligent. Measuring the symphony by the very highest standard, it falls short, and for reasons just alluded to. It has many advantages, however, and not the least of these is the fact that, notwithstanding its proportions and extreme length, it is never tedious. With moments of great force and singular beauty, and others that must have originated when in a whimsical mood, it is always striking and original. He is a thorough master of the modern orchestra, in itself an advantage that will never fail to make his orchestral music at least interesting. If the applause that followed the performance of the symphony is an indication of its success, it was successful beyond a doubt; but possibly, and not improbably, it was more in appreciation of the distinguished efforts on the part of the orchestra and its conductor, Carl Reinecke.

The "Coriolan" Overture was the other orchestral number on the programme. The remaining numbers were the Violoncello Concerto of Schumann and solos of Reinecke, admirably played by the violoncellist, Hausmann, from Berlin. Schubert's "Fahrt zum Hades," and "Aufenthalt," and an Aria of Handel, were enjoyably sung by Josef Staudigl, from Carlsruhe.

Robert Schumann's "Das Paradies und die Peri," so seldom heard, was certainly appreciated by all fortunate enough to be present on the occasion of the fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert.

Only Mozart operas have been sung during the last week: *Zauberflöte*, *Don Juan*, *Figaro's Marriage*, and *Entführung aus dem Serail*. The revival of the latter was, musically, a very happy and successful experiment. The textbook, to be sure, is ridiculously absurd, but one can well afford to accept it in company with music possessing all those beautiful qualities so characteristic of the immortal master.

A bit of news, that will also cause some surprise among your readers, is going the rounds in this city, to the effect that Richard Wagner has become hopelessly insane.

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BOSTON, MARCH 29, 1879.

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FOUND.

FROM GOETHE: BY M. E. HARMON.

Into the wood
Alone I went,
Though naught to seek
Was my intent.

But in the shade
A flow'ret stood:
It seemed to light
The dusky wood,

As stars illume
A murky sky:
Or like the beam
Of Beauty's eye.

To break its stem
Was my desire:
So down I stooped,
And, bending nigher,

I seemed to hear
A gentle sigh:
"Must I be plucked
To pine and die?"

"No, no," I cried,
"That shall not be!
Thy roots, dear flow'r,
I'll take with thee."

Then I took home
The lovely flow'r,
And here it is
My garden bow'r.

There, planted new
In quiet place,
Once more it blooms
With widowed grace.

OSHKOSH, WIS. *Chicago Tribune.*

MOZART AS A DRAMATIC COMPOSER.

To set Mozart down as a mere instinctive musical genius, lacking intellectual consciousness of his artistic intentions, as so many have done, is to do him an unpardonable wrong. Any one who will take the trouble of looking a little deeper into Mozart's workshop will certainly not fail to admire the wonderful harmony and the logical proceedings that reign within its walls. Yet in spite of all our admiration for the great composer, it cannot be denied that in some of his opera arias portions find a place which, considered from a strictly dramatic point of view, are merely a tribute paid to the taste of his time. He could not always resist the temptation of giving to a great singer a favorable opportunity to exhibit his or her powers as a vocalist, though such kind consideration was sometimes bought too dearly, and at the expense of dramatic truth. But we know also what intrigues and neglect the great man had all his life long to contend with; kind and genial as he was, he readily sympathized with his artists, and often gave way to their wishes when the imperative duties of the dramatic composer should have taught him to be less accommodating in what he must have known to be contrary to the requirements of truthful scenic action.

He was not egotistic enough to put his views forward as the only true ones, which, from his stand-point, he would have been perfectly justified in doing. But as his musical genius knew no bounds, he ventured willingly into all regions, and often gave lavishly where a wise economy of musical means would have served the dramatic purpose better. Such moments are, however, few and far between. The less musically gifted, philosophizing Gluck avoided those breakers. When he composed an opera, he endeavored to forget "that he was a musician," while Mozart was so much of a musician that the dramatist came sometimes in danger of being lost to sight. One of these purely musical freaks is to be found in the Allegro movement of Donna Anna's aria, "Non mi dir, bell' ideal." Upon the syllable *ò* of the word "scusa," roulades occur, filling eight measures. In a merely musical sense, and when executed by a great artist, this passage is a very effective vocalization. It is absolute music, and being absolute music it is here entirely out of keeping with dramatic expression and truth; it should not have found a place here. It was, on the part of the immortal master, a moment of weakness that led him to make a concession to a pleasant singer.

Now let us turn our attention to another number of the same opera. I mean Leporello's "Catalogo" Aria; and here we shall find the master in one of his best moods. Don Giovanni, seeing himself suddenly brought face to face with Donna Elvira, whom he had shamefully deserted, effects his retreat surreptitiously, and leaves Elvira with his valet. Leporello, though the type of a cowardly buffoon, is, however, always ready to indulge *con amore* in any tricks of his master's, if the occasion proves safe from immediate danger. To console Donna Elvira for Don Giovanni's desertion, he ironically produces a long register or "catalogo" of his master's amorous adventures. Mozart divided the aria into two parts: the first part (Allegro) is composed in a mere *parlando* style, in which the composer endeavored to do justice not alone to the declamatory meaning of the different words, but also to the dramatic expression of the talkative valet. Leporello, watching the effect of his barefaced imposition and impertinence on poor Donna Elvira, is now and then on the point of bursting out into malicious laughter. (Listen to the orchestra! it tells us all the humorous mood Leporello feels within himself; how it chatters, how it chuckles, how it laughs!) Leporello, the rogue, after all this braggadocio, finally affects (Andante) to enter into a more touching sympathy with his victim, and strikes a tender strain; he cannot remain, however, in that affected temper; he soon forgets himself. In an imposing manner he mentions "e la grande maestosa" to break out, immediately afterwards, into "la piccina, la piccina, la piccina," etc., chattering away according to his humorous nature, which is at once stronger than himself. He takes up the first sentimental period, and at last finishes by making downright fun of the poor deluded lady; he sings the "voi sapete quel che fa" with such a sneering, satirical leer as to leave not the least doubt that his tender sentiments were all affected for mischief's sake. This aria has no logical musical meaning without the words and the action; it cannot even be translated without becoming distorted in its general dramatic effect. To praise it as a fine musical composition is to utter a platitude. But it is unsurpassed as a psychological delineation of the characteristics of a certain kind of dramatic expression, — here done, by the composer, by means of the inseparable union of poetry, music, and mimic art. Let any actor declaim the words, and however experienced and talented he may be, he will fall far behind the lyrico-dramatic interpreter of the impersonation Mozart had in view when he created the incomparable scene.

Thus every page of Mozart's operas gives ample proof of his deep knowledge of the human heart, and of the means which lay within his art for reaching his ideal aim; for he too was under the faithful belief that the composer was able to express decided emotions by means of music intimately connected with words, both arts, poetry and music, concurring to express thought, sentiment, and feeling at the same time. Nay, we even find, as in Leporello's aria, that this union of the two arts is often so close that either will lose when separated from the other. I will quote here a passage from one of Mozart's letters to fortify the central point of my position regarding the great composer's consummate knowledge of the dramatic means he had to make use of in order to do justice to his impersonations. At the time of his composing "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," he writes to his father, giving him an account of the opera, and says with regard to Osmin's aria: "The 'Drum beim Barte des Propheten' is still in the same tempo (that of the first part of the aria), but in quicker notes; and as his [Osmin's] anger is increasing, this Allegro assai, taken in a different key and more accelerated tempo, must produce the finest effect, especially as one is under the impression that the aria is finished. A man who is in a violent fit of anger exceeds all order, measure, and aim; he loses all control over himself, and so music must lose all control over itself."

FRÉDÉRIC LOUIS RITTER.

HERMANN GOETZ: HIS SYMPHONY IN F.

MR. GEORGE GROVE, in his "Dictionary of Musicians," gives the following brief biographical sketch of the lamented young composer whose Shakespeare opera has excited so much attention in Germany, and whose Symphony, twice performed during the past season in Mme. Viardot Louis's concerts in London, excited general admiration: —

"Goetz, Hermann, born at Königsberg Dec. 17, 1840, died at Hottingen, Zürich, Dec. 3, 1876, a composer of some performance and of greater promise. Though evidencing great musical ability at an early age, he did not receive any regular instruction

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till he was seventeen. After passing some time at the University of Konigsberg, he at length decided on a musical career, and placed himself at the school of Stein, at Berlin, where he was the pupil of Bülow in playing and Ulrich in composition. In 1863 he succeeded Kirchner as organist at Winterthur, supporting himself also by teaching, and embracing any musical work that fell in his way. Meantime he was engaged in the composition of an opera adapted by J. V. Widmann from "The Taming of the Shrew," and entitled *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung.* It was, after much delay and many disappointments (not unnatural with the first work of an unknown composer), produced at Mannheim Oct. 11, 1874. Its success, however, was great and rapid; it was played at Vienna (Feb. 1875), Leipzig, Berlin, and a dozen other towns in Germany, and has recently (1878) been published in English (Augener. For a full analysis of the work see the *Mus. Record* for 1878). It was followed by a Symphony in F, also successful, and by a second opera, *Francesca di Rimini* (Mannheim, Sept. 30, 1877). This, however, was not finished when its author, long a prey to ill health, died, as already stated. The first two acts were finished, and the third fully sketched; it has been completed, in compliance with Goetz's last request, by his friend Franck, and produced at Mannheim, Sept. 30, 1877. Besides the above works Goetz has published a P. F. trio, a quartet, and various piano-forte pieces."

Speaking of the Symphony in F, a writer in the London *Musical World* says: —

"Fancy this great artist and true poet — for such we now know him to have been — actually unable, when starting on his career, to find the means of earning bread; glad to compete for, and delighted to win, a poor organist's place at Winterthur; and doomed to spend the last and best years of his short life drudging as a teacher in Zürich. No wonder that, albeit he flashed into fame when surprised Germany heard the "Taming of the Shrew," Goetz died at thirty-six or that, like Schubert, he infused into all his utterances more or less of a melancholy that appeals to us as a lament. Justice, however, has been quick to avenge him. Unlike Schubert, his genius had not to wait through weary years for full recognition, nor, even in this country, to slowly force its way, as besiegers, by sap and trench, creep up to the ramparts of a fortress. It may be said that Goetz's early fame in England is due to the chance production of his opera at Drury Lane by Herr Carl Meyder. Let us call the fact an accident if we will, and what then? Accident plays as brilliant a part in the world's history as design, and if, in the drama of English music, Goetz became known through Herr Meyder's 'aside,' so much the more credit to us that his name fell upon acute ears and stirred inquiring minds. This is certain, at any rate, — we have added him to our list of masters, and mean to keep him there. For our resolve we have ample reason, not found solely in his opera and his symphony. Looking at the posthumous works of Goetz, now in course of publication, it is impossible to deny the man's surpassing genius. His psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon;' his piano-forte quintet, in C minor; his Frühling's overture, in A; and his piano-forte sonata, in G minor, for four hands, are all *hors ligne*, bearing the sign-manual of one who wears the crown of artistic royalty. Upon this, however, we need not at present insist. The symphony played last Tuesday, in London, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill, and in Liverpool under that of Signor Randegger (in the absence of Sir Julius Benedict), more than suffices for the purpose of vindicating the claims of the composer, and to it our remarks may be limited. We have already characterized it as the noblest, most beautiful, and most artistic work of recent years, and we deliberately claim this high award on the ground that all the conditions are fully satisfied. What, in the case of an orchestral symphony, are those conditions? The answer is, melodic beauty, lively and pleasing fancy, constructive skill, and wealth of varied color, each and all of which are found in the work under notice. But, looking at the motto from Schiller, which prefaces it, 'In des Herzens heilig stille Räume musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang,' some one may ask how far it justifies this avowed poetic basis. Such a question must always be difficult when the composer has given no key to his meaning in detail, and here we can put forward nothing but conjecture. That, however, is easy, and we do not hesitate to say that the application of the motto should be limited to the slow movement. But we go further, and assume that the Adagio was originally a separate piece, written to illustrate Schiller's lines. Goetz was fond of thus preaching from a text, and wonderfully happy in his sermons, as those are able to assert who know his six charming and poetical "Genrebilder" for the piano-forte. On the assumption put forward the relevancy of the motto is undeniable, for if ever music declared that men should take refuge from the storms of the world in the holy quietude of their own hearts, the strains of Goetz's Adagio, now passionate, now reposeful, do so 'with most miraculous organ.' But we can afford to ignore the question of poetic basis in presence of the more positive qualities asserted by this *chef-d'œuvre*. As to melody, the symphony is one continuous stream. We may not, perhaps, speak of it as Denham did of the Thames, 'strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,' for here and there Goetz becomes a little obscure through the very wealth of his ideas. But this is a fault on the right side, and one the blame of which the composer shares with many an illustrious master. As to fancy, we need only cite the Intermezzo, — a dainty and suggestive piece of work, worthy of Mendelssohn in his most imaginative mood, while in point of constructive skill it would be hard to find anything outside the productions of the greatest musicians equal to the opening Allegro. Here Goetz manifests a power of developing his ideas not unworthy to be compared with that of Beethoven. Every scrap of his chief themes is utilized and made the source from which spring beautiful and varied sprays of fancy subordinated to a rigid sense of orthodox form. Best of all, the symphony, especially the Adagio, comes to us as a genuine utterance of feeling rather than a mere scholastic exercise. We know that the composer speaks to us through it from the depths of his nature, impelled by the 'unconscious necessity' of which Wagner makes so great a parade. Hence arises the originality of the music. Any man so moved must needs be distinctive, for minds and souls differ as greatly as faces, and no two are exactly alike. This may account, perhaps, for the occasional strangeness of the master's harmonic progressions, some of which we should not care to defend from an orthodox point of view. But here, also, Goetz is supported by illustrious precedents, and we well know that the heterodoxy of genius in one generation becomes a common standard of faith in the next. To sum up, this symphony is a great work and a rich possession. Adding it to our artistic treasures, let us not forget the obligation to be just to its dead composer, and to raise to his memory whatever monument a knowledge of all his music may decide upon as worthy."

CHAMBER MUSIC IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

As it may interest your readers to know what is doing musically in Providence, I send you a notice of the first two of a series of four concerts given by the "Cecilia" of that city, an organization similar to the "Euterpe" of Boston. The aims and standard of the society are indicated by the following programmes: —

I. February 14. Artists: Miss Fanny Kellogg, and the New York Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Richard Arnold, first violin; Julius Gantzberg, second violin; Emil Gramm, viola; Charles Werner, violoncello). Programme: —

Quartet in D minor (Posthumous), Schubert; Aria, "As when the Dove," from "Acis and Galatea," Handel; Selections from Quartet in D, No. 7 ("The Miller's Beautiful Daughter"), Raff. The Proposal; The Mill. Songs: *a.* Widmung, Schumann; *b.* Im Herbst, Op. 17, No. 6, Franz; Trio for violin, viola and 'cello, Serenade, Op. 8, Beethoven; Song, "Bride Bells," Roeckel; Violin Solo, Gypsy Melodies, Sarasate; Mr. Richard Arnold; Selections from Quartet in G minor, No. 2, Adagio, Gavotte, Bazzini.

II. February 25. Artists: Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Mr. W. H. Fessenden, tenor, and the new Beethoven Quartette Club (Messrs. Charles N. Allen, violin; Julius Ackeroyd, second violin; Henry Heindl, viola; and Wulf Fries, 'cello. Programme: —

Piano Quintet, Op. 44, E flat, Schumann; Song, "Adelaide," Op. 46, Beethoven; Piano Solo, Mährchen, Op. 162, Raff; Songs: Rubinstein. *a.* "Yearnings," Op. 8, No. 5; *b.* "Gold rolls here beneath me," Op. 34, No. 9; Quartet, Op. 12, E-flat, Mendelssohn; Song, "The Rhine Maiden," Smart; Polonaise, piano and 'cello, Op. 3, Chopin; Selection from "Hornpipe" Quartet (Haydn), Allegro vivace.

The society deserve great praise for the spirit manifested in the selection of the Schubert D minor Quartet as the opening piece in their series of concerts. It was an auspicious beginning, a true harbinger of what was to follow. The quartet is one of the finest compositions of its class. The first movement needs study for its full appreciation, though there are charming bits of melody scattered here and there which must appeal to any sympathetic listener. Of the Theme and Variations (Andante) nothing need be said. It is well known as one of the most masterly pieces of writing in all musical literature. You will hardly find a more perfect set of variations on any theme. It is the gem of the work. The Scherzo is very decided and effective, and the Trio simply exquisite, — just such as Schubert only could write. The Finale presto is full of suppressed fire, and carries you on irresistibly in its rapid movement. In the main

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the quartet was well played, the Tema con Variazioni and Scherzo especially well. The work is long and difficult, and was prepared at very short notice. This probably accounts for whatever short-comings were apparent in the rendering, and may also account, alas, for the fact that about one third of the last movement was cut out bodily. This proceeding is to be earnestly deprecated as unwarrantable for any reason. The extreme length of the quartet cannot be pleaded as an excuse, for, at the rate it goes, it would not have taken two minutes more to have played the omitted portion. Nay, more, it shows a want of respect for the composer, who, in this case, revised his work with great care, and is entitled to have it played intact as he finally left it. In the "Life of Schubert," by Kreissle Hellborn, translated by A. D. Coleridge (vol. ii. p. 77), I find the following: The D minor quartet "was given under the direction of Schubert himself, who made the alterations and curtailments he judged necessary on the freshly copied parts." This was on January 29, 1826. On February 1, "it was rehearsed again, and played as a new work."

The Quartet by Raff belongs to the romantic school, and, judging from the two movements given, seems to be a fine composition. The "Proposal" — a dialogue between the 'cello and first violin, — is happily conceived and finely written; and "The Mill" is intensely expressive of the reality. The movements were beautifully rendered and heartily enjoyed.

The Trio by Beethoven was a rare treat and a great success. The playing was altogether as fine as any during the evening.

The selections from the quartet by Bazzini, of Milan, were also interesting. The entire work was given at a recent concert of the Philharmonic Club in New York, and the *Tribune* critic wrote: "It is an excellent work, classical in form as in spirit, and treated in a thoroughly masterly manner. Two of the movements were peculiarly attractive: an Andante, and a dainty Gavotte (these were the two given here), the latter of which might have been written by Padre Martini, or Gluck himself." And his remarks seem just. Whether the work will live and take its place among what the musical world is pleased to call "the classics" is doubtful, but it certainly is a fine composition.

The songs were splendidly given. We like Miss Kellogg's singing very much. She seems to enter so thoroughly and heartily into the spirit of the composer. Her rendering of Schumann's "Widmung" could hardly be improved, and the meaning of the Franz "Im Herbst" was made very palpable to all who heard it. Mr. Bonner accompanied, to the great satisfaction of all.

The violin solo was interesting as an exhibition of Mr. Arnold's really fine playing, but in itself not exceptionally enjoyable.

The second concert was even finer than the first. Of the brilliant Piano Quintet of Schumann little need be said. It is well known, and is one of the really great works that will never die. Its meaning and beauty grow upon one with every hearing. We cannot hear it too often. There is no work of its kind of superior merit in the range of musical composition.

As a whole, the rendering was spirited and musical. The difficult Agitato in the Marcia was given with splendid effect by all the artists. Mrs. Sherwood's staccato playing in this portion of the quintet was superb. She failed, however, to consult her fellow-artists in beginning one of the trios in the Scherzo, thus causing a slight confusion for a bar or two; but this was immediately remedied. This very difficult movement was otherwise splendidly given. Indeed, the artists in general seem to have caught the composer's idea, and to have satisfactorily interpreted it to the hearers. When there were so few blemishes, one hardly likes to mention them.

I beg leave to differ, in the artists' favor, with the critic of the Providence *Journal* of February 26, who says: "The rhythm," in the slow movement, "was not always kept perfectly distinct, as it sometimes seemed like a 6-8 movement instead of a 4-4." This is a criticism often made, — possibly sometimes with justice, but not in this case. Having the score before me, and giving special attention to this point, I was particularly impressed with the distinctness with which the 4-4 rhythm was marked, and this, too, without interfering with the needed delicacy in the rendering. It surely must be difficult to play this movement without giving the effect of a 6-8 rhythm; but in the present instance the 4-4 rhythm was certainly most successfully maintained.

Mrs. Sherwood's solo was beautifully done. In response to a hearty encore, she gave an Etude of Thalberg's. In her performance of the Chopin Polonaise with Mr. Fries she was also very successful. Mr. Fries played, as he always does, delightfully, and both artists seemed to have caught the spirit of the work.

The songs were in perfect harmony with the rest of the programme. Of course Beethoven's "Adelaide" was the greatest of all, and Mr. Fessenden sang it with much fervor and expression. As an encore, he sang "Nina," by Pergolese. We must thank him for the two delightful songs of Rubinstein, — a selection, we believe, made by himself. The words and music in each are fitly joined the one to the other, making a complete unit, — an absolute necessity in every true song.

A critic in the last number of the Journal (March 1) spoke of Mr. Fessenden's style as very "refined and finished," perhaps a trifle too delicate, "and with a too great fondness for *pianissimo* effects;" adding, "If he could only appreciate how absolutely and entrancingly beautiful his stronger tones are, he might use them more frequently and to excellent advantage." With this we agree, and would say he did use them with splendid effect at the words, "Oh, would this were ever abiding!" in the second song. To a persistent encore of Smart's "Rhine Maiden," he responded with a "Volkslied," by Heller. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Kelly.

The Mendelssohn Quartet at the time of its composition appeared as the first for stringed instruments. It was written in 1828, in Berlin, (Rietz: Catalogue of Mendelssohn's works). It is a very fine work, thoroughly characteristic of its author, full of charming and delicious melody, and is worked up with great skill and effect. The several movements are integral parts of one whole; near the close of the last movement a portion of the first is introduced. The same theme binds the whole into an organic unity.

The rendering was generally very good; once or twice a slight confusion, quickly remedied and hardly noticeable, unless one had the score and was following very closely. We think the ensemble playing was rather better than that of the New York Club, though the playing, as a whole, was not so delicate. There was more breadth and body of tone in the Beethoven Club, and in many respects this is to be preferred. It was a truthful slip of the printer when in the announcement of the formation of the club, he said, "Mr. Allen has organized a *strong* quartette," instead of a "string quartette."

The happy music of Father Haydn sent us home in a thoroughly satisfied mood.

Altogether, the two concerts were about as fine as we hear nowadays. We only wish we could hear one like them every week, and that every city and town in the country could have a like privilege. What an elevating and refining influence such music has; how inspiring in the sometimes hard and wearisome struggle of life; how constantly it brings new gifts of rest, peace, and joy! A. G. L.

Newport, R. I., *March* 14.

THE OPERA IN BERLIN.

A writer in the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: —

Most students of history are aware that Napoleon drew up the regulations for carrying on the Théâtre Français amid the flames of Moscow. History in this instance but repeated itself, Frederick the Great having supervised from afar the planning and building of the Berlin Opera House during the turmoil of the first Silesian campaign; and within five months of the signing of the Treaty of Berlin he was present on its formal opening on the 7th of December, 1742, on which occasion Graun's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was produced. Voltaire, the following year, saw *Titus* written by Frederick himself, — "with the important aid of Graun," notes Mr. Carlyle, who, whilst mentioning that this operatic hobby cost the monarch heavy sums, and that "a select public, and that only," was admitted to the performances gratuitously, does not mention that the Potsdam grenadiers formed part of the public in question, standing as stiff as if on parade, at the back of the pit. The ballet also engrossed much of Frederick's attention, and we find him prudently noting down that he wanted "something that would amuse and at the same time would not cost much;" protesting, too, that he would spend nothing on the ballets, and ordering a dancer and his wife, "not worth six sous," to be sent off at once. Frederick ruled singers and dancers with a rod of iron, routing one out of bed with his crutch; and, after having brought her to the theatre by an escort of hussars, placed a couple of sentries behind the scenes, till she opened her mouth and sang in tears, which moved the house to raptures. He paid them fairly, but regulated their applause like a fugleman; and he, the hero of Rosbach, descended into such detail as to decide that "Thisbe should be dressed as a pastoral nymph, in flesh-colored satin and silver gauze with flowers."

The Opera House was erected under Frederick's special directions by Baron von Knobelsdorf, after the model of the Pantheon at Athens; the inscription "Fredericus Rex Apollini et Musis," on the main front, revealing the idea that had inspired the king. On the stage of this somewhat gloomy building all the celebrities of their day were seen and heard in turn. From it the victories of Frederick II. and the birth of Frederick William II. were announced. Here was celebrated the splendid festival instituted in honor of Queen Louisa by Prince Ferdinand and Prince Augustus. From this stage the Russians were welcomed as the deliverers of Berlin, and the victories of the Allies were read out to the audience; and here a brilliant fête was held after the ceremony of homage on the accession of Frederick William IV., in 1840. The first Opera House was burned down on the 19th of August, 1843, after the ballet "The Deserter through Love" had been given. A new edifice rose from its ashes within fourteen months; for the old walls, within which the great captain of his age, wearied with work and victory, was wont to take his pleasure, now listening with ravished ears to the notes of a Mara, now watching the twinkling feet of the charming Barberina, and now jesting

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beneath his mask and domino at one of the masquerades, were still left standing. It is true that the old solid internal magnificence of marble, bronze, and Gobellins tapestry was replaced by pasteboard and canvas; yet for all this the internal aspect of the house is far gayer and brighter than it was of old. Although the decorations of the building are tasteful and rich, and the interior arrangements admirable, the seats are uncomfortably narrow; the temperature, too, by the time the first act is over, is very like that of the heated chamber of a Turkish bath, and odors by no means those of Araby the Blest are apt to prevail. As the native portion of the audience do not go so much for enjoyment as to be advanced in the cultivation of a musical taste, any such considerations as personal comfort are not allowed to prevail. The ladies, it may be noted, appear indifferently in evening or walking dress; while with the gentlemen white ties and swallow-tails are altogether in the minority. Despite the presence of royalty and the court, of the foreign ambassadors and numerous other dignitaries, for the most part in uniform, the scene in front of the stage is scarcely brilliant. It may be mentioned that at the Berlin royal theatres officers are not allowed to show themselves in the pit, but are relegated to the second tier of boxes; the pit being mostly abandoned to the richer middle classes, the representatives of commerce and finance.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE

is open to serious criticism. The companies of the court theatres are regular state officials, having titular prefixes, rights to retiring pensions, and all sorts of privileges that induce them to cling to their profession to extreme old age. The Opera House is provided with plenty of singers, some of whom do nothing for half the year. Whether they have any voice left is not much considered: they have been at one time first-rate singers; but usually just as they have lost the last remnant of their voices they get engaged for life at the Opera House, and have no need to trouble themselves about the future. The audience, musically speaking, is a highly educated one; yet, possibly on the presumption that it is powerless to effect any change for the better, it shows itself philosophically indulgent not alone to singers with impaired voices, but to artistes whose voices are perfect enough, but who sing systematically out of tune. At the Berlin Opera the orchestration is, with occasional exceptions, perfect, the costumes good, and the *mise en scène* irreproachable; so that the strongest possible contrast is afforded by the singing. Wagner is an especial favorite with the Berlinese; and his *Lohengrin* is generally given on state occasions, while *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, and the other compositions of the author of *Das Judenthum in der Musik* are so many stock operas. The other composers for whose works a predilection exists are likewise German, and include Meyerbeer, Weber, Mozart, and Beethoven with his solitary opera. Cherubini is also an especial favorite with the Berlinese, with whom *Der Wasserträger* is the most popular of his productions. Verdi's operas are occasionally performed on off nights, but Donizetti's are scarcely ever heard.

Despite all drawbacks, the opera at Berlin enjoys a popularity that is fully exemplified by the great difficulty in obtaining tickets without bespeaking them some time before, even under ordinary circumstances. When a favorite opera is announced, and a favorite singer is cast for a good part, all the tickets are snapped up by speculators, and retailed at two or three times their original cost. Under such circumstances, a decent place for any opera worth hearing cannot be had for less than four or five thalers. Passing down the Linden, on a summer evening, you are often assailed by eager Israelites proffering opera tickets at 300 per cent. premium. There are, in fact, a number of "scedy" men always hanging about the building, who make a living by buying up these tickets and disposing of them at an enhanced price. The office for the sale of tickets opens at eight in the morning, and the strictest impartiality is observed in the disposal of places. First come first served is the rule. He who arrives earliest gets the pick of the places; for, as the entry to the office is through a long passage so narrow that two people cannot stand in it abreast, positions are secured according to the order of arrival. When *Lohengrin* and other popular operas are performed, people commence to gather round the office door at three o'clock in the morning; and by the time reasonable men are thinking of getting up all the best places are gone, and fabulous prices have to be paid by those who require them. A six-shilling ticket for a representation of *Lohengrin* has been known to fetch as much as thirty-six shillings. This was something exceptional; but it is a common thing for tickets to fetch thrice their original cost. The practice is not only connived at by the authorities, but the men are licensed, it being otherwise illegal to buy and sell opera tickets at Berlin. The ranks of the agents are mainly recruited from old actors, valets out of place, guides, etc. Since the Borse "crash" opera tickets have been obtainable at less exorbitant prices than they formerly commanded.

THE BALLET.

If the lyrical performances at the Opera are often mediocre, they are more than compensated (in the eyes of the Berlinese) by the perfection and splendor of the ballets. What is lacking in lungs is made up in legs, and a large stage and superb mounting enable the finest ballets in Europe to be here produced. Yet in this branch of art there is the same general complaint that veterans lag superfluous on the stage; for, like the singers, the dancers are also engaged for life. Listen to a Berliner's lament upon this subject: "Twenty years ago," observes he, "when I was still going to the gymnasium, these houris had just the same bewitching smile, just the same pearly teeth (perhaps they have recently got a new set), just the same black, sunken eyes, and just the same fairy legs. They had the same names they bear now; and it is my fault, not theirs, if I have grown older meanwhile. I will engage to present a quartet whose combined ages amount to over two hundred years. Whole generations may pass away without our ballet suffering any change in its immortal sylphs. There are *premières danseuses* who have seen three managers depart; and if I compare a play-bill fifteen or twenty years old with one of to-day, I find in both the names of those who were all in the bloom of youth and beauty when the old Opera House was burned down. We have a new ballet every year, with new decorations and costumes; but the old groups never vary. Pity always rises in my breast when I see how some of these ladies try to call attention from the stiffness of their limbs; I seem to hear rheumatism crying out for mercy. Poor creatures! necessity forces them to go on charming us; for some of them possess nothing beyond fifty or a hundred thousand thalers, on which, of course, they cannot live. They have been assured of the right to die in this place by a former love passage with a whilom cadet, who now sits unmoved in his box, with a gray moustache and covered with orders." The old opera *habitués* are called "ballet uncles." The Berlin *corps de ballet* are known colloquially as the "Old Guard," and the military precision of their steps justifies the appellation from a technical point of view. But though its members may sometimes surrender, they appear never to make up their minds to die.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

II.

THE Chinese say, "Economy is saving and spending at the same time." The Yankee thinks that economy is saving. If I don't tell what I know, what a pig I am! I might easily hide my knowledge from you, lest you ——

"Flood the market with pictures?"

Yes, or I might selfishly fear that you would do something better than I; when you know that I've always said that I would n't teach if I did n't think that some of you were going some day to do better work than I can do. How many men are there down town who are hoping that some clerk is going to be smarter than they are? It is only in art that the worker help each other.

"But all artists would not do it."

Then they are not true artists. If a man is so selfish as to wish to keep what he knows to himself, that man has n't any soul to put on canvas.

But we easily see where others don't do right. When I go about, growling about Boston and her ideas of art, it is because I am not painting. When I'm hard at work, I'm helping Boston to love art.

"Emerson says, 'It is better to write a poor poem than a good criticism.'"

True. And I had rather paint a poor picture than write a good criticism. It is the critics that make us so timid. You don't quite dare to paint as you see and feel. You can't get rid of the thought of what people will say of your work. That's why you struggle so hard for form. But you must not work for that alone. That is what the academies, the world over, are striving for; and when they get it, what is it worth?

Do what you can do without fear. There's fear enough in love. Let yourself *express yourself!* Thunder! You'd wake up some morning and paint the whole thing in at once. What does Flandrin say? "He who does n't receive from his nature an impression can never hope, in imitating that model, to give to those seeing his work any impression but that of a thing dumb and dead. But he who readers what he sees will, in spite of all its faults, make something interesting."

Don't take advice unless you know where it comes from. If a person comes into your studio, it is a't best to turn round too many canvases. You don't see what he does. Why show your work? If he says, "I'd do so and so to that picture," you might reply, "So you would!" If any one can improve on Rubinstein or Michael Angelo, let him do it, and we'll respect his work.

"Judges of art in Boston!" What is their judgment worth? Not fifty cents. "Essipoff does n't touch me!" No, but spruce gum might!

Once in a while look into my little book, and read on until you come to something that meets your case. Keep a little book for your own "symptoms," so to speak. Whenever you see anything that hits your case, write it down. Don't take what you don't need. Don't dug along things that you can't use. Neglect of that rule has caused the French army to be always

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licked to death. The miser gets drowned at sea with the weight of his dollars. *Having!* It has tied up more souls than we've any idea of. If the thing is what you need, take it, and say, "I thank you."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

SOME PECULIAR PHASES OF VIRTUOSITY.

WHETHER it is true or not that we now live in a musical age which may be justly termed an age of virtuosity, we will by no means take upon ourselves to determine. Virtuosity, in a good sense, is a purely relative term, and the fact that most of the higher class of new music published to-day makes very exorbitant demands upon the executive ability of even the most brilliant performers is no proof that compositions of previous periods did not make relatively as great demands upon the executive technique of contemporary players. The progress in technical executive power that artists have made in the last seventy-five or one hundred years is something immense. Even those persons who regard the peculiar developments of modern music as belonging wholly to the domain of progress must admit that, whatever advance the art of composition has made, it sinks into insignificance when compared with the huge strides that have been made in the art of performing.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of this advance in technique has been that its most prominent promoters have been unable to hold anything like a monopoly of their innovations. The rule that "what man has done, that can man do," holds especially good here. Such and such a player may astonish the world with some unprecedented flight of virtuosity; the key-board is still warm from his touch when his new feat is echoed back by the hands of an array of other players, who are already able to perform it as well as he, and in five or ten years he has brought nearly the whole performing world up to his own level. Paganini is hailed as a magician for his left-hand pizzicatos and his double-stopping in artificial harmonics. But what violinist of any eminence to-day cannot do the same? Liszt's whilom "impossibilities" are very possible now, and have taken a position among the commonplaces of the concert-room. It is Columbus's egg over again. Every man who makes important discoveries in the technical part of the art of performing (for such things belong more properly to the domain of discovery than to that of original invention) does the world unspeakable service; but the sole supremacy he wins thereby over his fellows is very short-lived.

The imitable nature of innovations in technique is a thing of which we rarely find a counterpart in the art of composition. Even such tricks in writing as are commonly called "effects" are not always easy of imitation. To be sure, when Rossini astounded all theatre-going Europe with his famous crescendos on two chords, it was soon found that other men could reproduce the effect to very good purpose. But such successful taking a leaf out of another composer's book is, upon the whole, rare. What a composer does remains, in general, his own property, and his right to it is hardly to be invaded, save by direct plagiarism; but what a performer does soon becomes the common property of the world, and the ease and rapidity with which it is transferred are at times surprising.

Were the mere mastery over the technique of this or that instrument the only element constituting a fine performance, the number of great artists would be immense; but every one knows that this is not so, and that, although the most brilliant player cannot long hold his head above his fellows by dint of his technical prowess, there are other qualities by virtue of which he can shine forth unapproached and unrivaled. It seems to us to be a mistake to rank all these finer qualities in the performer under the general head of inspiration and æsthetic genius. There is a certain element in the art of playing, which, albeit of transcendent importance, is of no higher nature than what we call cleverness, or *savoir faire*. The prominent place this quality holds in piano-forte playing is especially noteworthy, and as the piano-forte may be fairly considered to be the concert instrument, *par excellence*, of our day, we shall allow ourselves to consider the proper application of this peculiar *savoir faire* to piano-forte playing in particular, without regard for its applicability to other instruments.

It is a singular circumstance that, while the piano-forte now enjoys a popularity greater than ever before, the general tendency of the musical spirit of our time is rather away from it than towards it. Composers are, in general, more or less influenced by the executive material they employ in their compositions, by the nature and capabilities of the instruments they write for. An orchestral writer who has all the modern instrumental means at command will not hesitate long as to whether he shall give a solo phrase to the oboe or to the clarinet; the nature of the phrase itself will indicate the proper instrument easily enough. But when composers write for the piano-forte, nowadays, they often seem to consider it an instrument capable of doing anything. It is sufficiently well known that the tendency of our day is in the direction of intense dynamic musical effects. This tendency, whether deplorable or not, is assuredly natural and rational; the overwhelming volume of tone which modern orchestral works give us is not a purely conventional or merely adventitious circumstance in the music of the period. It is absolutely functional; the very intrinsic character of the compositions themselves, of their fundamental themes, of their methods of development, demands it.

The time has gone by when instrumentation was an element of secondary importance in the art of composition, a mere flavoring ingredient in music. To-day instrumentation goes hand in hand with the other parts of the art. You can play a Haydn symphony on a piano-forte, or arrange it for four or five stringed instruments, and it will not lose so very much of its zest. Try to do the same thing with a Liszt symphonic poem, a Wagner march, or even with a Raff or a Brahms symphony, and you well nigh pierce the composition to the very heart. Now the difference between the modern piano-forte and the modern orchestra is vastly greater than that between the piano-forte and orchestra of Mozart's time. And yet, when modern composers write for the piano-forte, they often treat it as if it were an orchestra. When they do keep themselves within the natural limits of the instrument, one cannot at times help feeling that they are laboring under an irksome restraint; one can almost hear them saying to themselves "Que diable aussi viens je faire dans cette maudite galère?" For be it remembered that the piano-forte is hardly worthy the name of musical instrument; it has no real tone, or, at most, only the beginning of a tone. A pianist is to a great extent an illusionist; his business is to make his listeners *believe* they hear what they do not really hear. When we speak of legato-playing on the piano-forte, we use a conventional term for something that does not really exist; a melody — especially a slow melody — played on the piano-forte is not a series of smoothly flowing, connected notes, but a series of more or less distinctly marked *sforzandos*. The pianist, by a species of clever jugglery with accents and rhythmic devices, can cheat us into thinking that we hear a sustained melody, but it is nothing but a make-believe, after all. This power of illusion is, to be sure, inborn in some pianists, yet it is to a great extent susceptible of being acquired by study and practice, and its presence is more a sign of *savoir faire* than of anything else. Its complete acquirement is the most difficult feat that is open to modern virtuosity. The piano-forte music of our day bristles with passages in which this illusion is physically impossible. Take, for example, Liszt's formidable transcription of the march in *Tannhäuser*; the right-hand passages at the third recurrence of the leading theme cannot possibly be *played*. They can be *hinted at*, so that the listener can, with a powerful effort, hear them in his mind's ear, but really hear them he cannot. Such passages are common in the piano-forte compositions of our time, and are the rock on which the pianist inevitably comes to grief; for he is always, as I have said, an illusionist, and they unmask him with pitiless brutality. In this phase of piano-forte playing, virtuosity has long since reached its limit. In attacking much of our contemporary music, the virtuoso is but toying with the impossible, and the best he can do is to make his failure less glaring than that of his rivals. And yet pianists (for most of the prominent composers are pianists) continue writing such things, and expect them to have a musical effect upon the human ear. If this state of things goes on as it has been going on for some time past, the pianist-virtuoso will soon become little else than a living musical solecism.

W. F. A.

CONCERTS.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The seventh Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, March 13) had for once a programme of orchestral pieces only; yet the large attendance and the general pleasure manifested showed that such an audience does not always need the personal attraction of a solo artist to make good music palatable. The selections were the following: —

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Overture to "The Magic Flute" . . . . . *Mozart.*
Siegfried Idyl (second time) . . . . *Wagner.*
Symphony, in D (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 14). *Haydn.*
Adagio; Allegro. — Andante. — Menuetto. — Vivace.
Adagio and Andante (Nos. 4 and 5), from the Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus," Op. 43 . *Beethoven.*
Suite, for Orchestra, in C, Op. 101 (second time) . . . . *Raff.*
Introd. and Fugue. — Minuet. — Adagietto. — Scherzo. — March.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* Overture, a perfect model of its kind, and a fit initiation into any feast of the ideal, was played with spirit, delicacy, and precision, the quick fugue theme being taken at just the right tempo for clearness and facility of execution, without awkward hurry, and with no loss of verve. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" — a very gentle specimen of tone-color for him — was enjoyable in just that way, as an agreeable commingling and flow of sounds, pervaded by a certain mildly melancholy, longing sentiment, and suggestive of the voices of the woods and winds; pleasing, but vague, and moving in a circle, giving you no sense of progress, like a sweet sort of nightmare. The second hearing only confirmed this impression of the first, though it was delicately rendered by the instruments. The happy little Symphony by Haydn, which may have been heard in Boston by an older generation, but not within our memory, was sure to please by its spontaneous beauty and simplicity, the cheerfulness and brightness of its theme, and that consummate grace and symmetry of form which make the art of Haydn like a second nature. The movements are all light and pretty, to be sure, and quite unpretentious; but the magic of the Haydn genius is in them, and this is more and more refreshing nowadays to many whose curiosity about the newest compositions is already somewhat sated. The Andante has a light-hearted, airy, careless, almost sketchy character; but there is a vigorous fortissimo of basses in the middle of it, which lends it deeper background and bold contrast. The Minuet is charming, especially the Trio, in which the oboe stands out in a captivating solo, very nicely played by Mr. de Ribas. The Finale seems to end too soon, — one evidence that it is good.

The pieces from Beethoven's Ballet Music — his earliest extensive work for orchestra, with the exception of the First Symphony, composed in 1800, at the age of thirty, when, as Thayer says, all his work tells of the "sound mind in sound body" — were very popular here some six or seven years ago, both in the Thomas and the Harvard concerts. It is sweet, melodious music, needing the tableaux of the ballet, of course, for its full interpretation, particularly the rather ceremonious monotony of the slow and stately introduction. But with the sudden flood of harp tones you seem to see a statue waking into life; and the bright flute passages which follow, with the exquisite violoncello melody, are ever welcome. The Suite, by Raff, had been played twice before in Boston, — first by Theodore Thomas, and then in the sixth season of these concerts. We think it made a much better impression this time than it did then. We must confess to finding it more fresh and genial, more felicitous in its ideas, and with less that is overstrained and far-fetched than many of Raff's more recent works. The Introduction is stately, and ornate, after the older models, and it is a good, sound, well-rounded Fugue that springs from it. The three middle movements are quite original and graceful, particularly the Scherzo (Presto), a dainty, fairy bit of fancy. The Adagietto, too, with its tender cantabile, was warmly appreciated. The March is bold and strong, but somewhat coarse; marches are a hobby with this voluminous composer, — an easy habit he falls back upon, apparently, when other invention flags.

The eighth and last concert of this fourteenth series took place last Thursday, beginning and ending with a great work of Beethoven, — the *Eroica* and the third *Leonore* Overture. The special attraction was the piano-forte playing of M. Franz Rummel (Schumann Concerto, and Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, with orchestra); between these, Weber's *Preciosa* Overture. Comments hereafter.

Mr. B. J. Lang's two concerts at Mechanics' Hall, on Thursday afternoons, March 6 and 20, were choice and somewhat unique in character. Both were very fully attended, especially the last, and by the most refined, appreciative sort of audience. The programme of the first concert was as follows: —

Sonata, Op 81 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Adagio (Das Lebewohl), Allegro.
Andante espressivo (Die Abwesenheit).
Vivacissimamente (Das Wiedersehn).
Miss Jessie Cochrane.
Songs: "Si, t'amo, o cara." (Arranged by Robert Franz) . . . . *Handel.*
"Unter blüh'nden Mandel-bäumen" . . . . *Weber.*
"Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen" . . . . *Franz.*
"Treibt der Sommer seinen Rosen" . . . . *Franz.*
"The Erl-King" . . . . *Schubert.*
"Ach wenn ich doch ein Lämchen wär" . . . *Franz.*
"The Two Roses" . . . . *Lang.*
"Would it were ever abiding" . . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Mr. W. J. Winch.
Concerto No. 3, Op. 46 . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Allegro moderato. — Andante. — Allegro risoluto.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

The glowing, half love-sick, half rapturous, impetuous Beethoven Sonata in E-flat, commonly named "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et La Retour," is one all steeped in finest sentiment and burning fire; it is as poetic and imaginative as it is heartfelt, — a most exquisite creation. The interpreter, Miss Cochrane, a young lady of evident musical feeling and enthusiasm, is a pupil of Mr. Lang, and has also studied in Europe with Von Bülow. She has a sensitive, clear, brilliant touch, a well-developed technique, phrases intelligently and carefully, and shows a true respect for the composer and his work. All that was wanting was more fire and intensity, and somewhat greater breadth of style for concert playing. For the rather quiet, unpresuming manner of a maiden effort we liked it all the better. The tempi were all such as we have long been accustomed to feel to be the right ones; and all the intentions of the work, as well as its spirit as a whole, seemed to us rightly conceived and intelligently, expressively reproduced.

The Rubinstein Concerto in G is the one which Mr. Lang played with orchestra in a symphony concert seven years ago. This time the accompaniment was ably supplied at a second pianoforte by Mr. W. S. Fenollosa. It gave full scope for all the vigor, fire, and finished, brilliant virtuosity of Mr. Lang, who, we are sure, brought out all the soul and all the interesting detail of it. The work is impetuous and somewhat willful and eccentric, as one might expect of Rubinstein. We liked the first Allegro rather better than we did before, and the Andante, by its pensive fragments of recitative, suggesting distantly the Adagio in Beethoven's G major Concerto, has depth and beauty. There is a wonderful impetus and verve in the Finale (Allegro risoluto), which is kept up to too great a length, though it is extremely exciting; Mr. Lang's mastery of its exacting difficulties was supreme.

The half hour of songs, finely chosen and grouped, and exquisitely sung, made a refreshing flowery interval, between the two serious instrumental works. Mr. Winch has marvelously gained in the sweetness and the delicate modulation of his voice, and in the fine, poetic, varied quality of his interpretation, rendering the individuality, the spirit, of each song feelingly and truly. That by Handel, which has hitherto been heard here as a soprano aria, suited him well, and was given in all the charm of its quaintness. This and the beautiful Romanza from Weber's *Euryanthe*, simple, yet sustained and ever growing to a climax, were among his happiest reproductions. The "Erl King" was admirably sung, as well as accompanied, and the songs of Franz were altogether satisfactory. Mr. Lang's "Two Roses," a graceful, dainty fancy, was heartily appreciated; and the song by Rubinstein, commonly called by its first line "Gold rolls here beneath me" (from a Persian poem, we believe), is something quite original and charming, though not without a certain Schumann mannerism. Every song owed much of its charm to Mr. Lang's fine rendering of the accompaniment.

Here is the second programme: —

Grand Trio in G minor . . . . . *Hans von Bronsart.*
Allegro molto. — Vivace.
Adagio ma non troppo. — Allegro agitato.
Mr. Lang, Mr. Allen, and Mr Fries.
Songs: "Mio caro bene." (Arranged by Robert Franz) . . . . *Handel.*
"Reiselied" . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
"Die Lotosblume" . . . . *Franz.*
"I arise from dreams of thee" . . . . . *J. Bradlee.*
"Adelaide" . . . . *Beethoven.*
"Ich frage keine Blume" . . . . . . *Schubert.*
"Absence" . . . . *Lang.*
"Herre I love" . . . . *Lang.*
Mr. W. J. Winch.
Grand Trio. Op. 97, in B-flat major . . . *Beethoven.*

The Trio by Von Bronsart — conductor of the Euterpe concerts in Leipzig, which represent the newer tendencies in contrast to the more conservative Gewandhaus institution — was a novelty of note. The work and the composer were entirely new to Boston. It is full of dramatic fire and passion, while its movements are kept in the usual form. It is also full of beauty and originality. The opening Allegro is intense and stormy, and gives a sense of power. The Adagio is deep and sombre, almost too suggestive of Chopin's funeral march, but grand and noble. The Finale is strong, but rather more conventional. The Vivace, a sort of Scherzo, though not in triple time, pleased more than any portion of the work, both by its quaint and frolic humor and by its two melodious trios; yet it seemed to us that twenty other composers might have written it. As a whole, however, no work of the kind by any of the newer composers has impressed us more favorably than this Trio by Von Bronsart. Mr. Lang was at his best in it, and it was admirably played by all three artists.

Mr. Winch offered another very choice bouquet of songs, and sang each one of them to a charm. Instead of the one set down for Schubert, he sang a beautiful song by Jensen, "Murmelndes Lüftchen" (Murmuring Breeze). The setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," by Mr. Bradlee, showed decided musical sense and faculty for an amateur. It is intensely dramatic, recitative-like, in its style, and contrasts to good advantage with the well-known setting of the same words by Saloman.

The great Beethoven Trio — greatest of trios — was superbly played, and made the noblest sort of ending to the concert.

Euterpe. — The third concert (Wednesday evening, March 12) was an altogether delightful one. The two selections were such as every hearer could at once appreciate, and such as never lose their charm. Beethoven's Quartet in A, from the six of Op. 18, a fresh, spontaneous, bright creation of his healthiest period, though once so familiar, seemed like a thing that had just sprung into life. Those well-worn variations of the Andante brought each its fresh surprise. And it was all remarkably well played, — by the New York Philharmonic Club, as before. The variation in which the bass part becomes

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so excited and so active, caused a general smile of sympathy.

Then that perfect model of its kind, the G minor Quintet by Mozart, as perfect a model, — in pregnant themes, easy, natural development, strictest symmetry of form, and yet the happiest spontaneous flow from first to last, as well as in every grace and eloquent enforcement of expression, — as his Symphony in the same key. The Minuet is simply exquisite, and the Adagio wonderful in its depth of feeling and its reach of imaginative conception. The Quintet, also, was very clearly, very finely played. Indeed, Mr. Arnold and his brother artists gave us the best evidences of their skill in quartet and quintet playing that evening.

CAMBRIDGE. — On the following evening the the same artists gave a similar Chamber Concert in Beylston Hall, — a small amphitheatrical lecture room, but excellent for sound. It was well filled with a most intelligent audience, who listened with sincere interest to the Mozart Quintet, of which we have just spoken, and to Schumann's Quartet in A minor, which was given in the first Euterpe concert. Between the instrumental pieces an agreeable variety was introduced by Mr. George L. Osgood's beautiful singing of several songs, accompanied by Professor Paine. These were: "Im Mai," by Franz; "Nahe des Geliebten," and the "Fruhlingsglaube," both by Schubert. Being warmly recalled, Mr. Osgood also sang the beautiful Siciliano from Handel's *L'Allegro*.

WE have several other interesting concerts on our list awaiting room for notice, — notably those of Mr. Liebling, and of Miss Josephine E. Ware, a very young and gifted pupil of Mr. Sherwood.

The great musical event of the year will be the performance by the Handel and Haydn Society of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music* on Good Friday, April 11. For the first time in this country the great work will be given *entire*, the first part in the afternoon and the second part in the evening; with this division it was originally intended to be given. In many a church in Germany, and probably in Westminster Abbey and other London churches or cathedrals, it will be heard that day. Here the solo singers will be: Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Edith Abell (her first appearance since her return from Europe), Mr. W. Courtney, the English tenor, who is said to have recovered the clearness of his voice, Mr. J. F. Winch, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. Mr. Edward Remenyi has been engaged as leading and solo violinist.

This will be fitly followed on Easter Sunday (13th), by Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, the solos by Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mr. Courtney, and others.

Then, to crown the season's work, — or rather to crown the able and faithful conductor, CARL ZERRAHN, on the twenty-fifth anniversary (May 2) of his first assuming the baton in the old Society, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given as it was then, — only better, — in compliment to this long-tried and successful leader.

MR. A. P. PECK's annual benefit concert is announced for April 23. The list of artists is imposing, including Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Anna Drasdil, Mrs. Louise Grace Courtney, Herr August Wilhelmj, Mrs. L. S. Frobock, Signor Tagliapietra, Mr. A. Neuendorff, and a grand orchestra.

MESSRS. W. H. SHERWOOD, C. N. ALLEN, and WULF FRIES, will give a series of three classical concerts in Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday evenings, April 15, 22, and 29. They will have the assistance of Messrs Julius Akeroyd and Henry Heindl (who, with Messrs. Allen and Fries, constitute the Beethoven Quartette), Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, Messrs. E. B. Story, and Henry G. Hanchett, pianists; Messrs. Alexander Heindl, contra basso; Ernest Weber, clarinet; Paul Eltz, bassoon; Edward Schorman, horn Also, Mme Louisa Cappiani, Miss Mary Turner, N. Y., Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, and Mr. W. H. Fessenden, vocalists.

Among the important works presented will be Beethoven's Septet; a Concerto in C minor for two pianos and string quartet, Bach; Quintet in E-flat, Op. 44, for piano and strings, Schumann; Clarinet Quintet, Mozart; String Quartet by Mendelssohn (in E-flat), and Rubinstein (in F); Sonata for violin and piano (in E-flat), Beethoven; Polonaise for 'cello and piano, Chopin; Rondo for two pianos, Chopin; Piano Solos by Moszkowski, Chopin, and Schumann.

Such a series will be welcome, surely, to all true lovers of good music.

A CORRECTION FROM THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

MR. EDITOR, — I trust you will kindly allow me space in your columns to make correction of the statement that the Sextet, Op. 18, by Brahms "was entirely new to Boston" when played at the second Euterpe concert, Feb. 12. If you will examine your files of programmes, you will find that our [Mendelssohn Quintette] club played both Sextets by Brahms six or seven years ago, in the series of concerts given in the Meionaon, when the programmes, you will remember, were made up mostly of music new to Boston, including the two last Quartets of Beethoven. If I were at my home, I could readily indicate both day and date. Now, whilst I do not think it a matter of vital importance to the world to know who brings out works of this character, statements like the above, and others which have appeared in the dailies within a couple of years, giving to other artists the meed of praise which was justly due us, have, in the words of Mark Twain, become "slightly monotonous."

For instance, a reporter for one of Boston's respectable daily papers hears for the first time at a Cambridge concert Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20; discovers charms, etc.; hopes Boston will soon have the opportunity, and so on. Shortly following this, another reporter of another daily hears Spohr's Nonet, Op. 34, discovers beauties, and hopes that Boston may soon have the pleasure of hearing this charming work; returns thanks to the artists, etc. These reports are made, of course, by gentlemen who mean well, but are in blissful ignorance of what has been done in this line twenty or even thirty years ago. Our club have certainly played both works often enough to have worn them threadbare, if works of that calibre will ever reach that condition.

For many years I kept a record of the number of times we played all important concerted works, until increase of business cares caused me to give up such detail, but I remember that all the best works reached into the "twenties."

I would like, therefore, to make this statement for the guidance of all future reporters: that there is scarcely a work worth playing within the province of chamber music, embracing compositions for three up to nine instruments, which we have not many times played. I will mention two works, however, of sterling merit, which we have not played, namely, the Octet by Gade, and the Quintet for piano and wind instruments by Mozart. This record covers the works by the acknowledged masters up to and including those of Robert Schumann. We have also dipped bravely and perhaps rashly into the newer styles in the works of Brahms, Rubinstein, Raff, Goldmark, Max Bruch, Fuchs, and a few others needless to mention.

There is this very discouraging remark to be made about the bringing out of new music by new masters, — and I think all artists have passed through the same experience, — namely: We take up a new work, study it thoroughly and with enthusiasm, perhaps, play it to an audience, the best we can collect, and the work generally falls dead the first time, because the listeners are not in sympathy with it. It does not even sound the same when played to a few hundred pairs of ears that it did when played to four or five pairs. I suppose many reasons can be given. Now regarding the Brahms Sextets, we were so much pleased with the music that throughout one entire Western tour, when we wished to give a treat of new music, we played the Andante with variations from one of these works, or the Scherzo from the other. That is what we thought of Brahms. We have done the same for Rubinstein, playing frequently that exceedingly interesting movement in five-eight time from one of his quartets. Allow me to add here that whenever an opportunity presents itself, where we think we have an audience who will enjoy the best, we always play some of it, although it may not be on the programme, and certainly is at the risk always of being *ennuyeux* to many of the listeners. I do not think that the new music at first hearing is calculated to please, but people say they hear so much about it they would like to hear some of it; we therefore play it.

Allow me, in conclusion, to express my delight at the interest reawakened for chamber music in Boston; I give my heartfelt thanks to the promoters of the Euterpe organization. Long may it live in active operation! It has been to those of our club who worked together with me so many years in this choice vein of musical wealth a most discouraging matter to believe that the love for chamber music had entirely died out in our people. It is now, therefore, a fit subject for rejoicing that the reflux of taste has in Boston brought people back again to their first love. That musical person, so called, who does not get enjoyment from a string quartet is poorly prepared to enjoy a symphony.

Respectfully, THOMAS RYAN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., *March* 15, 1879.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22. — Yesterday was the anniversary of the birthday of the great and glorious composer, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and was duly celebrated by Mr. S. T. Strang's closing Organ Recital, the programme of which I submit for your readers' examination: —

Prelude and Fugue, in B minor.
Peters' Ed., Book 2, No. 10.
Choral Prelude.
"We all believe in one true God" (5 voci.), Book 7, No. 62.
Chaconne, D minor, for Violin Solo.
Mr. William Stoll.
Pastorale, in F.
"My Heart, ever faithful."
Miss Edith Lane.
Violin obligato, by Mr. Stoll.
Toccata, in F.

As you may see, the works of the great contrapuntist alone occupied the attention of the public which, despite the very bad weather, turned out in goodly numbers. The performance gave general satisfaction. Miss Lane is always heard with pleasure, and sang the flowing melody of the "Heart ever faithful," with excellent expression. This young lady, having recovered from her throat ailment, returns to her former position as Soprano in the choir of St. Stephen's P. E. church to-morrow. Mr. William Stoll gave the Chaconne with a winning grace of execution and expression, which exhibited some familiarity with Bach's music; the bowing and intonation showed the master's command of his instrument. Mr. Strang developed the qualities of a bold executant and hard student. His registration in the Pastorale was particularly effective by the happy contrasts of timbre and his pedaling throughout was exact, neat, and clean.

Among the many "Pinafore" companies, now and then, there is brought to light some new star whose twinkling was evidently for a large and appreciative public, other than that of the drawing-room circle of friends, or even of the church choir. At the North Broad Street Theatre, a cosy little box of a place up town, a soprano, well known in musical and church circles, has developed into a successful prima donna, in a small work, it is true, but she promises to rise in her profession, and will, without doubt, with her fine presence and excellent voice, if studious and careful, ultimately reach a high position. I allude to Mlle. Elia Montejo, who, although with some minor shortcomings, such as might be expected in a novice to the stage, is nightly crowding this little theatre with her admirers. AMERICUS.

CINCINNATI, O., MARCH 14. — On Feb. 27 the Seventh Orchestra Concert took place after the following programme: —

Symphony, C major . . . . *Schubert.*
Scena and Aria, "Non temer, amato bene!" . *Mozart.*
(Violin Obligato, Mr. E. Jacobsohn).
Miss Maria Van.
Overture, "Coriolanus," Op. 62 . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Scena and Aria, "Tu che le vanita" (Don Carlos) *Verdi.*
Miss Marie Van.
Ride of the Valkyries . . . . *Wagner.*

The symphony was very finely interpreted. Everywhere the careful and thorough-going training of the director was evident, and a more perfect rendering was only prevented by the want of greater virtuosity on the part of the individual players. The rhythmic as well as harmonic transparency of this beautiful work demand the most complete unity in accent and phrasing, and the constant thematic imitations which are given to almost every instrument, without regard to the difficulties which they often present, make any unevenness or want of precision very plain. In these particulars the rendering of the symphony was frequently deficient, especially in the Andante con moto and Scherzo, which latter is a most difficult task for any orchestra to essay, especially when a very rapid tempo is chosen. The scena and aria by Mozart gave Miss Van an opportunity to show her capabilities in the sphere of classic opera music. (The aria was composed as an interpolation for the opera *Idomeneo*). Since her first appearance in concert, Miss Van has been a favorite with the public on account of the evident earnestness and conscientiousness which mark everything she undertakes. Her successful début in opera, as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, with the Strakosch Company, brought her into still greater prominence. She possesses a voice of pleasing timbre and considerable volume, with fair training and facile vocalization. The Mozart aria, however, demands a style totally different from that of the Italian opera, and it was evident that while a conscientious effort to do justice to the technical and æsthetical requirements of the composition was not wanting, the means to meet them were not adequate. In the aria from *Don Carlos* she was quite at home, and created great enthusiasm. The pompous *Coriolanus* overture and the Ride of the Valkyries formed a most interesting contrast. To the latter Beethoven's words: "mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei" are certainly not applicable.

In the Sixth Chamber Concert the following programme was followed: —

Quartet No. 3 in D, Op. 18 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Maerchenbilder, Op. 113, for Piano and Viola . . . . *Schumann.*
Mr. Mees, pianist.
Quartet No. 2, A minor, Op. 13 . . . *Mendelssohn.*

In this concert, Mr. Eich, of whom I made mention in my last letter, temporarily supplied the place of Mr Thomas. There was a certain restlessness and frequently a lack of purity in intonation noticeable in the quartets, owing doubtless to the want of more perfect acquaintance of the players with each other A good ensemble cannot be secured without prolonged and constant practice. In the "Maerchenbilder," Mr. Baetens had opportunity to display his uncommon virtuosity and excellent taste as a viola player.

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The programme of the Seventh Chamber Concert was: —

Trio for Strings, C minor, Op. 9 . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Sonata, D major, Op. 18 . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Mr. Schneider, pianist.
Quartet No. 1, A minor, Op. 41 . . . . . *Schumann.*

The trio for strings (No. 3 of Op. 9) was rendered in a most perfect manner, and it is safe to say that in unity, as well as in bringing out the details of this beautiful composition, the performance was the most finished of any so far given in the Chamber Concerts. The Rubinstein Sonata received a most excellent interpretation at the hands of Mr. Schneider and Mr. Hartdegen. The themes, some of which are a little commonplace, are so cleverly and beautifully introduced that they gain a dignity and interest during the progress of the sonata. In the Schumann Quartet Mr. Thomas again made his appearance, playing the first violin. The first two movements, by far the most transparent and fresh of the four, were finely rendered. The Scherzo and Presto were too much hurried and somewhat nervously played. At the next orchestra concert the college choir will be heard for the first time in public in Rossini's Stabat Mater and Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm for female voices.

A new department has recently been added to the curriculum of the college, under the direction of Mr. Whiting. It is to furnish means for instruction in church music, both instrumental and vocal. A reform in church music is certainly needed, and probably more in our city than anywhere else, for not at any time has this branch of the art been so completely neglected as it is now. The literature which our church choirs and quartets cultivate is of the very poorest and most unfitting kind. Opera melodies which have been put into metrical straight-jackets to suit certain words, the attempts at composition of book-makers who have an eye only to the profits they realize from their "collection," even melodies which are heard at every street corner, are employed to serve at divine service. In the new department instruction is to be given in the elementary principles of church music; the Gregorian tones and their influence on the true church style; the various methods of performing divine service in different countries; analyses of the best known works of the Latin, English, and Lutheran churches; in short, a complete historical and theoretical exposition of church music, together with practical instruction in chorus singing and accompanying. The task is one which certainly requires a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, together with extensive experience, — demands which Mr. Whiting will doubtless be able to satisfy fully. It is sincerely to be hoped that the advantages offered in this department will be extensively made use of. An announcement which is added to the prospectus has caused considerable comment amongst resident musicians and singers. It reads as follows: "The extensive resources of the college afford the opportunity to furnish to churches choir leaders, organ and other instrument performers, with solo and chorus singers. It is able to assist in this way both churches and singers." In accordance with this notice, two churches which have until now engaged quartet choirs of prominent local singers, have decided to disband them after Easter, and to substitute in their stead chorus singers from the college. The semi-weekly organ concerts given by Mr. Whiting continue, bringing new and varied programmes, in which the strictly classic as well as the modern schools of organ playing are represented. The influence of these recitals cannot be overestimated. It is noticeable that the audiences consist in a great measure of persons directly interested in church music, and connected with the organist and choir positions in the different churches.

A complimentary benefit tendered to Mr. Ballenberg, the organizer of the Cincinnati Orchestra, to whose energy is due largely the possibility of obtaining such material as now composes the Thomas Orchestra, was well attended. The Thomas Orchestra took part, and as soloists, Miss Emma Cranch, Miss Marie Van, Mr. Jacobsohn, and Mr. Brand, the former director of the orchestra.

Baltimore, March 22. — Selections at the fourth and fifth Peabody concerts of the season, both of which were largely attended, despite inclemency of weather and other adverse circumstances, were: —

IV.

Jupiter Symphony C major. No. 4 . . . . . *Mozart.*
Cavatina from The Barber of Seville . . . . . *Rossini.*
Miss Elisa Baraldi.
Melodrama from 3d act of the French drama,
The Maid of Arles . . . . *G. Bizet.*
Italian songs with piano: —
(a) Santissima virgine. (b) Mandolinata.
Miss Elisa Baraldi.
(a) Piano-concerto in E-flat. No. 5 . . . *Beethoven.*
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
(b) Overture to Egmont.

V.

Symphony in B-flat ("Queen of France") . . . *Haydn.*
A Movement from a Symphony. Work 12. *H. W. Nicholl.*
Adagio con passione.
Air and Variations with piano.
Miss Jenny Busk.
(a) Symphony, D minor. No. 2. Work 49. *L. Spohr.*
(b) Romance from the opera *Zemire and Azor.*
Miss Jenny Busk.
(c) Overture to the opera Jessonda. Work 63.

Since my last there have been several accessions to the orchestra, which now numbers thirty-six performers. The manner in which the above programmes were received is another evidence of the fact that pure old classical music always calls forth decided appreciation on the part of general audiences, and that a limited orchestra can in most cases effect more good in the way of musical culture by a careful performance of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Spohr, etc., than can a large orchestra of some sixty or more performers with labored interpretation of the music of the new school. Our general audiences are not ready for the music of the future, and it is very doubtful when they will be. What they need now is the good old music of the past.

Wilhelmj visited us again for one night only, supported by Mme. Carreño and Walter Damrosch. Wilhelmj, Carreño, and Walter Damrosch! It was like a delightful chamber concert.

Ole Bull called on us the evening previous to Wilhelmj with another "farewell" concert. He was accompanied, by a prodigious array of talent: a prima donna, a tenor, a basso (who could n't sing because "*my voice so very sick*"), a cornetist, and accompanist. The tenor and the accompanist were the only ones who appeared to know much about their business.

Something unusual happened to us about three weeks ago. We have had some public lectures on music! Dr. J. Austen Pearce, of Columbia College, and musical critic of the New York *Evening Post*, I believe, delivered five short lectures: four on music in general, and one an exegetical lecture on the orchestral selections of our fourth Peabody concert.

Your correspondent hopes the rather meagre attendance will not discourage the doctor, and prevent him or other able musical scholars from repeating the experiment. I am sure that, if persisted in, the attendance at such lectures would increase, slowly but surely. Their benefit in pointing out the way to a better understanding of orchestral music is evident.

Musikus.

Chicago, March 19. — The little lull in our concert season was most pleasantly interrupted on Saturday evening by one of the "Musical Reunions" of the Beethoven Society. The programme was one of interest: —

Sonata in D (Piano and 'Cello) . . . . . . *Rubenstein.*
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Eichheim.
Aria, from the "Prophet" . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Mrs. Scheppers.
Piano-Forte: "Ricordanza," Etude . . . . . *Liszt.*
Mr. Emil Liebling.
Romance: "Absence" . . . . *Berlioz.*
Mrs. C. D. Stacy.
Violin Solo: "Legende" . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Miss Zelina Mantez.
Duets: { (a.) "Schifferlied," (b.) "Liebeslied," } . . . . *Sachs.*
Miss Hoyne and Mrs. Hall.
Trio in C minor (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello) . *Raff.*
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Rosenbecker, and Eichheim.

The Beethoven Society, by these monthly reunions, does a good work in promoting the growth of our musical culture, for it furnishes to its members the opportunity of hearing a large number of important compositions during the year. For this our thanks are largely due to Mr. Wolfsohn, its conductor.

On Monday evening, March 17, the Strakosch Opera Company began a season of one week, opening with *Les Huguenots* of Meyerbeer. The cast presented Miss Kellogg as Valentine, Miss Litta as the Queen, Miss Cary as Urbano (the page), Mr. Charles Adams as Raoul, Mr. Conly as Marcel. That our musical people were hungry for the opera, was evident from the overflowing house. After so many fine representations from "Her Majesty's Troupe," it was with some curiosity that we observed the effect produced by this company. Admitting that the Mapleson Troupe won its greatest success in the strictly Italian operas, particularly those of a light character, yet in regard to the orchestra, chorus, and general unity of the representation a comparison would present itself to the mind, in spite of the effort to meet the subject upon its own merits. To begin with, the band was badly balanced, and gave evidence of a want of adequate rehearsals. There cannot be much expected of an orchestra that is mostly composed of members who are simply engaged for a limited number of nights; yet such a procedure does interfere seriously with a finished performance, and the public will hold the management responsible for it. We can but think a more careful rehearsal of the chorus would have enabled them to sing their music with more precision and idea, and with some suggestion of light and shade, even if it was composed of a small number of singers. The last act was omitted, and the performance closed with the grand duet between Valentine and Raoul, and thus the dramatic unity was destroyed, and a great injustice done to Meyerbeer's work.

We can but deprecate the attempt of Miss Kellogg to transform herself into a singer of intensely dramatic roles. Her greatest success has been in characters of a light order, like Filina in *Mignon*; and we question if she has the power of voice, or the fitness of organization ever to enable her to win any extended fame in such operas as the *Huguenots* and *Lohengrin*. Her want of power was notably felt in the trying duet in the third act; for, in her effort to lend dramatic force to the high notes, she strained her voice beyond its limit, and the result was the loss of musical quality, while at times the middle and close of the note would be too sharp to be in tune. Then, too, her lower notes are too weak to cope with dramatic music of this trying kind. In every composition that a singer interprets, she must remember that the idea of music is to delight the ear, and give gratification to the musical mind; and when a passion is forced beyond the limit of pure and sweet tone, it becomes a something so unmusical as to pass into the confines of noise. A voice, when supported by a right conception and a reasoning control, can color each note of a song, until it adequately represents the emotion which the composer intended to illustrate musically and that, too, without robbing the tone of its beauty and purity. We can think of Parepa, Lucca, and more lately Gerster, as singers who never forget to temper passion by judgment, and who realized that their art was one that was always to delight even the most sensitive and delicate musical organization. Miss Cary sang the music of the page with her usual honesty of purpose, and her rich voice gave intense satisfaction. We are glad to do this artiste honor, and New England should be proud of her own daughter. Miss Litta was called to fill the ungracious part of the Queen, and while she sang the music fairly, was sadly awkward in her acting. Mr. Adams, accomplished singer and actor that he is, gave the music of his role with much finish and to the "grand duet," sang with an intensity of power and dramatic design that was most gratifying. It is unfortunate that his voice will not always serve him as fully as on Monday evening, for he is a true artist. Mr. Conly's Marcel was not an ideal representation by any means. The rest of the parts were very weak.

Tuesday evening gave us *Faust*, or at least, portions of it, for a number of scenes were cut. Miss Litta was the Margherita, and it is no great discredit to the young singer to say she did not fill out the picture that Goethe so wonderfully painted. We have had few singers who could do justice to this part. No one who so adequately filled in the delicate shades of feeling, and brought the listener so near to the suffering, heart-broken, yet loving maiden, as Lucca! The innocent delight of her joyous tones, as she almost laughed out her pleasure, in the jewel song, while she ran up the opening notes of the number, reechoes through the mind still, as a cherished memory. Litta was not even the suggestion of that Margherita. Will she ever be? We fear not. She does not show the intensity of feeling, or manifest the elements of greatness necessary to reach the height of the ideal in art. Miss Cary sang Siebel's music splendidly. The rest of the cast were so weak as not even to merit a record. In the Mephisto of Mr. Gottschalk we had direct evidence that "the Devil is dead," and that there was no one left to even take his *part*.

The remainder of the week will give us *Rigoletto*, *Mignon*, *Martha*, and *Carmen*. Then to Miss Kellogg adieu for some years!

Sometimes the spirit of invention will step into the realm of art and do it a great service. It is so, we think, in the present case. Mr. George W. Lyon, of the firm of Lyon & Healy, has invented a music rack for upright piano-fortes, which will be of practical benefit to all musicians who play this instrument. It lifts the music into a position comfortable for the eye, and besides is an ornament to the piano-forte.

C. H. B.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 20. — The following was the programme of the 261st concert of the Musical Society, March 10: —

Symphony (C major) . . . . *Franz Schubert.*
"Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (Goethe) . . . . *A. Rubinstein.*
Maennerchor.
Recitative and Aria for Soprano, from "The Seasons" . . . . *Jos. Haydn.*
Miss Lizzie Murphy.
"The Storm," Cantata for mixed chorus, with orchestra . . . . *Jos. Haydn.*
"Impatience," Song for Soprano . . . *Franz Schubert.*
Miss Lizzie Murphy.
"God, Fatherland, Love" . . . . . *Wm. Tschirch.*
Maennerchor, with Orchestra.

The orchestra had only six first violins this time, and other strings in proportion, — somewhat weaker than usual. The result of this was that, in the *fortissimo* passages, the blare of the trombones and of the cornets, which do duty as trumpets, completely drowned out the strings. It seems to me that it must be entirely possible to tone down this brass, even with the few rehearsals which the finances of the society allow. It ought to be possible also to secure better shading and a much better *piano* and *pianissimo*. But in spite of these defects, I found the symphony very inspiring.

The choruses were very well sung, perhaps quite as well as this chorus usually sings; but I noticed no improvement. There is great need of an influx of good material.

Miss Murphy, a young pupil of Professor Mickler, the conductor, has a moderately powerful soprano voice, and training enough to do the tasks laid upon her on this occasion very creditably. She was well received, and recalled.

The concert, on the whole, was up to the mark of the society; but it looks as if the old organization were barely holding its ground, without making much, if any, progress.

J. C. F.

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BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1879.

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STEPHEN HELLER ON HECTOR BERLIOZ.[1]

I CANNOT resist the pleasure of having a chat with you about Berlioz. You have been writing on the Paris Exhibition, and an article in which you speak a great deal of this highly gifted man has caused me to take the step I do. People in Germany appear to believe that in Paris Berlioz's music was everywhere misunderstood, misappreciated, and actually laughed to scorn. The majority of the public, many artists, and a portion of the press were, I certainly must admit, rather adverse than favorable. Still more frigid and repellent was naturally the demeanor adopted by the official guardians intrusted with the safe-keeping of the great seals of good taste: the sworn connoisseurs, the privy councilors of music, and all possessing a seat and vote in the *sacré collége* of the Conservatory and of the Institute. And they were not so wrong, after all, in making things rather uncomfortable for this Terrorist and his programme, which now and then was somewhat wild. I believe these more or less violent opponents of his to have been perfectly sincere, and I can very well understand how the composer of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, a man deficient neither in talent nor wit, must necessarily regard Berlioz's first Symphony as the music of a lunatic asylum. But Berlioz's sternest critics were the "connoisseurs" of the educated higher classes. Reared in the religion of a certain music, they could see in Berlioz only a hateful and heretical reformer. A portion of these dilettantes acknowledged nothing save the simple moving or sparkling tunes of the old French music (Dalayrac, Méhul, Monsigny, Grétry, etc.); the graceful, piquant, wittily-animated, pleasing, and theatrical strains of comic opera; or, lastly, the magnificent, brilliant, and dramatically-colored productions of the Meyerbeerian muse. By far the most respectable part of these dilettantes had attained in the Conservatory concerts and the numerous quartet associations a not insignificant amount of musical education, in about the same way as by frequent and observant visits to museums and galleries a man may gain an eye for painting and sculpture. Now, when all these various classes of persons fond of music, especially the last named, turned with dissatisfaction from Berlioz's compositions, it must be granted that they did not do so out of blind hostility, and could be at no loss to justify their blame and their taste. His weaker opponents objected to him because they could not at once retain in their heads his melodies (supposing any were to be found in what he wrote), and that to understand such complicated architecture required a very learned musician. Others laughed at his ultra-romantic programmes, at the masses of instruments, and at the mad demands he made upon the performers. His strongest opponents, however, had very weighty grounds for their strictures on the new music. They relied on Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The works of these great benefactors were forcing their way every day more deeply and more convincingly into the souls of mankind as represented in Paris. When these lofty names were pronounced, Berlioz's boldest adherents were silent. . . . . I have employed the word adherents; I wanted to make you understand that, while this very eminent man certainly had, and even still has, numerous adversaries, he had at a very early date attracted round him a constantly increasing circle of friends, partisans, and even unbounded admirers.

As far back as 1838, when I first came to Paris, Berlioz stood quite apart from all other artists there. Even then it was impossible any longer to dispute his right to the name of a daring seeker after the great in art. His works, his words, and his whole bearing gave him the air of a revolutionist as regards the old musical *régime*, which he was fond of supposing had lived itself out. I do not know whether he was a Girondin or a Terrorist, but I believe he was not unwilling to declare Rossini, Cherubini, Auber, Hérold, Boieldieu, etc., those "Pitts" and "Coburgs" of the corrupt state of music, guilty of high treason, and to put them on their trial. The horrible aristocrats of music were played every day, and, in receiving the regulated percentage on the receipts, were sucking the marrow of their subjects, the public.

But Paris is the only place in the world where people understand all situations, and like to search out the strangest among them, for the purpose, to a certain degree, of encouraging and supporting them. Only the situation must possess some especial features; it must have a physiognomy of its own, or be characterized by something pathetic. In a word, a man must have a *legend* circulated around him. Berlioz had several legends. There was his invincible passion for music, — a passion which neither threats nor poverty could diminish, — he, the son of a well-to-do physician in high repute at Grenoble, being compelled to become a chorus-singer at one of the smallest theatres; there was his fantastic love for Miss Smithson, who, as Ophelia and Juliet, had carried him away, though he did not understand a word of English; and, lastly, there was his *Symphonie Fantastique*, depicting his feelings, and, when heard by her, causing the English actress, who, on her part, understood nothing about music, to reciprocate his love, — all these things furnished Berlioz with the situation here necessary for exciting the sympathies of certain enthusiasts. Men of this kind, intelligent, partial, ready for any service and frequently capable of any sacrifice, are to be found in Paris by every man of genuine talent, provided that talent be exhibited in a certain light. Thus, a few months after I first made his acquaintance, I saw that Berlioz was beginning to be accepted as the head and chief of the unappreciated geniuses of Paris. He was unappreciated, it is true. But like a man who might easily be so. Berlioz raised the non-appreciation of talent to a dignity, for the appreciation, nay, the profound admiration, of a large circle caused the want of appreciation to appear so glaring and so unlovable that it obtained for its object new friends every day. This compensation would have sufficed to make a man of a more philosophical disposition feel happier. The delicate sense of the Parisians (I mean of a certain class among them) was hurt and insulted at seeing an artist, who had at any rate given proof of eminent talent, glowing zeal, and high courage, persecuted, blamed, and plunged in poverty. And Frenchmen are not contented with merely loving quietly and platonically; with wishing a friend every possible kind of good fortune, and then leaving matters to take their own course. They are active, set about a thing in good earnest, and do not require to be adjured in the name of everything that is holy to open their lips for the purpose of uttering a few enthusiastic words for an unappreciated artist needful of praise. The French government, in the person of Count Gasparin, one of the ministers, made a beginning, and ordered of Berlioz a Requiem (a work, by the way, full of magnificent things), and subsequently the funereal music for the interment of those who fell in July, — also, of its kind, an admirable tone-painting, only not so well known. Meanwhile, all more or less gifted, more or less unappreciated, art disciples and apprentices ranged themselves around their honored chief. They were apostles, clients, and business men given to Berlioz by nature. It was especially members of other professions who were attracted towards him, — when not by his music, by his poetic intentions and picturesque programmes. Nearly all the painters (who as a rule have a taste for music), engravers, sculptors, and architects were numbered among his adherents. To these must be added many of the best poets and romance writers, such as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas, De Vigny, Balzac; the painters Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, etc., who saw in him, and very justly, an adept of the romantic school. All these great writers, who had not a spark of music in themselves, and who, in the most solemn scenes of their dramas, had a waltz by Strauss played to heighten the emotion or terror, — it is true the waltz was played in a slow and solemn manner, with mutes and a certain amount of tremolo, — all these men raved about Berlioz, and demonstrated their sympathy by their words and their writings. Lastly, with all these active propagandists of the *quasi*-unappreciated Berlioz was allied a section — small, indeed, but influential — of

[1] Addressed to Dr. Hanslick, and published by him in the *Neue freie Presse*. Translated in the London *Musical World*.

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the fashionable and elegant world, people who desired to obtain at a cheap rate the reputation of freethinkers. They were not capable of distinguishing a sonata of Wanhal's or Diabelli's from one of Beethoven's, but they cried out against the criminal sensuousness of modern music; they ridiculed those of their own station who reveled in Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber, and prophesied the destruction of such vicious, short-skirted melodies, and the victory of a new, world-moving, sublime, and eternally virile art.

If now you add the not inconsiderable number of good and genuine musicians capable of understanding the really bold and grandiose, the frequently wonderful originality and the magical orchestration of his scores, you will allow that Berlioz did not live and work in such isolation as he was fond of asserting. From 1838, the instances growing more frequent with the course of time, *detached* pieces of his symphonies found brilliant, nay general, recognition. They were encored and tumultuously applauded. I will mention merely the "Marche au Supplice" in the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the "Marche des Pèlerins" and the "Sérénade dans les Abruzzes" in *Harold en Italie*, the party at Capulet's in *Roméo et Juliette*, several things from *La Fuite en Egypte*, the overture to the *Carnival Romain*, etc. That much of high significance in his works was only slightly successful cannot be denied. But to how many equally great, nay greater, artists has this not happened? There was scarcely ever an artist so much a stranger to anything like resignation, that German virtue, as Berlioz, and it was in vain that I played the part of a German Plutarch, relating to him traits from the lives of such men as Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schiller (whom he liked very much), etc.

He often complained bitterly and compared his own successes with those of the then popular composers for the stage; but whenever he did so, I used to say to him: "My good friend, you want too much; you want everything. You despise the general public, and yet want them to admire you. You despise, in virtue of your right as a noble-minded and original artist, the approbation of the majority, and yet you bitterly experience the want of it. You wish to be a bold innovator, an opener-up of new paths; but, at the same time, you desire to be understood and valued by all. You desire to please only the noblest and the strongest, and yet you are angry at the coldness of the indifferent — at the insufficiency of the weak. Do you not desire to be solitary, inaccessible, and poor, like Beethoven, and yet surrounded by the great and the little ones of this world — loaded with all the gifts of fortune, with honors, with titles, and with offices? You have attained what the nature of your talent and of your whole being can attain. You have not the majority on your side, but an intellectual minority exerts itself to uphold and encourage you. You have achieved for yourself a thoroughly special place in the world of art; you possess many enthusiastic friends — nor are you, thank God, without redoubtable foes, who keep your friends vigilant. Your material means of existence have, thank goodness, been assured for several years; and, finally, you may with certainty reckon on something hitherto valued by all men of mind and heart — the more thorough recognition which posterity has in store for you." I often succeeded in reviving his spirits, a fact he always admitted with friendly and touching words. I remember with especial pleasure one particular instance. We were spending the evening as the guests of B. Damcke — also one of those now no more — and of his wife, whose goodness of heart and kind hospitality Berlioz gratefully mentions in his Memoirs. We were in the habit of meeting there nearly every evening. Berlioz, J. d'Ortigue (a learned writer on musical and literary history), Léon Kreutzer, and others. We used to chat, criticise, and play music, freely and without constraint. This little circle, also, has been thinned by death; latterly Berlioz and myself were the only members of it left. Well, one evening that Berlioz again began his old lament, I answered him in the manner described above. I finished my sermon; it was eleven o'clock, and the cold December night outside was dark and dreary. Tired and out of sorts, I lighted a cigar. Suddenly, Berlioz started up with youthful alacrity from the sofa on which he was unusually to stretch himself in his muddy boots, to the secret anguish of the cleanly and order-loving Damcke. "Ha!" he cried, "Heller is right — is not he? He is always right. He is good, he is clever, he is just and wise; I will embrace him," he continued, kissing me on both cheeks, "and propose to the sage a piece of folly." — "I am ready for any such act," I replied. "What do you propose?" — Let us go and sup together at Bignon's" (a celebrated restaurateur's at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin). "I did not make a very good dinner, and your sermon has inspired me with a desire for immortality and a few dozen oysters." — "All right," I replied, "we will drink the health of Beethoven, and that of Lucullus too; we will drown and forget in the noblest wines of France, with *pâtés de foie gras* to match, the sorrows which vex our souls." — "Our host," said Berlioz, "can stop at home, for he has a charming wife. We, however, who are not so blessed, will be off to the wine-shop — I will hear no objection! The matter is settled." The old, fiery Berlioz was once more awakened within him. So we sauntered, arm in arm, joking and laughing, down the long Rue Blanche and the equally long Chaussée d'Antin, and entered the brilliantly-lighted restaurant. It struck half-past eleven, and there were very few customers in the place, a fact at which we were well pleased. We ordered oysters, *pâtés de foie gras*, a cold fowl, salad, fruit, and some of the best champagne and most genuine Bordeaux.

Berlioz, as well as myself, was the more inclined to do all honor to this admirable repast because, like me, he was usually very moderate and simple in his mode of living. At one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and the waiters glided gaingaly about us (we were quite alone; the other customers had left) as if to remind us that we ought to go. The doors were closed and wax candles brought. "Waiter!" exclaimed Berlioz, "you are trying by all kinds of pantomimic action to make us believe it is late. Let me beg you, however, to bring us two demi-tasses of coffee and some real Havana cigars." So we went on till two o'clock. "At present," said Berlioz, "we will be off, for my mother-in-law is now in her best sleep and I have well-founded hopes that I shall wake her up." During supper we spoke of our favorites, Beethoven, Shakspeare, Lord Byron, Heine, and Gluck, and continued to do so as we slowly walked the long distance to his house, which was not far from mine. This was the last merry, lively social evening I spent with him. Unless I am mistaken, it was in 1867 or 1868.

It was in the same year that he was seized with a sort of passion for reading Shakspeare, in the French translation, to some few friends. We used to meet at his lodgings at eight o'clock in the evening, and he would read us some seven or eight pieces.

He read well, but was frequently very greatly moved; in especially fine passages the tears used to course down his cheeks. He would, however, still go on and hastily wipe away his tears so as not to interfere with the reading. The only persons present on such occasions were the Damckes and two or three other friends. One of the latter, an old and well-tried comrade of Berlioz's, but with no great literary culture, undertook of his own accord the office of a *claqueur*. He listened with profound attention and endeavored to discover in the countenances of the other members of the audience and of the reader the right moment for manifesting his enthusiasm. As he did not venture to applaud, he invented an original method for expressing his approval. Every extraordinarily fine passage, delivered and received with deep emotion, was accompanied on his part by the half audible emission of some oath or other usually heard among the lower classes and in the workshops. Thus, after the poet's most touching scenes we were greeted with: "Nom d'un nom! Nom d'une pipe! S . . . mâtin!" After this had been repeated some dozen times, Berlioz, suddenly bursting out angrily, and breaking off in the middle of a verse, thundered forth: "Ah ça, vouiez-vous bien f . . . . le camp avec vos nom d'une pipe!" Hereupon the offender, pale with dismay, took to flight, and Berlioz with perfect composure resumed the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. — What I once told you touching Berlioz's short musical memory referred to modern music, with which he was not very familiar. But he retained well the music he had studied. Such music included more especially Beethoven's orchestral works (he was not so well up in the quartets and piano-forte pieces); then the operas of Gluck and Spontini, as likewise those of Grétry, Méhul, Dalayrac, and Monsigny. Despite his marvelous hatred of Rossini, he was a warm admirer of two of that master's scores: *Le Comte Ory* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Berlioz was one of those genuine artists who are carried away and moved to tears by every production which is in its way perfect. I was with him at Adelina Patti's first appearance here in *Il Barbiere*. You will believe me when I assure you that, in the most joyous and most charming passages of the work, his eyes were suffused with tears. But what

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shall I say about *Die Zauberflöte*, which also I heard in company with him! He entertained a sort of childish indignation for what he termed Mozart's culpable concessions. By these he meant Don Ottavio's air, Donna Anna's air in F, and the famous bravura airs of the Queen of Night. Nothing could induce him to acknowledge the excellence of these pieces, apart from their dramatic value, which is certainly not as great as that of many others. But how truly delighted was I to see the deep and powerful impression the opera produced on him. He had often heard it before, but whether he was in a better frame of mind, or whether the work was better represented, he said the music had never previously penetrated so profoundly into his heart. Nay, his exaltation in two or three instances became so loud that our neighbors in the stalls, who were picking their teeth and wanted quietly to digest their dinner, complained of such "indiscreet" enthusiasm.

One evening at a quartet concert we heard Beethoven's Quartet in E minor. We were seated in a distant corner of the room. While I was listening to this wonderful work, my feelings were those of a devout Roman Catholic who hears mass with deep piety and fervor, but, at the same time, with calmness and clear consciousness; the sublime feeling he experiences has been long familiar to him. Berlioz, on the other hand, resembled a neophyte; a kind of joyous dread at the secret and sweet secret revealed to him was mixed up with his devotion. His countenance beamed with transport during the Adagio — he was, so to speak, transfigured. Some other fine works were set down for performance, but we left, and I accompanied him to his house. The Adagio still reechoed prayer-like in our souls. Not a word was exchanged between us. On my taking leave of him, he grasped my hand and said: "Cet homme avait tout . . . . et nous n'avons rien."

At that moment he was crushed, annihilated, by the gigantic grandeur of "cet homme." — One more short anecdote: Near the house where Damoko resided, in the Rue Mansard, there was an especially large white stone laid down in the pavement. Every evening that we returned from the Rue Mansard, Berlioz used to place himself on this stone as he wished me good-night. One evening (a few months before his last illness) we bade each other good-by in a jocular fashion, for it was cold, and a thick, yellow fog hung over the streets. We were already ten paces distance from each other, when I heard Berlioz crying out: "Heller! Heller! Where are you? Come back! I did not bid you good-night on the white stone." We came together again and began looking about in the pitch-dark night for the indispensable stone, which, by the way, had among other characteristics a peculiar shape. I took out my matches, but they would not light in the damp air. We both groped about the pavement until at last the weather-beaten stone gleamed on us. Placing his foot with the greatest seriousness on it, Berlioz said: "Thank God! I am standing on it. Now, then, good-night!" And so say I to you, my dear sir. My pen ran away with me — I could not pull it up. Stephen Heller.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

(From the Feather Lloyd.)

The eminent master of the violin is once again stopping in our midst, and great is the feeling of pleasure and delight among the friends of art in the Hungarian capital, to whose lot it has fallen once more to enjoy the rarely occurring treat of hearing, after a long, a too long interval, Joseph Joachim, the celebrated son of our native land. A decennium has elapsed since he last entranced us with the display of his artistic power. How often have we since then yearned to hear him! A few years ago he was in Vienna, and we thought we might hope that, remembering his home, at so short a distance off, and his faithful, devoted admirers, he would gladden us with a visit, — but nor hopes were vain! Let us, however, leave the past and rejoice in the present, which has at length so generously favored us by fulfilling our long-cherished wish. Let us congratulate ourselves on seeing the well-loved master, fresh in mind and body, among us, surrounded by his old admirers, and received with feelings of pleased expectation by all those who will now become acquainted with and hear him for the first time. This former do not need to be informed what Joachim is and of what kind is his artistic significance. A conviction of the great artist's extraordinary worth must spontaneously have forced, and forever impressed, itself on all who at any period in their lives heard him. But, at the present time, when men live so quickly and forget so quickly, it will not be superfluous shortly to characterize Joachim's significance, fully and completely to realize the value of him whose appearance to-day is an event in the musical existence of Pesth. We do not possess among our contemporaries so many heroes in the world of art that, in the case of this great one among the great, we should not like to dwell awhile on the thankful remembrance of what we have received from him.

What is it, then, which raises Joachim above all his predecessors, the most celebrated violinists of the century, — which precludes all comparison between his artistdom and the virtuosity of Paganini, Ernst, Lipinski, Berlioz, and even Vieuxtemps, and which stands him as undoubtedly superior to the most eminent living masters of the violin? Joachim is greater than all these because, to express the matter briefly, he possesses a style of his own. It is indisputable that, in Joachim's case, we never think of the virtuoso. Are his technical capability and development inferior, then, to those of any among the artists above named? Not at all. If the sign of perfect virtuosity consists in playful facility and unerring certainty, Joachim is surpassed by no one. But it is not this, or at least not this alone, which renders him the first among the great ones in his art. His high musical significance is rooted in the depth and grandeur of his conception and execution, both of which together cause the act of the executive artist, reproduction, as an independent product of no small artistic value, to appear like an important musical creation. As the interpreter of the musical classical writers for the violin, Joachim is more than a mere player, he is a plastic artist; he fashions, while others are satisfied with reproducing what already exists.

It is here plainly perceptible how eminent art individualities contain in themselves the incentive for the clearing up of complicated artistic problems. Joachim's artistic peculiarity is connected with one of the innermost questions of musical æsthetics, the much di-puted difference between executive and creative art. In an essay written with considerable cleverness, Franz Liszt once refused to recognize this difference. Some persons may feel inclined to explain this view, for which, be it observed, there are weighty reasons, by the well known variance between Liszt the virtuoso and Liszt the composer; but, even when it may not be so glaringly apparent, we agree with Hegel's clear definition of virtuosity (in his *Æsthetik*), and concede the possibility of creatively fashioning, independent, reproduction. This may be characterized as the acme of artistic perfection, as the privilege of genius, for whom the secret of the inmost sanctuary of art has been thrown open. Such reproduction appropriates the musical material as the mere background on which to execute its own intellectual work. It is this which breathes into the composer's tone-outline glowing life, which bestows shape on the composer's creations, and permeates them with its own individuality. In such a sense we may certainly speak of an independently active power of reproduction, which gives forth nothing on which it has not impressed the intellectual stamp of its artistic self.

This is what most popular virtuosos on the violin have been unable to do! They have been able to dazzle and to fascinate; with daring feats of enormous executive skill to throw the great mass of concert-goers into transports and ecstasy. Even they, despite their want of true intensity and of artistic intention, have rendered indisputable service; they have brought to perfection the technical means of expression, and contributed powerfully towards popularizing art. But for intellectual deeds, which have advanced the interests of art itself, we look to them in vain. In their case, the artist's individuality is still identified with his performance; this is the condition of merely interesting subjectivity. It was reserved for Joachim to create, on an essentially different and ever enduring basis, a new kind of virtuosity, and to bring out in the latter that objectivity which bears in itself the mark of the classical, that objectivity which, in plastic art, we admire in the model works of Greek sculptors.

There are players who play in a subjectively fine manner. Every note speaks and every phrase is intelligible. But the expression of the whole picture strikes us as changed, as strange. And there are players who play in an objectively fine manner; with whom all is harmony (in the highest sense), calm, clear, and distinguished; with whom all is finished and complete in itself, and these are the true artists.

Perfection of form, steady, calm completeness, plasticity of expression, such are the classical elements in the art of execution. All technical mastery is a mere means for the expression of truth, that is, of something very different from mere brilliant virtuosity. Intellectual penetration for the details of a whole constitutes the genius of execution. But genius requires high intelligence as much as it requires stern artistic training. "Every one who thinks that genius can be without understanding," says Jean Paul, "thinks without understanding himself."

The purity and nobleness of his artistic sentiment are the most admirable traits in Joachim's character. Whatever he plays is pure truth, clear and sterling, like his whole nature, his appearance, and the entire course of his long, glorious, and beneficial efforts in the service of art. Joachim never plays for effect; he plays for the piece. His absolute calm and imperturbability, together with his classical demeanor, set the finishing touch on his virtuosity. The masses do not always know how to appreciate this objectivity. It does not excite and carry them away, as do the inspiration and lightning-like manifestation of genial fancy. But the mild light of this vestal fire on the altar of art is none the less brilliant.

The task of the instrumental virtuoso consists in

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rendering a composition intelligible to the hearer; more intelligible than as a rule it can possibly be. This means a great deal. "A man cannot write everything down," said Meyerbeer once regretfully, when asked for directions, affecting even the slightest details, as to the gradations of light and shade which he desired. Of Bach's works we possess nothing authentic but the notes; none of the usual signs; not even the specification of the time, which would come from himself. Everything relating to the style of execution, the degree of force, the tempo, the rhythm, and the cæsura, the performer must obtain from the commentaries, if he is so inclined, or from himself! The decisive part of this process is always the grasping of the musical purport of the idea. This is something which concerns the intelligence, an intellectual process. In this again lies Joachim's greatness. The psychological conception of a musical composition, the congenial insight into the composer's intentions, though buried far below the surface,—this is what marks Joachim as destined to be the interpreter of the musical classics, of the Bachs and the Beethovens. That artist more than any other will always be the classical Bach-performer who masters with calm certainty the mighty forms of musical architectonics. Bach's music is an intellectual and lybeate spring which comforts, strengthens, and preserves us from being enervated by the luscious music of the present. Before many days have passed we shall once again hear it performed by Joachim, though we shall, it is true, hear only one piece, the world-renowned Chaconne, but we shall have an opportunity of admiring in it his grandiose conception, the plasticity of his expression, the noblenes and volume of his tone. Unfortunately we are not fated, during his present visit, to hear the gem of all his efforts, his performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, a loss for which nothing can indemnify us. A clever writer on music, Otto Gumprecht, of Berlin, the musical critic of the *National Zeitung*, says in reference to this: "For the first time I have brought away with me from a performance an impression of absolute perfection. Even in the very smallest details we had a most true and inspired reproduction of the work, a reproduction in which every component part, including the grand interpolated cadence in the first movement, seemed a factor necessitated by the inward nature of the production. There was nothing superfluous, no empty virtuoso-like ornamentation, but everything, every staccato, crescendo, sforzato, was justified by the work as a whole. After the concert it struck me that the greatest wonders of bravura had passed by unheeded: double-stopping, chromatic runs in octaves, and I know not what else; but during the performance I scarcely noticed all this, for the virtuoso is here merged completely in the artist; the former is utterly concealed by the latter. Our city must not allow this master of the violin to leave us, but secure him permanently, no matter at what price."

The wish has been fulfilled. Joachim resides in Berlin, where, both in the concert-room and in the High School of Music under his direction, there is the grandest field for his exertions. An imposing array of gifted and accomplished young artists honor in him their master, who has brought them up in the traditions of the classical school.

It need scarcely be mentioned that Joachim, who above all things values with unshakable fidelity and truthfulness the purity of music, is opposed to the destructive tendencies of the New German School. Just as he is the most characteristic among the virtuosos of the present, just as during the whole of his long professional career he has preserved immaculate the purity of a true priest of art, his place in the musical life of the present day is not amid the turmoil of those engaged in struggling with each other, but in that sanctuary whither the noise of the every-day world and the strife of party do not penetrate, and before which the mighty names of musical history, Bach and Beethoven, keep guard like the cherubim with swords of flame.

MAX SCHUTZ.

LORENZO SALVI.

THE death of Lorenzo Salvi, the once famous tenor, is announced. It is now nearly thirty years ago that the lovers of music in this city became enthusiastic over the singing of Salvi, but there are doubtless many who retain affectionate recollections of him, and who will learn of his death with a feeling almost of personal loss.

Lorenzo Salvi was born at Bergamo, Italy, in 1812. His first appearance as a public singer was at Rome, in 1832, and during the next few years he sang in Naples, Venice, and Vienna with great success. In 1846 he visited Moscow and St. Petersburg, and two years later he appeared in London. In 1849 he was induced to visit Havana by Signor Marti, a well-known theatrical manager of that day, and the following year he was brought to New York by Max Maretzek. His first appearance here was at the Astor Place Opera House. Afterward he was engaged at Castle Garden and at Niblo's. He remained here for several months and then went to Mexico with his manager. In 1851 he returned to Italy by way of New York. He continued to sing for several years, and visited Spain and other countries; but about ten years ago he retired from the stage and has since resided at Bologna.

As a singer, Salvi was regarded as the best tenor of his time; and by those who knew him most intimately, it is claimed that, with the exception of Mario, he was the best tenor upon the American stage. His voice was not very strong, but it was clear and sweet, and was cultivated in a rare degree. He was a tall, finely formed and very handsome man; and his personal attractions, united with the magic of his voice, were sufficient to captivate any audience. He made his début here in *La Favorita*, and from the first his success was marvelous. In other operas he was equally as popular as in *La Favorita*. He was the first to give Meyerbeer's *Prophet* in this country. He also sang here in *Maria di Rohan*, by Donizetti, which was written expressly for him. When Jenny Lind came to this country, Mr. Barnum secured Salvi as the tenor of the company, although it required an almost fabulous sum to induce him to abandon his engagement with Maretzek. His success in New York and his engagement with Barnum soon filled his purse, but the money was spent as easily and almost as soon as it was obtained.

The condition of his countrymen in this city aroused Salvi's warmest sympathy, and he did what he could to relieve their distress, and to put them on the road to prosperity. Among his many plans for their benefit, the attempt to establish a number of Italian business on Staten Island was characteristic of the man, and eventually cost him all that he was worth. It was during his most prosperous days that he purchased or leased an estate on Staten Island and started a large candle manufactory, the business being conducted by several of his countrymen. He also fitted up in the house rooms for himself and some of his intimate friends. One room was prepared especially for Garibaldi, who was then here, and for whom Salvi entertained warm affection. These rooms were the scene of many meetings of Italian patriots as also of many a convivial party.

In the winter of 1850, Salvi went to Mexico with Max Maretzek, but the venture did not prove a profitable one. After a few months he returned to New York without funds. He found that the factory had not been successfully conducted, and the men to whom he had confided it had sold or mortgaged the entire property. His bad fortune had a depressing effect upon his spirits, and he determined to return to Italy. He refused all proffered engagements here, and no persuasion of his friends could turn him from his purpose to seek his native land. The money for the voyage was furnished by one of his friends, who is still a resident of this city, and in the fall of 1851 Salvi left this country never to return.

To the general American public Salvi was not so well known as many foreign singers who have visited the country since his departure. His stay here was comparatively short, and, except in New York, he sang mostly in company with Jenny Lind, whose fame overshadowed his own.—*N. Y. Tribune, March* 15.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

III.

THE lines of action in that boy's head and shoulders are not right. See how comfortably the shoulder comes up to meet the face, and how easy the action is! An easy thing like that ought to be done easily. You can't do it by getting frightened and worried about it. And see how little diffiently there is in setting it right! Get the action right before you finish it at all. The action is the truly important thing, and you can't add it to your finish if you get that first.

It is not that I don't want you to finish things. Carry them just as far as you like, but do have something right to start upon. Hardly anybody can change the action after a picture is carried far. It is sometimes done, but is hardly ever possible. Besides, in a figure like that boy's, the shoulder and ease with which he sits are the native things about him.

I'm dreadfully afraid that they 'll beat you at the Art Museum School. There they are made to be as careful as can be about all their drawing. Perhaps I should have done better to have begun so with you. I preferred to show you how to make pictures, and to *will* you to learn, and to give you as much of my own life as I could. And that's a good way, if you'll take pains about the important things. But not one in a dozen of you ever uses a vertical line. You don't know what it is to dig.

Look at that boy now! See the ease of that slouch! It's as royal as Henry the Eighth. And see how his arms make a wreath together, and how his body is like part of another wreath! It would be very hard to draw that. Knowledge of the figure would not do it, and yet it could not be done without it. Prudhon could do little fellows like him. If you can't see the humanity in such a thing, and feel it too, it is n't worth while to draw it.

You must find something that you really care for, and do it. I remember that little dead bird of yours. That had a meaning of its own, and that's what I want you to try to express. Otherwise there's no use in learning. I remember men in Paris who used to work in the *ateliers* for nine or ten years, and produce nothing of their own. They could draw the figure well enough,—worse, perhaps, as they went on; but nothing would come of it.

I want you to apply what I've said to your-

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selves individually, and find what you have to express. I don't want you to think that continual instruction is all that you need; that you are to go on for years having things told you, and accomplishing next to nothing. You ought to have something of your own to express; to work patiently on it, and do with it as well as you can. Remember why you are studying. Our plan is right, but you must accomplish something with it.

Whistler was quite right in prosecuting Ruskin. Such criticism should not be allowed — endangering a man's chance of earning his bread — for all the English follow Ruskin like sheep. Whistler is an excellent painter. When he works, he works like a tiger. I saw at Rossetti's house a picture of his, a beach, and supposed that it was done in a day, it was painted so simply and freshly; but Rossetti told me that he had worked over parts of it again and again before he was satisfied with it.

Whistler's pamphlet calls out a lot of silly replies; but not one that is a real answer. He paints his pictures, and is called a conceited puppy and a coxcomb. He publishes a ten-cent pamphlet in order to defend himself, and now the critics fall upon him and call his talk "nonsense, — worse than his pictures," etc. But not one of them can answer him, nor can they write a pamphlet for which anybody would pay ten cents.

The way to criticise is to do something better yourself; to show what you mean. It's the producers we care for, not for the men who go about abusing other people.

All the world laughs at chromos, but each of those very people has a chromo enshrined in his very heart as a standard by which to run down pictures. Talk about a skeleton in a closet! It is n't anything to a chromo.

When you want to catch a lion you must go at night and alone.

"Is there any good book about drawing oxen?"

No, there is n't any book but out-of-doors.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

AUGUST KREISSMANN.

THE sad news comes from Germany to many friends in Boston of the death of this excellent artist, this long-suffering, generous, noble man; the founder and for many years conductor of the Orpheus Society, the oldest of our part-song clubs; for a long time our best vocal exponent of the songs of Franz, as well as of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and others; an inspiring teacher of singing, who initiated his pupils into the love of what is best in music; distinguished for his warm and faithful friendships, his benevolence, his public spirit, his frank and manly independence, and beloved through many winning social qualities. He died on the 12th ult. at the age of fifty-six years, at Gera, in the principality of Reuss, where he has for several years been forced to reside by his terrible rheumatic sufferings, in the vain hope of cure. Only brief, illusive periods of comparative health and strength came to him; and at such moments his fine voice returned, so that he made a marked impression by his songs in several concerts, once winning the admiration of Liszt by his singing of the Franz songs in one of his private mornings at Weimar. — At a meeting of the Orpheus Society on the receipt of the news of his death, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, That by the death of August Kreissmann the society loses one of its most loved and honored members; one whose services as conductor were freely given for many years; one whose influence was powerful in the early days, when strong men were needed; one whose musical knowledge aided in placing the society on the firm basis of art, and one whose generous and manly character endeared him to every member.

Resolved, That the progress of music in this city, and throughout the country, is largely indebted to his energetic efforts, and to the enthusiastic spirit which he infused into the drill of the male chorus, and that every existing musical organization has found its pathway smoothed by the steady and unselfish labors of the first conductor of the Orpheus.

Resolved, That in recalling his natural gifts and his culture as a singer in connection with his learning and experience in the science of music, we appreciate the power of the fortunate combination, and acknowledge the great services he was able to render.

Resolved, That we tender our profound sympathy to his widow and his son in their great and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the officers of the Orpheus be requested to convene the singing members on some evening to be named for the purpose of joining in a simple memorial musical service in the presence of the whole society.

THE WORKS OF PALESTRINA.

THE indefatigable choir-master of Ratisbon (Regensburg) Cathedral, Rev. F. X. Haberl, is engaged on a work of truly colossal dimensions, being nothing less than the publication, by subscription, of a complete edition of the works of Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. An extract from his Prospectus will explain the plan, which surely needs no commendation: —

"The renowned publishing firm of Breitkopf & Haertel, in Leipsic, has for some years past been elaborating a plan for giving to the world a splendid monumental edition of all the works of the immortal master and *Princeps Musices*, the so-called Palestrina. Six volumes are now ready, beautifully brought out, in exactly the same style as the world-renowned editions of the works of J. S. Bach, G. F. Handel, L. van Beethoven, etc. By a contract entered into with the undersigned, Breitkopf & Haertel undertake to publish *all* the works of Palestrina, about thirty-six volumes, by the year 1894, the tercentenary celebration of Pierluigi's death, provided three hundred subscribers can be found to constitute a Palestrina society. I therefore earnestly hope that you and friends may join in this undertaking. The only condition stipulated is that as soon as the requisite number of subscribers shall have been found, each shall pay a yearly subscription of twenty marks ($5.00). In return the subscribers shall receive each year *two volumes of from 160 to 170 pages, large folio size*, and can have eventually through me the six volumes already published at ten marks, ($2.50) each. This subscription is not enforced until the full number of three hundred subscribers is completed. Payment beforehand will not be received."

Further information, for the benefit of any who may be interested in the publication on our side of the Atlantic, comes to us in the following circular appended to Father Haberl's Prospectus: —

The modest manifesto gives a very inadequate idea of the work undertaken. The thirty-six volumes will comprise all the masses of Palestrina, ninety-three in number, of which only sixteen have ever been published in modern form. These will occupy fourteen to sixteen volumes. There will be six or eight volumes of motets, over four hundred in number; one volume of Hymns for four voices; two volumes of Lamentations, for four, five, and six voices; one volume of Magnificats, for four, five, six, and eight voices; one volume of Litanies for four, six, and eight voices; and finally, two to three volumes of Madrigals, for four and five voices. These volumes, moreover, are brought out in Breitkopf & Haertel's best style, large folio size, splendid paper, and clear, distinct musical type. Again, the privilege accorded by our late Holy Father to Father Haberl of examining and copying the archives of the Sistine Chapel — a privilege denied to all previous petitioners — gives the advantage of being able to guarantee the authenticity of the genuine works of Palestrina, as well as to eliminate all that might be doubtful or spurious. The Reverend Editor has authorized the undersigned to receive subscriptions from North America. Intending subscribers will therefore kindly send their names and addresses to me, and I shall forward them to the Father Haberl without delay. Should any wish to have the six volumes already published, I will undertake to order them.

Ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries and musical libraries should not be unprovided with this splendid work, and the smallness of the subscription spread over such a long period — fifteen years — will, I doubt not, complete the list of three hundred in a very short time.

The net price of each volume to subscribers of the United States is $3.50, including the expenses for carriage and delivery, etc.; to non-subscribers $4.75, so that subscribers save $1.25 on each volume, or $45.00 on the entire work.

J. SINGENBERGER,

Professor of Music and President of the American St. Cecilia Society, St. Francis Station, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

CONCERTS.

WE must look back again to pick up a few performances, mostly of piano-forte music, which we had no room to notice in our last. These were: —

March 5. A Soirée Musicale at the Knabe Piano-forte Rooms, by Mr. John Orth, pianist, Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cellist, Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano, with Mme. Dietrich Strong for an excellent accompanist. These artists are too well known to need our praise; so, as we were unable to be present, we will simply give the programme, which is unexceptionable: —

Piano Duet, Overture to "Rosamunde" . . . *Schubert.*
'Cello Soli:
(*a*) Aria . . . . *Lotti.*
(*b*) Capriccio . . . . *Goltermann.*
Aria, "As when the dove laments her love." . *Handel.*
From "Acis and Galatea,"
Sonata, In E-flat major, Op. 7 . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Allegro, Molto, Largo, Allegro, Rondo.
Piano and 'Cello Duet, two pieces . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Song, "Tender and True" . . . . *Marston.*
Polonaise, E-flat major, Op. 22 . . . . . . *Chopin.*

March 21. Mr. S. LIEBLING, one of the most painstaking and enthusiastic among the younger pianists who have established themselves in Boston within a few years, gave a concert at Union Hall with the following programme: —

Sonata, for Piano (Op. 7) . . . . *Grieg.*
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale.
Mr. S. Liebling.
Aria, "Bei diesem schonen Handchen" . . . *Mozart.*
Mr. Clarence E. Hay.
Fantaisie, for Violin, "Faust" . . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Mr. Albert Van Raalte.
(*a*) Rondo in C (from Weber's Sonata, Op. 24) *Brahms.*
(As a study for the left hand).
(*b*) Ballade (Op. 47) . . . . *Chopin.*
Mr. S. Liebling.
Aria, from "Don Giovanni" . . . . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Laura Schirmer.
Grand Fantaisie, for two Pianos (Op. 207, new) . *Raff.*
(First time in Boston.)
Messrs. B. F. Lang and S. Liebling.
Aria, "Honor and Arms," from "Samson" . . *Handel.*
Mr. Clarence E. Hay.
(*a*) "Thou art like unto a flower" . . . *Rubinstein.*
(*b*) "Serenade" . . . . *Raff.*
Miss Laura Schirmer.
Soirée de Vienne (Nachtfalter) . . . . . . *Tausig.*
Mr. S. Liebling.

Mr. Liebling undoubtedly has talent and a strong feeling for music. He brings out the tones well, plays with vigor, and has great facility in rapid fingering. But there is sometimes more fire than discretion in his heroic execution; many passages are over-loud, and some are blurred by reckless inattention to the pedal, — a habit which it should not cost him much, being so musical, to unlearn. A certain crudity and want of judgment seems to be the present drawback in his playing. The Sonata, by Grieg, has some pleasing ideas, but did not leave a deep impression. Mr. Liebling was at his best in Weber's "Perpetuum mobile" (made into a study for the left hand), and in Tausig's willfully difficult arrangement of Strauss's "Nachtfalter" (Moth) waltz, which might be named "Nacht-*folter*" (nightmare or torture). We were not greatly interested in the new Fantasia by Raff, for two pianos, except as it was finely played by Mr. Lang and the concert-giver. The high *opus* number (207) suggests the question whether Raff is not turning out too much work of late.

Miss Laura Schirmer, with her attractive presence, her delicate, sweet voice, and grace of style, made her vocal contributions highly acceptable. "Vedrai carino" was given tenderly, but she entered more completely into the spirit of the songs by Rubinstein and Raff; the "Ser-

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enade," by the latter, is a lovely melody, and was interpreted in such a winning way that the singer was obliged to repeat it. Mr. Clarence E. Hay has a solid, telling, well-developed bass voice, which he used to good advantage in the Aria by Mozart, — a piece seldom if ever heard in our concert rooms, composed as an occasional piece for a singer in the part of Sarastro in the *Zauberflöte*, — but with more complete success in the heroic air from *Samson*, which he sang with great spirit and in a sustained and even style. Young Mr. Van Raalte is steadily developing into an artist as a solo player on the violin.

A very interesting concert was that given on the evening of March 24, at Union Hall, in compliment to Miss Josephine E. Ward, a modest, interesting maiden, yet in the middle of her teens, and one of the most gifted and truly musical of Mr. Sherwood's pupils. She certainly has made remarkable progress in piano-forte execution, and in the intelligent interpretation and expression of a high order of music for one so young. Her treatment of compositions by Bach and Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, etc., was tasteful and sympathetic. All was neat and clear, well phrased, with plenty of both power and delicacy of touch, indeed a high degree of brilliancy and finish, while she entered into the spirit of each work. She began with a Prelude and Fugue in G, and a Gigue in D minor, by Bach, followed by a genial Fantasia in C by Handel. Next she played, with the artist-like accompaniment of Mr. C. N. Allen, the Sonata Duo for piano and violin, in C minor, by Beethoven, which went very satisfactorily. Another group of piano-forte solos consisted of the charming Minuet from Schubert's Sonata, Op. 78, the first Polonaise of Op. 26, by Chopin, and a captivating Mazourka (No. 2) by Saint-Saëns. These were followed by some characteristic little pieces, "im Volkston," by Schumann, for piano and 'cello (Mr. Wulf Fries), which were much enjoyed; and the concert closed with a brilliant if not particularly original Valse by Von Bulow.

The vocal numbers were sung by Miss S. E. Bingham, of Indianapolis, who has a beautiful contralto voice, giving evidence of good training, and who sang with unaffected, true expression and refinement, "Kennst thou the land?" from Gounod's *Mignon*, "Widmung" (Dedication), by Robert Franz, and "The Brook," by Schubert.

For both the young pianist and the singer the omens seem auspicious.

Before leaving the subject of piano-forte recitals, we may as well say what we have to say of a more recent one (April 4), at Chickering's Warerooms, by Mr. Henry G. Hanchett, an other advanced pupil of Mr. Sherwood's. It was an invited audience, completely filling the long room. Musical editors and critics were not only invited, but were challenged and instructed, through a very unique circular letter, to attend and to "report in unmistakable terms," whether the debutant is competent to "the position which he aims to fill," — that, namely, of "an exclusive pianist," that is to say, a pianist who can live by his virtuosity alone without having, like all other artists, great or small, to give lessons for his daily bread. He "wishes to record a decided success, or a total failure; "does "not mean to do half-way work," and does not want "half-way results," and there is nothing which he is so unwilling to face as "faint praise," not even "ignominious silence" on the part of the critics aforesaid.

We are really sorry for this silly *faux pas* on the part of a young man, who seems really to have talent and to be much in earnest about what he has undertaken. And yet it looks a little as if the ambition for worldly success were stronger in him than the real love of music, if he can give music up so easily unless rewarded with decided and immediate success. Moreover, the alternative which he demands on the part of his judges is an absurd one and impossible. There is no absolute success for any one, nor can there be a total failure for one who can execute such a programme as we give below in such a manner, both of technique and expression, as to win the recommendation of a teacher like Mr. Sherwood. It is asking too much of "the critics" that they should by jury vote determine a young aspirant's career for him; nor can he rely on such a vote with half the confidence he could on a single true and candid friend. This was the formidable programme: —

Das wohltemperirte Clavier	*Bach.*
a. C minor, Book 1.	
b. E-flat major, Book 2.	
Sonate, Op. 2, No. 3, in C	*Beethoven.*
Allegro con brio — Adagio.	
Scherzo. Allegro — Finale. Allegro assai.	
Les Preludes, Symphonic Poem	*Liszt.*
(Arranged by the author for two pianos.)	
Romanza from Op. 8	*Sarasa.*
Scherzo, Op. 31, D-flat major	*Chopin.*
Kreisiana, Op. 16, No. 3	*Schumann.*
Rigoletto — Paraphrase	*Liszt.*

Now Mr. Hanchett, as we have said, showed talent and a certain kind of musical feeling and enthusiasm, — how fine or deep we would not undertake to say, from a single hearing. His playing was far from being altogether bad; it would be wrong to call it a "total failure;" it had many excellent qualities. He has great strength, rapidity and certainty of finger; he achieves long runs of most difficult execution in a triumphant manner; phrases intelligibly, and has considerable light and shade. But there are great faults. In the Bach pieces he betrayed a continual tendency to hurry, making the movements uneven and unsmooth. In the Beethoven Sonata the quick movements were taken at an exaggerated tempo, making the little phrase of four sixteenth notes in thirds, in the first theme, sound like only three. And he is apt to pound the instrument with startling force. The strong, stern chords, to which the pleading, delicate figures respond in the Adagio, were made painfully and ruthlessly explosive like so many discharges of heavy ordnance. We thought him most successful in the Liszt paraphrase and in the arrangement of "Les Preludes," which his teacher played with him. We can thank him also for the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with that most original and beautiful Romanza from the Sonata Patetica by Sarasa, though the interpretation rather lacked "true inwardness" (to use a vulgar cant term for what has a good meaning in the German). His selection from Schumann's *Kreisleriana* was one of the least familiar and very interesting.

We trust Mr. Hanchett will not be sickened by half praise, nor discouraged by even wholesale condemnation, but will continue to study and improve, winning success by gradual and sure steps, and reconciling himself to the conditions by which even the most gifted of performing artists have to live. A foolish letter should not be allowed to compromise his future.

Harvard Musical Association. — The eighth and last of the Symphony Concerts of the fourteenth season fell upon about the stormiest and most disagreeable day of the whole winter; yet the audience was much the largest and the best of the season. And the close and deeply interested attention paid to the very end of a concert of unusual length (two hours and twenty minutes), to a programme which would have been called "heavy" a few years ago, was the most hopeful omen we have seen for a long time as to our prospects for orchestral music, by our own local orchestra, in coming seasons. It was the crowning success of a series of truly noble and delightful concerts, recognized as such by all who have attended them. Indeed this series, although the pecuniary support has still fallen short of the expenses, which have been put upon the most economical footing, has involved a comparatively small loss, while it has gone far to win back the old favor with which these concerts used to be regarded, and to convince our musical citizens of the ability and of the pains-taking zeal of our musicians and their indefatigable conductor. Considering the hard times and how poorly musical entertainments generally have paid, the Symphony Concerts may be said to have succeeded. They have revived public faith in such things, and it will be strange if means and measures be not found before another season for putting them upon a generous and permanent footing.

This success must be credited in a great measure to the generous conduct of the members of the orchestra, who have rehearsed with unusual fidelity and zeal at a reduced rate of pay, and have given given extra rehearsals of their own accord purely for the sake of doing justice to some new and difficult work. The same unselfish spirit has been shown — the same devotion to the concerts for the sake of keeping them alive, and from the patriotic motive of Art culture — by the solo artists who have so enriched the programmes. It is a mistake to suppose, as we have seen often intimated in the newspapers, that the revival of interest in the concerts, and the marked improvement in the playing of the orchestra, has been due to any "new departure" in the policy of the managing committee, such as the infusion of a greater variety of elements, a larger proportion of "new music," etc., into the programmes. The amount of new music given has been just about the same as for several seasons past; the preponderance of standard classical works has hardly varied, and the complexion of the programmes has undergone scarcely any change that is perceptible. But somehow, since formidable competition was withdrawn, the public has been in a more reasonable and receptive mood towards our own local efforts, and our musicians have heartily exerted themselves to do their best; and verily they have their reward, for henceforth their good-will and their competency will be believed in. — If anybody doubts the good achieved by such a series of concerts and rehearsals, let him pay attention this week to the performance of Bach's "Passion Music," and ask himself where we could have looked for an orchestra so well prepared to take hold of its difficult accompaniments at such short notice, but for this season's training in the symphonies and other masterworks?

The audience poured out, lingeringly, from the hall, exchanging congratulations on the finest and most interesting concert of some seasons in spite of its great length and the solid character of these selections: —

Heroic Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat, Op. 55 . .	*Beethoven.*
Allegro con brio — Marcia funebre — Scherzo — Finale.	
Piano-forte Concerto, in A minor, Op. 54	*Schumann.*
Allegro affettuoso — Intermezzo (Andantino grazioso) — Allegro vivace.	
Franz Rummel.	
Overture to "Preciosa"	*Weber.*
Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, for piano-forte with orchestra	*Liszt.*
Franz Rummel.	
Overture to "Leonora," No. 3, in C	*Beethoven.*

The Heroic Symphony, which, with all its grandeur and its wealth of beautiful, original ideas, has often been found "heavy" and fatiguing to an audience, — partly no doubt on account of its great length, nearly an hour, — was

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this time listened to with eager interest throughout. It has seldom if ever been so well presented in this city; if there was room for finer finish in detail, the life and true Beethoven fire of the great work were eloquently and convincingly brought out. For this is the symphony in which Beethoven first went his own way entirely and left the leading strings of his great models; then his genius, his full individuality shone out with startling brilliancy. All the movements went well; particularly the *Marcia Funèbre*, which had just the right solemnity of movement without dragging. As the great symphony opened and gave the tone to the concert, so the great Beethoven Overture, the ever welcome "Leonora" No. 3, formed the last word of the concert and the season. This, too, was finely played, as was the charming gypsy overture of Weber, furnishing a bright diversion in the middle of the programme.

We would rather have had some other less incongruous piece of brilliant virtuosity to follow up the *Preciosa* music, than that Hungarian Fantasia of Liszt's, which, after hearing so many of his Rhapsodies Hongroises for the piano alone, and finding them all essentially alike, all made out of the same materials, only worked up with new tricks of effect, still sounded as the same thing over again, more aggravated than enriched by the barbaric orchestration. Coming as it did in the midst of genuine great music, there was too much vulgarity and clap-trap about it. But it afforded a rare opportunity for Mr. Rummel to display his extraordinary virtuosity; nothing could exceed the verve, the brilliancy, the startling contrasts, the finesse and the polish of his execution, and it wrought a large part of the public up to such a pitch of excitement that he was recalled several times. Mr. Rummel gave a splendid rendering of the Schumann Concerto. We do not say it showed so deep and fine a feeling of the poetic quality of the work as we have been taught to know by others who had not his astonishing technique. But he played it with power, with great clearness, with rare delicacy and grace where that is required, and he went through it all with a freedom and a triumphant swing which carried his audience with him. He is certainly one of the most effective concert players we have had since Rubinstein and Von Bülow.

It may be interesting at the close of the season to take a survey of the matter which has been presented in the eight concerts. The following are the works by each composer. The asterisk denotes the first performance in these concerts, *two* asterisks the first time in Boston.

J. S. Bach. Organ Fantaisie and Fugue in G minor, arr. by Liszt for piano. — *Pastorale from Christmas Oratorio — Orchestral Suite in D, entire. — * Concerto in D minor, for three Pianos, with String Orchestra. — Cradle Song from Christmas Oratorio.

Haydn. "Oxford" Symphony, in G (second time here). — * Symphony in D (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 14).

Mozart. ** Piano Concerto in A major. — Overture to "Magic Flute."

Beethoven. Symphonies, Nos. 2, 3, and 7. — Piano Concerto, No. 5, in E-flat. — Overtures to "Prometheus," "Egmont," "Leonora," No. 3. — Adagio and Andante from the "Prometheus" Ballet. — * Scena: "Ah! Perfido."

Spohr. Overture to "Jessonda."

Schubert. Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella." — Reiter-Marsch in C, transcribed for Orchestra by Liszt (second time). — ** Song: "The Young Nun," with Liszt's Orchestral Accompaniment.

Mendelssohn. Overtures to "St. Paul," and * "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde." — Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Weber. Overture to "Preciosa."

Schumann. Symphony in C. — Overture to "Genoveva." — Incantation and Entr'acte from "Manfred." — Piano Concerto in A minor.

Cherubini. Overture to "Anacreon."

Gade. "Ossian" Overture.

Hauptmann. * Song: "Ave Maria."

Meyerbeer. * Song: "The Fisher Maiden."

Chopin. E minor Concerto (Romance and Rondo).

Liszt. Tarantella from "Venezia e Napoli." — * Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, Piano and Orchestra.

Wagner. ** Siegfried Idyl (twice). — ** "Der Ritt der Walküren," Piano transcription by Tausig.

Raff. Suite for Orchestra, in C, Op. 101 (second time).

Brahms. ** Second Symphony, in D (twice).

Saint-Saëns. "Phaëton": Poëme Symphonique (second time).

Hebertier-Guilmant. * Prelude and Fugue transcribed for Piano by Mme. Rivé-King.

PASSION WEEK. — Bach's sublime and profoundly tender music to the *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, has made this a Passion Festival in Boston. Every day of the week the great work has been rehearsed, — on Monday and Tuesday by the orchestra and solo-singers; on Wednesday and Thurday afternoons, public rehearsals of double chorus, solos, double orchestra, and organ, all combined; and on Good Friday (yesterday) the full performance — not a number or a passage of the whole work omitted — before an audience occupying every seat in the great Music Hall, of the First Part at three in the afternoon, and the Second Part at eight in the evening. It was simply the greatest event so far in the musical history of this country.

And what a hopeful sign of progress that so deep an interest should be taken in so difficult and formidable a work, dating from a century and a half ago! At the same time we may think with satisfaction of the quantity of Bach's music in various forms that has been presented and enjoyed in Boston during the past season. Besides what the symphony programmes have offered, which is enumerated above, there has been a great Cantata sung, with orchestra, by the Cecilia; a superb Motet for double chorus by the Boylston Club; and no end of Organ and Piano Preludes and Fugues, and smaller pieces in the various Piano-forte Recitals, particularly those of Mr. Sherwood.

This week we have had also the fourth and last Euterpe Concert (Wednesday evening); and Cambridge has had its third and last Chamber Concert by the same artists on Tuesday evening.

Close upon Good Friday comes the joyful Easter, and to-morrow evening the Handel Society will follow up their good work with Handel's jubilant, heroic *Judas Maccabæus*, — thus completely the most successful and remunerative Oratorio season which the old society has ever had. — And, as if this were not enough, on the 2d of May, an extra performance will be given, of *Elijah*, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when their efficient and esteemed conductor, CARL ZERRAHN, in a performance of the same work, first assumed the baton he has wielded ever since.

NEXT WEEK will bring its rich supply of music worth the hearing. On *Tuesday evening, 15th*, at Mechanics' Hall, the first of the Three Classical Concerts by Messrs. SHERWOOD, ALLEN, and FRIES. The programme includes a String Quartet by Rubinstein; Polonaise for Piano and 'Cello, Chopin; the great Piano Quintet by Schumann; and Songs by Mozart, Rubinstein, and Franz, to be sung by Miss Mary E. Turner.

— *April* 16. The BOYLSTON CLUB, Geo. L. Osgood, Conductor.

Thursday, 17*th*, at three P. M. Mme RIVÉ-KING, who has been fulfilling numerous concert engagements in this city and vicinity during the past fortnight, drawing largely from her almost inexhaustible répertoire of the best classical and modern works for the piano-forte, will give her Farewell Recital for the season at Mechanics' Hall, assisted by the charming vocalist Miss Abbie Whinnery. The programme is one of exceptional interest, including for the concert-giver: Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata;" Allegro, from Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," Op. 26; six pieces *en groupe* from Chopin (Nocturne in G minor, Op. 37; Berceuse; Impromptu, C-sharp minor, Op. 66; Valse, A-flat, Op. 34; Scherzo, B-flat minor; Rondo, E-flat, Op. 16); Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and Andante and Rondo from the Violin Concerto, transcribed by Mme. King; and the Strauss-Tausig Waltz: "Man lebt nur einmal." There surely will be great interest felt in this Recital, for it is a much better thing to hear so finished a pianist in a small room than it can be in our great Music Hall.

— On the evening of the same day (*Thursday*), a concert for the benefit of the Chapel of the Evangelists will be given at Huntington Hall (Institute of Technology) by members of the choirs of the Advent, Emmanuel, and Trinity churches, assisted by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Wulf Fries, Miss Mary Beebe, Dr. Langmaid, and other artists. The programme offers a choice selection of sacred choruses, vocal solos, and trios for piano, violin, and 'cello.

— *Friday evening, 18th.* The advanced Violin classes of the Boston Conservatory of Music, under the direction of their teacher, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, will give a concert at Union Hall, which will of course excite an interest.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24. — The fourth concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, March 15. The orchestral selections comprised the Suite in Canon form, Op. 10, by Otto Grimm (violin, viola, violoncello, contrabasso, obligato. Messrs. Brandt, Schwarz, Bergner, and Uttroff); Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; and the ballet music from "Samson and Delila," by Saint-Saens. Miss Josephine C. Bates was the pianist.

Mr. G. Carlberg gave his fifth symphony concert at Chickering Hall, New York, March 22, with the following programme: —

Symphony in E-flat . . . . *Haydn.*
Concerto for Piano, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 37 *Beethoven.*
Miss Josephine Bates.
Overture: "Midsummer-Night's Dream" *Mendelssohn.*
Aria from "Acis and Galatea" . . . . . . *Handel.*
Miss Gertrude Franklin.
Nocturne (new) . . . . *C. F. Daniels.*
For Orchestra, with 'cello obligato.
Eine Faust Overture . . . . *Wagner.*

The Haydn Symphony, one of the best of the long list of similar works which have come down to us from that genial composer, was performed in a manner which was highly creditable to Mr. Carlberg and his orchestra. Mr. Brandt, the leader of the first violins, was very successful in his performance of the variation for solo violin, which was played to perfection. Miss Josephine Bates made her first appearance before a New York audience. She is, we understand, a pupil of Kullak. It would be very pleasant to compliment the lady upon the merits of her performance, as, for example, correctness, good taste, etc., but these qualities alone are not enough to make a pianist. Miss Bates should acquire more force and freedom of style before she again attempts such heavy work as the C minor concerto. Miss Gertrude Franklin has an exceptionally good voice, and has been well taught. She sang with good effect. The Nocturne, by C. F. Daniels, is properly a melody for violoncello, accompanied at first by violins pizzicato, and afterwards repeated by the orchestra. We believe that it was originally composed as a nocturne for piano, violin, and 'cello. It is very brief and unpretentious, but the theme is romantic and beautiful, and the subject is well worked up. That which is most to be dreaded in American compositions is the musical platitude, and this *bête noir* is not to be found in Mr. Daniels's work, which contains nothing trite or commonplace; therefore it is to be hoped we may have more of it.

A. A. C.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1879. — Dr. Damrosch gave his sixth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, March 29, preceded by the usual public rehearsal on Thursday afternoon. The attendance was very large, owing to the unusual attractions offered in the programme, as well as the general desire of musical people to show their appreciation of the arduous and successful labor which has enabled the conductor to bring the season to a brilliant ending. The small hall at the back of the auditorium was thrown open to accommodate those who could not obtain seats in the main hall. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowering plants, after the manner usual at the Philharmonic Concerts in Brooklyn. The scene was impressive, and reminded one of the days when the Thomas enthusiasm was at its height. People are just now beginning to find out that it is possible to live without that worthy conductor.

The programme was an exemplification of contrast, for surely no two composers differ more widely in their methods and their results than Beethoven and Richard Wagner.

The selections were as follows: —

Richard Wagner:
Overture, "Tannhäuser."
Choral, from "Die Meistersinger."
For Chorus and Orchestra.
Kaisermarsch.
For Orchestra and Chorus.

L. Van Beethoven:
Ninth Symphony.
Orchestra Soli and Chorus.

The soloists were Mrs. Mary L. Swift, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Chr. Fritsch, and Mr. E. A. Stoddard. The chorus was the Oratorio Society of New York. The *Tannhäuser* overture was nobly played, and the chorus did some excellent work in the choral from "Die Meistersinger," (which was repeated), and in the Kaisermarsch. The orchestral parts of the Ninth Symphony were well performed, and it is high praise of the soloists and the chorus to say that if it were possible to sing the parts assigned to them they would have sung them well,

"But what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass."

I give below the répertoire of the six concerts and public rehearsals given by Dr. Damrosch during the winter: —

Bach, J. S.:
Air from the Suite in D, for violin with string orchestra. (Violin solo: Herr August Wilhelmj.)
Chaconne for violin solo. (Herr August Wilhelmj.)

Beethoven, Ludwig van:
Symphony in C minor (No. 5).
Symphony in D minor (No. 9). (Soli: Mrs. Mary Louise Swift, Miss Emily Winant, Messrs. Ch. Fritsch, and A. E. Stoddard. Choral part: The Oratorio Society of New York.)
Concert in E-flat (No. 5), for piano-forte with orchestra (Mr. Max Pinner).
Concert in D (first movement), for violin with orchestra (Herr August Wilhelmj.)

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Berlioz, Hector:
Symphony Fantastique, Op. 14 (Episode in the life of an artist)
Overture, "King Lear."
"La Captive." Reverie for contralto with orchestra (Miss Anna Drasdil).
Cherubini, Luigi:
Overture, "Anacreon."
Glinka:
Komarinskaja, Capriccio for Orchestra.
Goldmark Carl:
Overture, "Sakontala."
Grieg, Edward:
"At the Cloister Gate," for mezzo soprano, contralto, female chorus, and orchestra. (Misses Antonie Henne, Emily Winant, female chorus from the Oratorio Society.)
Concert in A minor for piano-forte with orchestra (Mr. Franz Rummel).
Handel, G. F.:
Allegro in D minor for string orchestra.
Air from "Xerxes" (Miss Anna Drasdil).
Haydn, Joseph:
Symphony in G (No. 9, Br. & H.).
Liszt, Franz:
"Les Preludes," Symphonic poem.
Mendelssohn, Felix:
Overture, "Fingal's Cave."
Raff, Joachim:
Concert in B minor for violin with orchestra (Herr August Wilhelmj).
Saint-Saens, Camille:
Symphony in A minor (No. 2).
Scharwenka, Xavier:
Concerto for piano-forte, Op. 32 (Mr. B. Boekelman).
Schubert, Franz:
Symphony, fragment in B minor.
Schumann, Robert:
Symphony in C (No. 2).
Svendsen, Johann:
Norwegian Melody for string orchestra.
Volkmann, Robert:
Serenade in D minor for strings and violoncello obligato (Mr. Fr. Bergner).
Wagner, Richard:
Overture, "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg."
Choral from " " "
Prize Song from " " "
(Arranged for violin solo with orchestra, Herr August Wilhelmj.)
Overture, "Tannhäuser."
"Kaisermarch" (with chorus).
Weber, Carl Maria Von:
Overture, "Euryanthe."

The last Philharmonic Concert of the season took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, April 5. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was performed; also "Wotan's Farewell," and "The Fire Scene," by Wagner (from *Die Walküre*), and the "Carnival Romain" Overture, by Berlioz. Herr Wilhelmj played Lipinski's *Concerto Militaire* for violin and a transcription of Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1. The orchestral works were performed in the dreary, monotonous style to which the regular attendant at these concerts must now be well accustomed. The playing of Wilhelmj was of course superb. For encore he played a Romanza of his own and an air by Bach. The Mapleson Opera Company gave a farewell matinée on Saturday, April 5. The occasion was the benefit of Mme. Gerster, who sang in *Sonnambula* to the delight of some 3,000 auditors. At the conclusion of the performance Colonel Mapleson and the greater part of his troupe embarked for Europe on board the City of Chester.

The last of the Carlberg Symphony Concerts (for this season) will take place on April 12, with rehearsal April 10. Wilhelmj will play, and an attractive programme is offered, including Schubert's Symphony of "heavenly length."

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, APRIL 4. — The record of our musical season would not be complete without some passing mention of the "Marie Litta Concert" which took place on the evening of March 24, at Plymouth Church. She had the assistance of a local quartet (Mrs. Stacy, Mrs Bagg, Mr. De Celle, Mr. Bowen), Mr. Walton Perkins, a young but promising pianist, and Mr. Owen, organist. The programme was of that so-called "popular" order, which does little for the elevation of musical culture Miss Litta, following in the footsteps of so many opera singers, presented her audience with selections from her stage rôles, singing the "Caro nome" from *Rigoletto*, and the Polonaise from *Mignon*; and, not forgetting the usual custom, gave "The Last Rose of Summer" for the inevitable encore. When we consider how much beautiful music there is so well adapted for the more quiet dignity of the concert stage, we cannot but regret that so many artistes seem unmindful of its existence, and are "forever" giving us worn-out selections from the popular operas. Think of the stately arias of Handel which Robert Franz has so beautifully arranged; the concert arias of Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; and the vast number of lovely songs by Schumann, Schubert, Franz, and Rubinstein, Liszt, and others of the modern school, that are yet unknown to the general musical public. True, it is often remarked that this class of music is out of place upon a "popular concert" programme. But do we want any more "popular" concerts (taken in the sense now used, meaning, doubtless, poor music), in this stage of our musical culture? I consider them hindrances to a healthy advancement, for they often fill the rightful place of better things We must show our disesteem of bad programmes, and insist upon better offerings from the so-called great singers. If the public has a taste for songs that express a certain kind of sentiment, let the art of music, while it gratifies it, present vocal selections of such beauty, purity, and character, that the sentiment may be elevated into the realm of true culture. Music may be joyful, light, and sparkling, sad, grand, brilliant, solemn, and almost reach the heavenly in her perfection, but if she forgets her royal station, and panders to what is low in human nature, her art forsakes her, and her sweetness, beauty, and wondrous harmonies are gone forever. Art lives but in noble attainment, and in striving to reach the height of purity and beauty. If she is debased, she dies by the very consciousness of her guilt.

On Friday evening, March 28, the "Abt Society" gave its second concert presenting the following programme: —

The "Capstan Chorus"	*Smart.*
Serenade: "In Stilly Night"	*Lachner.*
"Marcia and Finale" from "Concertstueck"	*Weber.*
The "Equinox"	*Kreutzer.*
Aria: "Capa Fatal Mestria"	*Centemeri.*
"The Village Blacksmith"	*Hatton.*
"A Fresh Song in the Forest"	*Abt.*
"Rhapsodie Hongroise" No. 15	*Liszt.*
"The Desert Fountain"	*Gade.*
Romance: "Marguerite's Three Bouquets" ('Cello accompaniment by M. Eichheim).	*Brega.*
"Absence"	*Abt.*
a "Oh, Winter"	*Gade.*
b "King Witlaf's Drinking Horn"	*Hatton.*

As I have mentioned before in my notes, the gentlemen who compose this society have fine voices, and individually much culture in music. The concert on the whole gave much satisfaction to the large audience that was present. The singing indicated a better idea of finish than at the first performance. The greatest drawback (one easy to correct, however), to a perfect delivery, was a too enthusiastic endeavor on the part of a few of the first tenors to make themselves heard. In this way they forced their tones until the quality became quite disagreeable, and destroyed the balance of other parts. There should be no individuality or personal prominence manifested in chorus singing. Each person should sink the idea of self, and strive for the perfection of the whole. In the more delicate portion of their singing, in the soft parts, the blending of their rich voices had a delightful effect. Mrs. Farwell, who is one of our most accomplished singers, sang her numbers with much taste and refinement. Miss Neally Stevens, the pianist of the evening, is a graceful young lady, with a quiet and gentle bearing, and is devoted to her art, with such a strength of purpose and correctness of aim, that under the right influences she is sure to develop into something a great deal more than an ordinarily good player. She has a firm touch, no small amount of technique, and more than all, fine sentiment. Her phrasing at times indicates the novice; yet it is generally directed by a positive aim, and foretells that a wider experience, more study, and better opportunities for musical development, will ripen her talent so that she may accomplish greater things. On Monday evening last, one of the "Hershey Popular Concerts" was given under the direction of Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, with a fine programme — not by any means of the so-called "popular" order, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Hiltz, Miss Mayers, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Lewis assisting.

On Saturday last Mr. Eddy gave his eighty-eighth organ recital, with a very fine and rich programme. It is in these home efforts that our musical culture finds the material for its best advancement.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., APRIL 5. — The musical events which call for record at this writing are the performances of *Aida* and *Mignon* by the Strakosch Company, and of *Faust*, *The Chimes of Normandy*, and *Paul and Virginia* by the Hess Company. The former I found both interesting and enjoyable, in spite of some inevitable defects. The stage here is too small for *Aida*, and the orchestra and chorus were small. However, as it is hard for any opera troupe to pay expenses here, we have no right to complain of reduction of forces. The solo parts were uniformly good, except that Mr. Adams seemed to be in bad voice. I have never heard Miss Kellogg to better advantage. She did the showy Polonaise in *Mignon* most brilliantly, as well as it deserves to be given. Miss Cary, too, was at her best, and acquitted herself most admirably. I suppose the operas themselves are too well known to your readers to need any characterization from me.

The Hess Company was much lighter, the orchestra especially being weak to the point of insignificance. Think of giving opera with only two first violins, and only six stringed instruments in all! There were no horns and no bassoons. A piano eked out the accompaniment. I was unable to hear their performance of *Faust*, but suppose it must have been very inadequate, of course. I should say it would have been better to give only the very lightest operas, in which the weak points would be less apparent. They certainly succeeded in making the *Chimes of Normandy* enjoyable. They gave it twice. I only heard it the second time, when Miss Randall took the two rôles of Mignonette and Germaine. Her voice seems to be well adapted for such parts, and her whole performance was very creditable and satisfactory. I think the strongest point in the whole piece was Mr. Ryse's acting of the part of Gaspard. His singing also was excellent. The other singers were fully equal to all that was required of them.

Paul and Virginia is intended to be a tragedy, but I cannot say that I was affected by it as if it were really one. I came away with the impression that it was nearly worthless rubbish. Miss Abbott sang her part skillfully, and both she and Mr. Castle were well received by the audience, which, on this evening, was respectably large. In the afternoon the house had been nearly empty.

I do not think the season could have been satisfactory to Mr. Hess, and the lack of patronage is not encouraging to operatic enterprises in Milwaukee. But I wish Colonel Mapleson would try the experiment of bringing here a company of artists of high rank, with full chorus and orchestra, to do great opera; a company in which the best of the Hess singers would necessarily take light subordinate parts. I think he might hope to succeed.

J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

VIOLIN COLLECTORS. — A writer in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* for March hits the nail on the head in these remarks: "When Mark Twain wrote his inimitable story of the rich uncle who ruined himself and his family by making huge collections of everything he could think of, from stuffed whales to echoes, he gave a very fair slap at those monomaniacs who have the rage of making collections for collection's sake. In most cases the collecting mania is as innocent a form of idiocy as any other; it can hurt nothing but the collector's own pocket; in some cases, indeed, it may have the beneficial effect of partially filling the vacuum in his skull. But there is one sort of collector who does real harm, — the man who insanely collects valuable stringed instruments, Stradivarius or Amati violins and violas, 'cellos, and basses, and lets them lie in their cases in shameful inanition. Now, a valuable Stradivarius is not only a rarity, but it is an instrument which the art of music absolutely needs. The world cannot afford to have such a gem lie idle; its value as an authentic specimen of a famous maker's craft is incomparably less than its intrinsic value as a musical instrument. To take it out of the reach of fine artists, and place it on the shelf in a mere collection, is to commit larceny upon music. It properly belongs to the art of music, and should be honestly devoted to its service. The man who can keep such an instrument in his house merely for the pleasure of looking at it, and of knowing that he owns it, must have a queer conscience. Other collectors are very proper butts for ridicule. The violin collector rises to the sublime height of distinct immorality, and is not a fit subject for anything short of unsparing execration."

The latest discovery of unknown musical works is announced in a German musical paper to have taken place in Vienna, and this time Beethoven is the selected man. A double chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, which dates back to the time of the Vienna Congress, and a rondo for piano solo, with orchestral accompaniment, are the two compositions mentioned.

Mr. Carl Rosa, who seems to be meeting with unusual success in his present London season, has brought out an English version of *The Huguenots*, which has been received with marks of the highest approbation. Mme. Vanzini (known better to this public as Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt) did excellently well as Valentine, and Mr. Maas won a decided triumph as Raoul.

Saint-Saëns has produced a new opera in four acts entitled *Etienne Marcel*, which has just been performed in Lyons. A London paper says that "the composer, despairing of ever seeing his piece mounted by a Paris theatre, carried it to Lyons, a step towards decentralization which has created much comment. Many of the Paris musical critics repaired to the first performance, and they are unanimous in praising the work."

Mme. Nilsson's husband, M. Rouzaud, has purchased for £10,000 a one-third share in a large Parisian Agence de Change, and Mme. Nilsson has declined all further engagements for this and next season. As she has already signed, she will sing in Madrid, but she has declined a protracted tour in the French provinces. Mme. Nilsson will go to London in the summer, and may possibly sing in "Le Roi de Lahore." But owing to the new business engagements of her husband in Paris, she will not accept any offer of an engagement in the United States during next winter.

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BOSTON, APRIL 26, 1879.

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GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 42.)

CHOPIN said of himself, that his whole life "was contained in one episode." After having attempted to discover how well founded or otherwise is M. Karasowski's assertion that "the spirit of Chopin breathes from the best of George Sand's romances," we may not unreasonably inquire whether the episode, which, Chopin himself has said, constituted "his whole life," had much influence on his artistic productivity or development.

The entire list of Chopin's works as they appeared during his life, contains only 65 numbered publications; 9 additional works appeared posthumously, one of these a collection of songs; besides 10 additional unnumbered works, the genuineness of some of which is very questionable. There are also a few compositions, said to be by Chopin, in circulation, — dances, a march, two or three separate songs, — to which his name is not attached; in all 310 to 320 distinct compositions, some of these of very small dimensions indeed. But we must not assume that the source of musical invention in Chopin's mind was small or easily exhausted, on account of the limited number of works he published; did not their richness of idea, extreme originality and variety contradict such an assumption, his wonderful powers of improvisation, as vouched for by his friends and contemporaries, would do so. In improvisation, a gift he possessed from childhood, he must have continually exercised his powers, at the same time carrying his mastery of form to perfection, and throwing away countless beautiful ideas that he never committed to paper; indeed, his admirers have asserted that his published compositions were only a pale reflection of his wonderful powers of improvisation. In his "Salon," Heine wrote: "Chopin is no mere virtuoso, he is a poet able to express in tones the poetic feelings that agitate his soul; and nothing can equal the delight he bestows when he improvises at the piano-forte. Then he is neither Polish, French, nor German, but he betrays a higher origin; we then perceive that he comes from the birthplace of Goethe, Mozart, and Raphael, that his native land is the imperial realm of the poet. And while he is improvising, I seem to be receiving a visit from one of my own countrymen, who is relating to me the remarkable events that have occurred in my beloved home during my absence; and often I long to interrupt him with questions: How is the lovely water-fay who so coquettishly wreathed a silvery veil among her green tresses? Does the gray bearded sea-god still continue to persecute her with his foolish withered passion? Do the roses at home flame as victoriously as ever? And do the trees still sing as sweetly in the moonlight? — above all, he preferred to improvise at night, or in the dark, when no outward object could interfere with the free play of his imagination." After he had embarked on an independent professional career, Chopin could seldom be persuaded to play in public; between 1834 and 1848, he only gave one public concert in Paris; but he gave occasional private recitals to his pupils, to which the 20-franc tickets were sold on personal application, he reserving the right to exclude any person whom he did not care to play to; but he was most liberal in displaying his powers of improvisation to his friends. These seem always to have struck every one as extraordinary. I find in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, for November 11, 1829, a correspondence to that paper from Vienna, where Chopin, then 20 years old, had just given a concert. "M. Chopin, a pianist from Warsaw, apparently a pupil of Würfel, proved himself a master of the first rank. His indescribable mechanical dexterity, the delicacy of his touch, his perfect shadowing inspired by the most profound feeling, the manner of his crescendo and diminuendo and continuance of tone, the remarkable clearness of his phrasing, combined with the genuinity of his compositions, but above all, his extraordinary free improvisations, stamp him as a richly gifted and original virtuoso, who, without any preliminary sounding of trumpets, instantaneously impressed us as one of the most brilliant meteors now rising above the musical horizon."

Chopin's first published composition was a march, written at the age of ten; he also wrote dances during his childhood, which are said to have possessed much grace, and some Polish coloring. In his Rondo, Opus 1, composed at the age of sixteen, we find little that presages the Chopin we now know. It contains very little national character either, and still less of his own chromatic individuality; its ornaments are in the manner of John Field, and its harmony and passages display close acquaintance with Bach, Hummel, and Clementi. While admiring, I cannot help wondering a little at Schumann's immense enthusiasm over Opus 2, the variations on "La ci darem la mano." Its grace and beauty are incontestable; but where is the astonishing originality that so struck Schumann? Only in the adagio there occurs a foreshadowing of the Chopin who was to follow with works of such unrivaled poetic originality. But we, *les enfants de nôtre siècle*, are surprised, when we first read "Werther" or "Jacopo Ortis," at the revolutionary excitement they create; we forget that in their contemporary and after influence lies the reason why the source of that influence affects us only moderately. Referring my present readers to the note I gave on page 7 of the English edition of Schumann's "Music and Musicians," I will now give an extract from the criticism on Chopin's Opus 2, by the editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, which followed Schumann's communication, and was no doubt intended as an antidote to it! To this criticism I merely alluded in that note. After a tedious account of his usual mode of reviewing new compositions, Fink says: "A very powerful bravura piece! needs immensely large hands. Only thoroughly good players, Paganinis of the piano, will be able to play it as it should be played. Yet one might be able to get on up to page 17, without hands as large as violas. But one would find little reward for one's pains. Nothing but bravura and show passages! However, with the exception of some harshnesses, which, it appears, are easily digested by the grammatical consciences of the author's of the present day, and the ears of their listeners, the piece is passably correct." In the same note in "Music and Musicians," I mentioned that Fink completed the above review by saying that the paper had also received a third review of the work, by Friedrich Wieck, who seemed to be of the same opinion as his pupil, Mr. Schumann, but the paper had "no space" to insert it.

The following review, which I find in a number of the *Cecilia* for 1832 (published in Mayence), is probably the very article, — or rather an extract from it; as I do not translate the whole. Clara Wieck, then only 14 years old, had lately played Chopin's variations with great success before the court of Saxony; and it is pleasant to find her father — qualified to write, as an artist and teacher, with judgment and authority, — speaking of a work by so new a composer, with well-founded enthusiasm and liberality. "I do not know whether Chopin is a direct pupil of Field; but in the whole style of this piece, every page of which engages our feelings through its imaginativeness, from the form of the passages, often surprising and wholly novel, yet presenting a certain solidity that is in itself an artistic enjoyment, as well as in the bold and uncommon fingering, and the masterly light and shade of the marks of expression, we at least gather that he is thoroughly familiar with Field's soulful musical language, and that he has practically appropriated Field's manner of playing. But my readers must not therefore conclude that I mean to hint at an imitation of Field. No! This work is completely independent. Yet it also betrays a close acquaintance with the light, graceful, purely mechanical Viennese manner of playing, in which style so many virtuosos have obtained reputation, as well as with the elegant and striking, if at present rather frivolous French school, in which Herz and others excel. Chopin did not select the duet from *Don Juan* merely to write variations upon it, but took this theme in order to sketch the entire outline of the wild, adventurous, amorous existence of such a character as Don Juan. This he has done,

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according to my opinion, by means of the boldest and most original touches; and I would not lose one measure of this fantastic bravura composition, so characteristic is everything it contains, from the beginning of the grand, original introduction, to the close of the polonaise-finale, which seems to overflow with the foam of the most dazzling musical champagne."

Yet, until Opus 15, Chopin still appears in process of development as a composer; the second nocturne in Op. 9, greatly resembles John Field's eighth, though with the difference that has been observed by the Polish critic whom Karasowski quotes: "Field's nocturnes may be compared to a cheerful, flowery landscape flooded with sunshine; while those of Chopin represent a romantic mountain country with a dark back ground heavy with storm clouds which are pierced by flashes of lightning." Beautiful as are the Études Op. 10, they are chiefly dedicated to technical aims. No. 3, a sort of berceuse, lovely indeed, yet lulls some quiet sorrow only; Numbers 6 and 7 are much deeper and stronger. In the first concerto, Op. 11, we meet with our Chopin in the romance. In a letter written in 1829 to his intimate friend, Titus Woyciechowski, Chopin said that this movement was composed while thinking of the opera singer, Constantia Gladkowska, with whom he was then in love, and whom he hoped to marry. He also said of this part of his Concerto: "It ought to create the same impression which a landscape, that has become dear to us on account of the remembrances it awakens, calls up in the mind on a fine, moonlit spring night." The group of three Nocturnes, Op. 15, is thoroughly Chopinesque, though the first still contains some echoes of Field; but the second possesses all Chopin's own tender grace, and the third, — characteristic even in its leading direction to the player, "*languido e rubato*," has his own peculiar melancholy, if not his passion, and moves the hearer profoundly in the monastic legend with which it closes.

I think it will be generally conceded that Chopin's greatest works are comprised within Op. 15 to Op. 45 or 50. At the age of 22, an age corresponding with the close of his first period, that of development as a composer, Chopin had apparently already left behind him the spontaneous joyfulness, the fresh delight in artistic creativeness, the enthusiastic hopefulness that often accompany genius to the end of life. At that time, enforced separation from home, the defeat of the patriot's uprising in Poland, regret for his distant love, and uncertainty respecting his future position and resources, combined to transform the visionary youth, still dependent on models and tradition, into the active, struggling, suffering, most original and individual man. Passages in his letters of this period prove the state of his mind: "Should I return to Warsaw? Go on to Paris? Kill myself?" He distractedly asks his friend Titus. In one letter he begs that friend to remind Constantia of him, and to say to her, "Even after my death, my ashes will be found under her feet," an expression as forcible and direct in its poetic simplicity as the language of a folk song. Then followed his removal to Paris, his at first unsuccessful attempt to establish himself there, his project of emigration to America. This idea occurred to him in the same year as that during which the poet Lenau passed some months in the new world. Lenau, who would have had "all that yields no sound" excluded from man's nature, as all material unnecessary to its harmonious existence is thrown off by the violin in its vibrations, lamented the absence of sympathetic warmth in the people, of joy in the life, of nightingales in the woods of America; impressionable, melancholy, and impassioned as Lenau, but devoid of his satirical strength and his sense of humor, the positive and mercantile side of American civilization repelled Lenau. He was too idealistic and contemplative ever to have done justice to the active industry, the energetic will, the intense intellectual and material acquisitiveness of "our American cousins." His American experience, though not a happy one, was at least brief. Would Chopin ever have made himself at home in America? That is very doubtful. What affinity or answer would he have found there, fifty years ago, to the requirements of his exquisite and sensitive nature? The trying climate; the hurrying rush, and absence of leisure in social life; the absence, also, of artistic and aristocratic circles numerous or powerful enough not only to estimate, but also to recompense as his merit deserved, the artist not yet crowned with the halo of European reputation; the lack of any remunerative demand for original compositions; the intrigues of other foreign artists who might have been desirous of establishing themselves, and likely to regard with a jealous eye the possible rivalries among them of one so much their superior; — it is well for art and art lovers, that Chopin never underwent this ordeal. His high moral artistic standard, his refinement and disinterestedness, would certainly have prevented him from entering the lists with those who, directed by managerial experience, so frequently "inaugurate a new era in art," and become for a time "the best advertised artists in the country;" for we know that even in Paris, and despite his eventually great social influence, he chose to withdraw almost altogether from public exhibition of his artistic powers. But, since his was not the nervous, eager, somewhat combative nature of Berlioz or Delacroix, his creative genius itself might have succumbed under too harsh an experience. Instead, however, of emigrating to America, he remained in Paris. After the marriage of his first love, Constantia Gladkowska, he became attached to another Polish lady, with whom, at his wife, he hoped to return to Poland to reside in the neighborhood of Warsaw, but who jilted him for the sake of a titled bridegroom. A year or so after this second disappointment, his first meeting with Madame Dudevant occurred, — a meeting so accidental in its character, yet so impressive to the fancy of Chopin, always at home in the region of supernatural ideas, from the shadow that haunted, the scent of violets (her favorite perfume), that affected his fine perception like a presentiment, immediately before it took place. Years afterward, when he was about to return home from England to die, he wrote to his friend Grzymala, in regard to the arrangement of his apartments for his reception: "Place a bouquet of violets in the *salon*: I should be glad to find a little poetry awaiting me on my return." Reader,

> " . . . as-tu quelquefois respiré
> Avec ivresse et lente gourmandise,
> Ce grain d'encens qui remplit une église,
> Ou d'un sachet, le musc insinuant?
> Charme profond, mag que, dont nous grise
> Dans le présent, le passé restaurés!"

During this eventful period, and during the years that succeeded it, from Op. 15 to Op. 64, what a study! And not only a musical, but also a philosophical, psychological one. Take Op. 20, for instance, the great Scherzo in B minor (once called in England, "Le banquet infernal" — why? and who so baptized it?), overflowing with the vigor of powerful pathos and the exhaustless originality that seems at last to have conquered its own world unto itself! Yet thus was the splendid Scherzo reviewed in 1836, in Castelli's Viennese *Musikalischer Anzeiger*: "If this be jesting, it is a jest of a very peculiar kind, and quite in Hell-Breughel's manner." (Poor Hell-Breughel! What a scarecrow for composers those critics turned him into! And, oddly enough, by some singular union of ideas, or inaptitudeness of sound, I never meet his name without instantly conjuring up a vision of Macbeth's witches and their hell-broth). "This is *à la* 'Valse infernale' in *Robert le Diable*. Fancy reigns throughout it, but what kind of fancy? Discontented with itself, brooding over disappointment, angry, as misanthropic as it is possible to imagine. Oh, heavenly harmony, whither hast thou flown? In what corner has the spotlessly pure one concealed herself?" This is nothing compared to Rellstab's attacks on the great Concerto, Op. 21, almost colossal in its grandeur, with its wonderful slow movement; and no one with a heart to feel can avoid sympathizing with Schumann's noble anger when he defended this Concerto in particular, and Chopin in general, from Rellstab's continual misinterpretation of his works. Ludwig Rellstab, born ten years sooner than Chopin, at Berlin, studied at first for the musical profession, but, having fought as a volunteer in the campaign of 1815, he afterwards entered the military academy as a student, and became an officer of artillery and a teacher of mathematics. He eventually turned editor and novelist. He was imprisoned for six weeks in consequence of his attacks on Spontini as manager of the Berlin theatre; and during several months as a punishment for his satire, "Henrietta, the fair Songstress." I translate a few extracts from Rellstab's many reviews of Chopin's compositions, which appeared in the *Iris* from 1833 to 1836. "It is really not worth the trouble to indulge in long philippics concerning the distorted mazurkas of Mr. Chopin. We hope that only the erratic world of Paris cares anything about the erratic writings of Chopin; for they repel all who possess one spark of true feeling. On the title-page of his Concerto, Op. 11, Chopin prints, 'played by the composer at his concerts,' to show that some one is willing to take so much trouble for so small a result. When a surprise is often repeated, it ends by stupefying us, unless founded on an intellectual, and not on a

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purely mechanical basis. We have from the first opposed this merely mechanical manner of writing for the piano-forte, which *has* ended by stupefying us. His last Nocturnes are so like his first, that we are afraid to say that they are not the very same Nocturnes. The fame of Chopin the pianist will long outlive that of Chopin the composer. Where Field smiles, Chopin grins; where Field sighs, Chopin groans; where Field shrugs his shoulders, Chopin twists like a cat; where Field uses a pinch of spice, Chopin throws in a handful of cayenne. This composer is indefatigable in his search for ear-tearing dissonance, forced transitions, cutting modulations, and contradictory distortions of melody and rhythm. Does not Chopin know that the measure of poverty of genius is in exact proportion to the means made use of to create effect? If these works were laid before a master, he would tear them up and throw them at his feet, as we now do figuratively. Chopin is not quite devoid of talent, however; so let us beseech him to return to truth and nature, and no longer stunt and deform his own gifts." On page 19 of "Music and Musicians," Schumann repeats a very similar piece of advice which was once given by some musical reporter to Beethoven. Poor Rellstab! "Wretched Berlinese reviewer!" as Schumann says. The indulgence that might be accorded to apparently dishonest praise or blame emanating from an incompetent ignoramus, cannot, of course, be given to so able a man as Rellstab, who has pilloried his own reputation for judgment and integrity in such criticisms as those he wrote on Chopin; however, after he had outlived the envious or quarrelsome temper of his earlier years, he attained to a higher degree of sense, taste, and justice in his opinions and his expression of them.

After the Concerto we find the Ballade, Op. 23, every phrase weighty or flamboyant with concentrated anger, patriotic rage, and regret; and the magnificent set of Études, Op. 25. Let those who care to take the trouble, discover why, in measure 20 and on, of the seventh of these Études, two lovers of Chopin are accustomed to call this their "Lohengrin Étude." Until Opus 26, the gloom or fervor of disappointed patriotism seems to be the most distinguishing trait of these later compositions, lightened here and there by charming episodes; but Chopin's opus numbers do not always correspond to the date and order of the compositions. For example, in his first collection of Études, Op. 10, the sixth, so expressive of proud despair, was composed by Chopin in 1831, on receiving the news of the capture of Warsaw by the Russians, and is therefore, commonly called the Revolution Étude, and the great Ballade, Op. 52, in spite of its high publication number, ranks in order of composition soon after the Preludes Op. 28, as it was written on Chopin's return from Majorca.

(*Conclusion in next number.*)

WAGNER'S "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG" AT VIENNA.[1]

The fourth and most solid course of the gigantic Bayreuth musical repast was solemnly served up yesterday at the Imperial Opera House. What we had to digest at Bayreuth in four days, and so to speak, on the same seat, has been more conveniently spread out over two years for the Viennese. The *Walküre* (as the first piece) was performed in March, 1877; *Rheingold*, in January, 1878; *Siegfried*, in November, 1878; and now (14th February, 1879) the *Götterdämmerung* — a result which, attainable only by the employment of every available resource, commands the respect even of those who are opposed to the management. Ere long, the four separate performances are to be played together in series *à la* Bayreuth, thus fulfilling the last demands of that powerful musical party which Hanns Hopfen so well terms "the elegant conspiracy."

The plot of *Die Götterdämmerung* is a direct continuation of the preceding drama of *Siegfried*, where we left the hero engaged in an ardent amorous dialogue with Brunhild, who has been awakened from out the "flickering glow" and a twenty years' sleep. We now, in the prelude to *Die Götterdämmerung*, behold the pair, taking a tender farewell of each other, step forth from their rocky grot; Siegfried, in complete armor, is sallying forth "to fresh deeds," and hands Brunhild the Nibelungenring as a gage of his truth. In less than half an hour we shall see the self-same Siegfried in the Tarncap[2], on the self-same spot, struggling with and overcoming his beloved Brunhild *for King Gunther*, for whose sister, Gutrune, his heart has taken fire! But let us follow the story step by step. Siegfried, having ridden to the Rhine on Brunhild's well-known steed, enters the hall of the Giebichungen. Hagen has just been telling King Gunther and his sister, Gutrune, all about Brunhild, the "most sublime woman in the world." Siegfried is to secure the invincible beauty for Gunther, and as his reward, receive Gutrune, who, on her part, looks forward with longing for the "most sublime hero." Hagen, Gunther, and Gutrune (also a band of elegant conspirators!) resolve without more ado to give Siegfried a magic potion which will cause him to forget Brunhild and fall in love with Gutrune. This is done; Siegfried appears, with the Tarncap and in Gunther's form, before the defenceless Brunhild, from whom, after a struggle, in which she is overcome, he wrests the magic ring. The second act takes us again to the hall of the Giebichungen; Hagen is instigated by the dwarf, Alberich, to destroy Siegfried, for the purpose of obtaining possession of the ring. Gunther appears with Brunhild; Siegfried, in his own form, advances, hand in hand with Gutrune, to meet them. Brunhild rushes up to him, and, recognizing the ring on his finger, becomes aware how faithless is the man she so dearly loved. She demands his death, and Hagen traitorously stabs him while they are out hunting. Immediately before Siegfried's death, however, Hagen gives him another magic potion to neutralize the effect of the potion which produced forgetfulness. Siegfried suddenly remembers Brunhild, and dies with a greeting to her on his lips. Gutrune quietly resigns her place by Siegfried's bier to Brunhild, who claims it from her, and then flings herself on the funeral pile kindled for Siegfried's corpse. The waves of the Rhine inundate the hall, the Daughters of the Rhine swim in, and, dragging down Hagen, hold up triumphantly the ring of which he wanted to obtain possession. At the same time a red glow is perceived in the sky; it is the reflection of the conflagration which consumes the Fortress of the Gods and all its magnificence.

From this short table of contents it will be plain that in dramatic animation *Die Götterdämmerung* decidedly surpasses the three earlier dramas of the Nibelungenring series. The action of the second act contains a considerable amount of interest, which latter rises very much higher in the third. The dwarfs and giants, the gods and dragons of the Edda at last retire and make room for human beings, the heroes of the Nibelungenlied. But, even when thus approximating to the German heroic poem, how much has R. Wagner not departed from it — how much has he not distorted and degraded the characters! What a repulsive detail, introduced by Wagner, is the fact that Siegfried overcomes for another, to whom he delivers her over thus subdued, not some female who is nothing to him, but his *own beloved, his own wife!* From this instant all sympathy for Siegfried vanishes from our breast, and we by no means grieve at his violent end. The expedient of the potion which produces forgetfulness does not render the occurrence less hateful and less insipid. A man who brings about the emotions of his hero by physical means such as mixtures, may be a good apothecary, but is assuredly a bad poet. Already in *Tristan und Isolde*, the fact that the love of the hero and heroine for each other is exclusively owing to the operation of a magic drink, of a mechanical accident, exerts a repellant effect. But, at any rate, in that instance, Wagner was contented with only one kind of physic. In his last hour, however, the faithless Siegfried has a remembrance-producing draught poured down his throat as an antidote to the potion of forgetfulness, so that he may exhale his last breath in a pretty sentimental fashion *à la Werther*, and with a tender speech to his mistress! He is not a "hero," but a puppet. A disenchanting drink by which any weak-headed individual suddenly becomes conscious of all the acts of stupidity he has committed while under the influence of a spell (or of liquor) is properly an incident for a farce. In tragedy, where moral will must hold sway, it is a monstrosity. We care very little whether or no these magic potions belong to the oldest saga. We read in the play-bill: "Poem by Richard Wagner." Who compelled the modern dramatist to admit in his drama what was repulsive and impossible? Hebbel and Em. Geibel were as familiar with the myth as Richard Wagner, but how different a course did they pursue in their Siegfried tragedies! Both rejected as unnecessary and objectionable precisely that which Wagner's partiality for what is morally revolting makes the principal thing. There was not the slightest inward necessity for Siegmund and Sieglinde, Siegfried's parents, to be *brother and sister*. When we think of Hebbel's tragedy, and especially of the touching lament uttered by Chriemhild over the corpse of Siegfried, how low does Wagner's conception of the story sink in comparison! With his potions and poisons, Wagner has deprived the lovely, pure character of Chriemhild (Gutrune) of all its beauty. Hagen, the type of a rough, unselfish, faithful vassal, becomes in Wagner's hands a gold-seeking, low scoundrel. Thus the only person left who enlists our sympathies is Brunhild.

The action proper is by Wagner interwoven or interrupted by scenes retrospectively connected with the stories of the Gods in the three previous pieces, and intended to establish a connection between the different parts of the work. This harking-back to the mythological business is a real misfortune for the tragedy, because it is done in a violent manner, without any sufficient motive, and is unintelligible for the spectator. The change of the original title: *Siegfried's Death*, to *The Twilight of the Gods*, tells us everything. It shows plainly that it was an after-

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* of Feb. 16. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

[2] "Tarnkappe;" a cap which renders its wearer invisible.

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thought of Wagner's to derange and render confused the simple, clear events of the Siegfried tragedy. In the second volume of his Collected Writings, Wagner gives us the original conception of the tragedy of *Siegfried's Death; he does not mention a word about any Twilight of the Gods.* The fact is that Siegfried's death has nothing at all to do with the end of the Gods, which, as a mysterious prediction, runs through German mythology. The effect of the work as a whole has to pay for the arbitrariness and obstinacy with which Wagner clings to the Ring as the assumed leading motive connecting all four dramas with each other. The supernatural premises produce unnatural and unintelligible consequences. The poet appears at times to have himself swallowed a draught of forgetfulness. Of the vaunted power of the Ring, which confers mastery over the world, we perceive nothing, as the said Ring comes into the hands of its various possessors, from Wotan and Fafner down to Brunhild. And Siegfried, notwithstanding that the magic potion is supposed to have effaced from his mind all memory of Brunhild, immediately finds his way back to her, and, on her approach, calls her, as some one well known to him, "Brunhild!" It was not in the interest of the drama, but for the sake of his "profound" and old-world mysticism, that Wagner wrote the expositional scene (omitted in Vienna) of the "Götterdämmerung": "The three Norns" (daughters of Erda) in the weird twilight throw to each other the golden rope symbolizing the course of human life. The confounding of the laws of epic and of dramatic poetry, of the purely symbolical with what should be represented on the stage, was here striking enough; in Bayreuth, the scene bordered on the comic. Apart, too, from the intolerable length of the first act, the Vienna management did well in cutting out this introduction. We would recommend the application of the same process to another equally superfluous scene: Waltraute's, which tried the patience of the public no less rudely. The above Walkyre, who turns up quite unexpectedly in *Die Götterdämmerung*, visits Brunhild for the purpose of giving her a very moving description of the angst Wotan's had state of health. We suspect that the majority of the public (openly or secretly) congratulated themselves at having on the third evening, at least, been spared the personage in question, and consequently would willingly have foregone a sentimental and protracted description of his meinncholy and want of appetite. In a similarly surprising fashion does the dwarf, Alberich, shoot up, quite episodically, through a trap, for the purpose of telling Hagen, in a scene so rich in dissonances that it is martyrdom to listen, something we knew long before. But the greatest mistake of all is, in our opinion, the and: the motiveless and, for the spectator, unintelligible introduction of the *Götterdämmerung*, which has simply nothing whatever in the world to do with the only thing that has any interest for us, — the fate of Siegfried and Brunhild. The entire catastrophe is managed most precipitately. Waile, as a rule, he is fond of spinning out situations in the most incredible manner, Wagner hurries forward the final scenes of *Die Götterdämmerung*. The murder of Gunther by Hagen, Brunhild's sacrificial death, Hagen's *salto mortale* into the stream, and the entrance of the Daughters of the Rhine; the inundation below, and the Twilight of the Gods in the "Walhalla" overhead — crowd on each other with such absolute and surprising haste, after the manner of a ballet, that it is well-nigh impossible for the spectator to make out what it all means. How the picture of the Twilight of the Gods ought to be scenically represented at the conclusion is a point on which Wagner seems not to have quite made up his mind. It was ugly, obscure, and unsuccessful in Bayreuth as it was here, but it was also very different, though it was here placed on the stage in conformity with "The Master's" most recent directions and under the immediate supervision of his agents, openly accredited and secret. Other experiments have been made in other German theatres with this final tableau, but with not much better result. The cause of the mischief lies unquestionably in the poem; Wagner's intentions have in this instance overshot the limits of what is possible, or at least of what can be correctly carried out. The obscurity of this fourth drama might be essentially diminished by two little omissions: the omission of the title, *Götterdämmerung* (in favor of the previous one, *Siegfried's Tod*); and secondly, the omission of the closing scene representing the aforesaid "Götterdämmerung."

Our notice of the poem has extended to such a length that very little space is left for the music. Our only excuse is that the story of *Die Götterdämmerung* is not and different from that of the first three Nibelungen dramas, but the music is, generally speaking, the same. The music in by far the larger number of cases is constructed out of the leading themes of the earlier three operas, and, therefore, of the same materials and in exact conformity with the same well-known method. With a few exceptions, which shall quickly be mentioned, every thing we said, either in the way of praise or censure, for the purpose of characterizing the music of *Die Walküre*, applies to the score of *Die Götterdämmerung* likewise; consideration for our readers forbids us again to repeat what we have so often said before. The most important differences musically speaking, distinguishing *Die Götterdämmerung* is the — at least sporadic — employment of polyphonous song. The unexpected concession of an actual chorus for male voices especially must agreeably surprise audiences so long treated homophonously. Indeed, we can attribute the ecstasy manifested at the noisy merriment of Gunther's vassals solely to the elementary charm of the long missed sound of a number of men's voices in combination. There is no wave of beautiful detached touches of melody either in the first or in the second act; unfortunately, like Siegfried, they all possess a Tarncap, beneath which, nearly the instant they appear, they make themselves invisible or change into something else. The third act rises above the two preceding acts, more especially by two longish pieces better knit together, organized musically more firmly than usual, and possessing melodic charm; these are the original and magically sparkling duet of the Daughters of the Rhine, and a piece already known from having been performed at concerts, the Funeral "March for Siegfried," a composition as cleverly combined as it is magnificently carried out. — EDUARD HANSLICK.

BOOK NOTICES.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. A Memoir. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Holmes's memoir of Motley is one of the noteworthy books of the year, being a warm and tender tribute from one man of genius to another. If the dead historian could awake to pass judgment upon it, strong and fervid as he was, he would be gratified at the courage, the strong affection, and the excellent good sense displayed by his friend. The memoir, though brief, is sufficient to give a good idea of Motley's character and training, of his toils and achievements. In view of what his life and labors were to be, it was a singular coincidence that one of his schoolmasters at Northampton should have been Bancroft, the historian, and that Bismarck, the prop of modern, Protestant Germany, should have been his fellow student at Gottingen and Berlin.

Those who came in contact with Motley at different periods of his life agree in representing him as wonderfully brilliant in conversation, and attractive in person. Precisely what time his mental development was to take could not be predicted; but he had the vivid perceptions, the quick sense of comparison, the talent for apt retort, and the general exuberance of resources which belong to men predestinated to greatness.

The failure of his first novel was fortunate. It has value as a profound study in autobiography, but not much else. The brilliant and lamented Edmund Quincy was the one who first advised Motley to turn his attention to history; assuring him that most of the elements of a really great novel could be employed with effect in historical portraiture and in the dramatic presentation of events. The result showed the wisdom of the advice. The histories of Motley, being relations of the great struggle for religious liberty in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are necessarily partisan in character: but they are laid upon solid foundations after years of intense activity in research; and they are meant to be just, — that is to say, to be absolutely truthful in the statement of facts. But the author, as a Protestant and a believer in free institutions, does not attempt to disguise his sympathies; and his commanding energy and splendor of diction give the high lights of poetry and the vivid colors of romance to the exciting and often tragical events he portrays.

The letters quoted by Dr. Holmes give a good idea of the historian's labors. A more difficult matter was to treat with due thoroughness the diplomatic services of Motley, and the unfortunate personal controversies in which he was involved with the Washington State Department. In connection with all our foreign ministers be experienced the annoyance of entertaining or of repelling the pretentious and vulgar persons among his countrymen who go abroad expecting to hob-a-nob with princes. A man so fastidious as Motley could hardly have concealed his aversions. But probably he would have survived the attacks of the McCrackens and other wasps, if he had not been exposed to the jealous malignity of persons in exalted office. This is a very sorry business; and Dr. Holmes, following the able and fearless John Jay, makes it pretty evident that the complaints against Motley were trumped up to cover a revengeful purpose.

The blow was keenly felt, and the relation of Motley's medical attendant, Sir William Gull, leaves little room to doubt that the intense mortification, preying upon an over-sensitive nature, was the not very indirect cause of the disease which ended his life. To Boston, which reared and nurtured Motley, his good name is precious. The public owes a debt of gratitude to his fearless biographer. The friends of letters, and the friends of purity and honor in politics, will welcome the final and triumphant justification of Motley by the great tribunal to which he so solemnly appealed. F. H. U.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This book might almost serve as a touchstone. It is an infallible test as to whether the reader has the faculty of imagination, or rather the power of realizing the imagination of others. For we must say (having small space to come to the subject by slow approaches), that this is a great book, and the author one of the few creative minds at present engaged in writing fiction.

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The description of the heath on which the almost awful drama is to be enacted is one of those stern pictures which become a part of one's memory forever. William Black is a fine painter of wild scenery, and gives the poetry of the hills and the sea in the most melodious sentences; but Hardy, whose vigor is like Carlyle's, puts more energy and more vividness into five lines than the elegant Black can compass in a page.

Hardy is equally strong in his people. The peasants, singing and dancing about their fires on the fifth of November (Guy Fawkes's day), are drawn as if by the swift pencil of Teniers, and they talk as if they had been overheard and reported by Shakespeare. The power to enter into the mind of a boor, to think his thoughts, and fashion them in his way, has come to few men. The grave-digger is an entity no easier to conceive than Hamlet himself.

Hardy is remarkable for the power he shows in making his characters depict themselves. The nature of the voluptuous and not very conscientious Eustatia is nowhere described in set phrase; nor is the amiable, truthful, and rather weak Thomasin. A very few touches suffice to show the worthlessness of Wildave; and poor Clym stands out like a statue of melancholy Duty in bonds to fate.

Probably the quaintest character of the whole is his "reddleman," whose activity, shrewdness, and obiquity make him the very centre and mainspring of the plot.

The prevailing gloom of the book is its chief drawback; not that we would not rather have Hardy's gloom than almost any other novelist's gayety; but with such great and glorious gifts we think an author owes something to the great public that admires him. This is a busy age; and over-worked people, especially lettered people, crave the benign influence of more joyous and more brilliant scenes than those represented upon the immortal Egdon Heath. F. H. U.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

IV.

At the State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

It's great fun to be one of a gang. There are ever so many workmen down below our scaffolding, working while we do. We come here at nine every morning, climb the stairs, and don't go down until six in the evening. Have a light dinner brought us near the middle of the day. There's plenty of exercise, for one must keep coming down the step-ladder and running away to see how the panels look. I have two step-ladders, on rollers. We have everything that we could desire. They insisted upon giving us a carpenter, whom we employ in washing our brushes. They are as careful of us as possible, never letting a workman come up-stairs without some one to look after him.

We don't use very large brushes; not bigger than my wrist. Large ones proved too sloppy. We have to take care lest the paint in the sky, for instance, should splash down on the figures below. The stone is n't a bit too rough. In fact, I almost wish it were rougher, the paint fills it up so. The figures are about twice the size of life. The women's arms are the size of a man's leg; and the Discoverer is twelve feet high. But you get entirely used to that large scale, and don't think of it. And it's fun! It's fatiguing of course; but it's the things which bore you that kill you, not the fatiguing ones; and I'm never bored here at all. It don't take the life out of you half as much as thinking whether the family would like her eyes blue or not in a portrait!

I have n't lost a working day since we began. On Sundays we go off driving, and once or twice after work when we can see a few bright streaks in the sky, but generally not. Two months is a horribly short time; but I can only do what I can. The paintings won't be like anything else. I don't know what people will think of them; but that's not my looknut.

It is an entirely new kind of work for me, different from anything else. I have to be very decided, for one thing, otherwise the work won't be seen from far very great distance. To disengage the clear figures from the light sky, I have, in places, to use a *brun-rouge* line as thick as your finger. Every mistake or weakness "carries" perfectly. It won't do either to have things vapory. A fascinating little head, dissolving into nothing, won't do at all. You can't see what it means. Then I have to paint in a key which, though very colored, is very light, far lighter than my studies of the composition, because I don't expect to have much light on my work. The abyss of darkness in the "Flight of Night" is really not much darker than brown paper. On a rainy day we have to work by torchlight, and my greatest anxiety is to know what the effect will be when the window screens and all the scaffolding come down irrevocably, and I see my work for the first time, as it is to be seen!

It's a beautiful hall, and I have to work with one eye on my picture, and two on the surroundings, to make my work take the right place in it. Ever since I began I have tried to keep both pictures so together, that if the scaffolding were taken down at any moment, they should be intelligible as far as they went. The architect is very much pleased with them, and says that even if I were to leave them now, his dreams would be more than fulfilled.

It's great fun! It makes you glad you have an occupation in life!

One thing let me tell you. You must learn to be precise, to draw exact lines, so that when you have mural painting to do, you may be able to do it.

I've learned a great deal by this work. Not that my ideas have changed; but, for one thing, I should be much quicker in putting in the background of a portrait, and not keep working on small parts of it. Then I've learned more about getting the general, simple character of the figure, and making the important lines very precise and firm, and I've learned not to think it so necessary to have strong shadows and lights; but to do figures as you see them out of doors when you come out of your shop in the afternoon, and there's no sun shining.

At first I hardly knew how to make *pictures* that should be mural decorations and full of color. Before I began this work I had always looked for "effect," for "*clair-obscure*," etc., rather than for vivid colors, and for qualities that are now needed. You could not stay in the room with the colors that I have had to use in order to make the panels look colored and light over rows of windows.

BOSTON ART MUSEUM. The completion of the front section of the noble building, and its inauguration last Monday evening by the opening of the grand exhibition of painting, statuary, crayon drawings, and all kinds of art work, under the auspices of the Art Club, the Society of Architects, and the schools connected with the Museum, was enough to make one proud of Boston. Thousands of guests were present, who went home enthusiastic about what they had seen. The long range of rooms, brilliantly lighted, and so richly filled, offered most seductive vistas to the eye. Most proud might one feel at the array of copies and original productions by the pupils in our local schools. What was there of the art when we were boys!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

OUR old Handel and Haydn Society may well feel pride in its great achievement on the afternoon and evening of Good Friday (April 11). The entire St. Matthew Passion Music, by Sebastian Bach, was actually presented, without any omission whatever, in these two performances, — a thing very seldom done in Germany itself; and never elsewhere in this country has any considerable portion of the great work been attempted, — here and there a choral, or a single aria, is all we have seen reported outside of this city, — so that Boston, too, can take pride in it, and is the society which has shown the earnest aspiration, the courage, the perseverance, and the ability to organize and carry through so noble and so vast an undertaking. It was the culmination of a series of gradual approaches to completeness, beginning with the festival in May, 1871, and resumed in May, 1874, and April, 1876. Increasing interest in the music has followed all these efforts; the singers themselves have gradually learned to love the work as they became familiar with it through rehearsal, until those who still think it dry and merely learned, difficult, and unrewarding, are left in a decided minority. Their enthusiasm has spread beyond themselves, until at last the public was prepared to seize with eagerness the rare opportunity now offered of hearing the grandest monumental work of sacred music for once well presented and complete. The Music Hall was crowded at both concerts, many persons coming from a distance, and many having to stand up through the whole; and for the benefit of hundreds who could not procure seats, public rehearsals of both parts were given on the two preceding afternoons.

The division into two performances was a wise one, and indeed absolutely necessary to completeness, for the First Part occupied two hours, and the Second Part almost two hours and a half. It was also in accordance with the original design of the work, which was composed for the church service, in the old Thomas-Kirche of Leipzig, of which Bach was Cantor, Part I. being sung before sermon (and probably before dinner), and Part II. after. That was on Good Friday, 1729. Then the MS. lay shelved for a century, until Mendelssohn and his friend, Edward Devrient, revived it in Berlin, March 12, 1829. One performance was on its 150th anniversary; and the day was timely, many persons being drawn through their religious sentiment to music so expressive of all that there is most deep and tender and sublime in the associations and emotions of the Holy Week.

We have written so much about this Passion music in past years, that we need not enter into any full description of it now. It will be enough to speak of the performance and the impressions produced, dwelling a little more, perhaps, on the more important numbers hitherto omitted. For order we will take the various elements which enter into the construction of the work. Of course the real order is that of the gospel narrative of the betrayal and crucifixion of Christ. That narrative forms the connecting thread in all representations of the Passion, whether dramatic or musical; and therefore we have to consider: —

1. *The Recitative*, which is of two kinds: first, the simply narrative, which is assigned to a high tenor voice, in the character of Evangelist, of the kind called *recitativo secco*, sustained by mere chords struck on an upright piano-forte (Mr. Tucker). For the singer it is a most exacting task, requiring not only a voice of high range

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and great endurance, but thorough artistic training, taste and skill and feeling. For Mr. W. Courtney's delivery of what would be task enough for two voices, independently of the tenor arias, we have only praise. He acquitted himself most creditably. The voice was clear and sweet and flexible; the trying and unusual intervals were taken accurately and surely; the declamation was intelligent and telling, and it was nearly all expressive; perhaps now and then a trifle *too* expressive, where a few commonplace words of narrative were dwelt on with gratuitous pathos. But, on the whole, it was excellent, considering the long, high strain upon the organ. (It must be remembered that our modern pitch is about a tone and a half above that of Bach's time.) Some call these recitatives "dry" in other than a technical sense. We cannot for a moment agree with them. Bach's recitative, here and always, is unsurpassable in its wonderful expressiveness and beauty. The singer who has mastered it knows that, if nobody else does. Every phrase and every note of it is perfectly adapted to the thought, the image, and the word. Now and then it melts into unconscious melody a measure or two of most pathetic cadence, as where "Peter wept bitterly;" or, again, grows graphic and appalling, as where "The veil of the temple is rent in twain." Experience, closer acquaintance, with true sensibility and taste, will surely sustain all that we have said of these "dry" recitatives.

Then there is the dialogue recitative, where characters are introduced as speaking, and which are more *cantabile*, and none could be more characteristically contrasted. The words of Jesus (Bass), as here set in tones, have all the dignity and tenderness that could be imagined. And with what exquisite sense of fitness and distinction Bach always, the moment Jesus begins, causes a delicate stream of violin harmony to flow in like a halo about his sacred head, as in the old pictures! Perhaps it escaped the notice of some of the critics. Mr. M. W. Whitney gave these sentences with due solemnity and tenderness, particularly in the scene of the Supper. Those of the High Priest, of Judas, and others, equally well individualized, were for the most part truly and strongly brought out by Mr. J. F. Winch, and then such expressive bits as the part accusation of the two maids: "Thou, too, wast with Jesus of Galilee!" But it will not do to enter into detail here; perhaps we may, some day, if only for our own satisfaction, try to complete our old description of the work.

2. *The German Chorals*, with Bach's inimitable harmony, whereby the Passion bridges its entrance over into the Protestant (Lutheran) communion, representing the voice of the congregation, or whole Christian people, may be considered as the next essential element. There are some fifteen of these, counting the instances in which the same melody is introduced more than once, with a new harmony and changed expression. These, like the chorus in the old Greek tragedy, reflect and comment on the passing moments of the action. If the disciples ask, "Lord, is it I?" when told that one of them will betray him, the choral takes it upon itself for all and each: "'Tis I! *my* sins betray Thee!" Some of the chorals come in by themselves as moments of calm, grand repose, amid the exciting, agonizing stir of the recital, like broad, cool, still sheets of water in the midst of a bold, wild landscape, reflecting hills, and woods, and sky; others steal in softly and with exquisite effect, verse by verse, at intervals during a solo; and one, clothed with a marvelous wealth of figurative counterpoint, and with an orchestral accompaniment as rich and grand as a Symphony, is lengthened into a grand concluding chorus for the First Part. They were all sung by the five hundred voices with impressive power and rich sonority, accompanied by instruments in unison with each of the four parts, as well as by the great organ, used discreetly throughout the work by Mr. Lang. We felt, however, that some of them were rather too coarsely sung; we should have liked some delicate, expressive shading here and there in lines, such as we are told is given them in Berlin and Leipzig. We may except, however, from this comment the choral, "O head all bruised and wounded," which was sung with a subdued and tender feeling, very beautifully. We cannot help thinking that these chorals, sung by so many voices, would sound better unaccompanied. It is true, Bach indicates the instruments in his score and Franz retains them; but Bach had, perhaps, thirty voices in his chorus, and it is probable that he followed the old German custom of letting the congregation sing the melody in unison (that, to be sure, means octaves!), so that for harmony the instruments, at least the organ, would be necessary; we have heard chorals done so in the Cathedral at Berlin. For, otherwise, these chorals miss their proper function in the Passion, which is to afford sublime, refreshing moments of repose. Yet all credit to the correct and hearty and impressive manner in which they were done! Year by year (taking it for granted that the Passion at Good Friday will become an institution) there will be more and more refinement and expression in the rendering. Several of the chorals were sung here for the first time.

3. *Grand choruses* of entrance and of exit in each part, gigantic portals, fitly leading up to the stupendous scene, and leading us away, filling the mind with wonder and with awe, or swelling forth the universal requiem. We need not describe the colossal opening (double) chorus, "Come ye daughters," with the soprano *ripieno* choral sung by boys. Never before has it been so grandly sung here, and so well accompanied; it was an earnest labor, the rehearsal of it, on the part of singers and conductor, and was well rewarded. The boys, drafted from three of our public schools, had been well trained by Mr. Sharland, and were posted in a side upper gallery. In the public rehearsals we feared the loud cornet used to lead the boys would drown their voices, — Franz designates clarinets and the soprano trombone, softer instruments, — but on Friday the cornet was more subdued, and the fresh, delicate quality of the boy voices was pleasant to the ear.

"Ye lightnings, ye thunders," that swift, tremendous outburst of indignation, and imprecation of divine vengeance, after Jesus is bound and led away, may also count among the grand choruses, though it is only incidental, passing like a whirlwind in an instant, and is properly the conclusion of a scene, of which the first part is that tender duet of soprano and alto, with exquisite accompaniment of flutes, oboes, violins, and violas, in which every note weeps, and in the midst of which the incontinent rage of the disciples vents itself in exclamations, "Leave him! bind him not!" (which we would rather hear not so fortissimo) like the muttered thunder of the coming storm, until the double chorus finds full vent, "Ye lightnings!" etc. Somehow this chorus had not all the spirit that it has had on some former occasions; partly, perhaps, because so many of the tenor and bass seats were empty in the afternoon, and partly because it was not taken quite fast enough. Yet it made an impression and was loudly applauded, in spite of the request that there might be no applause.

Then, closing the first part, must be named the sublime figured choral, "O Man, bewail thy sin so great," before alluded to, which, though only in four parts, sounds, with its exceedingly rich and gorgeous orchestration, quite as grand and broad as any of those in eight parts. The pervading instrumental figure keeps up that caressing of the notes of which Bach is so fond: —

The melody, or tune, is sung always by the sopranos, beginning just ahead of the other voices, which are interwoven in an inexhaustible variety of most expressive counterpoint. The parts are hard to learn, but once learned are not soon lost, for in their character they are essentially singable; what a melodious, natural flow the bass part has, which looks so difficult! This chorus was given for the first time, and it was about as capital an achievement as the Handel and Haydn Society has ever reached.

The infinitely rich and tender "Schluss-Chor," or concluding chorus, which we have called the requiem, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping," never fails to make a profound impression; it is simply perfect; no choir can sing it, no audience hear it, without deep emotion, which all carry home with them. It was grandly, nobly sung; and yet, we thought, too loudly, with too rough accompaniment of brass, for the sentiment of words and situation, "Here sit we weeping, and murmur low in tones suppress: Rest thee softly," etc. When Franz put in those parts for horns and trombones, he meant them doubtless to be kept down somewhat, so that they might greatly enrich the ensemble of tone, but not make it overload and coarse.

4. The so-called "*Turbæ*," or short, stirring choruses of an excited crowd, now of the disciples, now of an infuriated mob, clamoring, "Let Him be crucified," etc. All of the more moderate ones in Part I. had been sung here before: "No, not on the feast," "Wherefore wilt thou be so wasteful?" etc. They are difficult, the parts curiously interwoven, vividly suggestive of the situation, and they were sung better than ever before, though there are always too many voices which seem to wait for surer ones to make the first attack. Most of the fierce choruses of the Jews had not been sung before, and it was a great work to master them, and in the main reasonably successful. "Let Him be crucified," for instance, which occurs a second time in a key one tone higher, is in its intertanglement of parts like an oak wrenched and twisted by the hurricane and lightning. What a satisfaction to have mastered such a thing! So, "He guilty is of death," "O tell us . . . . who gave the blow," "What is that to us?" "His blood be on us," "Thou that destroy'st the temple," and that piercing cry (diminished seventh), "Bárabbas!" all bring an angry, taunting, and relentless multitude, exciting one another, and out-screaming one another, in a few brief strokes most vividly before us. The conductor had been urgent and exacting, and the chorus had wrestled bravely with these knotty problems, and they solved them pretty satisfactorily.

5. *The Arias*, with their introductory melodic recitatives. These form a very large portion of the work, representing the reflective element. They are too numerous, too important, too full of pathos and of beauty to be passed lightly over in the small space we have left us now. Quite a number of them were sung here for the first time; and among these were some of those exquisitely lovely arias with chorus, which are among the finest numbers in the work, such as the tenor recitative and aria: "O grief!" . . . . "I'll watch with my dear Jesus alway," in which the soft, sweet harmonies of the choral: "So slum-

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ber shall our sins befall," comes in repeatedly. A new one this time was the opening number of Part II., alto aria: "Ah! now is my Jesus gone," and chorus, in a somewhat romantic, pastoral vein, suited to the words from the Song of Solomon, "Whither has thy Friend departed?" We must take another time to call attention to the sometimes at first hidden beauties of all these melodies, with their no less beautiful accompaniments. At present we can only briefly thank the artists who showed themselves so well fitted for their several tasks, and who entered so well into the spirit, as well as the severe technical requirements of the work. Miss Henrietta Beebe sang the soprano arias in a pure, sweet, flexible voice, in a tasteful, finished style, with respect for the composer, and with good expression, although her voice is of too light a character to bear all the weight of emotion with which these songs are charged. She was particularly happy in the air with the flute solo, and delicate accompaniment of two clarinets: "From love unbounded." Miss Edith Abell has a rich contralto, or mezzo soprano voice, well trained and effective, and sang all her arias artistically, with true feeling and expression. Her lowest tones, however, were sometimes blatant and unpleasant; and she seems easily fatigued. Her great aria: "O pardon me, my God" (*Erbarme dich*), was sung with breadth and sustained nobleness of style. Mr. Remmertz's violin *obligato* was in some respects finely played, but there was too much of himself in it. And the same may be said of his *obligato* in the bass aria, which Mr. J. F. Winch sang so tellingly and grandly: "Give me back my dearest Master." Mr. Winch was hardly in his best voice, but he was well prepared and effective in some of his exceedingly difficult tasks, such as "Come, blessed cross!" And let us not forget, while speaking of this aria, to give credit to Mr. Wulf Fries for the altogether beautiful and faultless manner in which he played the interesting and very difficult new violoncello solo. Mr. Courtney was as artistic, and on the whole satisfactory, in his trying arias as in the narrative recitatives, — a remarkable achievement for one man, indeed! Mr. Whitney's ponderous and noble bass told to fine advantage in the most beautiful of all the bass solos, the recitative: "At eventide, cool hour of rest," and aria: "Cleanse thee, O my soul, from sin," which he sang with a sustained and even breadth of style and with true feeling and expression.

We have yet to speak of the highly creditable coöperation of the orchestra, and of the important nature of the work they had to do, and of many other things, before this record will be worthy and complete.

JUDAS MACCABAEUS. — Handel's martial and heroic Oratorio was given with great spirit and in grand style on the evening of Easter Sunday, April 13. The only drawbacks were that, in spite of large omissions, it was altogether too long, coming so soon after the exhausting music of the Passion week; and that many numbers of the work require the labors of a man like Robert Franz to fill out the accompaniments. The choruses, some of them very difficult, were on the whole splendidly sung. The soloists were: Miss Fanny Kellogg, who achieved a brilliant success in the soprano arias, delighting all by the clear, bright, musical quality of her voice, and fine, tasteful execution. She has some faults yet to unlearn: chiefly, the habit of attacking a passage with a too explosive sforzando; Miss Edith Abell, whose voice seemed somewhat dull and weary after the former efforts, though she sang finely; Mr. Courtney, who again distinguished himself by the clear, ringing tone and fervor of his martial tenor airs; and Mr. M. W. Whitney, who did all justice to the bass part of Simon. Orchestra, and organist (B. J. Lang), and the thorough-going conductor, were up to all requirements.

Everybody, of course, with "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," will go to the complimentary benefit of CARL ZERRAHN on Friday, May 2, and hear *Elijah*, — that is, everybody who can squeeze into the Music Hall.

CONCERTS.

WE have only room for a mere line or two about a few of the many interesting Concerts of the past three weeks; the rest will have to wait their turn.

The fourth and last EUTERPE Concert (April 9), was the most brilliant and delightful of them all. The New York Philharmonic Club gave a most pure and satisfactory rendering of Beethoven's perfect Quintet in C, Mr. Arnold leading with more fire than he has shown before. Mozart's dainty first Quartet in G, was very smoothly, neatly, delicately played. But the great Octet of Mendelssohn (for four violins, two violas and two 'celloe), which starts off with such fire in the Allegro, has such grace, and beauty, and *finesse* in the Andante, and such scouring speed and rush in the Finale, carried all before it by the fire and vigor, and the perfection of ensemble, with which it was played. Three of our own Boston artists (Messrs. Allen, Akeroyd, and Wulf Fries) were no mean match for their associates in this performance.

The first of the three Classical Concerts announced by Messrs. SHERWOOD, ALLEN, and WULF FRIES, took place at Mechanics Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 15, and was a choice, artistic, and delightful entertainment. The String Quartet, in F, an early work by Rubinstein, impressed us more agreeably than many more ambitious and wild things which he has written since. It is all fresh, clear, spontaneous, and charming in its ideas, and consistently wrought out; and it was very nicely played by the "Beethoven Quartette" (Messrs. Allen, Julius Akeroyd, Henry Heindl, and Wulf Fries.) Chopin's "Polonaise Brillante," in C, Op. 3, for piano and 'cello, was finely played by Mrs. Sherwood and Wulf Fries; and that lady covered herself with credit by the smooth, facile, graceful technique, as well as the verve and fire with which she played Schumann's great E-flat Quintet, with the above-named artists. Miss Mary E. Turner, soprano, who sang Pamina's aria, "Ah! 'tis so," from the *Magic Flute*, showed great improvement both in the developed quality of her fine voice, and in the tasteful delivery and phrasing of the music, albeit the rendering was a little cold and impassive. Franz's "Slumber Song" seemed less well suited to her; but "The Lark," by Rubinstein, much better. We shall have still better things to report of the second concert (April 22), and doubtless, also, of the third, next week.

Mme. RIVE-KING'S Piano-forte Recital (April 17) had a large audience for a stormy afternoon. The programme was what we stated in our last, save in the omission of the Mendelssohn "Spring Song." Her consummate technique was more than ever appreciated in the small hall; difficulties seem no longer to exist for her. The *Sonata Appassionata* of Beethoven was superbly rendered; though one must have had more of life experience to sound all its depths of meaning and of feeling. In the Allegro from Schumann's "Faschingschwank," and in six notable selections from Chopin (Nocturne in G minor, Op. 37; Berceuse; Impromptu in C-sharp minor; Valse, in A flat, Op. 34; the Scherzo, in B minor, and the Rondo in E flat), she showed many phases of her interpretative faculty. Most of it was very fine, indeed, though one sometimes felt that all-conquering executive power claimed notice rather than the inner sense and spirit of the composition. But we think that altogether too much fault has been found with her performances in this regard.

Her transcription of the Andante and Rondo from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto is a musicianly and clever piece of work, and sounded well. Some may question the legitimacy of such a transfer from one instrument to another so entirely different; but Beethoven arranged and published his own Violin Concerto to be played on the pianoforte, and Liszt has transcribed great Organ Fugues of Bach to general acceptance. In Tausig's expansion of the Strauss waltz, "Man lebt nur einmal," Mme. King revelled in the dazzling maze of difficulties.

Miss Abbie Whinnery (whom Boston, we regret to say, has lost) sang Beethoven's "Know'st thou the land?" Haydn's "Mermaid's Song," and Faure's "Sancta Maria," in a most simple, pure, artistic style, and with great sweetness and evenness of voice.

AUGUST KREISSMANN. — The following tender tribute was received just a day too late for our last issue: —

MR. EDITOR: Let one of many sorrowing friends speak through your columns a word of tribute to the memory of that kind and noble man and devoted musician, August Kreissmann.

The lately-received news of his death in Germany was a sudden and severe blow to those in Boston who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. Gentle and amiable in disposition, equally charming in his domestic and social life, of almost unlimited generosity — as more than one can testify, — his loss surely calls forth more than common grief. Through all the years of his constantly recurring illness, he never lost the sweet patience which was one of his distinguishing traits.

His music was his never-failing comfort; he wrote recently to a friend: "In my shattered state of health, the pursuit of Music (die edle Musica) affords almost my entire life enjoyment. She never yet abandoned a faithful follower." Many a musician now in this city or on foreign ground, can recall delightful hours passed under his roof in sympathetic enjoyment of their beloved *Tonkunst*. Hopes have often arisen that renewed strength would permit him to return and resume his place among us. How sad is the certainty that those hopes can be cherished no more! . . . .

Our hearts mourn over that grave in German soil; and our deepest sympathy goes out to the sorely-stricken family whose lives are thus over-shadowed. S. B.

BOSTON, *April* 10, 1879.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 21. — Since my last there has been nothing of general interest in musical matters here beside the Peabody Concerts. The programmes of the last two were as follows: —

SIXTH CONCERT, APRIL 5.

Eighth Symphony. B minor. No. 8.
Work 47 . . . . *Niels W. Gade.*
Prelude and Romance, from the 4th act
of the opera *Tovelille* . . . . . . *Asger Hamerik.*
Miss H. A. Hunt.
Piano-Concerto. A minor. Work 16 . *Edvard Grieg.*
Mr B. Courlaender.
Elfin Hill. Danish drama Work 100.
Fragments. Composed 1828 . . . . *Fr. Kuhlau.*
(Overture, Folk-songs, Agnete's Dream
and elfin dance, Folk-song, Minuet.)
The folk-songs sung by Miss H. A. Hunt.

SEVENTH CONCERT, APRIL 19.

Fantastic Symphony, C major. Work 14. *Hector Berlioz.*
Recitative and Air, from *Theodora* . . *G. F. Handel.*
Miss Edith Abell.
Serenade, D minor. No. 3. Work 69 . *R. Volkmann.*
(For string orchestra and 'cello obligato.)
Mr. Rudolph Green.
The Lost Chord. Song with piano . *Arthur Sullivan.*
Miss Edith Abell.
The Roman Carnival. Concert overture.
A major. Work 9 . . . . *Hector Berlioz.*

Mr. Courlaender, who took the piano part in Grieg's concerto, is one of our veteran pianists and has been connected with the Peabody Conservatory for a number of years. Mr. Rudolph Green played the 'cello obligato in Volkmann's Serenade (an interesting piece of humoresque music) with much expression and in appropriate style. He is well known here as an able, conscientious 'cello performer, and was for several years a member of the old Thomas orchestra in its palmiest days. The serenade and Berlioz's "Carnival" overture are the first new selections that have been attempted by our orchestra this season.

The Fantastic Symphony of Berlioz is not a stranger to Boston audiences. The letter of Stephen Heller, published in your last issue, will have given your readers a conception of the personal peculiarities of the eminent French master of instrumentation sufficient to dispel any surprise they may have felt at the peculiarly wild and eccentric choice of subject of this brilliant, sensational work.

The peculiarities of this symphony which call for adverse criticism on the part of the lover of the orthodox in music, are the very attributes that render it so effective with a general audience. Your correspondent has heard it here time and again, but never in any instance has it failed to elicit the warmest approbation.

The prelude to the fourth act of Mr. Hamerik's opera, *Tovelille*, is a surpassingly beautiful piece of tone painting. It is very popular with our concert-goers, and I find it is gaining decided favor elsewhere. At the last Carlberg concert in New York it was received with much enthusiasm, and it has been lately performed in Copenhagen and in Berlin and elsewhere on the continent. MUSICUS.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 4. — A glance over a few past and the present musical seasons is most gratifying. Then musicians and music-lovers looked upon the concerts given by the Cincinnati Orchestra, and the few chamber concerts arranged by our local pianists, as oases in a desert; now, we have a series of twelve orchestral concerts and one of twelve chamber concerts, of constantly improving excellence. Then, the public could scarcely be persuaded to support these concerts to such an extent as would make the necessary rehearsals possible; they were not appreciated except by a few earnest advocates of art culture; now it is a positive demand of society to converse intelligently or unintelligently on the "last concert." The change is astonishing; and when the petty dissensions of the last two weeks are over, it is to be hoped that gradually the public will patronize artistic efforts, not because it is fashionable, but because it has grown to be a want, almost a necessity of life. Now, too, we have a chorus constantly increasing in membership, and promising finally to embrace all good singers, who find it possible to give as much time to the rehearsals as the rigid discipline of the organization demands.

The College Choir (as it is officially named) was heard for the first time in the last orchestra concert. The programme consisted of, —

Symphony, G minor . . . . *Mozart.*
Twenty third Psalm . . . . *Schubert.*
Chorus of women's voices with orchestra.

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"Stabat Mater"	*Rossini.*

Miss Annie Norton, Miss Louise Rollwagen, Mr. Hartley Thompson, Mr. Charles Davis, the College Choir, and Orchestra.

It is gratifying to conservative musicians that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as well as Schumann and Schubert, have been so largely represented in the concerts. The public, too, appears to enjoy the tone-poems of these masters, which can be heard with pleasure for the sake of the true music they contain, without the necessity of a long psychological dissertation as to their meaning. In that magnificent masterwork of Mozart, the improvement in the playing, especially of the strings, was noticeable. Unity in phrasing, so necessary in Mozart's beautiful thematic work, had evidently been prepared with the utmost care and to good effect. How universal was the desire to hear the first performance of the College Choir was attested by the unusually large audience of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand persons. The beautiful "Twenty-third Psalm," for female voices, was sung well throughout. The material over which Mr. Thomas disposes is indeed excellent. The intonation was good, the shading in some instances very fine. There was, however, perceptible a slight nervousness which at times made the attack uncertain. This will doubtless disappear as the chorus gains confidence by singing in public more frequently.

A work in which the sentiment of the poem and that of the music are more thoroughly at variance than in Rossini's *Stabat Mater* it would be difficult to find. It is an interesting study in psychology to trace, by the attempts of the composer here and there to do justice to the text, and his irresistibly falling back into his inborn musical bias, the states of mind in which the different numbers sprang into existence. It is certain that the *Stabat*, however interesting from a purely musical point of view, cannot lay claim to that unity and harmony of all its factors, which every true art-work demands. The performance, as a whole, was very uneven. The good shading, the accuracy in rhythm, and in intonation present, for instance, in No. 1, were at times wanting, as in "Eia Mater." In the "Inflammatus," the chorus was often completely drowned by the brass instruments, while in the same number the *sotto voce* chorus accompaniment was smoothly and accurately sung. The final fugue, that oddity in contrapuntal art, could not be appreciated in the large hall. Miss Annie Norton, the soprano soloist, possesses a voice of unusual beauty. With great fullness it combines an exquisite timbre. The soprano part in the *Stabat Mater* demands a thorough knowledge of all the means of dramatic expression, which Miss Norton does not at present command. Yet her singing was thoroughly musical, and, making allowance for the embarrassment always attending the first appearance before a large audience, she acquitted herself in a manner which justifies the promise of a bright future. Miss Rollwagen, who in the interpretation of German songs has proved herself a thorough artist, was not so successful in her rendering of the "Fac ut portem." The tendency to sing too high when under the excitement of appearing in public, was especially noticeable. Miss Rollwagen, however, never fails to interest with the earnestness and intensity which mark all her efforts. Mr. Thompson, through the good judgment and routine which he commands, made up for the shortcomings of his voice in the exacting tenor part. The contrary must be said of Mr. Davis, who with a very good, sonorous voice, — rather weak, however, in the lower register for so large a hall, — has not the necessary control over it. The choir promises well for the future, and we may hope soon to hear difficult choral works produced in an excellent manner. Already the Cantata, *My Spirit was in Heaviness*, by Bach, is in course of preparation for the last one of this series of orchestra concerts. The programme of the Eighth Chamber Concert, from attending on which I was unavoidably detained, contained: —

Quartet, B-flat (for strings)	*Haydn.*
Five Scotch Songs, Op. 108	*Beethoven.*
"Schlummerlied" and "Für Einen"	*Franz.*
Quintet, G minor (for strings)	*Mozart.*

Miss Annie Norton, vocalist. Mr. G. Schneider, piano accompanist.

The quartet and quintet, the latter with the assistance of Mr. Eich, I am informed, were rendered with extraordinary smoothness and technical perfection, as well as with unity of sentiment. The unusually large audience I hope was an evidence of the growing appreciation of the treasure we possess in such a string quartet. Miss Norton appeared to great advantage in the songs by Beethoven, beautifully accompanied by Messrs. Schneider, Jacobsohn, and Hartdegen, and in those by Franz.

The Ninth Thomas Orchestra Concert had for its programme: —

Symphony, D major	*Haydn.*
Concerto No. 5, E-flat, Op. 73	*Beethoven.*
Franz Rummel.	
Ballet Music and "Wedding Procession," from "Feramors"	*Rubinstein.*
Fantasia on Hungarian Airs	*Liszt.*
Franz Rummel.	

In the Haydn symphony the remarkable improvement in the playing of the orchestra was again evident. The strings seemed to be in perfect accord; for instance, in so delicate a passage as the Trio of the Minuet. What a mine of beauty there is in that symphony! Every motive is so perfectly in its place, seems so to have sprung from intuition, from inspiration, that the slightest alteration or omission would break up the whole organism, every part of which is so homogeneous and necessary.

Mr. Rummel, who was preceded by the most favorable and flattering criticisms, did not appear to the best advantage in the "Emperor Concerto." The first movement lost much of the grandeur, which is its characteristic feature, through the hurried manner in which it was played. The last movement may serve as display for virtuosity, but certainly not the first. The Adagio Mr. Rummel played in beautiful style, barring the slip of memory which occurred both in the public rehearsal and concert. In the Hungarian Fantasia he displayed remarkable execution and brilliancy; his playing was full of dash and fire, sometimes to the disadvantage of technical perfection. His efforts could not be duly appreciated in the immense hall, which is certainly not adapted for piano playing. For this reason every connoisseur was glad to embrace the opportunity of hearing Mr. Rummel at a piano recital given in Dexter Hall, with the following remarkable programme: —

Fantasie Chromatique and Fugue	*Bach.*
Sonate, F minor, Op. 57	*Beethoven.*
Variations Serieuses, Op. 54	*Mendelssohn.*
Faschingsschwank, Op. 26	*Schumann.*
Impromptu, Op. 29, A-flat; Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, D-flat; Polonaise, Op. 53, A-flat	*Chopin.*
Gondoliera; Tarantella — Venezia e Napoli	*Liszt.*

To execute such a programme accurately, and from memory, too, requires complete control over the entire field of technical skill; to interpret every number well and truthfully, more than talent and education is necessary. That Mr. Rummel is equal to the technical requirements of the most difficult piano literature is beyond question. From the *Fantasie Chromatique* to the shorter pieces of Chopin and Liszt, he played every composition of the programme with apparent ease and with brilliancy. His touch is crisp and decided, his execution generally clear and smooth, as is almost always the case with constitutions in which nervous energy predominates over purely muscular power. He has rare command over gradations and the character of the tone, and constantly takes advantage of this, often for the better production of effect, but at the expense of objective interpretation. In every respect he is purely subjective. In consequence of this there was a sameness in his rendering of the different composers which bordered on monotony. No matter how brilliant may be effects produced by contrasts over-sharply marked, their frequent repetition deprives them of zest. A constant fluctuating between dynamic extremes can be interesting for a time, but is totally contrary to the character of many of the compositions which were so treated by Mr. Rummel. His playing appeared to me to depend more on sporadic and chaotic flashes, and moments of impulse, than on the reproducing of the idea of the composer, which by constant reflection and study, from being objective at first, has become subjective or thoroughly flesh and blood with the interpreting artist. Mr. Rummel, however, so completely masters the entire technical apparatus of piano-playing, with such ease and certainty, that, living in a musical atmosphere as he does, and surrounded by the most refining and educating influences, he cannot fail to become more thoroughly imbued with the spirit and poetry of music than he seems now to be, and thus satisfy all the requirements of a true artist.

CHICAGO, *April* 17, 1879. — I cannot forbear offering a few words of tribute to the memory of my old friend, and kind instructor, the late AUGUST KREISSMANN. In former years, when the musical art was attracting the warm interests of my youth, and the desire for culture and knowledge in music was shaping my pathway in life towards the musician's humble rank, it was my good fortune to meet Mr. Kreissmann, and under his directing care to study the German Lieder. As memory recalls the teacher, the cultivated, gentle, and warm hearted man, and reechoes his noble advice, his instructive talks of art, his enthusiasm for what was good and beautiful in music, the mind becomes conscious of its great debt to this faithful instructor, for the wise influence he exercised over youthful endeavor. The whole musical literature of what was classic in German song, was unfolded little by little to my comprehension; and to his artistic treatment of the refined sentiment of those noble compositions, and his masterly interpretations, do I owe the formation of my taste for good vocal music. I remember how his keen analysis of a song would pass beyond the simple words and notes, until it made manifest the emotion of the mind that was represented in the composition. There was a reality of feeling to be presented, and that so clearly, that the delicate shades of the picture, together with its strong characteristics, must form a representation that was an embodiment of truth. It was no exaggeration of sentiment, but a feeling for art, that reached the *spirit* in the ideal, and transformed it into an actuality, by clothing it with a living vocal form. His interpretation of the "Aufenthalt" of Schubert comes to my mind as I write. To those who are familiar with the song, no suggestion of its weird beauty is necessary. As his rich voice caught up the wild and almost tragical cry of the storm-king — as he sings out his lament, — it seemed almost to hold one transfixed by the very majestic murmuring of the grief of the real personage. When the climax of the song was reached at the last few measures, where the high G is held with a piercing cry of weird power, the effect was thrilling and grand. It was my good fortune to hear Mr. Kreissmann sing a great deal in those far-away days, and to have the pleasure of furnishing the accompaniments for song after song; and many a bright picture is left in my mind of his devotion to his art. As a gentleman he was ever courteous and kind, and his judgments of others were always tempered by justice and charity. The first songs he sang in public in Boston, were the "Adelaide" of Beethoven, and "Am Meer," of Schubert. So he told me one morning when he gave me the pleasure of hearing them. While his gentle spirit has passed into the bliss and peace of the Beyond, his influence in this busy world is still felt by many a friend and pupil, who will long reverence his memory. True to his art, faithful to his friends, earnest in good works, and a noble champion of the truth, *Requiescat in pace!*

Passing to my record of our musical season, the "Symphony Concert" under the direction of Mr. S. G. Pratt, which took place on the evening of April 16, deserves mention. The following was the programme: —

"Les Preludes"	*Liszt.*
Vorspiel to "Otho Visconti"	*Gleason.*
Prayer from "Tannhauser"	*Wagner.*
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy.	
Symphony No. 4. (Italian)	*Mendelssohn.*
Aria from "St. Paul"	*Mendelssohn.*
Mrs. W. S. Watrous.	
Minuet	*Boccherini.*
String Orchestra.	
(*a*) — The Watersprite	*Schumann.*
(*b*) — Wedding March	*Soedermann.*
Chicago Lady Quartette.	
Anniversary March Overture	*Pratt.*
Chorus and Orchestra.	

Mr. Pratt, who is a young and very enthusiastic musician, has doubtless been under the censure of criticism more than any other member of the musical profession of our city. Yet in spite of any number of adverse comments, and in the very face of failure itself, he has been constantly energetic in his endeavor to carry out his plans. He went twice to Europe for extended study, and although disappointment might sadden for a time, it could not suppress his enthusiasm, or dishearten him in his work. In his effort to be a composer he wrote a symphony, an opera, and a large number of smaller things. His large works seemed (to me) to be an indication of his ambition, rather than manifestations of a new musical genius. Yet in his composition he presented many marked signs of talent and originality, and gave promise of passing into a much higher field than that which is held by mediocrity. The great element in all successful endeavor is consistency of action. Ambition must be held in subjection by sound discretion, to enable even a genius to ripen into a rich maturity of accomplishment. As a conductor Mr. Pratt has indicated much talent, many good ideas, and gives forth a promise of success in his endeavor, should propitious circumstances furnish him the opportunity. The mountain height of excellence cannot be reached except by the rough and hard pathway of persistent study and consistent work. That Mr. Pratt gave us three Symphony Concerts, even at a financial loss to himself, indicates a praiseworthy devotion to his art, for which he deserves our thanks. The bright and joyous "Italian Symphony" of Mendelssohn was the best performed orchestral work that I have heard from our home band this season. It had many enjoyable points, and was the most refreshing offering that the programmes presented. Considering the number of rehearsals that were given to it, it was fairly done, and the conductor deserves praise for his labor in bringing it out. The little Minuet was also nicely given. The lady singers all received recalls for their vocal offerings, and seemed to please the audience very much. The programme also gave us an orchestral composition by another of our home musicians, Mr. Gleason of the Hershey School of Music. It was a short, but pleasing work, and gave satisfaction. One hearing would forbid me from speaking of it with the justice it deserves. All honest and well-directed efforts for the advancement, or cultivation of what is pure in art, should receive the commendation of every true musician. C. H. B.

A SILVER ANNIVERSARY. — On the 16th of April the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co celebrated their silver anniversary by a dinner at Young's, it being the twenty-fifth year since the commencement of their business. The beginning was very small, in two or three upper rooms on Cambridge Street, where they made two or three melodeons a week. But so excellent have their productions proved, that they have now reached No. 104,000, having actually made and sold nearly that number. The reputation of their work has extended to all civilized countries, so that the whole world may now be said to be their market. For many years they have borne off the highest honors at all World's Industrial Exhibitions, and won golden opinions from the musical magnates of the old as well as the new world, and in a single year they have supplied England alone with 1000 organs.

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BOSTON, MAY 10, 1879.

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GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 67.)

In the twenty numbers succeeding Op. 26, we find Chopin at the height of inspiration. Here we have the very emotion that lies at the heart of many of the most beautiful of Byron's or Lamartine's lyrics, Shelley's Indian Serenade, Keats's Ode to a Nightingale, Petrarca's sonnets. An almost voluptuous richness pervades the tender or melancholy passages of some of these; suffused with glowing tone color, sadness and regret are less predominant in them than in most of his previous or subsequent compositions; they often reach a depth that is profoundly touching, and yet not enervating to the feelings. Among these we meet with delicious waltzes, some of his most original mazurkas, and loveliest, most persuasive nocturnes, martial Polonaises, especially the C minor Polonaise in Op. 40, and the difficult Op. 44 (which also includes a mazurka), besides the Tarantella and the Impromptu in A-flat: —

> "Scarce may the ear, the finest, clearest, follow;
> The lightest foot, the step most fairy-fleet
> Must rest, while, spell-entranced, the listening spirit
> Rocks on the waves of this wild melody."[1]

Then Op. 39, that furious Scherzo, a choral interspersed with tossing arpeggio and octave passages; Op. 38, the Ballade dedicated to Schumann; the Sonata, Op. 35, and the Preludes! Of the Schumann Ballade, Ehlert observes: "I have seen children break off their games to listen to the story told at the beginning of this Ballade. It is a fairy-tale transformed into music. And as much transparency plays through its four-part phrases, as through the flexible fans of the palm-tree waved by the mild spring air." But that fairy-like mood becomes tragic wildness in the presto; this always recalls to me the supernatural fascination of an old melodrama founded on the tradition of the "Flying Dutchman," and I fancy I detect a resemblance in the melody, and still more in the spirit of this Ballade, to that of Senta's romance in Wagner's opera on the same subject. Which of Mickiewicz's poems inspired it? For Chopin told Schumann that it was while perusing these that the idea of this Ballade first awoke in his mind. Surely a sense of wild, homeless, but not ignoble or unmanly despair pervades it; as though the spectre of his own destiny, a lost and wandering vessel, struggling vainly with the elements and an adverse fate, unhappy, yet not unconquered, floated before the composer's fancy. The Sonata is a treasure of musical power and beauty, containing the most mournful of all funeral marches, and a Scherzo of indescribable sweetness and pathos, a very garden of Boccaccio, far removed from, yet not unconscious, of death and desolation. And the wild finale! All this is "music of the future," to the radical extremity; Chopin's Ninth Symphony.

As for the Preludes, some of these seem to have attracted to, and crystallized within themselves an entire existence; the all of emotion in an atom. Free creations thrown off for the relief of the composer's deepest feelings, and almost entirely independent of technical aims, though nearly always perfect in form, many contain the germs of complete tragedies; some are poetic and graceful episodes; some are absolutely realistic reflections of passing moods; in others he seems to be conversing with, confessing, perhaps seeking to console himself. The fourth, a masterpiece of large phrasing and chromatic harmony, and the sixth (this was the prelude written by Chopin on that evening when Mme. Sand was absent from Valdemosa during an inundation — to which event, as related by her, I have already referred), were played by Lefébure Wély on the organ, at the Madeleine, in Paris, during Chopin's obsequies, when the funeral march in the sonata Opus 35 was also performed by an orchestra. Some of the Preludes present to us "a vision of deceased monks and funeral chants," writes Mme. Sand; such we may imagine when we listen to No. 15, with its sustained melody of enthusiastic, loving faith, broken in upon by a long and solemn processional strain, advancing and passing away, and accompanied by the tones of a convent bell. No. 20 greatly resembles, in its character, some of the choruses in Gluck's *Orpheus;* and this resemblance is especially striking when we compare it with the chorus of furies, "Chi mai dell' Erebo" (in the same key and tempo), in that opera. Passionate despair (or despairing passion?) lightened by episodes of ravishing, heart-piercing tenderness, and monastic gloom broken in upon by the ecstasies of transcendental religious aspiration, are the leading psychological traits of the Preludes. If George Sand has described for us, in her book on Majorca, the outward character of the people, the life, the nature, that surrounded them there, and the reflections these suggested, Chopin's Preludes may be accepted as the quintessence of the impressions made by that experience on a remarkable mind, and as a soulful commentary upon some of her pages, such as the following: —

"How vast, how noble in style, this convent must once have appeared! How many remains attest its former splendor and elegance! How sweet it must have been to come here at evening, to breathe the soft air, to dream, while listening to the sound of the sea, when these high galleries were paved with rich mosaics, when crystal water murmured in marble basins, when a silver lamp glimmered like a star in the depth of the sanctuary! Who would not abjure all the care, fatigue, and ambition of social life, to bury himself here in tranquillity and forgetfulness of the entire world, on condition that he could remain an artist, and devote ten, perhaps twenty years to a single work, which he might polish slowly, like a precious diamond, and place upon an altar, not to be found fault with by the passing ignoramus, but to be saluted and invoked as a worthy representation of Divinity! . . . . When the weather was too inclement for us to climb the mountain, we roamed under cover through the convent, and many hours were passed in exploring the immense building. I know not what attraction led me to seek, amid these deserted walls, for the inmost secret of monastic life. Its trace was yet so recent, that I often fancied I heard the noise of sandals on the pavement, and the murmur of prayers under the chapel vaults. One day, when we were exploring the upper galleries, we found a pretty tribune, from which we were able to look into a large and handsome chapel, so well furnished and arranged that it might have been deserted only the day before. The chair of the superior still stood in its place, and the order of weekly religious exercises, in a frame of black wood, hung from the ceiling amid the stalls of the chapter. Each stall had a little image of a saint attached to its back, probably the patron saint of each monk. The odor of incense, with which the walls had been so long saturated, had not yet passed away. The altars were decorated with withered flowers, the half burned tapers still stood in their candlesticks. The order and good preservation of these objects contrasted singularly with the ruins outside, and the tall brambles that filled up the windows. My children, Solange and Maurice, expected every day to find a fairy palace filled with marvels, in the garrets of the *chartreuse,* or the traces of some wild and terrible drama buried under its ruins; and when they disappeared from my eyes in the windings of some spiral staircase, I fancied they might be lost to me forever, and I hurried on with a sort of superstitious fear; for so sinister a building certainly has its effect on the imagination, and I would defy the calmest and coldest brain to remain there long in a condition of perfect sanity. . . . . To do justice to the grand style of the olive trees of Majorca, and the glowing sky from which their savage outlines stand out so boldly, we should possess nothing less than the grandiose pencil of Rousseau, — one of the greatest landscape painters of our day, but who is still unknown to the public, thanks to the obstinate jury of exhibition that has for several years refused to allow him to exhibit his masterworks; the limpid waters in which myrtle and asphodel are reflected, call for Dupré. More cultivated landscapes, in which nature, although

[1] From Ferdinand Hiller's poem written for the celebration at Düsseldorf in memory of Chopin, Nov. 3, 1849.

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at liberty, seems to assume an air of pride and classicism, from excess of coquetry, would tempt the severe Corot. To exhibit those adorable wildernesses of vegetation, in which a world of grasses, wild flowers, old tree-boles, and weeping garlands, droop over those mysterious springs where the stork comes to wade, I would fain hold, like a magic wand, the *burin* of Huet at my disposition; but it is you, Eugène, great artist, dear friend, whom I would have led with me into the mountain on that night when the moon vividly illumined the inundation that overlook us!"

The last fifteen or sixteen of Chopin's published compositions display less spontaneity, are more involved, than those preceding them, although we still find such noble inspirations as the first Nocturne in Opus 48, a life-drama in itself; some beautiful mazurkas, the unrivaled Berceuse, and the exquisite set of waltzes, Opus 64. Of No. 2 in this last set, the silly story has been told, that Chopin, on hearing one day that Mme. Sand was ill and could not receive him, turned to his pianoforte and composed the first thirty-two measures; but being suddenly informed that she was better, played the much gayer second theme. As if such art-works, the essence of a poet's blood and brain, were shaken out of his sleeve, and strummed in such a manner for the delectation of an indifferent messenger; especially in the case of the refined, retiring, exclusive Chopin, whose dances are not to be danced to, but are, rather, "the dance, not of the body, but of the soul, that dances, like rage and remorse, out of the ball-room into the stormy night." But this silly story is a pendant to the other foolish gossip about Chopin's black nails and unwashed hands; the circulation of such anecdotes proves that the race of clowns, once so numerous, who formerly saw in every musician an uneducated, half-tipsy minstrel, or a sort of merry-Andrew, an inspired idiot, is not yet quite extinct.

Chopin's posthumous works present little that is remarkable, though the Fantaisie Impromptu contains something of his youthful freshness. The songs, collected by Fontana, do not, perhaps, offer us a just idea of all that Chopin, who was so essentially lyrical, might have accomplished as a writer for the voice, had he chosen to turn his attention to this branch of musical art. Written at the call of love or friendship, but not for publicity, a few for the albums of his pupils, the princesses Beauvau or Potocka, they possess the sincere charm of folk-songs, and were probably written in such a manner and for such a reason as are those, — the necessity for instantaneous expression. Perhaps while rambling in the country round Warsaw with his father, who loved such open-air excursions as a recreation from academical labors, listening to rustic singers and musicians, or observing the peasants chanting songs or hymns in chorus, on the way to market or church, as is the custom in some parts of Poland, or in memory of such hours, he may have composed several of these songs; assuredly a thought of Constantia Gladkowska, with whom he exchanged rings on his departure from Poland, breathes through the soft regret of No. 14; patriotism, and sympathy for his friend Titus Woyciechowski, who joined the Polish army in 1830, may have inspired Nos. 9 and 10.

It has been often supposed of Chopin that he developed at once as a composer, and remained the same, from his first period of artistic productivity to his end. The striking character of Chopin's compositions may have created this impression, for their effect must have been that of powerful originality from the first; but I believe the student will not fail to observe in them a gradual process of artistic evolution within itself, up to a climax of full, independent expression, varied according to the moods and thoughts of the composer, followed by a subsequent diminution of power, and even of originality. And to suppose that the events of his life, especially such as more nearly regarded his deeper feelings, came and went without any influence on the character of his works, would betray a misunderstanding of the nature of music in general, of Chopin's music in particular. The psychological character of this has made it an especially interesting object of study to poets and philosophers. Of few composers can we say, that they are able fully to reveal to us the general emotions awakened in men by the experiences of life, the appearances of nature; of only one, perhaps, can it be said that he resembles a seer, whose "eye becomes enlightened from within, and who, the more he loses connection with the outer world, the more clairvoyant becomes his glance into the inner supernatural world;"[1] this cannot be said of Chopin; but his music is so intimate, a reflection of those more secret struggles of the human heart, those "tempests under a skull" that epitomize more general, objective tumults and vicissitudes, that it is deeply interesting to a very large circle of music-lovers, who imagine, perhaps, that their own unexpressed experience may have touched, here and there, on the wider, deeper experience of this tone-poet. Not every one is willing to admit the truth of Beethoven's assertion, that "music is a higher revelation than that of all wisdom and philosophy;" not even every student of music may accept Schopenhauer's assertions in regard to his favorite art;[2] still less will the unmusical thinker be inclined to believe in the immense importance which science begins to attach to music, not merely as an art, in its human, modern, formal development, but as a tremendous elementary force in its original material, possibly the primary motive power of all volition, vibration, vitality;[3] but no one attempts to deny that music is the most intensely subjective, profound, and emotional means of expression at present possible to mankind. And the most natural province of music is the revelation of that subterranean agitation of thought and passion which is too deep and individual, or that elevation of spiritual aspiration which is too transcendental, for more superficial formal expression; the audible manifestation, that is, of love and religion, the most human and the most divine of all passions. Love and religion — and patriotism, a lower form of these — are the predominant tones in all Chopin's creations, colored, lighted, or shadowed by inward mood or outward experience. While under the dominion of one wholly absorbing affection; while trusting in a finally happy solution of the struggles which that necessitated, his finest, richest works were written; and their fascination and beauty are only heightened by the contrast between the tragedy of that unhappy passion, and the pure sublimity, the ideality and trustful piety, of Chopin's innate character.

He has been termed sensualistic in the highest degree; so, of course, he was, so far as that, being an artist, consequently of fuller, finer perceptions, more completely a man, than other men, he was more sensuous as well as more spiritual, than they are. And the composer is perhaps the most sensitive of all artists, precisely as the ear, the organ *par excellence* of the musician, is the most perceptive and sensitive of all organs. Chopin's very morbidity, being musical morbidity, possesses a purity which we may seek in vain among artists of a similar cast of mind in the realms of poetry and literature. Only in his latter works, the reflection of his noble soul became unbeautiful, for then physical suffering had incapacitated him from mastering his feelings of disappointed love, patriotic regret, and pietistic gloom; he no longer struggled with his emotions, — they overpowered him. As Balzac says: "When an artist is so unhappy as to overflow with the passion he seeks to express, he cannot depict it; he is the object itself, instead of its image. When his subject domineers over him, he is like a king besieged by his people: too great an excess of feeling at the instant of execution is the insurrection of sense against reflection." Elsewhere, Balzac has proven his fine perception of the peculiar nature of Chopin, where he says: "This great genius is less a composer than a soul which has become audible to us, and which would communicate its own individuality to us in any kind of music, even in mere chords." Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, has spoken of the reports of Chopin's exquisite sensibility as "almost incredible." Fink, a

[1] Beethoven; by Richard Wagner. Translated by Albert R. Parsons (by permission of Richard Wagner). Indianapolis: Benham Brothers, 1873.

[2] "We may, with equal justice, term the universe embodied music, as embodied will. . . . . The essential seriousness of music, which entirely excludes the laughable, results from the fact that its object is not the representation of the will, but absolute will itself; that is, the most serious of all things, that on which all others depend. . . . . Music stands entirely apart from, and above all other arts; for we cannot discover in it any imitation or repetition of any idea in the world; therefore it is the greatest, the most peculiarly noble of all arts. . . . . Music exceeds ideas, is independent of the world, ignores it, and would exist even if the world had no existence. It is not an image of creations or ideas, but the image of the Will (the Creator) itself; this is why its effect is so much more powerful and penetrating than that of the other arts; they merely reflect shadows: music discourses of the essence of all existence." (*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.* Von Arthur Schopenhauer. Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1873.)

[3] "Matter in general, and plants and living creatures in particular, possess within themselves a vital vibratory power that continually agitates them in various ways. This force, which vitalizes inert matter, and whose nature we do not understand, but can only perceive through its effects, being in continual agitation and vibration, embodies, modifies, and transforms itself in various ways, and takes the shapes of innumerable creatures and things, which, interlinked, and proceeding from each other in endless orders and species, resulting from their natures and relations to each other, form what we term a world. And this divine, vibrating, motive force, sounding, spreading through the eternal spaces of infinitude, vitalizes other particles, and forms other modes of existence, that is to say, other worlds, spheres, systems creatures. (*Opere di Giacomo Leopardi.* Firenze: Le Mounier, 1865.)

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partisan of the old school, much surprised at the philosophical questions and controversies that were aroused by the psychological character of Chopin's music, wrote of the composer and his imitators in a mingled strain of mysticism and Philistinism amusing enough, though not devoid of some good ideas: "There is a party that revels in enjoyment when its emotions float on the moonlit waves of Chopin's sea of tones; in their rush and murmur they discover the highest and deepest things that the present day has produced in the sphere of music. Others again, and those not uncultivated listeners, feel repelled, and think they speak favorably when they term his productions unpleasant, involved. In the way he writes, things are written for which posterity will not be thankful. Passion moves in extremes, and overleaps the boundaries of happiness, ever the companion of thoughtful, benevolent content. And yet we may say of Chopin, in spite of the opposite opinions indulged in regarding him, that he is an attractive individuality, sharpened and polished by modern life. Yet, since he is almost always true to himself, he is fascinating, though he wanders amid shadows and clouds. But his imitators are unbearable; they do not dream a dream, they hunt one. In Chopin's tones we listen to the morning dream of Time, and imagine what might become of this child of morning, if he would only open his eyes and wander through the daylight." Elsewhere, Fink has compared Chopin to Ludwig Berger! Lenz was more happy in styling him the Heine of the pianoforte; yet the comparison is only half true, for Chopin, with all the fire, sweetness, and concentration of Heine, possesses not a trace of his corrosive irony; but then Lenz, in the short space of eighteen lines, has compared Berlioz to Robert Macaire, the Vicar of Wakefield, and King Lear! No; Chopin was most individually, originally himself; no imitation of him can prove more successful than is Paris paste as an imitation of the diamond.

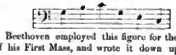
[*Concluded in our next.*]

BEETHOVEN AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PRODUCTIVITY (1807-9).

TRANSLATIONS FROM THAYER'S THIRD VOLUME.[1]

THE C MAJOR MASS.

1807. At the end of the month of July Beethoven returned from Baden to Heiligenstadt, and devoted his time there to the C minor Symphony and the C major Mass. To the latter refers one of the anecdotes related by Czerny: While he (Beethoven) was on a visit one day in the country with the Countess Erdody and some other ladies, they heard some village musicians, and laughed over the false tones, especially of the violoncellist, who brought out the C major chord with difficulty, groping after the tone somewhat in this way: —



Beethoven employed this figure for the *Credo* of his First Mass, and wrote it down upon the spot.

THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.

1807. This year is noteworthy not only in Beethoven's life, but in the history of music altogether; it is the year in which the C minor Symphony was completed, — that work which even now by many competent judges is designated as the acme of all pure instrumental composition; while those who do not without qualification grant it the first place, yet almost without exception place above it only the first three movements of the Ninth Symphony by the same master. Yet this wonderful Symphony was no sudden inspiration. Motives to the Allegro, Andante and Scherzo are found in sketch books, which date at the latest from the years 1800 and 1801. There are studies in existence which prove that Beethoven, at the time when he was busied with *Fidelio* and the piano-forte Concerto in G, was also working on the C minor Symphony, that is in the years 1804 to 1806; in the last year he laid it aside in order to compose the Fourth Symphony (in B-flat). This is all that is known about the origin and progress of this famous work; except that it was completed in 1807 at the favorite places of the composer about Heiligenstadt.

"IN QUESTA TOMBA."

A communication in the *Journal des Luxus und der Moden* (November, 1806), acquaints us with the origin of a smaller, but well known composition of Beethoven's; indeed it is the only accredited and satisfactory notice that we know of it. The article reads: "In some musical sport a short time since, a competition arose between a number of very celebrated composers. The Countess Rzewuska improvised an Aria at the piano forte; the poet Carpani immediately improvised a text to it. He imagined to himself a lover, who had died at grief at having found no hearing; the loved one repents of her cruelty, she waters his grave with her tears, and now his shadow calls to her: —

> "In questa tomba oscura
> I lacenti riposo;
> Quando vivero, ingrata,
> Dovrei a me pensar.
> Lascia che l'ombra ignuda
> Godansi pace almen,
> E non lagnar mie ceneri
> D'inutile rolen."

"These words have now been set to music by Paer, Salieri, Weigl, Zingarelli, Cherubini, Asioli, and other great masters and amateurs. Zingarelli alone furnished ten compositions on them; in all about fifty have been gotten together, and the poet will communicate them in a volume to the public."

The number of compositions rose to sixty-three; these were published in the year 1808; the last of them (Number 63) was by Beethoven. Although this at the time was by no means regarded as the best, it is the only one which has survived to the present day. The Leipzig *Musikalische Zeitung* selected, as an appendix to its criticism on the work, one of the two compositions by Salieri and one of the three by Sterkel, and said of Beethoven's: "On the whole it is not precisely unworthy of this excellent master, but it will hardly entwine a new leaf into the wreath of his fame."

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

1807. . . . . The want of better opportunities for hearing good Symphony music well performed, than were offered by the Schuppanzigh concerts limited to the summer months, and by the occasional hastily prepared "academies" of composers and virtuosos, led "a society of respectable and willing friends of music in the beginning of the winter to form an organization under the modest title of Amateur Concerts. So an orchestra was got together, whose members were selected from the most excellent musical amateurs (dilettanti) of the city. Only a few wind instruments, such as horns, trumpets, etc., were drawn from the orchestra of the Vienna theatre. . . . . The audience consisted only of the resident nobility and distinguished strangers; and of these classes preference was given to musical connoisseurs and amateurs." To this end they hired at first the hall "zur Mehlgrube;" but, as this proved too small, the concerts were transferred to the hall of the University, where, in "twenty concerts, Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos and vocal pieces were executed with zeal and love and were received with general applause. An excellent selection of pieces, a unity and precision on the part of the orchestra such as is seldom heard, the most soundly behaved and the deepest silence on the part of the listeners, as well as their distinguished, brilliant company, all combined to make a whole of this production, such as cannot often have been reached." The banker Haring was the director in the earlier concerts; but "owing to some misunderstanding which had arisen" he resigned the place to Clement.

The works of Beethoven which were produced in these concerts were the following: "The Symphony in D, in the first concert; the Overture to *Promotheus*, in November; the *Sinfonia Eroica*, and the *Coriolan* Overture in December; and at New Year's the Fourth Symphony, in B-flat, which had also been performed November 15, in the Burg theatre, in a concert for the public charitable institutions. The most of these works, if not all, were conducted by the composer himself.

PROGRAMME MUSIC.

Those who seem to think that "programme music" for the orchestra is a modern invention, and those who regard the Pastoral Symphony as an original attempt to describe nature musically, are equally in error. It was not so much Beethoven's ambition to find new forms for musical representations, as it was to surpass his contemporaries in the application of forms already in vogue.

In one of Traeg's announcements of the year 1792 are found simultaneously: "The Siege of Vienna," "Le Portrait Musicale de la Nature," and "King Lear," three symphonies; in another: "La Tempesta," "L'Harmonie della Musica," and "La Bataille." There were, in fact, few great battles, in those stormy years, which were not supplementarily fought over again by orchestras, military bands, organs, and piano-fortes. One night fill pages with a catalogue of programme compositions now long since dead, buried, and forgotten. Haydn's "Seven Words" still live, partly because a text is put under the music, but more on account of his great name; but who, in our time, has ever chanced to hear of the Baron von Kospoth's "Composizioni sopra il Pater Noster, consistenti in 7 Sonate Caracteristiche con an Introdizione," for a 9-part orchestra? What do our readers say to the following? "The Sea-fight. 1. The drum-beat; 2. The martial music and marches [in a sea-fight!]; 3. Motion of the ships; 4. Crossing of the waves; 5. Cannon shots; 6. Cry of the wounded; 7. Shouts of victory from the triumphant fleet;" or this: "Musical imitation of Rubens's 'Last Judgment.' 1. Gorgeous introduction; 2. The trumpet resounds through the graves; they open; 3. The angry Judge pronounces the dreadful sentence upon the rejected; they fall into the pit; howling and gnashing of teeth; 4. God receives the just into eternal blessedness; their blissful feelings; 5. The voice of the blest unites with the choirs of angels;" or this: "Death of Prince Leopold of Brunswick: 1. The quiet course of the stream; the winds which drive it faster; the gradual swelling of the water; the complete overflowing; 2. The universal terror and shrieks

[1] *Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben.* Von ALEXANDER WHEELOCK THAYER. Dritter Band. Berlin. 1879.

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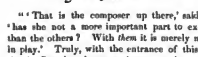
of the unhappy ones, who foresee their doom; their shudders, lamentations, weeping, and sobbing; 3. The arrival of the noble prince, who resolves to help them; the representations and entreaties of his officers, who seek to hold him back; his voice to the contrary, which finally stifles all complaints; 4. The boat sets off; its rocking on the waves; the howling of the winds; the boat upsets; the prince sinks under; 5. An affecting piece, with the feeling appropriate to this event.' These are no jokes taken from the *Fliegende Blätter*, the *Kladderadatsch*, or *Kikeriki* of former days; they are actual extracts from the programmes of the Abbé Vogler's organ concerts; and so, too, is the following, which will surprise the most of our readers: "Contented shepherd life, interrupted by a thunder-storm, which withdraws, however, and the naive, outright joy in consequence."

A remark of Ries, which is confirmed by other evidences, as well as by the form and matter of many of his teacher's works, must here be repeated. "Beethoven in his compositions often thought of a definite object, although he frequently laughed and scolded about musical paintings, especially about those of a petty sort. Among them the *Creation* and the *Seasons of Haydn* had many a time to bear the brunt of his criticism, although he did not fail to recognize Haydn's higher merits." But Beethoven himself did not scorn to introduce imitations into his works occasionally. The distinction between him and others in this regard was only this: they understood by musical imitations of things essentially unmusical; this he never did.

On a bright, sunny day in April, 1823, Beethoven took Schindler out on a long walk through the places in which he had composed his Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. "After visiting (Schindler, I, page 153) the bath-house at Heiligenstadt, with the adjoining garden, and after talking over many a pleasant reminiscence, having reference to his creations, we continued our ramble toward the Kahlenberg in the direction over Grinzing. Strolling through the delightful meadow valley between Heiligenstadt and the latter village,[1] which was crossed by a swiftly hastening and softly murmuring brook from a neighboring mountain, and lined with lofty elms, Beethoven stopped repeatedly and let his look, full of blissful feeling, wander over the splendid landscape. Then seating himself upon the meadow, and leaning against an elm, he asked me whether there was no yellow-hammer to be heard in the tops of those trees. But it was all still. Thereupon he said: 'Here have I written the "Scene at the Brook," and the yellow-hammers up there, and the quails, and nightingales, and cuckoos round about have composed with me.' On my asking why he had not introduced the yellow-hammer also into the scene, he seized his sketch-book and wrote:—



"'That is the composer up there,' said he; 'has she not a more important part to execute than the others? With *them* it is merely meant in play.' Truly, with the entrance of this motive in G major the tone-picture acquires a new charm. Expatiating further upon the whole work and its parts, Beethoven declared that the digression into the key of the yellow-hammers is pretty distinctly heard in this scale just written down in the Andante rhythm and same pitch. He gave as the reason why he had not also named this fellow-composer: 'This name would only have increased the great number of malicious interpretations of this movement, which have hindered the acceptance and appreciation of the work, not merely in Vienna, but in other places. Not seldom was this Symphony declared to be mere trickery on account of the second movement. In some places it shared the fate of the *Eroica*.'"

(To be continued.)

[1] In a note Thayer says: Schindler is here in error. The ramble to the Kahlenberg brought them northward into the vale between Heiligenstadt and Nussdorf, where now an idealized bust of the composer marks the 'Scene by the Brook.'

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS BY MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

V.

"Do you not think that it requires as much intellect to be a great artist as to be a great statesman or writer?"

To be sure I do. When Rubens was acting as minister at a foreign court he was asked if he did not sometimes amuse himself by painting. "No," he replied, "I am a painter who sometimes amuses himself with state affairs."

He was chosen by his government, the Netherlands, as the most accomplished diplomatist of that country, in more missions than one.

William Blake was sometimes called "Mad Blake." But those who were pleased to call him so, are to-day, thought to have been idiotic.

I believe that Shakespeare is the only name that the literary world bring forward as *claiming equality* with Michael Angelo.

If book-learning is called intellect, who wrote the first great books?

Which is greater, Shakespeare or his reader?

Which is greater, the producer or the enjoyer?

Where was Abraham Lincoln's intellect while he was on a flat-boat on the Mississippi? Lincoln always said that he had read very little, and he referred questioners to Seward.

Harvard University has not graduated a great man for fifty years; and as print grows cheap, thinkers grow scarce.

A great thing has nothing to do with what has been done; and things have to be found out before the world can see them in a dictionary.

There is a good deal of ground that can be cultivated for a century without giving back the seed. Art requires as much cultivation as anything else, not only to produce, but even to understand. There is probably not a man living capable of sufficient cultivation even to understand or appreciate the work of Michael Angelo.

A man can only be cultivated up to his capacity.

I like Calvert's writing because he gets an independent idea of a person's character, and carries it out, against all common opinions of its necessity. Common opinion about a man is worthless enough. Think of what was the common opinion of Rembrandt in his day! He was "a miser," everybody said. Or think of what they say of Turner now! Then consider what their pictures are, and see the insight which they give you into the characters of the men who painted them. Facts are easy enough to find. But the facts of splendid power and imagination don't get talked about as much as disagreeable facts. People look for what they love. They love the disagreeable, and they find it.

"You don't believe in working from photographs, do you?"

No, indeed! and don't make portraits of people who have died, either. A sensitive person gives out altogether too much life in trying to put some life into them. If you get into that sort of thing, you'll be overwhelmed and fenced in with dead people. Keep out of it while you can. Leave death alone. Life is what we are trying to get at.

So they objected to your painting on Sunday! You might have told them that your work is one sort of prayer. It's good for nothing if it is n't. And it is n't "Now I lay me down to sleep, either."

It is a good plan to paint different kinds of subjects. It is exactly what you were put on the face of the earth for. Because there are specialists, don't hesitate to paint horses, or anything else that you please. Try to feel happy about your work. That kind of elation which you speak of is not conceit. A little boy pleased with his mud pie is not conceited; and if you have enough to do you won't be conceited. The Saint Patrick people, riding around in the mud with their green sashes, are not conceited. Besides, that feeling does n't last. You know very well that you 'll pay for it soon enough. Painting is a great joy and privilege to you. Take it as such, and don't make a labor and duty out of it.

Have you seen the Tanagra figures at the Art Museum? They are the gayest, most joyous little things, and full of life. They are like the work you ought to do in your two-hour sketch-clubs. "Like dolls?" Not a bit. For one thing, dolls always have their arms stuck out, and all their fingers and nails very plainly made out, the nails especially. But these figures often are folding the cloak up to the chest with the arm, and there's no fussiness of detail. People might learn a great deal from them about feeling and action, and grace.

MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

Readers of the literary eyeloopedias and learned histories will recall a pleasant memory of Maria Gowen Brooks, born in Medford, Mass. almost eighty years ago, and one of the few genuine poets that era could boast. The era in fact did not boast at all. There was little poetry then, and little for many years after. The venerable Dana (after a few fine specimens) was settling, in exquisite prose and with admirable judgment, how poems ought to be written. Bryant had just printed "Thanatopsis," which, though great, signified less to the people of that day than it does to us. Charles Sprague not long after was writing his strong and touching Indian poem, and his "Winged Worshippers." The Townsend sisters were pondering sublimities in blank verse. But passing by other names, it is safe to say that from 1800 to 1825 was not a period of great intellectual activity nor of any general refined taste.

It was during this period that a lovely and most sensitive woman attempted to offer her poems to the Boston public. She were sold that the edition was soon withdrawn. Mrs. Brooks soon after removed to Cuba, where her husband owned a plantation, and there between the years 1823 and 1828, the six cantos of her principal poem, "Zophiel," were written. It is founded on the old Jewish story in the apocryphal book of Tobit,—that of the bride whose seven successive suitors were slain by an evil spirit. The least imaginative person cannot fail to be struck with the ease, beauty, and vigor of Mrs. Brooks's verse, no matter where the book may be opened. There are passages of almost the highest excellence.

But we fear the verdict to-day may be like the verdict of half a century ago: that the poem is too long, and that the supernatural portions

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

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fail to hold the attention of the reader. No man can endure an uninterrupted siege of the Faerie Queene. Bunyan's allegory after a while is apt to tire all but the very godly. And we fear that "Zophiel" is a book that will be monument to the genius of the author, without being very generally read, except by the wise few who make it a point to read all notable things.

But Mrs. Brooks was clearly a woman of genius. Her song beginning "Day by day, in the purple dying," establishes her rank if she had written nothing else.

We are indebted to Mrs. Gustafson, author of "Meg," a charming pastoral, for the new edition of "Zophiel" with memoir and notes. It has been a labor of love, and one that lays all lovers of poetry under a pleasant and lasting obligation. "Zophiel" is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. F. H. U.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

VANDAL "IMPROVEMENT." — BOSTON MUSIC HALL IN DANGER.

EVERY large, "progressive" city, in this fast age of ours, has in its population a certain restless element ever on the watch to improve its own selfish business interests, even at the expense of infinitely higher interests of the whole community. A and B, and possibly C, are petitioning the Board of Street Commissioners to extend Hamilton Place *through the Music Hall (!)*, to Washington Street, so as to gain an open frontage to their own estates and thereby raise their value. The burden of this so-called "improvement" is to be borne by the good city of Boston; and the petitioners, through their lawyers and their retained newspapers, are doing their utmost to manufacture opinion, and persuade the venerable matron that she needs a new street in that precise locality, and that it must come sooner or later to relieve other narrow and crowded thoroughfares.

Whether it would be a gain to business and to public travel we leave to business people to determine; though already the great majority of real estate owners in that neighborhood have expressed themselves decidedly against the project. We would present the question from another point of view, and humbly ask whether "business," mere private business, too, is alone to have any voice and vote in such a matter. No one, we presume, will undertake to say that Boston is in duty bound to improve the individual property of A, B, and C, in any way which they point out as feasible. So they trump up arguments to make it appear that Boston for her own sake, for the good of all, requires it. Happily, for the present at least, this is a minority opinion; but the enemy, though few, are vigilant and will still press their point, while the community at large, contented with things as they are, takes no part in the question; it is time that it should be aroused; forewarned is forearmed; and we are glad, therefore, to see that a protest is passing round for signatures, already signed by the presidents of our leading musical societies, by the superintendent of the public schools, and by many other citizens of weight and influence, praying the Commissioners that this vandal act may not be consummated.

What is Boston, city of our love and pride, that she should allow this thing? Is Boston but a crowded mart, or wilderness of streets and shops? Is this all that we mean by the dear and honored name? What is the worth of these except as they serve a higher end? By Boston do we not mean a home of pure and noble life, of education, culture, art, religion, charity? Proud as she may be of her wealth, her trade, her enterprise, is she not far prouder of her schools, her churches, art museums, public charities, measures for promoting general health and cleanliness, her beautiful parks and gardens, her historic monuments, her noble buildings about which cluster fine associations, and none more so than her halls of noble music? And here is this Boston Music Hall we have enjoyed now for a quarter of a century one of the noblest and largest halls for music in the world. Its very atmosphere is full of inspiring memories and associations; its floor is consecrated ground. It is a remarkably well situated and convenient of access to all; it is withdrawn from all disturbing noise; and it is admirable in its acoustic properties; we have never seen a hall *of the same size*, here or in the old world, in which music can be heard so well. Can Boston *afford* to throw away so great a blessing for the cheap convenience of a few more shops, or a single short street more or less in the great labyrinthine wilderness of brick and stone? To enhance the property of A, B, and C, shall Boston dispossess herself of one of her noblest means of general good and culture, one of her proudest monuments?

We but express a deeply implanted sentiment of the whole more or less cultured and intelligent community, of every truly patriotic child of Boston. The petitioners should respect this sentiment, or feign respect for it. Accordingly they go about disparaging the Music Hall on the one hand, and on the other prophesying smooth things, as that somebody, somewhere, at some nearly about, will build a bigger and a better and more showy hall. They say the hall is running down, that it is let for dog shows, and "ben operas," and demoralizing, brutal, and disgraceful prize-fights; alas, too true! but this cannot last longer be, since the hall is paying a fair dividend, and musical enterprises are already again on the increase; art, with trade, is gaining headway.

But as for a new and better hall, — trust not the flattering illusion! This reckless, ready way of sacrificing the goods we have, does not inspire confidence for the creation of new ones. Destroy the Music Hall, and you discourage every enterprise of the kind hereafter; who will build again upon such slight security? The hall we have would never have been built but for the conviction that it would stand at least a century. At all events a bird in hand is worth two in the bush; first show us your new Music Hall, before you rob us of the one we have; and also show us, after sufficient trial, that music will sound as well in it, since, as the remonstrants well say, "the excellent acoustic properties of the Hall are the result of a happy accident, and consequently, if a new hall were to be built, it might in this respect turn out to be greatly inferior to the present one."

THE EXPRESSIVE POWER OF MUSIC.

DR. EDUARD HANSLICK, in his pamphlet on "The Beautiful in Music," makes a very nice distinction in speaking of what is commonly called the expressive power of the art. He says very truly that music cannot present to the mind definitely predicable emotions, but only their dynamic quality. In other words, that, in characterizing the expressive power of music, we can rightly use only adjectives, but not substantives. We often hear people say that this piece of music expresses "passionate love," and that piece "overwhelming grief." But if we examine closely, we shall find that the music only expresses the dynamic force of these emotions; it expresses "passionate" *something*, or "overwhelming" *something*, but what this something is, we are unable to determine without the aid of some clue with which the music itself does not furnish us. In vocal music this clue is given us by the text; in so-called descriptive instrumental music it is given us by the title or by the programme. Yet even in these cases we should be careful to recognize the fact that the music does not really *express* the meaning of the text or programme, but only intensifies that which the text or programme has already expressed. That is, not that the emotional power of music is in itself something utterly vague and indeterminate; a power which commands our emotional nature in general, which holds sway over all the passions a Odilia could enumerate, but which is yet incapable of imperatively calling forth any especial one of them. I say that music commands all the passions, but it is as a master commands a troop of servants whose various names and duties he does not know, and who needs the intervention of some serviceable major-domo before he can have his orders duly executed. Or, to make a more striking simile, it is like a torpedo of unlimited power, which has to be directed by an intelligent hand before it can blow up the desired object; all the torpedo does is to explode, and it is of no consequence to it what it blows up; it only shatters to atoms that which happens to lie in its way.

These apparent restrictions upon the emotional power of music in no way contravene the possibility of music's having, in a certain sense, a very decided intrinsic character. It can indicate not only the dynamic force of emotions, but also their nobility, elevation, seriousness, or frivolity. We may be utterly at a loss to determine whether a certain composition or phrase expresses love or anger; we can only feel that it presents some more or less violent emotion to our æsthetic contemplation; but we can in most cases appreciate very keenly whether the emotion, indeterminate as it is, is that of a demigod or of a boor. Phryne cannot sing in the same strains as Antigone; Francesca disdains the dialect of Messalina; none but a very gullible ninny can mistake Salomoneus for the Olympian Zeus.

The element of nobility or baseness in music is, to be sure, dependent to some extent upon convention; yet not so much so as is often supposed. If one man says that he can associate nothing with the *finale* of Beethoven's A major symphony but a merry-making of boors, there are an hundred who will prefer to associate it in their mind with the dance of the Apostles. It is always allowable for the listener to furnish music with his own subjective substratum of ideas, if he only remembers that the ideas are his, not the composer's. What these ideas are will depend upon his mood, his accidental surroundings, and in a great degree upon his own musical experience and habits. A man of essentially frivolous and shallow nature may accept much trivial music as grand and impressive; a man whose sense of the sublime can only be aroused by the most extravagant and tangible effects may even look upon essentially noble music as trivial and commonplace if it have not in it that magnificent quality which is necessary to call his finer feelings into action. But here we take extreme and exceptional cases. Taking the music-loving portion of our race as a whole, we shall probably find that men agree quite as well about the serious, elevated, or frivolous character of a musical composition as they do about similar characteristics of any other work of art — of a statue, a painting, or a poem. But to call music a "universal language," as many people have done, and still do, is going too far. The great desirableness and convenience of a mode of expression that shall be comprehensible in every part of the inhabited globe is, no doubt, the cause

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that impels ingenious individuals to believe in the possibility of such a thing. As human experience has shown that articulate speech, what we call language, has steadily refused to adopt any single, universal form, it was not unnatural that the seekers after this tangible means of making the whole world kin should have sought for it in the most potent, and at the same time the vaguest of human arts. Richard Wagner, who has read his Schopenhauer to good advantage in many respects, makes the *scream unconsciously uttered by a man just waking from a dream*, the germ (in figurative Huxleyan language, the *primordial cell*) of all music. Apart from the metaphysical truth of this idea (which it would take too long to consider in all its bearings here), there is one great truth which it makes manifest, and that is that Music is, in its very essence, inarticulate, incapable of expressing definitely any particular train of thought, or any definite idea. Now an essentially inarticulate universal language, is one which will be open to much misconception; it will be one which does not deserve the name of language at all. If there be really a means of communication between man and man which is absolutely unmistakable as to its meaning, it is a very old and primeval one, and one which has little in common with what we call art. A sharp blow, delivered straight from the shoulder, and striking just between the eyes of the person who is to be enlightened as to our intentions, is an argument the gist of which can be comprehended by every son of Adam. Other form of universal language is unknown to the present writer. But when we come to screams, howling, or even the more orderly sounds which we habitually call Music, their meaning is very vague indeed. Many a traveller in the Sahara has been chilled to the marrow by the sudden howling of his Arab escort, thinking that fell murder was imminent, when the peculiar vocal noises made by his wild troop were only expressions of peaceful rejoicing. We have all heard the authentic story of the musical German who sang (in his native tongue) "A Maiden's Lament over the Death of a Rose," and was met by the complacent remark of one of his English-speaking listeners: "I suppose that is one of your National War Songs!" I own that it sounds cold-bloodedly cynical when Hanslick says that you can change the text of Gluck's great aria: —

> "J'ai perdu mon Euridice,
> Rien n'égale mon malheur,"

so as to make it read: —

> "J'ai trouvé mon Euridice,
> Rien n'égale mon bonheur,"

without making the music one whit less expressive of the sense of the text. All of us who love Gluck, and have had the wondrous melody speak to our very heart of hearts, are inclined to reject such an insinuation as verging upon the scurrilous! But let us think a moment — still better, let us make the experiment for ourselves with the greatest practicable freedom from prejudice, and see what the result will be. To me, personally, the experiment has been convincing that the expression of passionate *sorrow* is no inherent quality in Gluck's beautiful melody, and that it lends itself equally well to the expression of passionate *joy*. The thunderstorm in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony might be brought forward as an argument on the opposite side. It certainly would be hard to find a listener who (even if ignorant of the intention of this movement) could not recognize it as a thunderstorm set to music. But this is not an *expression* of a thunderstorm, nor a *description* of one; it is a phonetic imitation of one, or at least just enough of an imitation to guide the listeners' ideas in the desired direction.

It may be asked, "Does then music, of itself, express nothing? Has music no emotional value whatever, or only such emotional power as we find in all formal beauty?" The answer to this is evident; it is well known that music has the very strongest emotional power, apart from any especial beauty of form. What then can it express? Just this: Anything the listener pleases. It clothes his personal, subjective feelings in a garment of glowing light that makes them truer, deeper, nobler, than they were before. A Beethoven symphony will weep with him if he is in sorrow, rejoice with him if he is glad; if he is ambitious, the music will show him the object of his ambition in fairer colors than he had ever imagined it before. In a purely emotional sense, music is a bank that gives you back whatever you yourself put into it, with an hundred fold interest.

There is an old fable of a cunning magician who sold little bits of mirror to credulous persons, telling them that if they looked into those magic reflectors they would see the object of their most ardent desire and love. The people bought and looked, and only saw their own faces, but the little mirrors had an enchanted power, by virtue of which people always saw themselves at their best when looking into them.

Now music is just such an enchanted mirror: it shows you your own self, only glorified and ennobled. WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

THE PASSION MUSIC. — We had intended to make our account of the performance on Good Friday more complete, by entering into a somewhat detailed description of its many long, elaborate Arias, which, with a few exceptions, are not readily understood and appreciated by hearers unfamiliar with them; also of the solos accompanied with chorus; and particularly of the wonderfully delicate and effective instrumentation throughout, in which Robert Franz, while showing the utmost reverence for Bach's intentions, has only added, with a master hand, what was necessary to make those intentions clear. But for this we must take some time when there is more room and leisure.

For the present we wish, first, to correct a ridiculous error which, without our knowledge, crept into our last article. In speaking of the Bass Aria, "Come, blessed cross!" the types made us praise Mr. Wulf Fries's playing of "the interesting and very difficult *new* violoncello solo." That word "new" was composed into our score by the compositor!

In the next place, we wish to give some important credits for which we had not room before. In paying our thankful acknowledgments to the organist, the chorus, and the solo singers, each and all, we omitted to say expressly, what was nevertheless implied in every word of praise we gave to the performance, namely, that to the intelligent enthusiasm, the unstinted, well directed labor, and the remarkable tact of the conductor, CARL ZERRAHN, far more than to any one, were we all indebted for this great success. He held all the elements completely in his hand. We might question his conception or his theory as to the treatment of some few parts of the music, but there is no denying that he proved himself master of the situation.

All honor, also, to the president and board of government of the Handel and Haydn Society, especially to the very able and devoted secretary, Col. A. Parker Brown, to whose great organizing faculty, as well as taste and judgment, and staunch fidelity to what is best in music, the present prosperous condition of the old society is largely owing.

In recognizing, as we do heartily, the excellent service of the orchestra in almost every portion of the difficult accompaniments, we may repeat, *al rovescio*, a remark we made at the end of the Symphony Concerts. Then we asked where we could look for an orchestra to play the Passion Music, but for that practice in the Symphonies. Now, we may suggest: What practice could an orchestra possibly have, that would go so far, in so short a time, toward fitting it for all the nobler tasks, as that one solid week spent in rehearsing and performing the accompaniments of the Passion Music?

THE ZERRAHN TESTIMONIAL. — The Handel and Haydn Society were not reckoning without their host when they relied, not only on their own large membership, but on a quick and warm response of all the artists and musicians, and of our whole musical public, to their glowing invitation. The Music Hall was crowded; the chorus seats were filled to the utmost limit; solo singers presented themselves in such eager competition that that service was divided among two and twenty of our leading artists; beautiful gifts and floral offerings, with presentation speeches before the Oratorio (outside of the Hall), enhanced the interest for all and expressed for all the cordial sympathy for the recipient, for the honored conductor at the end of twenty-five years of faithful and efficient service. And so on this occasion, as on that of his first assuming the conductorship, *Elijah* was performed with everything conspiring to a most complete and grand interpretation. It was inspiring; the enthusiasm never for a moment flagged. All sang and did their best. If we were to begin to praise individually we should not get through in this number; yet the occasion was one of which this paper should preserve the record in full, and for that we must take another time.

CONCERTS.

THE Symphonies, the Oratorios, the Operas, the regular courses, are all over; and now that the mighty men of war and the huge frigates have withdrawn, a multitudinous fleet of smaller craft that have been awaiting their Spring turn in snug harbors, and in every hidden cove, have ventured out as usual, each on its own account, — some of them, from their amateur or semi-private character, having less the air of business than of pleasure yachts. Nearly every evening for some weeks has had its concert, mostly in some smaller hall. There have been more of them than we can even mention; much less could we attend them all. But most of them have been interesting; several of them too significant to go unrecorded. None more so than that given on Friday evening, April 18, at Union Hall, by the advanced Violin Classes of Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG'S Boston Conservatory of Music. It more than made good the promise we have hailed in similar exhibitions of several years past. To hear young men and maidens, even girls of sixteen, or under, play difficult violin compositions of masters like Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Ernst, and Wieniawski, and play them like artists, not only with good, firm tone, correctly, but with ease and grace and power, entering into the spirit and expression of each piece, is something to astonish those who hear it for the first time. But this is what was realized that evening, in a pretty formidable programme: —

Allegretto, Menuetto, and Finale from 1st Quartet . . . . *Haydn.*
Messrs. Albert Van Raalte, Edw. A. Sabin, Willis Nowell, Chas. Behr.

Legende . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Miss Lillian Shattuck.

Prelude and Fugue for Violin solo . . . . . *Bach.*
Mr. Edw. A. Sabin.

Othello Fantasie . . . . *Ernst.*
Miss Lillian Chandler.

Adagio and Finale from Sonata, F ma., Op. 30 *Beethoven.*
(For Violin and Piano.)
Messrs. Willis and Geo. Nowell.

Nocturne for four Violins . . . . *Eichberg.*
Misses Chandler, Shattuck, Shepardson, and Launder.

Polonaise . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Miss Edith Christie.

Concertante for two Violins . . . . . . *Dancla.*
Misses L. Launder and A. Shepardson.

Faust Fantasie . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Mr. Albert Van Raalte.
Menuetto and Finale from C minor Quartet . *Beethoven.*
Misses Lillian Chandler, Lottie Launder, Abbie Shepardson, Lillian Shattuck.

Mr. Van Raalte may be considered as the most advanced pupil of this admirable school, — a graduate, in fact, of several years back, and now fully competent to figure as a concert virtuoso. It would have pleased Wieniawski to hear his *Faust* Fantasie so well played. The Prelude and Fugue of Bach, too, told for what it is in Mr. Sabin's clear, intelligent, and vigorous interpretation, only wanting the freedom that will come in time. The movements from the Beethoven Sonata were ably rendered by both violinist and pianist. But most interesting of all was the quartet playing — both that by the young men, and still more, for obvious reasons, that by the four young ladies. Miss Lilian Chandler, who led in the Beethoven Quartet, is a girl of sixteen years, who, during half that time has been studying the violin with Mr. Eichberg. By her beautiful performance of the *Othello* Fantasie she had already given signal proof of uncommon talent highly cultivated. There was perfect purity of intonation, even to the highest tones, fine phrasing, good legato and staccato, and in fact, all that the first violin part required to make the intentions of the music clear. And she was well seconded by the second violin, the viola, and the 'cello, ably handled by Miss Shattuck, who had also made her mark as solo violinist in the beautiful "Legende" of Wieniawski. On other occasions we have heard these young ladies play Quartet movements in which they have shifted about, now one, now another taking the first violin, the 'cello, etc. Each seems at home in more than a single part. There is power and promise here. We shall not lack material for chamber concerts; we shall some day have such players in our orchestras for Symphony, etc. And, better still, think of such a resource for refined entertainment and culture in the home, when you may call on sons and daughters, with friendly neighbors' aid, perhaps, to play a string quartet, as easily as you would suggest a game of whist, — and how much better!

Mr. Eichberg's beautiful Notturno for four violins was played by the same fair hands with fine unity and balance of parts, and with delicate expression. Miss Edith Christie, another of the younger ones, appeared only as soloist, but the brilliant rendering of that Polonaise placed her among the foremost. The Concertante for two violins showed the abilities of Misses Launder and Shepardson to great advantage. On the whole, we are more than ever convinced that Mr. Eichberg is doing a great work in this violin school. The violin is a fit instrument for woman, and this truth he here practically and signally illustrates. Scholars will become teachers, and the school will have its branches elsewhere.

THE CECILIA, on Monday evening, April 21, Mr. B. J. Lang, director, sang in Tremont Temple, before the very large and cultivated audience always eager to accept its invitation. Part I. consisted of copious selections from Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, which were given with orchestra and with fine effect. Mr. Sumner presided at the organ. The soprano airs were sung by Miss Mary A. Turner, in good voice and style, and those for the tenor by Mr. G. L. Osgood, with admirable taste and feeling. The chorus singing was excellent. Part II. included Hauptmann's "May Song" (part-song); Rubinstein's "The Nixie," a romantic ballad for alto song (Miss Ita Welsh), and female chorus, greatly increased in interest by the orchestral accompaniment; Mozart's "Il mio tesoro," sung by Mr. Alfred Wilkie; the clever comic glee of "Humpty Dumpty," by Caldicott, which was gleesomely received; and Gade's cantata, "Spring Greeting," in which of course the orchestra again was all-important.

The last concert of the (third) season was on Thursday of this week, when the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given in full, with reading by Mr. George Riddle.

The second and third of the three classical concerts of Messrs. Sherwood, Allen, and Fries, more than confirmed the promise of the first. The second (April 22) opened with the string quintet, with clarinet, by Mozart, a delicious work, and played to a charm; Mr. E. Weber's clarinet playing was of the finest quality. For the closing piece, Beethoven's Septet, with all the instruments for which it was written, was played entire, and in a most satisfactory manner, except for a little awkward scrambling of that slow instrument, the horn, in the almost impossible passage given to it in the rapid scherzo. Chopin's Rondo, in C, for two pianos, was brilliantly played by Mr. E. B. Story and Mr. Sherwood. Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen sang Mendelssohn's concert aria, "Infelice," in an intelligent and finished style, and with a beautiful voice, but hardly with enough of the dramatic fire. In Schumann's songs, "Beauteous Cradle," and "Why should I wander," she gave real pleasure.

The last concert (April 29) began with a most interesting Concerto in C minor, for two pianos, with string quartet, by Bach, heard here for the first time. The pianists were Messrs. Hanchett (who, we were glad to see, has determined not to quit the field yet) and Sherwood; the string accompanists were Mr. Allen and his party. To balance this, at the end of the concert, Mendelssohn's Quartet in E-flat, Op. 12, was played delightfully, indeed inspiringly; the quaint Canzonetta went so perfectly that it had to be repeated. Other instrumental pieces were: Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violin, in E flat, Op. 12, by Messrs. Sherwood and Allen, and three piano solos by Mr. Sherwood, given in his best style, namely: 1. "Moment Musicale," Op. 7, in C sharp minor, by Moszkowski, a singularly fascinating and original production; 2. Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet;" 3. Chopin's A-flat Polonaise, Op. 53.

Mme. Cappiani sang with delicate and true expression a lovely little song by Grieg, "Ich liebe dich," "Er ist gekommen," by Franz, and "Pieta," by Meyerbeer. But we were still more charmed by her singing, with Mr. Fessenden, of two exquisite, and to us wholly new, duets by Schumann: "Liebhaber Standchen" and "Liebesgarten." Mr. Fessenden, for solos, gave "Yearnings," and "Not a breath of Spring," both by Rubinstein, with all that contrast of rich, open tones and delicate and tender *sotto voce* which makes his singing always so acceptable.

These concerts have demonstrated that we need not go to other cities for good quartet playing; we trust that next year Boston will make the most of her own resources in this line.

A long list of concerts must lie over to another number.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21. — The programme of Mr. Carlberg's last symphony concert, April 12, was as follows: —

Overture, "Coriolan," Op. 62 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Concerto for violin (first time in America) . *Rubinstein.*
Herr August Wilhelmj.
Love Scene. Entr'act from the opera "Tovelille,"
Op. 12 . . . . *Asger Hamerik.*
Miss Henrietta Beebe.
Aria, "Non temer, amato bene," . . . . . *Mozart.*
Reverie for violin . . . . *Vieuxtemps.*
Symphony in C, No. 9 . . . . *Schubert.*

Mr. Carlberg has now thoroughly established his reputation as a conductor of marked ability, and his success is all the more creditable, for the reason that he had to contend with the general apathy and indifference of our musical public and the press at the opening of the season. Without claiming that he has brought his orchestra to the highest attainable degree of excellence, it is sufficient to record the fact, that each performance under his bâton has shown a steady improvement in strength, clearness, and finish of execution, as well as in spirited, intelligent expression. During the season of six concerts and six public rehearsals, the following works were performed: —

Bargiel, Woldemar. Overture, "Medea."
Beethoven. Overture, "Coriolan." Overture, "Egmont."
Symphony in A (No. 7). Symphony in B flat (No. 4).
Concerto for Piano in G major, Mr. S. B. Mills.
Concerto for Piano in C minor, Miss Josephine Bates.
Brüll, Ignaz. Concerto for Piano, Op. 10, Mr. Richard Hoffman.
Daniels, C. F. Nocturne for Orchestra, with Violoncello Obligato (Mr. Wm. Popper).
Handel. Aria from "Acis and Galatea," Miss Gertrude Franklin.
Hamerik, Asger. Love Scene from "Tovelille."
Haydn. Symphony in E-flat (No. 1).
Liszt. Hungarian Fantasie for Piano and Orchestra, Mr. Franz Rummel.
Mozart. Letter aria from "Don Giovanni," Miss Kate Thayer.
Aria from "Nozze di Figaro," Signor Campobello.
Aria from "Belmonte e Constanza," Mrs. J. K. Barton.
Aria, "Ah, non temer," Miss Henrietta Beebe.
Mendelssohn, F. Symphony in A minor (Scotch.) Overture, "Ruy Blas."
Martini, Padre. Gavotte. Arranged for string instruments by Ferd. Dulcken.
Nicholl, H. W. Romanza from the Suite, No. 1.
Raff, Joachim. Symphony "Im Walde."
Rubinstein, Anton. Concerto for Violin with Orchestra, Herr August Wilhelmj.
Schubert, Franz. Symphony in C, No. 9.
Schumann, Robert. Symphony in D minor, No. 4. Concerto for Piano, Mr. Franz Rummel.
Spohr, Louis. Concerto dramatico for Violin, Mr. Edouard Remenyi.
Svendsen, Johann. Norwegian Rhapsody, No. 4.
Vieuxtemps, Henri. Reverie for Violin, Herr August Wilhelmj.
Wagner, Richard. "Waldweben," from the Music Drama "Siegfried." Eine "Faust" Ouverture.

The list of compositions performed by the Philharmonic Society, during the past season, is as follows: —

Bargiel, overture "Prometheus"; Beethoven, "Eroica"; Seventh Symphony in A; Aria from "Fidelio," "Abscheulicher" (Mme Granger-Dow); Concert Aria, "Ah Perfido" (Miss Minnie Hauk); "Leonora" overture No. 3; Berlioz, "Carnaval Romain"; Pastorale from "Symphonie Fantastique," Op. 14; Brahms, Symphony No. 2; Brüll, Concerto, Op. 10, for piano-forte (Richard Hoffman); Chopin-Wilhelmj, Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1, for violin (August Wilhelmj); Ernst, "Concert Pathetique," Op. 23 (Edouard Remenyi); Fuchs, Serenade in D; Lipinski, Concert Militaire (August Wilhelmj); Liszt, Concerto in E-flat, for piano-forte (Franz Rummel); Hunnenschlacht; Tasso, "Lamento e Trionfo;" Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 4, in A; Mercadante, "Il Giuramento" (A. Galassi); Mozart, "Jupiter" Symphony; "Un Aura Amorosa," from "Cosi fan tutte" (Mme Granger-Dow); Rubinstein, "Ach wenn es nur immer so bliebe" (Miss Minnie Hauk); Schubert, "Ungeduld" (Mrs. Granger-Dow); "Haideröslein" (Miss Minnie Hauk); Schumann, Concerto in A minor (Mme Groessler-Heim), Symphony in E-flat, No. 3; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 3, in D; Fantaisie, "Francesca di Rimini;" Wagner, "Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire-Scene;" Scena from "Tannhäuser," for baritone (A. Galassi.)

The Oratorio Society gave their fourth concert, at Steinway Hall, on Thursday evening, April 17, preceded by a public rehearsal on Wednesday afternoon. The programme included F. Kiel's Oratorio of "Christus" [given for the first time in America], and compositions by Handel, Bach, Wagner, Beethoven, and Mozart. The soloists were Miss A. Henne, Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, Messrs. Jacob Graff, and A. E. Stoddard. Herr August Wilhelmj was the instrumental soloist, and played among other compositions, the well known Largo, by Handel.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood gave his first matinée piano-forte recital at Steinway Hall, on Saturday, April 19. His selections covered a wide range, as will appear from the list given below: —

XII Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13 . . . . *Schumann.*
Fugue, E minor ("Fire Fugue,") . . . . . *Handel.*
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, E-flat . . . . . *Beethoven.*
{ *a.* Fugue, G minor, Op. 5, No. 3 . . . *Rheinberger.*
{ *b.* Serenade, D minor, Op. 93 . . . . *Rubinstein.*
{ *c.* Waldesrauschen — Concert Etude . . . . *Liszt.*
{ *a.* Ballade, A-flat, Op. 47, } . . . . . *Chopin.*
{ *b.* Nocturne, C minor, Op. 48, }
Toccata di Concerto, Op. 36 . . . . *August Dupont.*
{ *a.* "Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa," } *Wagner-Liszt.*
{ *b.* "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," }
Grande Polonaise, E-major . . . . *Liszt.*

Mr. Sherwood's enviable reputation as a pianist had preceded him, and his appearance here was a matter of interest to musical amateurs and musicians, who, though a minority in the audience, were present in force, and who could not fail to perceive and appreciate the merit of his playing, which was distinguished by great technical ability, remarkable versatility, and an excellent touch. In the Liszt pieces especially, he made a marked impression, and his rendering of the entire bill was characterized by good taste, correctness, and fine musical feeling. A. A. C.

BALTIMORE, MAY 5. — The thirteenth series of Peabody concerts closed here on Saturday night, with the following programme: —

French Suite, D major, 1685–1750 . . . *J. Seb. Bach.*
Air from the "Messiah," 1684–1759 . . . *G. F. Handel.*
Miss Jenny Busk.
Piano Concerto, E minor. Work 11. 1810–1849 *Fr. Chopin.*
Madame Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
Scene and air from "Freischütz," 1786–1826 *C. M. von Weber.*
Miss Jenny Busk.
Fourth Norse Suite, D major. Work 25. Fragments.
Composed in Baltimore, 1876–77. Love Song.
"Ode to the Sea," 1843– . . . . *Asger Hamerik.*

Much has been said and written during the past season of the share system under which our orchestra has been playing, and of its effects on the nature of the selections, and the manner in which they were rendered. It must be admitted that such an arrangement can only be unsatisfactory to all concerned; but at the same time, it gives me pleasure to say that our orchestra, although no decided progress is apparent, has succeeded in holding its own, and has resisted that tendency to retrogression, which under the circumstances was to be feared. It is understood the Institute will be in a position next winter to place the fourteenth series of concerts on a firmer footing.

The following is a list of the compositions played here during the past season: —

J. S. Bach. French Suite, D major.
Beethoven. Third Symphony, "Eroica." Eighth Symphony, Overture to "Egmont." Piano Concerto, E-flat, No. 5 (Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach).
Violin Romance, F major (Mr. Josef Kaspar).
Berlioz. Fantastic Symphony, C major; The Roman Carnival, concert overture.
G. Bizet. Melodrama from third act of "The Maid of Arles."
O. B. Boise, Ohio. Piano concerto, G minor (Mme Falk-Auerbach).
Chopin. Piano concerto, E minor (Mme Falk-Auerbach).
Donizetti. Cavatina from "The Martyrs" (Miss H. A. Hunt).
Max. Erdmannsdörfer. Overture to the legend "Princess Ilse."
Niels W. Gade. Eighth Symphony, B minor.
M. J. Glinka. Overture to "My Life for the Czar;" Komarinskaja, Russian scherzo.

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Gluck. Overture to "Alceste."
Gounod. Songs with piano (Miss Elisa Baraldi).
Edvard Grieg. Piano concerto, A minor, work 16 (Mr. B. Courlaender).
Asger Hamerik, 1843.– Fourth Norse Suite, D major, work 25; Prelude and Romance from the opera "Tovelille" (Miss H. A. Hunt).
Handel. Rec. and Air from "Theodora" (Miss Edith Abell).
Air from "Messiah" (Miss Jenny Busk).
Haydn. Symphony, G, No. 13; Symphony, B-flat major, No. 21, "Queen of France."
Fr. Kuhlau. Elfin Hill, Danish drama, work 100. Fragments.
Mozart. Symphony, G minor; Jupiter Symphony, C major; Rec. and Air from the "Magic Flute" (Miss Jenny Busk).
C. C. Müller, New York. Nocturne, E minor.
H. W. Nicholl, New York. A movement from a Symphony, work 12.
G. Rossini. Cavatina from "Semiramis;" Cavatina from "The Barber of Seville" (Miss Elisa Baraldi).
August Södermann. Norse Folk-Songs and Folk-Dances.
L. Spohr. Symphony, D minor; Overture to "Jessonda;" Romance from "Zemire and Azor" (Miss Jenny Busk).
Arthur Sullivan, 1842.—"The Lost Chord," song with piano (Miss Edith Abell).
R. Volkmann, 1810.- Serenade, D minor (Mr. Rudolph Green).
Von Weber. Rec. and Air from "Der Freischütz" (Miss Jenny Busk).

CHICAGO, *May* 1. — The warm days of spring press upon us, and announce the close of our musical season. On the evening of April 22, the Beethoven Society gave its last concert in the regular course, presenting the following programme: —

1. Elegie . . . . *Raff.*
Miss Lizzie Hoyne, Miss Jessie Jenks, and Beethoven Society.
2. "Song of the Spirits over the Water" . . *Miller.*
3. "Fable of the Fairest Melusine" . . . . *Hoffmann.*
Melusine . . . . Miss Jennie Dutton.
Clotilde . . . . Mrs. Frank Hell.
Raymond . . . . Mr. James Gill.
Sintram . . . . Dr. C. A. Martin.

The works were given with the aid of an orchestra, and the performance was a pleasing termination to a successful season. The most important of the numbers was "The Fair Melusine," by Hoffmann. The pretty fable has been most charmingly set to music of a very attractive character, and by its brightness and variety made the concert very enjoyable to the large audience. The orchestral part contains some charming effects, and as a whole furnishes a pleasing accompaniment. At times a little melodic movement suggests Mendelssohn, while again a hint of Schumann is felt, although the work possesses an identity of its own. The choruses in the Cantata were very well given by the Society, who seemed to enter into the spirit of the work with no small enthusiasm, and the result was that they gave us some of the best singing we have had from them this season. Unfortunately, the lady who sang the part of Melusine has a faulty method, which prevented a very good voice from doing justice to some charming music. Her articulation was made very bad and unintelligible by mingling the vowel and consonant sounds without any regard to their relative importance. The vowel sound is the soul of a word, and in vocal music must always be used in prolonging a note. Otherwise, the tone loses its beauty, and the language its life and meaning. A confusion of sounds is neither music nor language.

On Thursday evening the Apollo Club gave their third concert of the season, with a "request" programme, made up of choruses, part-songs, etc., with which they had before won approbation. The selections were from Palestrina, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Eccard, Macfarren, Handel, Smart, Dr. Arne, Hatton, and Benedict. They had the assistance of Miss Fanny Whitney, who sang the aria "Nobil donna" of Meyerbeer, and "Non so più" from the *Figaro* of Mozart. Also of Mrs. Dykrenfurth and Dr. Fuchs, who played the "Concerto Pathetique" of Liszt for two piano-fortes. The chorus work of the Apollo seemed particularly well done. There is one most pleasing feature about the singing of this Society, and that is its due regard for purity of tone. The voices blend with an exactness of intent in quality and power, such that a good balance is preserved among the parts, and the effect of harmony is never lost. Miss Whitney has a fine voice; her singing would be very enjoyable, were she always correct in intonation; but, unfortunately, in her effort to deliver the high notes with power, she is inclined to sing slightly sharp. She might make a very successful concert singer if she would take pains to mend this fault. It can be accomplished with a right method for the delivery of the tone.

Although the Liszt Concerto was written for Tausig and Von Bülow, and is unquestionably a most difficult work, it did not excite much interest or admiration. On the first hearing the impression comes of its difficulty, and variety of effects, but no distinct tone-picture is left in the mind, while the musical nature is hardly excited into sympathy with it. Now and then a melodic movement will arouse attention, but just as it begins to mean something, it has resolved itself into gigantic chords quite incomprehensible in connection with the first idea. It is very difficult, but it must be more than this to enter the ideal world of art, and, "like a thing of beauty, live forever." It was well performed.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn has commenced his yearly piano-forte recitals before the Beethoven Society. A week ago the selections were from Chopin; this last one was made up of compositions by Liszt. It is with much pleasure that I mention these recitals, for I realize that they are given for the good of the musical art, and are expressive of the devotion of this gentleman to the cause of promoting a taste for what is good and beautiful in music. It pleases me to also note that at a recent organ recital of Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, Miss Hiltz sang five of the lovely songs of Robert Franz. Although we are in the spring time of our musical culture in this Western land, the seeds of good taste are being sown by many an earnest hand, and we shall yet reap the fruits of our labor.
C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., *April* 18. — The following programme was given at the concert of Chr. Bach's orchestra, April 14: —

Overture to "Don Juan" . . . . *Mozart.*
Two parts from the E minor Suite (for the first time) *F. Lachner.*
Solo for Contralto — "When the tide comes in" *H. Millard.*
Miss Bella Fink.
Meditation by . . . . *S. Bach and Gounod.*
Polonaise brillante . . . . *C. M. v. Weber.*
For Piano and Orchestra, instrumented by Liszt.
Mr. Joseph Petros.
Duet — "Quis est homo" — from Stabat Mater *Rossini.*
Mrs. Teetzel and Miss Lina Bach.
Fantasie for Cornet . . . . *DeBeriot.*
Mr. H. N. Hutchins.
Selections from Verdi's "Aida," arr. . . . *Zimmermann.*

I regret to say that the performance of the orchestra was by no means equal to the best of the programme. It seemed to me that I had hardly ever heard them play in so spiritless a way, and so carelessly. The singing was very poor. Miss Fink has a powerful, deep voice, worthy of thorough training; which she evidently has never had. The other ladies are equally deficient in schooling, without her natural advantages. The pianist, a pupil of the Vienna Conservatory, showed that he had been well taught; but his performance, both of the Weber Polonaise and of Chopin's *Fantasie-impromptu*, Op. 66, which he played for an encore, was mechanical, uninspired and uninspiring, — very far indeed from an artistic interpretation.

This evening the Arion Club, assisted by the Cecilian Choir, gave its third concert of the season, with the following programme: —

Motets. { *a.* Adoramus Te . . . . *Palestrina.*
{ *b.* Presentation of Christ in the Temple *Eccard.*
Ye Spotted Snakes, "Midsummer Night's Dream." *Macfarren.*
Cecilian Choir.
Ballad.
Chas. T. Knorr.
{ *a.* Farewell to the Forest . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
{ *b.* Hunting Song . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Piano Solo. — Ballade, G minor. Op. 23 . . . . *Chopin*
Miss Amy Fay.
{ *a.* Largo, arrangement from . . . . *Handel.*
Solo by Mrs. A. W. Hall.
{ *b.* Haste Thee, Nymph . . . . *Handel.*
{ *a.* Three Fishers went Sailing . . . . . *Goldbeck.*
{ *b.* Italian Salad . . . . *Genee.*
Chas. T. Knorr and Arion Club.
{ *a.* Dirge for a Faithful Lover . . . . . . *Benedict.*
{ *b.* Hunting Chorus . . . . *Benedict.*
Aria — "O Mio Fernando," . . . . *Donizetti.*
Mrs. A. G. Hayden.
Cradle Song . . . . *Smart.*
Piano Solos. { *a.* Maerchen (Fairy Story). . . . . *Raff.*
{ *b.* Gnomen Reigen (Elfin Dance). . *Liszt.*
Miss Amy Fay.
The Lord is my Shepherd . . . . . *Franz Schubert.*
Cecilian Choir.
Motet. Judge me, O God, Psalm xliii. . *Mendelssohn.*

Though it contained no extended work, it had no lack of noble compositions by great masters, besides lesser productions of talented and able writers. The piece called "Italian Salad," however, I must regard as wholly unworthy of a place in such a programme.

The singers were suffering from colds and fatigue, having just had two of the worst rehearsals they ever went through. Under the circumstances the singing was better than could be expected, giving evidence of careful and thorough drill. The performance was greatly marred by Mr. Tomlins now and then beating on his desk, and giving orders in a loud voice. This withdrew our attention from the music so as to seriously impair the effect, producing at times an extremely unpleasant shock. It was worse than overhearing the prompter in a play.

I wish I could honestly say I had discovered a great artist in Miss Amy Fay. As it is, I failed to be impressed either with her powers of execution or interpretation. Her playing of the Raff and Liszt pieces was fluent, easy, clear, and graceful, but by no means forcible; while in the Chopin *Ballade* there seemed to be a very perceptible lack of power. I do not think I should ever have discovered how noble and beautiful the latter composition is from her playing of it. But she played a Chopin *Nocturne* for an encore, and, I am glad to say, played it in a way which pleased me very much.

Mr. Knorr is a Chicago tenor with a thin voice, squeezed up into the nasal passages. I very much fear he has no future as a public singer. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hayden are two of our local amateurs, pupils of Mr. Tomlins. They did their parts every way creditably. I do not remember that I ever heard Mrs. Hayden sing so well.

The Musical Society is to give portions of Kiel's "Christus" next week.
J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE New York Philharmonic Society is to be congratulated. At the annual election held yesterday, Mr. Theodore Thomas was unanimously elected conductor. On the first ballot the vote stood fifty-four for Thomas, nine for Dr. Damrosch, and six for Mr. Neuendorff; the minority subsequently changed their votes, so that Mr. Thomas becomes the choice of the whole society. Mr. Julius Hallgarten was elected president; Mr. Boehm retains the vice-presidency; and the Board of Directors, we understand, is not changed, except that Messrs Brandt and Arnold replace two of the older members. The directors will soon have a conference with Mr. Thomas, and it will then be determined whether arrangements can be made to permit of his accepting the conductorship. — *Tribune, April* 30.

MISS THURSBY has made an enviable success in Paris. All the critics unite in praising her voice and execution. *Figaro* calls her another Patti. *L'Art Musicale* — which, by the way, credits her with being descended on one side from an old "Knicker-Booker" family — says that she is in concert without a rival. *Le XIX. Siècle*, praising her voice, which it declares that she manages with skill and grace, says also that she is ravishingly pretty. *Le Sport* speaks of the sweet, vibrating *timbre* of her voice, and of its great flexibility. *Le Petit Journal* praises her not only for technical power, but for feeling and expression. The *Paris Journal*, mentioning first her charming voice and her musical cultivation, says that she sang an air of Mozart, and a theme with variations of Proch, and adds that she gave the first "with a taste and simplicity marvelously appropriate to Mozart's style; and the second with an ease, a flexibility, a strength and a certainty of attack which won hearty and unanimous applause." *Le Gaulois* says that she is on the way to become one among the most celebrated singers. *Le Rappel* declares that she is in talent of the family of Patti and Albani, and that her voice is of the same metal, forged in the same school. *Charivari* says that with her first notes she conquered her audience, and *Le Temps* and *Le Menestrel* are full of her gifts and graces. Her audience recalled and recalled her, and certainly since Albani no foreign singer has had such a flattering success in the French Capital.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD has started on a western tour of recitals and concerts. He played May 3 in Portland, Me; May 5 in Lowell. He is engaged for two recitals each in Oberlin, Ohio, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, three in Chicago, four in Burlington, Iowa, and one each in Pittsburg, Evanston, Ill., and many other western towns; and on the return journey, in New York. He will be away five weeks or more.

ERNST FRIEDRICH RICHTER, one of the most distinguished musical theorists of the present generation, died at Leipzig on the 9th inst. in the seventy-first year of his age. He was born at Gross-Schönau, near Zittau, on October 24, 1808, and at a very early age showed great musical aptitude. In 1831 he went to Leipzig to study music; and on the founding of the Conservatorium in that town, he was appointed Teacher of Harmony and Composition. On the death of the late Moritz Hauptmann, Richter was invited to succeed him as Cantor at the Thomas-Kirche, a post formerly held by Sebastian Bach. His compositions, especially those for the church, are highly esteemed, and often performed in Germany; but it is as a writer of theoretical works that he will be best remembered. His treatises on Harmony, Counterpoint, and Fugue, are standard instruction-books, being adopted as text-books at the Leipzig Conservatorium. — *Academy.*

MISS EMMA THURSBY has before her most gratifying prospects. She will remain during the present season in London; she then goes to sing at the German watering-places. She will return to England for the Hereford Festival in September, and for the fulfillment of engagements in the provinces during October and November. She will afterwards go back to Paris to sing at the Conservatoire, and also at the concerts of Pasdeloup and Colonne. Then follows a tour in the French provinces and in Holland, to which succeed engagements in Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, St. Petersburg, and Moscow. The next season she will spend in England, and will return to America in the autumn of 1880.

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BOSTON, MAY 24, 1879.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

"She was the daughter of a soda-burner who lived across the Tiber, near St. Cecilia. A small house is still shown, which is said to have been her birthplace. Formerly a garden was attached to this, in which the lovely girl was often to be seen. Her beauty, therefore, was soon talked about, — and Rafael also was attracted by her fame and seized by such passionate love that he had no peace till he could call her his own, and would no longer live without her." — *Passavant.*

THEY rode in silence for a time. The woods,
Bright in the fresh young green of early spring,
E'en now far in beneath the aged trees,
That thickly interlaced their spreading boughs,
Grew dusky with the falling eve, save where
The stems divided, or a timid sapling,
Its trembling leaves stirred by each passing breath,
Made room for light and air; while far and near
The setting sun scattered his golden shafts, —
Among the gnarled, brown oaks, whose swelling buds,
Big with new life, must burst to flower erelong;
And on the towering, melancholy pines,
That rest unchanged through all the fitful year,
Save for the brighter tips that in the springtime
Light their dark crowns as with a sombre smile;
On the grave olives, with their pallid leaves;
And on the virgin willows, modestly,
Yet with a tender grace ineffable,
Wearing their bridal veil of delicate green,
Whose drooping ends kissed the glad earth. And here
The mellow sunbeams, wandering onward, found,
Close nestling at the foot of some great trunk,
Or in the shelter of a moss-grown rock,
Young, tiny ferns, unrolling cautiously
Their furry, silvered caps, dark violets
In fragrant, purple clusters, or a knot
Of yellow crocus cups, or, spread far out
Like a dim, pale-blue mist, a starry bank
Of small forget-me-nots. Loving and long,
As with a fond caress, and loath to go,
Lingered and dwelled the late mild light upon
These sweetest of Spring's children, that so humbly
Herald the gorgeous Summer's pride and pomp.
And where it fell the woods all flashed and flamed
With glittering drops, sole marks of the fierce shower
Which scarce an hour ago had swept the land,
And left these after him, that quivering hung
From tree and bush and flower. None spoke, while all
Drank in the freshness of the odorous air,
But when perchance some overhanging branch,
Some trailing vine, brushed mantle, plume, or face,
And showered its weight of drops down over him
Who passed below it. Then a short exclaim,
A jesting word, or rilling laughter, broke
From him and his companions. All around
The forest, too, seemed hushed, and slowly folding
His green wings for the night; their horses' hoofs
Fell noiseless on the carpet of soft moss,
Save when they crushed a rustling last year's leaf,
Or a brown, crackling twig. And but for this,
And the low gurgle of an unseen brook,
And the faint, long-drawn notes of some lone bird,
Who far away upon some lofty branch
Sang his sweet chant to the departing sun, —
No sound fell on the stillness.
Thus they rode,
A merry company of gay young friends,
Whose lips were scarcely wont to rest long silent,
By twos and threes, close as the narrow path
Would give them leave. But one among them all
Lagged in the rear alone, suffered the reins
Loosely to lie upon his horse's neck,
Who moved but slowly forward, bending down
To sniff the grass and herbs, while his young master
Hung idly in the saddle, with his head
Bowed on his breast, lost in some dreamy thought,
Heedless of brushing vine or showering branch,
And all unconscious how from time to time
One of the others, turning in his seat,
Cast back at him a furtive, smiling glance,
And drew his shoulders up.
And so at length
They came to where the trunks stood far apart,
And the low shrubs more dense, the light poured in
With fuller flood, and the dim forest ended,
And swiftly now emerged upon a plain
That rolled before them far and wide, and broke
Into small hills and level valleys, sweet
With soft, young, tufted grass and delicate flowers,
That dripped with shimmering freshness like the wood,
While in the distance, bathed in rosy sheen,
The towers and domes of the Eternal City
Rose up, a fair, familiar sight.
"Look you,"
One of the friends said now, and glanced around,
"How all the hills, that in the winter time
Wear but a sober tint of purple brown,
Have taken on their bright green summer robe
E'en now, so early in the year!"
"Ay, like
Some fair, vain woman!" cried another gayly,
"Who cannot oft and swift enough exchange
Her most enchanting robes for others new,
And more enchanting still!"
And then a third,
Pointing to where a rocky height rose up,
Crowned by a cloister's stern, gray walls, "See where
The pious women of the Hill walk forth,
To catch a breath of air! Vespers are done,
But still methinks their hands are clasped in prayer,
And hark, they chant! Ay, how the golden light
Plays o'er their sombre garments and white veils,
And seems to cast a moment's gleam of joy
Into their barren lives! Well, surely these
Have done with worldly pride and vanity!"
And when the other laughed and would have answered,
A fourth exclaimed, "Who 's this that o'er the plain
Comes spurring towards us there?"
Shading their eyes,
They watched the approaching rider, and then all
Cried out in chorus, "Ay, it is the Count!
I know him by his waving yellow plumes,
And his long mantle! Look you! how the clasp
Flashes upon his breast!"
A moment more,
And he was close to them and checked his horse,
Received with noisy greetings and loud cries
Of "Well met, Count!" and "Welcome, Baldassar!"
"What brings you here so late?" "A thousand pities
You were not with us first; you cannot know
All you have missed!" "Ay, what a precious gem,
A pearl of rarest lustre, we found hid
Deep in the woods!"
The other smiled. "Good friends,
I am rejoiced to find you, and perceive
That the great shower washed none of you away!
But where 's my Sanzio? Ah, I see him there,
Wrapped in deep meditation, it appears!"
Glancing at him who, fallen far behind,
Unconscious still of all that passed, marked not
That a new-comer joined the rest, nor heard
The babble of the merry tongues, now wholly
Loosed from the unwonted spell of silence. "Well,
Let 's halt till he comes up!"
The horses stood
And, with their heads together, curiously
Gazed each upon the other with great eyes,
Or mildly snuffed his neighbor's outstretched nose.
"But pray where found you shelter from the storm?
And what is this I 've missed, — that precious gem
Found in the woods?" asked Baldassar again,
Of the friend next him. "Oh, all that," cried he,
"Hangs by the self same thread! The stealthy storm
Surprised us in the woods and scarce gave warning.
The daylight turned to sudden night, — a flash,
A clap of thunder, and the first great drops, —
It seemed but one brief moment. We, dismayed,
Scattered in haste, rode aimless here and there,
In quest of rock or tree to shelter us,
And so came to a clearing and a house
Just on the forest's edge, and well content
Dismounted, drew the horses 'neath a shed,
And knocked upon the door By all the Saints,
I tell you when 't was opened, Baldassar,
We well-nigh all of us, just as we stood,
On the wet ground, beneath the streaming rain,
Had dropped upon our knees! A fairer vision,
A face and form, a brow and lip and eye,
Of rarer grace, your sight ne'er lit upon,
Than in the sweetest maid, who bade us there
Enter and welcome!"
"Every one of us,
Lost instantly his stricken heart to her!"
Another cried. And yet another,
"Ay,
Bold Cupid stood upon her shapely shoulders,
Sat in her eyes, — what though 't is true enough,
They were cast down with blushing modesty! —
And nestled in the ringlets of her hair,
Plying his deadly trade, — let fly his shafts
In all directions, swift and merciless,
Till none escaped unscathed!"
"But yet you bear
Your wounds with much heroic fortitude!"
Said Baldassare, smiling, and the one
Who first had spoken, "Ay, but there is one
In whom methinks the rankling dart sits deep!"
Nodding towards Sanzio.
"Nay. Giovanni, hush!"
The other cried, in earnest, lowered tones,
"I know those dreamy moods full well in him,
And ever stand aside in reverent awe!
Who knows what vision of immortal beauty,
What heavenly fair Madonna, or sweet Saint,
To grow to shape beneath his cunning hand,
And keep his memory green from age to age,
Rises e'en now within his spirit's eye!
Let us not rudely jar or break those dreams,
Lest we might prove us robbers, in advance,
Of the world's proudest treasures!"
"Oh no, no!"
Giovanni said, and laughed, yet sank his voice, —
"Good Baldassare, have no fear! I swear
'T is but a very earthly little Saint,
Who this time holds his heart and senses bound!"
"And pray who is she? what her name and state?"
"I know not. It appears they live with folks, —
She and a grandam whom she calls but mother, —
Who like a thousand others till the soil.
But these two of far finer stuff are made
Than other common peasants, and we heard
Her name is Benedetta."
It might be
That word had roused him as it reached his ear,
For Sanzio raised his head and gazed around
With a deep, long-drawn sigh, and then at last,
But with a kindling eye, saw Baldassar,
And suddenly seizing on his idle reins
Rode swiftly up, and with a grave, sweet smile,
Reached out his hand.
They turned their horses' heads,
And all together now, at swifter pace,
Moved towards the city, while the waning light
Fast faded from the purpling hills: the Count
With Sanzio first, the others following close,
Discoursing endlessly of this and that.
But ever in the midst of friendly converse,
Sanzio from time to time did back again
To sudden thoughtful silence for a space,
And his companion, smiling to himself,
Would check his ready flow of speech, suspend
A phrase half finished, unperceived by him,
And patiently delay till he looked up,
Ere he concluded.
Thus they rode erelong
In at the gates, and clattered through the streets,
Where the gray shadows of swift-falling eve
Lay gathered, and the mellow twilight hung
But with a last, faint, rosy flush, high up
'Mid topmost spires and windows.
At the door
Of Sanzio's stately mansion, they cried down
A gay good-night to him, as he alighted,
And then with laughing words and loud farewells,
And promises to meet again, dispersed,
Each hastening on his separate way alone.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Concluded from page 75.)

THE total loss of the letters written by Chopin from Paris to his relations and friends in Poland was an irreparable one for any biographer, not only on account of all they must have contained in reference to the many historical and artistic celebrities with whom he came in contact at that period, but still more for the sake of the clearer light they would have shed on his own life and state of mind at the time, though he might have

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but half revealed this in his correspondence. It was difficult to induce one so profound and serious to converse on the subject of love or friendship; questions having such a bearing were always parried with amiable satire or refined badinage. The letters given in that part of Karasowski's biography which treats of Chopin's early youth are as charming — though in a different manner — as those of Mendelssohn, who scarcely excelled Chopin in social accomplishments and literary cultivation. All the information given by Karasowski respecting the first twenty years of Chopin's life — of many details of which we were ignorant — is valuable and interesting; but this biographer, possibly unable to take the steps necessary to obtain a fuller knowledge of Chopin's life in Paris, and apparently influenced by his own prejudices, and not altogether unreasonably so by the regrets and opinions of Chopin's relations, endeavors to persuade us that the composer's early death was in a great measure owing to the disenchantment of his Parisian experience. But, though not all those "whom the gods love die young," Chopin seems to have been one of those who are fated to do so. His sister Emilie died of consumption in early youth; from this fact we may suppose that disease to have been hereditary in the family. In French journals of that time, Chopin's death was attributed to a combination of asthma and consumption. He told Fétis, who knew him well, that he was of so delicate a constitution in childhood that he merely vegetated for several years. The servants of the Chopin family in Poland said that Frédéric's "mind was sick;" though chiefly on account of his excessive love of study, and his unhealthy habit of rising in the middle of the night, to improvise at the piano-forte. At the time of the Polish outbreak, his parents forbade him to join the insurrectionists "on account of the delicate state of his health." In 1837, a year before his meeting with George Sand, his first decided attack of disease of the lungs had occurred. Liszt says he was so weak when he went with the Duderant family to Majorca that no one expected to see him return alive; but in spite of that rainy winter on the island, his health was so much benefited by the change, and the care he received, that he remained comparatively well for some years afterwards. The air of Majorca, the life and character of the place, were certainly favorable to his mental productivity, since, besides the Préludes, he composed more than a dozen works there; and his best compositions were written during the years following, in the rue Pigale, or the square d'Orléans at Paris, or at Nohant, under the influence of that gentle scenery, and the society of artists and people of distinction who were invited thither by Mme. Sand, among them some of Chopin's old friends, who rejoiced to find his gayety, wit, and geniality as great as they formerly were, in early youth. How inspiring, how poetic was this life, of which Mme. Sand was the guiding spirit, we learn from one or two anecdotes which Karasowski gives us as reported by the relations of Chopin. In further proof of this, and of the kindness and care of the *châtelaine* towards her guests, I translate a few passages from the recently published letters of Delacroix, some of which were written from Nohant, where he was visiting, to friends in Paris: "This is a most agreeable place, and nowhere can one find more amiable hosts. When we are not together at breakfast, dinner, billiards, or walking, one is in one's room reading, or lounging on the sofa. Through the open window, looking upon the garden, I hear snatches of Chopin's music, for he practices on his side of the house; it blends with the song of birds and the fragrance of roses. You see I am not to be pitied, yet labor is necessary to add its grain of salt to all this life of ease, which I ought to purchase by a little brain work. . . . My health has greatly improved since I came here. I have grown passionately fond of billiards, in which I take lessons every day. We have delightful conversations on the subjects that please me best, and music by fits and starts; but I must do something, so I am amusing myself with Maurice, the son of the house, and we have undertaken to paint a Saint Anne for the parish church. . . . We expected Balzac; he did not come, and I am not sorry, for his talkativeness would have broken up the harmony of this nonchalance, which lulls me so pleasantly; walking, billiards, a little painting and music, — more than enough to fill one's time! . . . I have many a long *tête-à-tête* with Chopin; I love him sincerely; he is a man of rare distinction of character, and, more than that, the truest artist I ever met. He is one of the small number of people whom I admire and esteem equally. Mme. Sand is at present a sufferer from weak eyes and violent headaches, which she bears with the kindest fortitude, to avoid giving us pain by the knowledge of hers. The recent event has been a ball given on the lawn of the *château* to the peasants of the neighborhood, accompanied by the best *cornemuse* players in the country. The type of these country people is gentle and good-natured; though real beauty is uncommon, ugliness is rare among them. The women have much of that soft expression often met with in pictures by the old masters. They are all Saint Anns."

After the inroads of disease began to tell continuously on Chopin's mind as well as on his physical well-being, and especially after his father's death, he became not unfrequently the victim of fantastic hallucinations; like Hamlet, he imagined himself haunted by his father's ghost. Yet this excess of gloomy imaginativeness should not be attributed to the jealousy, disappointment, or regrets of this period of his life, as it always characterized him. As early as his twentieth year he wrote to his friend Titus Woyciechowski: "How often I take day for night, and night for day! How much time I lose in dreams and reveries! and instead of gaining strength from this stupefaction, I am tormented by it . . . My heart always beats in syncopation, so to speak. . . . When shall we meet again? Perhaps never; for, seriously, my health is miserable. I appear gay, especially when with my own relations; but my deepest feelings are troubled by sad presentiments, unrest, bad dreams, sleeplessness, indifference, desire for death, and then desire for life. Sometimes it seems as though my spirit had congealed, and then I feel a heavenly repose within my heart; and then again I behold pictures from which I cannot tear my imagination, and which pain me to excess. It is an indescribable mingling of sensations. . . . Should I leave Warsaw, I fear it would be never to return. I feel convinced that I should then bid farewell to home forever. Oh, how painful it must be to die elsewhere than in the spot where we were born! How it would grieve me to see around my bed of death only an indifferent physician and a hired servant, instead of the faces of those who are near and dear!"

In a letter written in 1831 to his master, Elsner, Chopin gave very practical, honorable, and noble reasons for his determination to become at first a pianist rather than a composer by profession, intending, however, to make the former only an eventual stepping-stone to the higher calling, and never meaning to lose sight of his aim "to create a new era in the history of art." How far has he — who remained true to the dreams of his youth as much as was humanly possible — fulfilled his aim? Strictly speaking, he has *not* created "a new era," even in his own branch of composition. But his works constitute a remarkable, original, and unique *episode* in art history; one too poetic and rife with lovely suggestiveness ever to be lost sight of; one as significant, in the development of musical art, as to his own artistic development was that episode in which, he said, his "whole life" was contained, and which has formed the subject of this study.

[My readers will observe that I have occasionally quoted from the *first* edition of Karasowski's biography of Chopin; the *second* edition has recently appeared, announced by its author as "completely revised, with additional letters." I shall consult this, hoping to find in it some fuller record of Chopin's life in Paris, before arranging the above study for separate publication. — F. R. R.]

ERNST FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY F. J. SAWYER, S. MUS.

Many a musician throughout Europe and America will hear, with deep regret, of the death, on the 9th of this month, of Professor Ernst Friedrich Richter. I shall if there ever was a master so universally beloved and respected as "dear old Papa Richter," as he was often called. Those who have studied under him — who remember his pleasant and cheerful way, yet strict and thorough method, — his kind word for the persevering, his disgust and dislike of the conceited and lazy, the high standard of art to which he pointed them, will deeply regret the news of his death. He was such a master as one rarely finds, so wise and kind, and yet so thorough. Would we could point to many like him, but we cannot. To say his fame was universal would be fully true. His excellent book on Harmony, after passing through twelve editions in his own country, has appeared in America, translated by John P. Morgan, in Russia translated by another pupil of the old cantor, and also in England by Franklin Taylor, a translation in no way equal to the original.

Ernst Friedrich Edward Richter was born near Zittau, October 24, 1808, and was, therefore, in his seventy-first year. His father was schoolmaster at Gross-Schönau, a man of good repute and position. His son received from him his first instruction, going after-

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wards to the Gymnasium (college) at Zittau. Here he found in the school choir an opening for his musical talents, which had already developed themselves, and, working studiously at composition, he soon became conductor of the choir and obtained for it much applause at its sacred and secular performances. Once more he moved, this time to Leipzig, where he entered the university, and attended the usual course of philosophy and theology, but also working on at his music under Weinlich, who was then occupying the post of cantor to the Thomas School. During this time he founded and conducted the Zittauer Gesangverein, and on the death of Pohlenz was elected to the direction of the Singakademie. When, through the energy of Felix Mendelssohn, the Leipzig Conservatorium came into existence, Richter was chosen with Moritz Hauptmann as Professor of Harmony. But what a galaxy of talent was then on the staff of Europe's greatest music school! Mendelssohn, Robert and Clara Schumann, Ferdinand David, Hauptmann, and Richter! It is truly no wonder that, with such an impetus as this start gave, the Leipzig Conservatorium has ever been the foremost amongst our European musical institutes.

Here it was that Richter was thrown into contact with Mendelssohn, and to this we owe the production of the excellent treatises on Harmony, Counterpoint, and Fugue, which have since appeared. For Mendelssohn, with that quick perception of another's powers, had urged on his colleague the writing of a work which would serve as the text-book for the Conservatorium. Richter, however, with that large amount of self-criticism which he possessed, worked long at his book, and so not before 1853 did the long-expected "Treatise on Harmony" appear. Two years previously he had been appointed organist of the church of St. Peter, and in 1862, together with this post, organist to the New Church, and also a little later to the Nicolai Kirche. On the 31 January, 1868, Moritz Hauptmann died, and Richter was unanimously chosen to succeed to the post of cantor of the Thomas School, he being the eighth who had held the place since it was filled by John Sebastian Bach (the exact line of succession being Bach, Harrer, Doles, Hiller, Müller, Schicht, Weinlich, Hauptmann, and Richter). To this post no one could have been better fitted. His early scholastic training, his keen practical methods, rendered him in every way peculiarly adapted to the work, and thus under his careful supervision a steady reformation began. The "Kirchcumusik" (orchestral productions at the Sunday services from Easter to Trinity) were reintroduced, and motets were learnt and old ones re-studied (Reduer). From the 13th October, 1868, he steadily worked on with his choir until their singing became noted throughout the whole of Germany.

But the Conservatorium ever remained the centre of his work, and from thence he has sent out, to fill the best musical positions in all parts of the globe, pupils who will long live as bright examples of his excellent teaching. His mild and gentle spirit seemed always to try to find the best side of everything. Only once can I remember him put out, and that was over Verdi's Requiem, a work the music of which is so vastly different from the masses of either Mozart, Cherubini, or Brahms, that it might well arouse a purist of Richter's type. When his criticism was to be obtained it was always keenly true. Once he was asked what he thought of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." He replied, "Lieber Herr ——, I will only say, I don't think Rossini understood Latin," — a criticism as mild as it was accurate.

His compositions include psalms for chorus and orchestra, motets, two masses, a "Stabat Mater" (voices only), part songs, string quartets and sonatas, and also pieces for organ and for piano. But it is his treatise on the theory of music that will keep Professor Richter's name from oblivion. As already mentioned, two English editions have appeared: one in London (printed without Richter's leave, by the way) by Mr. Franklin Taylor, which must by no means be accepted as a translation, but merely as a very moderate adaptation; the other, unfortunately little known in this country, printed with Richter's consent by John P. Morgan, in New York. The latter translation is most carefully done, and forms a strong contrast to the English edition.[1] On last Good Friday, the 150th anniversary of the first production of Bach's "Matthew Passion," the dear old cantor and beloved professor was laid to his last rest, accompanied to his grave by the solemn sound of the beautiful choral, "Jesu, meine Zuversicht." More hearty regret has rarely filled the hearts of those standing round a musician's grave. Once more the notes of his choir arose in Bach's beautiful melody to "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden," and then with a last look at his coffin the crowd dispersed. But though gone to his last rest, the memory of many of us will long cherish, as one of the truest artists, most thorough musicians and excellent teachers, that we have ever met, the name of Ernst Friedrich Richter. — *London Mus. Standard, April 26.*

THE ZERRAHN TESTIMONIAL: BOSTON, MAY 2, 1879.

THAT evening's performance of the Oratorio of "Elijah" by the Handel and Haydn Society, in the Music Hall, marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the engagement of Mr. Carl Zerrahn as conductor, a position he has held with honor and marked ability uninterruptedly during the entire period. Before the performance, the society, as usual, assembled in Bumstead Hall, where the esteemed beneficiary was presented with a beautiful gold medal and full scores of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "St. Paul," and "The Hymn of Praise," the medal from the gentlemen of the chorus, and the scores from the ladies. The presentation speech, made by President C. C. Perkins, was as follows: —

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, I am requested by the ladies and gentlemen members of the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society in their name to convey to you, who have been for so many years their ever zealous conductor, certain presents in token of their sense of the unfailing ardor with which you have discharged the duties of your office, and in recognition of the important services which you have rendered to the society during the last quarter of the century.

They feel that you have enabled them to gain a deeper appreciation of the beauties of the oratorios which they have studied under your direction; that by your conscientious and judicious criticism you have taught them to sing the choral works of the great composers in a manner which has not only maintained, but greatly increased, the reputation of the society of which they are members. Their gratitude to you is in proportion to their pride in the position which it holds among the musical societies of America, to their deep and lasting affection for it, and their earnest wishes for its prosperity and improvement.

As the work in which the Handel and Haydn Society is engaged is the efficient production of oratorios of the great composers, and as the use to which this work has been accomplished owes much of its excellence to you, the lady members of the chorus thought it not inappropriate to offer you, in testimonial of their high regard, the orchestral scores of some of the oratorios which they have performed under your conductorship; and as you yourself are fit to adopt the "Elijah" for perf-rmance this evening, they have charged me with the agreeable duty of presenting to you the various scores written by the composer of that great work which was performed in the Music Hall under your direction in 1854, when you first assumed the baton, and will be given to-night in honor of the completion of your twenty-fifth season as conductor. Considering it desirable that you should also carry away with you, in memory of this notable occasion, a gift over which, by reason of its material, time can have but little power, the gentlemen members of the chorus have directed me to offer you on their behalf a gold medal, bearing on its obverse the device of the Handel and Haydn Society, and on its reverse an inscription setting forth the date and the circumstances of its presentation.

While offering you these presents, I feel that I am but expressing the feeling of the donors when I say that they hope that your future career may be as honorable and useful as that which reflects so much credit upon your past life, and that you may long maintain your connection with a society which owes you so much, and would fain owe you more.

Mr. Zerrahn, in reply, spoke as follows: —

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Mr. President, let me say that I feel on this occasion a great deal more than I can express. Even had I designed to prepare anything to say, my head has been for the past two days in a perfect whirlpool. I thank you for your kindness to me, and for the testimonials of your regard, but I can hardly express myself as I would. There is one thing, however, I can say. If the government of your society never had paid me a dollar, if I never had received any testimonial at your hands, and if this concert never had been given, I should feel that I was richly repaid by the honor of having stood before you for so many years. If I am again chosen to be your conductor, I shall spare no endeavors to continue to merit your appreciation.

The medal is very rich and elegant, in oblong form, and depends from a pin of gold. On the obverse is finely engraved the seal of the society, so familiar to all patrons of the oratorio concerts, inasmuch as it appears on all the programmes; and upon the sides are the years "1854" and "1879," while the name, "Carl Zerrahn," appears upon the cross-bar of the pin. On the reverse is the following inscription: "Presented to Carl Zerrahn by the Handel and Haydn Society on the completion of his twenty-fifth year as their conductor. Boston, May 2, 1879."

The Music Hall was crowded when the chorus entered, and the appearance of Mr. Zerrahn, wearing the insignia of his quarter-century of distinguished service, was the signal for prolonged applause by the society and audience as of one accord. The front of the stage was decorated with flowers in a very tasteful manner. An elaborate floral device, several feet in height, occupied the centre near the conductor's stand. At its summit was a crimson star, and below the inscription, worked in flowers, "1854. C. Z. 1879." A laurel wreath formed a part of this elegant and fragrant ornament, and a wreath of flowers, said to be the offering of Miss Anna Louise Cary, handed up when Mr. Zerrahn first made his appearance, was hung upon the conductor's stand. One of the other tributes received by the beneficiary in the course of the evening was a porcelain horse-shoe, quaintly decorated with flowers — the gift of Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff — transmitted through the hands of Miss Fanny Kellogg. The decorations were painted by the donor.

The rendering of the oratorio was undoubtedly one of the finest, artistically, ever heard here. The chorus sang in their great numbers, "Yet doth the Lord," "Blessed are the men," "Thanks be to God," and "He, watching over Israel," with more than wonted fire, fervency, and effect, and

[1] The excellent translation by J. C. D. Parker (Boston, O. Ditson & Co.) should also be mentioned. — ED.

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the Baal choruses were also admirably sung. The striking novelty of the performance was the host of soloists, changing as the oratorio progressed from floor to stage and back again, and relieving each other in relays. All were volunteers, and their names are Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Mrs. J. R. Ellison, Mrs. Abby Clark Ford, Mrs. Annie L. Fowler, Mrs. J. W. Weston, Miss Sarah C. Fisher, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Helen A. Russell, Mr. J. C. Collins, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. Clarence E. Hay, Mr. A. C. Ryder, Mrs. C. C. Noyes, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Agnes Giles Spring, Mrs. Julia Houston-West, Miss Ita Welsh, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. D. M. Babcock, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. John F. Winch, Master William H. Lee. Two others, Messrs. Myron W. Whitney and William J. Winch, took part in the public rehearsal Thursday afternoon. Mr. John F. Winch's singing of the "Elijah" numbers was remarkably rich in expressive feeling, and really moving to the audience, as was evident in the effect made with "It is enough." Miss Emily Winant likewise created a deep impression with her "Oh, rest in the Lord," which was redemanded with one unanimous, strong, and prolonged burst of applause. Her rich and uniform contralto, producing its tones without guttural forcing or subterfuge of any kind, was governed by a very sound and discriminating intelligence as to dramatic sentiment, drawing the line between coldness and "o'erstepping the modesty of nature" with a good taste that appears instinctive. Mrs. Houston-West succeeded well in "Hear ye, Israel," and her recitative towards the close. Mr. Fessenden's delivery of the tenor part was with his well known refinement and tenderness, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie registered the great improvement his voice and style have made since his former appearance in this music. Master W. H. Lee, in the music of "The Youth," displayed the correctness of his training in a very beautiful performance of his brief task. Mrs. H. M. Smith was in fine voice, and sang "The Widow's" music with admirable breadth and warmth and full effect. Miss Ita Welsh and Miss Kellogg were also heard at their best. The concerted numbers were not all equally well done, but "Lift thine eyes" was finely sung by Miss Kellogg, Miss Fisher, and Mrs. Ellison, and another concerted piece, especially well given, was the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," sung by Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Collins, and Mr. Ryder. Altogether, the performance was exceptionally fine, and one to be long remembered. — *Transcript, May* 3.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS BY MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

VI.

(1877.) It 's a good thing to study with Couture. Anything is good which gives you a start, and makes you want to work. He does certain things admirably. I 'm glad that I went to him, and I 'm glad that I left him when I did. When you think of Millet — that 's different enough. There 's more humanity in one of his haycocks than in anything that Couture can do.

I owe a great deal to Thomas Couture; more, in a certain sense, than I do to any one else. But I don't approve of his method. I think it is uncertain and unsatisfactory to put on thin color in that way. His principles are admirable. He has taught people to give their work the true, broad, out-of-door look; and, in that way, has done a great deal of good. Troyon would not have been half the painter that he was, without Couture. You would not recognize his early work: earnest and digging; but hard and dry. It was from Couture and Diaz, and those men, that he learned the things which make people love his work. The critics may as well believe that the artist who painted the *Décadence Romaine* at twenty-one had a few more tools than they are ever likely to know the use of. I want no one ever to think me ungrateful to him. At the same time, I don't paint in his method, and don't want to. Even before I left his atelier I had begun to paint differently. The head of the "Jewess," and that of the Dutchwoman which I painted for the "Fortune-Teller," show that; and he acknowledged it. My way of working, and of teaching too, is utterly different. Why, you can hardly find Couture's name in my little book. Certainly, only one or two things which he told me are quoted there. When did I ever tell *you* to try to paint like Couture? Or when did I ever give you a *receipt* for painting at all? It would be unjust to Couture and to me to pretend that I ever held him up in that way.

As for what is called French Art, it 's a bad phrase, and I 'm sorry that men like John Everett Millais should talk about the "French *School*," as if it were all one thing. Those men form no school. Some of them have schools of their own, but they are as different as can be. Some of their work I dislike as much as any one can; but they have among them more knowledge of painting than exists in any other country. Even the new Munich School grows out of French ideas, and is not truly German.

I like Duveneck's work; although that sort of painting of stuffs is not my aim in art. There 's no use in painting unless you have something to say by it.

Literary critics can't appreciate art, because they don't work at it. It takes as much love to rightly criticize a picture as it does to paint it. Why, Théophile Gautier, one of the best of them, came and told Couture that if he did n't do this and that to his picture he would n't notice it in his review of the Salon. To which Couture replied, "You will be obliged to notice it under penalty of being thought an imbecile!"

What a proposal to make to a painter! Besides, the critics know that people like to see faults pointed out. It is comparatively stupid to admire, when you can so easily join in detraction and slander. Really great work can never be fully appreciated, because only the men who did it can appreciate it. And yet plenty of young fellows write about Michael Angelo's faults! What a privilege it would be for him to hear them!

(To be continued.)

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

A LETTER FROM FLORENCE.

My dear Dwight, — There has been what is called, in the grandiose phrase of this region, a "solemn exposition" of some rare art products, the sale of which shall swell the fund for the completion of the Façade of the Duomo.

The grand building itself reached its elevation and finish by successive throes of the religious heart ever since the time of Dante, until

"Love and terror laid the tiles."

But the front, like that of many another Italian cathedral, and notably the San Lorenzo in Florence, has remained incomplete, its rough rubble-work showing more unsightly in contrast to the lace-like marble traceries of Giotto's Bell Tower, that rises beside it into the blue air, and swings over the historic town now, as in the day of Savonarola, a weltering boom of sound.

But the pictures. These are a gift from the munificent Prince Demidoff, and are at first sight disappointing, as they consist entirely of sketches by modern masters, on some of which Death has set his ineffaceable seal of rarity and increased value.

"What misers are we to the toil,
What spendthrifts to the name!"

Here is a sketch, by Horace Vernet, of cannoneers in the act of running a piece of ordnance back from an embrasure in order to reload. It has the strain, the fierce, objective, decisive stroke of this great battle painter. There is a flower-piece by Jacquemart, who rivaled Jan Steen, and the best of the old Flemings in presenting by pigments the verisimilitude of liquids in glass. What interested me most was a charcoal landscape, by Th. Rousseau, with its sculpturesque economy of line, — few strokes and infinite suggestion. In another part of the Accademia is exhibited, simply for the artist's benefit, a new statue in plaster of Cleopatra, where skillful handling, costume, and accessories are, according to the modern Italian method, made to take the place of informing expression; so that we see not the character but only a pert, fantastic metamorphosis of the immortal queen.

Owing to deep snows in the Alps, and extending along the spinal column of the Apennines, the spring has opened late in Florence. The almond, apricot, and peach, which blossom usually in February, did this year "take the winds of *March* with beauty." On the 18th of that month I saw the first lizard of the spring. The cunning little footed snake had tided over Saint Patrick's Day, and came out fresh on the following morning. He was clinging to the bark of an evergreen oak, his tail so near the color as scarcely to be distinguishable from it, but his back of a spotted, greenish gold. I watched him quietly, when a man came down the walk and stopped beside me. Without turning head I glanced toward the man, then instantly back to the lizard. He was gone! He had vanished in the division of a glance.

Only yesterday, after a heavy rain, the clouds rolled away from Monte Morello, showing his three peaks like billows heaving towards the east, and all crested with snow. An hour after, under the spring sun, not a vestige of white remained upon those summits; but the piled masses of Vallombrosa and the great Carrara crag still outline with snow against the blue this lovely Val d'Arno, gray with olive, green with wheat, and plumed with immemorial pines.

Elva and I were walking one afternoon up that magnificent avenue of pines, cypresses, cedar, and evergreen oak that leads to the old Ducal Palace, when the strange note of a bird in sad undertone drew our attention and stopped our talk. That was a nightingale. Her song came with a throb, as if the bird were all heart, and her heart all music, and the music all melancholy; as if it were the dream and passion and memory of an imprisoned human soul made audible. Her nest is in that cypress.

This avenue is on the way to Galileo's Tower, and Milton may well have trod it when visiting the "Tuscan artist."

Tempel, a short, round German astronomer and enthusiast, has the post of professor at the Observatory of Florence. This is built on a spur of the same eminence where stands the old Tower of Galileo. Tempel is hospitable, cordial, to an inspiring degree, a living proof that

"Spring makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told."

He seems by evidence of comparative photographs to have defined certain nebulæ better than any other astronomer. His "nature is subdued," or rather elevated "to what it works in," — he has become a globe! As we left the genial pres-

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ence of this companion of the stars, I mused how different was his honored lot from the dungeon of Galileo. The world moves.

I began with an intention of sending you a letter on art, but have done little more than indicate certain aspects of nature. Yet I know you will accept the record in remembrance of a deep saying by Sir Thomas Browne, that "Nature is the art of God." ODO.

FLORENCE, *April* 24, 1879.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

CONCERTS.

MR. GEORGE L. OSGOOD'S Concert, at Mechanics' Hall, Wednesday evening, May 7, was one of the most interesting and unique that we have had. Indeed, it was full of most charming matter charmingly interpreted. There was variety, there was freshness, there were choicest songs and choruses without stint, and there was excellent relief of instrumental pieces for the most part new and striking. The only fault that could be found was the great length of the following programme, of which, however, no one wished to lose a single number.

(1.) Choruses —
a. "Benedictus," (1590) . . *Giovanni Gabrieli.*
For three chorus, in twelve real parts.
b. "Ave Verum," . . . . . *Mozart.*
With accompaniment of piano-forte and string quartet.
(2.) Quartet in B-flat major, Op. 41 . . *Saint-Saëns.*
For piano, violin, viola, and 'cello.
(3.) Song Series, "Frauen-Liebe und Leben." *Schumann.*
The words by Von Chamisso.
(4.) Chorus, "May Dew," Op. 80, No. 1 . *Rheinberger.*
(5.) Piano-forte solo — "Benediction de Dieu dans la solitude." . . . . . *Liszt.*
From the "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses."
(6.) Suite of Spring Songs . . . . . *Franz.*
a. "Tis the dark green leaves," Op. 20, No. 5.
b. "The moon's to rest declining," Op. 17, No. 2.
c. "When the earth from slumber," Op. 22, No. 3.
d. "Mid blossomy shew," Op. 14, No. 2.
e. "Thro' the wheat and the corn," Op. 33, No. 3.
f. "The hills are green," Op. 14, No. 3.
(7.) Three Characteristic Numbers . . . *Rubinstein.*
a. Songs :
{ (1.) "There was a monarch golden."
{ (2.) "As sings the lark."
b. Chorus — "The Pine Tree," Op. 39, No. 3.
c. First movement of the Trio in B-flat major, Op. 52.
For piano, violin, and 'cello.
(8.) Chorus, "Laughing and Crying." . . . *Schubert.*

For the choruses, Mr. Osgood had expressly trained a mixed choir of fifty sweet, fresh, telling voices, and their execution was remarkably effective and refined. The *Benedictus* by Gabrieli, composed four years before the death of Palestrina, proved a most exquisite, one might say heavenly piece of purely vocal harmony; the effect of its three beautifully alternating and blending four-part choirs (one of 1st, 2d, and 3d soprano and tenor, one mixed, and one of tenor and 1st, 2d, and 3d bass), was of something so serene, so pure and far above the world, that to hear it was to feel as one may when gazing up into the clear blue sky entirely rapt and lost. Shall it shake this testimony of soul and sense to be told that its beauty is "staid and formal," and that it has but "the interest which attaches to a curiosity?" Mozart's *Ave Verum* is a well-known gem and model of a more sensuous kind of four-part composition; never had we heard it sung so perfectly before. (Mr. G. W. Sumner took the piano, and Messrs. Allen, Akeroyd, Heindl, and Fries the string accompaniments.) Rheinberger's "May Dew" chorus (words from Uhland), and Rubinstein's to Heine's "Pine-Tree" dreaming of the Palm, are each instinct with fine imaginative feeling,—the music sensitively true to every thought and image of the words. These too were sung with rare grace and delicacy, and with true expression. The quaint, half sad, half playful Schubert chorus, "Laughing and Crying," closed the concert well. In the Thematic Catalogue we find it only as a song,—one of a set of four, which includes the ever beautiful "Du bist die Ruh'," remote as possible from this in mood and character!

Mr. Osgood's song selections were of the choicest. The most important was that cycle of eight songs by Schumann, "Woman's Love and Life," which he was the first to sing to us three years ago. Hardly can we conceive of a more delicate or bolder undertaking either for the poet (Chamisso, represented on the programme by Baskerville's translation), or the composer, or the singer. The latter should by good rights be a woman, for the songs describe the most ideal, most absorbing, and most private experience of a woman's life: the first awakening of the tender passion, the worship of "the noblest among all," the dream of blissful union, the calling upon the sisters to help deck her for the wedding, the sad thought of parting from them, the new joy of maternity, and finally the grief of widowhood, the song of despair, like Thekla's "Ich habe gelebt and geliebet!" Schumann's music gives new inwardness and delicacy and fervor to the poetry, which is already remarkable for these qualities, and Mr. Osgood's singing, with Mr. Lang's accompaniment, was worthy of them both. The fervor of the interpretation was unaffected; there was none of the sentimentality which one shrinks from, and the entire expression was refined and chaste. The suite of Spring Songs was happily chosen out of Franz's inexhaustible garden, where the fresh wild flowers and birds of song appear to be perennial. He sang them all in German, while translations by himself and others were printed for the audience. The spirit and the charm of each were finely reproduced both in the singing and in Mr. Lang's accompaniment. The same may be said of the two fine songs by Rubinstein, so different in character, "The Page" ("There was a monarch olden"), a tragical and simple ballad about the "old, old story," and "As sings the lark," which soars to a pitch of uncontainable ecstasy, in a breathless 12-8 rhythm, and returns to reason in two lines of common time. This last Mr. Osgood sang in English, with irresistible fervor and with powerful crescendo; more than any song it carried his audience away, and had to be repeated.

Of the instrumental numbers, the strangest and most novel, and in some respects most interesting, was the Quartet in B-flat by Saint-Saëns, for piano-forte, violin, viola, and 'cello. The Allegretto has a rather moody, fragmentary character, with a light and airy first theme, mostly in octaves, worked up later with a strong and nervous second theme in triplets, the piano-forte dealing largely in arpeggios. There is originality and brightness in it all. The Andante makes not at all the impression of an Andante on the hearer. For it is in the main a most willful, stubborn movement, full of angry bursts, and rushing, scouring blasts; it is only when occasionally in one or another instrument you hear a bar or two of evenly divided choral melody, that you perceive the movement to be Andante. It is a strange, wild, tempestuous thing. The third movement, a sort of 6-8 Scherzo, crisp and piquant, is genial and highly entertaining; but there is more of the madcap demoniacal than of the fairy fancy in it; what a sullen rage in that long cadenza of the violin, mostly in the low tones, and every note forzando! The finale (Allegro) is a broad, rich movement, leading back into the theme of the Allegretto. Mr. Lang played the piano part superbly, and was ably supported by Messrs. Allen, Heindl, and Wulf Fries. Mr. Lang's interpretation of Liszt's "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," was altogether admirable; yet we cannot, after repeated hearings, get over the feeling that the composition is somewhat vague and prolix, in spite of its undeniably serious and noble vein. The movement from the Rubinstein Trio was fine, but suffered from the excess of richness that preceded.

THE CECILIA, in its last concert (May 8) offered a thoroughly delightful entertainment to its usual crowd of associates and friends. It was nothing more nor less than the performance of Mendelssohn's entire music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with orchestra, female (fairy) chorus and solos, conducted by Mr. B. J. Lang, and with an admirable reading of the play by Mr. George Riddle, one of the teachers of elocution in Harvard University. This combination gave rare unity and life and charm to the work as a whole. The quality of Mr. Riddle's voice seems naturally light, but clear, elastic, musical, and sympathetic, and his physique is slender; yet he has somehow developed volume and power enough in it to bring out the tearing tragedy and bombast of Nick Bottom in a most palpable and humorous manner; indeed, one wondered how he could ever so much have any voice at all left for the stately speech of Theseus, the quarrels of Titania and Oberon, the light, delicate, and tricksy humor of Puck (which he gave delightfully), and for such marked, true contrast as he made between nearly all the several characters, both farcical and serious and fairy-like. He read, too, with an evident appreciation of all the musical effects; and, as the orchestra was commonly quite up to the mark, and played with just light and shade and proper phrasing, the fitting together of the reading and the picturesque little snatches of "incidental music" was really exquisite. The set orchestral pieces too,—the Overture, Scherzo, Intermezzo, Wedding March, etc.,—were beautifully played. In the boy yet born, perhaps, in this America, who, as boy or man, will give us such an Overture as that? The work for the Cecilia Club itself was slight, being confined wholly to the ladies, and only two songs with chorus for them, namely, "Ye spotted snakes," and that in which the fairies bless the house at the happy conclusion. These choruses were sung most charmingly, as were the song parts by Mrs. Hooper and Miss Gage. Of all the readings with the music of the Mendelssohn-Shakespeare fairy play that we have had, this as a whole was much the most successful.

The fourth Annual Festival of (Episcopal) Parish Choirs took place on Wednesday evening, May 14, and for the first time in the Music Hall. The choirs of twenty-five churches of Boston and its vicinity completely covered the extended platform; and the sonorous mass was very powerful, the voices of the several boy choirs making themselves extremely prominent. Yet there were many sweet and pure, as well as blatant, voices among the boys, and three or four of them, who took part in solos or quartets, sang very beautifully. Mr. S. B. Whitney conducted the performances with marked ability; and Mr. J. C. Warren officiated as organist, generally well, but as it seemed to us with too much fondness for the roar of the full organ; this we felt particularly in the long voluntary while the audience were assembling. Considering what heterogeneous materials had been brought together, without much rehearsal together, the chorus singing was for the

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most part creditable and quite effective. Could the boy force be tamed down considerably, and more light and shade be introduced throughout, the result would be still better.

The selections on the programme indicated what we presume to be the real object of these festivals, namely, to raise the artistic standard of the musical portion of the church service; to supplant the commonplace and dry, the namby-pamby, sentimental, shallow compositions which have been so much in vogue, by others of more dignity and true expression, conceived and executed in the spirit of true art as well as piety. To a considerable extent this programme realized the aspiration, but not altogether. It was as follows: —

Hymn, "Forth to the fight, ye ransomed," *John Heywood.*
Te Deum Laudamus . . . . . *C. E. Stephens* (in C).
Hymn, "Come unto me, ye weary" . . *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Anthem, "Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord is" . . . . *A. S. Sullivan.*
Anthem, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem" . . . . *E. J. Hopkins.*
Hymn, "O Sacred Head, now wounded," *Hans Leo Hassler.*
Cantate Domino . . . . *Sir John Goss* (in C).
Anthem, "He that shall endure" . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Tenth selection of Psalms { *S. B. Whitney* (in F). *G. A. McFarren* (in A). *Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley* (in E).
Benedic, anima mea . . . . *J. C. D. Parker* (in E).
Anthem, "God hath appointed a day," *Berthold Tours.*
Anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd" . *Henry Smart.*
Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee" . *A. S. Sullivan.*
Anthem, "Sing Praises unto the Lord" . . *C. Gounod.*

The first three numbers hardly rose above commonplace. Mr. Sullivan's Anthem has something more like musical invention; and that which succeeded it, by the accomplished organist of the Temple Church in London, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, seemed to us to come still nearer to the idea of chaste and sound religious music. It was strange, and not particularly edifying to hear the profoundly beautiful and tender Lutheran hymn, "O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden," sung with Hassler's harmony, when it has been harmonized so wonderfully, as we all heard in the Passion Music on Good Friday, by Sebastian Bach; the performance, too, was rather loud and coarse. The *Cantate Domino* (in unison), by Sir John Goss, was of a brilliant and inspiring character. Of course Mendelssohn's "He that shall endure," from *Elijah*, was *facile princeps* among these choral works.

The Psalm chanting, which began the second part, by its monotonous reiterations of the same short sentence, appeared out of place in a concert, where art, not ritual, ought to reign. Mr. Parker's *Benedic, anima mea*, was decidedly one of the best things of the whole, and gave general satisfaction; clear and strong and musician-like throughout, it is very happy in its fugal close. The anthem by Berthold Tours, full chorus alternating with double quartet of boys and men, was on the whole interesting and striking, though perhaps somewhat rambling and indefinite in form. The rest we were obliged to lose. On the whole, we should think these festivals might be efficacious in bringing about a great reform in the music of the church they represent; nor would the influence be limited to one communion.

APOLLO CLUB. — The third pair of concerts of the eighth season took place in the Boston Music Hall on the evenings of the 15th and 20th inst. For both there was the usual crowded and enthusiastic audience, and on both occasions the splendid body of finely trained male voices, full of *esprit de corps*, seemed, if that were possible, to surpass their best previous instances of well-nigh perfect execution. It is hardly worth the while to point out wherein this or that special piece was a shade more or less felicitous than others. The first of these concerts had only the director's (Mr. Lang's) piano-forte accompaniment, highly effective so far as that could go. This was the programme: —

Night on the Ocean . . . . *Brambach.*
(With piano accompaniment.)
"Hail, Smiling Morn" . . . . *Spofforth.*
Piano-forte quintet in E-flat . . . . *Schumann.*
Allegro brillante.
(Played by Mr. Lang, Mr. Allen, Mr. Akeroyd, Mr. H. Heindl, and Mr. W. Fries.)
Absence . . . . *Hatton.*
Rhine-Wine Song . . . . *Liszt.*
(With piano accompaniment.)
Spring Matins, Op. 67 . . . . *Franz Behr.*
For tenor solo, quartet, and chorus.
(The solo sung by Mr. J. C. Collins, the quartet by Mr. Want, Mr. Chubbuck, Mr Harlow, and Mr. Babcock; with piano accompaniment.)
Evening Scene . . . . *Debois.*
Piano-forte quintet, in E-flat . . . . *Schumann.*
Finale.
Serenade — "Slumber, dear one" . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Song, "Ho, pretty page" . . . . *B. J. Lang.*
The words from Thackeray's poem
(Song by Mr. J. F. Winch.)
Hunting Song . . . . *Abt.*
Morning . . . . *Rubinstein.*
(With piano accompaniment.)

The two noblest choral pieces were those at the beginning and the end, especially that by Rubinstein, "Morning," whose elaborate piano-forte prelude and accompaniment suggested the intended orchestral instrumentation which it afterwards received. The two brilliant things were the once well-worn glee by Spofforth, which renewed its youth, sung with such precision, yet such spirit and *abandon*, and Liszt's fiery Rhine-wine song, — a kind of thing in which Liszt is wont to be peculiarly happy and original. Abt's "Hunting Song" is brilliant, too, but comparatively commonplace. The tender, sentimental strains by Hatton and Debois called for and received the most refined and delicate expression, and of course won their way to the common heart. "Spring Matins," by Franz Behr, is an elaborate composition of considerable beauty, but hardly such as haunts one when the sounds have ceased. The Mendelssohn Serenade is one of the most sincerely musical and inward of his for a long time unrivaled part-songs.

Mr. Lang's setting of Thackeray's "Ho, pretty page," catches and reproduces the fine pathetic humor of the verses, and is a fresh, genial, fascinating bit of music. As sung by Mr. Winch it took the audience almost off their feet, and had to be repeated. The two movements from Schumann's Quintet, capitally well played as they were, could not, of course, sound there as they do in a smaller room; the piano-forte tells well enough, but the strings, having to bear on so hard to overcome the great space, sounded somewhat dry and forced; yet all was clear; and the warm reception of such instrumental chamber music by an Apollo audience was a cheerful sign of progress.

The last concert had the great advantage of a full orchestral accompaniment in seven of its twelve numbers. These were: (1) Brambach's "Night on the Ocean;" (2) Recitative and Air from Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," sung by J. F. Winch (for these two we arrived too late, thanks to apple-blossom season and the open horse-cars); (3) Chorus of Dervishes from the *Ruins of Athens*; (4) The Roman "Song of Triumph," by Max Bruch; (5) Vintagers' Song, from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; (6) "Morning," by Rubinstein. Besides which, the orchestra also played Beethoven's Turkish March, and two movements (Scherzo and Andante) from Gade's first (C minor) Symphony. In all, the orchestra, with Mr. Allen as *Vorgeiger*, won the general approbation. Rubinstein's "Morning" gained immensely by such accompaniment; the instrumentation in itself proved almost as interesting as a Symphony, and the work as a whole is one of his most genial, original, and strong creations. The other numbers repeated from the former concert, without orchestra, were "Hail, smiling Morn," Debois's "Evening Scene," Mendelssohn's Serenade, and Abt's Hunting Song. The new pieces were: —

(a.) Recitative and air from "The Prodigal Son," "Bring forth the Best Robe" . . . . . . *Sullivan.*
(Song by Mr. J. F. Winch.)
(b.) Chorus of Dervishes from the "Ruins of Athens," "'Twas thou, beneath thy sleeve-fold hiding" . . . . *Beethoven.*
(c.) Turkish March from the same work, for Orchestra . . . . *Beethoven.*
(d.) Song of Triumph . . . . *Max Bruch.*
(e.) Scherzo and Andante from the Symphony in C minor . . . . *Gade.*
(f.) Vintage Song from the "Loreley" . *Mendelssohn.*

Altogether this was a very richly varied, noble programme. Beethoven's Dervish Chorus was sung and played with the greatest verve and furor, and received with uncontainable applause, which nothing else except the equally wonderful, imaginative Turkish March could satisfy. Bruch's Song of Triumph, "Hail, O Cæsar!" is something almost overwhelming in its martial and barbaric pomp, and its terrible suggestion of the blood-thirsty conquering crowd, the captives in procession and the lion hungry for them in the arena. How many times we might care to hear it we will not surmise; but there is startling power in it for once at least. The "Vintage Song" went capitally, both orchestra and chorus.

This concert made a proud finale for another season of the Club.

WE are still in arrears with our record as to numerous concerts, including that of Miss Selma Borg, with her interesting programme of Finnish and other Northern music, old and modern, in which she herself conducted the orchestra. We must wait for room.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL 19. — The third and fourth concerts of the "Cecilia" took place on the evenings of March 18 and April 1, as follows: —

Third Concert. — Artists: Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, Soprano. Beethoven Quartette Club (Messrs. Allen, Ackeroyd, Heindl, and Fries), and Messrs. Alex. Heindl Contra Basso; Ernst Weber, clarinet; Paul Eltz, Bassoon; Edward Schormann, Horn. — Programme: —

Septet, First Part . . . . *Beethoven.*
Concert Aria. Op. 94, "Infelice" . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Violin Solos. (a.) Air (4th string) . . *Bach-Wilhelmj.*
(b.) Gavotte in D. . . . *Vieuxtemps.*
Quintet, ... *Mozart.*
For Clarinet and String Quartet.
Songs: (a.) "Beauteous Cradle," . . . . . *Schumann.*
(b.) "Why should I Wander" . . . *Schumann.*
Quartet, No. 3 . . . . *Haydn.*
Theme and Variations (Austrian Hymn).
Song, "The Chorister," . . . . *Sullivan.*
With accompaniment of Piano, Violin, and 'Cello.
Septet, Second Part . . . . *Beethoven.*

Fourth Concert. — Artists: Mr. M. W. Whitney, Basso; Mr. William Sherwood, and Mr. H. G. Hanchett, Pianists. The Beethoven Quartette Club with Mr. Alex. Heindl, in the place of Mr. Fries, who was necessarily absent. Programme: —

Concerto, No. 1, C minor . . . . *Bach.*
For two Pianos and String Quartet.
Allegro, Adagio, Rondo,
Aria, "Per questa bella mano" . . . . . . *Mozart.*
Piano Solos. (a.) Ballade in A-flat, Op 47, . *Chopin.*
(b.) Toccata di Concerto, Op. 36 *Dupont.*
Mr. Sherwood.
Quartet, Op. 17, No. 3 in F . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Allegro Moderato ma con moto, — Scherzo, — Andante non troppo, Allegro Assai.
Songs (a.) "A Rider through the Valley Rode," *Franz.*
(b.) "The Two Grenadiers" . . . . *Schumann.*
Duet. Two Pianos, "Les Preludes," a Symphonic Poem . . . . *Liszt.*
Song. "A Mariner's Home 's the Sea" . . . *Randegger.*
Selection from Quartet, Op. 18, No. 2. . . *Beethoven.*
Allegro molto quasi presto.

The Septet is too well known either in its original form or in piano four-hand arrangements to require much notice. As a whole it was remarkably well given. The instruments blended finely. Instances of individual success may be mentioned in the case of Mr. Weber in the clarinet solo in the

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Adagio; Mr. Schormann in the horn solo in the same movement, where his tone was particularly smooth, rich, and pure, and the crescendo very effective: Mr. Allen in the violin part; and Mr. Fries with the 'cello, especially in the Adagio and the Trio of the Scherzo. In the third variation of the Tema the contrasts between the two reeds, clarinet and bassoon, were very finely brought out by both artists The phrasing was throughout that of artists; the lights and shades and the marks of expression, so numerous with Beethoven, were carefully observed.

The Quintet by Mozart is a work of sterling merit, but rarely heard, and is a fine specimen of his best style. The combination of instruments is a happy one: and the players were in full sympathy with one another. Mr. Weber's tone was especially fine: we have never heard a better; his execution was clear and his phrasing artistic.

The movement from the "Kaiser" Quartet was very acceptable. The beautiful hymn and its matchless variations will ever remain among the finest specimens and purest models of quartet writing. Haydn is always happy and genial even in his more sober moods.

Mr. Allen's solos were remarkably well rendered. We can never tire of the wonderful and inexpressibly beautiful air from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D; nor do we seriously object, as some have done, to Wilhelmj's arrangement. It makes a very effective solo piece, and besides brings the composition within the knowledge of many who would otherwise never make its acquaintance. We have heard Mr Allen play this arrangement several times before, but think he surpassed any previous performance in the rendering he gave us this time. The accompaniment for muted strings formed a delicate yet sufficient background to the solo. The Gavotte by Vieuxtemps was a contrast to the Bach air, — quaint, in some places possibly a little ugly, — but full of the genuine gavotte spirit.

Mrs. Allen sang the trying and difficult "Infelice" with good success. We thought there might have been more dramatic fervor and passion in parts of it. The accompaniment must have been a very fair suggestion of the orchestra. There were eight instruments: quintet of strings, clarinet, horn, and bassoon. The two Schumann songs were delightfully given. But why alter two notes in the "Schöne Wiege"? How expressive Schumann's accompaniments are! Mr. Bonner played them in a thoroughly musician-like manner. In response to a hearty encore, Mrs. Allen sang Taubert's "My Darling was so Fair," the rendering of which does not seem capable of improvement. Sullivan's "Chorister" gave great pleasure. Gounod's "Serenade," was given as an encore.

The fourth concert opened with a concerto for two pianos and string quartet by Bach, which was entirely new to us. It is a strong work, and, to those who had, by a study of Bach in other works, come prepared for it, the composition must have proved a pleasant and profitable surprise. The opening Allegro is earnest and spirited The Adagio, with a sort of 'cello obligato, the rest of the strings pizzicato for the most of the time, is perhaps the best part of the work. Here it seems to us is the real "unendliche Melodie" so much talked of by the "School of the Future" All moves on so smooth and flowing and comes from a seemingly inexhaustible fountain. The Rondo was quite brilliant and brought the whole work to a fitting conclusion.

Mr. Sherwood's solos were rendered in a manner entirely consonant with his reputation. We were glad of the opportunity of hearing him after reading so much about him, and hearing so much from friends who had enjoyed his playing. His conception and rendering of the Chopin Ballade seemed to us very refined and poetical; although we have heard contrary views expressed. All agree that the execution was well-nigh perfect. The Dupont Toccata gave him a chance to exhibit his fine technique, besides being in itself a work of merit. The Chopin, however, seemed to us to be his work for that evening, leaving the Bach out of consideration.

The "Preludes," in the author's own arrangement, were given as well as it is possible to give orchestral music on a piano. The arrangement itself is superbly done; but the tone and coloring, both so important in a work of this kind, are unavoidably and necessarily lost. The work itself, too, seems out of place, no matter how well done, on such a programme. Why could they not have given us the Andante and Variations by Schumann, or the Chopin Rondo, works of much greater intrinsic merit than the "Preludes?"

The quartet playing was especially fine, though perhaps not better than at the previous concerts. The Rubinstein Quartet was a new work to us, and we must say we like it very much. It is throughout characteristic of its author, though reminding us now and then of Schumann. The opening Allegro was full of beautiful melody, soaring high in the first violin over the fine accompaniment of the other instruments. The Scherzo (we suppose this to be the title of the movement; it was accidentally omitted on the programme) was wild and rapid, interrupted by a beautiful passage of quiet harmony, after the manner of Schumann, then resuming its breathless haste and fury. The Andante was very much enjoyed. The writer overheard several remarks in its favor as we were passing out at the close of the concert. The impression was that it was the best part of the work. It was beautifully played. The finale was full of fire and vigor. The spirit of the composer seemed here almost to get the mastery of him; and at the close, which is very brilliant, he seemed almost to need more instruments to express his thought. The work abounds in solo passages for the 'cello, which were finely rendered by Mr. Heindl.

The selection from Beethoven's quartet was a fitting close to the concert and the series. How many fine touches there are in that last movement! Beethoven must have been happy for a little while when he wrote that.

Mr. Whitney added much to the success of the occasion by his fine rendering of the songs. He was in splendid voice, and his selections were in thorough harmony with the rest of the programme. The Mozart Aria was splendidly given. The Franz song was entirely new, as was also the encore piece, "Swift fades the land I love." We never heard Mr. Whitney do better than he did in the "Zwei Grenadiere" of Schumann. It was simply magnificent. Words cannot describe it. Heine's poem means to us much more than it ever did before, and to accomplish such a result is praise enough for any artist.

The Sailor Song by Randegger and the encore, "It is no Dream" (author unknown to writer), completed the songs. It is needless to say both were given in Mr. Whitney's best style.

The "Cecilia" have given us as fine a series of concerts this season as it was ever our fortune to attend. In conclusion let us express the hope that the organization will be permanent, and that it will annually provide a series of concerts for the musical portion of the citizens of Providence as entertaining and instructive as has been that of the present season. The influence for good of such music cannot be estimated. A. G. L.

NEWPORT, R. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17. — Frequent annual benefit concerts have been given by our resident musicians, but with one invariable result: "Profit and Loss" debit to "Cash." Mr. C. H. Jarvis has closed his interesting series of classical concerts with great eclat; he has proved himself this season to be fully entitled to be classed among the best artists of the period. Mr S. T. Strang is playing a second series of Organ Recitals with more popular programmes, but his forte evidently is the classical style

Gilmore's Band gave three concerts, with a meagre support from the public, notwithstanding the popular and high-priced artists assisting him. The Hess Opera Company presented Massé's "Paul and Virginia" for two nights, but it failed to make any impression owing mainly to the very indifferent rendering of the principal rôles by the soprano and tenor, whose voices seem to be entirely worn by excessive work The composition is a fair specimen of French work of the period.

Mr. Carl Gaertner made an interesting exhibition of the studies of his pupils, and was warmly complimented for their skill. Mr. Richard Zeckwer made a like occasion very enjoyable to his friends and admirers. Mr. J. Remington Fairbank produced, under great difficulties, his enlarged opera "Valerie," which, from causes apart from the quality of the music, which is good, made a *fiasco*. Great sympathy was felt and expressed for him.

The Peabody Orchestra, under Asger Hamerik, from Baltimore, gave two concerts on 14th inst., and were well received. Mme. Auerbach made a profound impression by her performance of Concerto, Op. 11, by Chopin, and Concerto in E-flat, by Beethoven, in which she was ably assisted by the orchestra, the accompaniments being played with more judgment and taste than within the recollection of AMERICUS.

CHICAGO, MAY 16. As the season closes for the larger musical entertainments a number of piano-forte recitals, chamber concerts, and the yearly receptions of the leading teachers to their advanced pupils claim, not only our attention, but in many cases our sincere admiration. For these chamber concerts do much for the advancement of a love for the art, by showing that the noble compositions of the classical and worthy modern composers are within reach of the home life of the people All culture should have its best encouragement within the home.

In this connection it pleases me to notice what has been done by a small club of sincere musicians during the past season toward familiarizing our people with the beautiful string quartets, quintets, and trios of the masters. Mr. Lewis (violin), Mr. Rosenbecker (violin), Mr. Eichheim (violoncello), Mr. Kurth (viola), and Miss Ingersoll (piano forte), compose the organization. The afternoon I heard them they gave the Trio of Schubert, Op 100, Quartet No. 12 of Mozart, and a Quintet of Raff. They were assisted by Mrs. Stacy, who sang songs of Schubert, Rubinstein, and Randegger. The playing was very enjoyable, and indicated a sincere intention on the part of the performers to bring out the beauty of the music, as well as to give an honest interpretation of the composers' works. I am glad to state these concerts are to be continued another season, and I trust they will have the large circle of admirers they so richly merit.

On Monday evening last Miss Amy Fay began a series of three concerts, which gave the musical public an opportunity to hear her in an extended programme. At the first performance she had the assistance of Mme. Salvotti, vocalist, Miss Mantey, violinist, and a male quartet. Miss Fay played: Bourrée, in A minor, Bach; Gavotte, by Gluck; "Des Abends," Schumann; Ballade, G minor, Chopin; "Spinning Song" from *Flying Dutchman*, Wagner — Liszt; and "Ländlicher Reigen," by Kullak. At her second concert she had the assistance of Miss Grace Hiltz, vocalist, Miss Mantey, and the Ladies' Quartette. Her important numbers were: Sonata in D, Op. 28, Beethoven; Impromptu, Op. 142, Schubert; with smaller selections from Mendelssohn, Liszt, Raff, Jensen, and an old Gigue by Hässler. It is with sincere regret that I cannot speak of Miss Fay's playing with that admiration which I had hoped to be able to express. From what I had heard of her accomplishments, her culture, and her splendid opportunity for study under the most celebrated masters of Europe, I had looked forward to hearing her with the expectation of great pleasure. While her playing in some of the numbers indicated the intelligent musician, on the whole her performance was disappointing. There was a lack of that repose, that balance of power that should stamp the performance of the great artist. In the Chopin Ballade her interpretation was hardly of that poetic character which the lovely music of this writer seems to demand; and, indeed, at times her playing was extremely faulty. In the second concert her playing was much better than before, and in the Beethoven Sonata, the Raff, and Liszt selections she did some brilliant work. The possession of a nervous organization may account for that lack of a full command of her powers, — so necessary to the success of a concert player. Without an adequate control it would be extremely difficult for even a person of remarkable talent and fine powers to win universal approbation as a public performer. Unfortunately Miss Fay played upon a very poor piano-forte of the Weber make, which was a serious drawback to a finished performance.

Last evening I had the gratification of hearing a piano-forte recital by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, of Boston, who performed the following numbers: Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13, Schumann; Fantasie in C minor, Bach; Gigue of Mozart; Sonata by Scarlatti; Ballade, Op. 47, Etude, Op. 25, No. 7, and Polonaise, Op. 53, of Chopin; Barcarole, Op. 123, Kullak; "Wedding March," Grieg; "Dervish Chorus" of Beethoven, arranged by Saint-Saens; "Mephisto Waltz," Liszt; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, Liszt; and, with Mr. Lewis, the variations and finale from the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven. This recital was the first of a series of three, all of which present programmes of equal magnitude.

In the playing of Mr. Sherwood one recognizes at once the true artist. Possessing a seemingly faultless technique; a sympathetic touch, capable of every variety of expression, from the most delicate tenderness to extremely wonderful displays of power, he has everything to fit him to give splendid interpretations of the piano-forte works of the masters. Throughout the whole range of his programme, embracing as it did such a number of different and trying compositions, there was a uniform excellence of performance, while each work received that careful interpretation which only a conscientious artist could give. I have not heard the "Etudes Symphoniques" of Schumann more perfectly played since Rubinstein gave them. The grand finale came out with a wonderful power, while the contrasts in the music were displayed with a marked fidelity to the composer's intention. In the Polonaise of Chopin, Op. 53, he met the composer in his heroic mood, and gave a most enjoyable performance of this splendid work. The two long crescendos which occur in the composition were given with a better idea of gradations in tone than I have ever heard before. In the Etude he found this poetical composer in a more tender and delicate mood, and his interpretation was marked with great refinement. In the Liszt Rhapsodie, its weird effects, many contrasts, and wonderful difficulties were performed with astonishing brilliancy. Yet it seems to me that when the fire of youth has been tempered by a wider experience, and his talent has had time to ripen to its fullest perfection, there will be shades of a deeper feeling in his tone-painting than at present mark his interpretations, no matter how faultless they are in point of execution. Perhaps then some of the melodies of the old masters will be given with a hallowed feeling, and the soul of art may inspire him to greater tenderness. Of his other recitals in my next. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., MAY 12. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, gave three illustrated lectures here April 25 and 26, the topics and programmes of which I give below. The illustrations were played by Miss Lydia S. Harris, assisted by two of our local amateur singers, Mrs. A. W. Hall and Miss Lizzie Murphy, who did themselves credit.

First Lecture: Three Great Epochs. Illustrations. 1. The Old Classical. 1750:

Bach. Prelude and Fugue in C sharp; Gavottes in D and D minor.

Handel. Aria, "Angels ever Bright and Fair" (Mrs. A. W. Hall).

2. Classical. 1800.

Beethoven. Sonata, "Moonlight," Op. 27.

3. Modern Romantic. 1850.

Schumann. Fantasia Pieces, Op. 72. ("At Evening," "Soaring," "Why," "Whims.")

Mendelssohn. "Spring Song" (Mrs. A. W. Hall).

Chopin. Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Op. 22.

Liszt. Second Hungarian Rhapsody. (With Rivé Cadenza.)

Second Lecture: Modern Romantic School.

Bach. Prelude and Fugue in C minor. ("Clavier," No. 2.)

Schumann. Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13. (Theme, Variations I., II., III., VI., IX., and Finale.)

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Chopin. Fantasie Impromptu in C sharp, Op. 66; Scherzo in B-flat minor, Op. 31.
Schumann. Romance in F-sharp, Op. 28; Novelette, in E, Op. 21, No. 7.
Liszt. Grand Polonaise Heroique Ein; Schubert's "Wanderer;" Gounod's "Faust"
Third Lecture: The Piano-forte as a Musical Instrument.
Beethoven. Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57.
Mendelssohn. Song, "The First Violet" (Miss Lizzie Murphy).
Beethoven. Concerto in C minor. (First movement with Reinecke's Cadenza.) Orchestral part on second piano by Mr. W. S. B Mathews
Chopin. Concerto in E minor, Op 11.
Schumann. Song, "Er der herrlichste von allen" (Miss Lizzie Murphy).
Liszt — Wagner. 1812. "March from Tannhäuser."

Mr. Mathews's treatment of his topics was very clear and forcible, putting the salient points into the most compact and effective form, aiming mainly at giving the auditors the proper standpoint from which to listen. I found it a very rare pleasure to hear three such admirable programmes, accompanied by just the right sort and amount of comment and criticism; and I am sure these lectures and recitals had rare educational value.

Miss Harris is a pupil of Mr. Mathews, and has received hardly any instruction from any other teacher. Her fine, clear, powerful technique, her excellent phrasing, her style and interpretation, all give evidence that she has been carefully, thoroughly, and intelligently taught. She is, to be sure, a pupil of unusual gifts. I regard her, in fact, as possessing talent which is likely to give her a place among the very first pianists, and as being already a genuine artist, though not yet mature; but I know few teachers who could have done for her what Mr. Mathews has done in the comparatively short time during which she has taken lessons. It would require too much space to attempt to criticise her playing of particular compositions, but I will say that I found her playing of the most trying compositions on her programme quite as satisfactory as any of her work. For instance, the *Sonata Appassionata*, the *Etudes Symphoniques*, the Liszt *Polonaise in E*, and the *E minor Concerto* of Chopin, she played in a way which I think would have won hearty applause and encouragement from the composers themselves. In sober truth, I think there are very few professional pianists in this country who could have given three such programmes in as thoroughly interesting, artistic, and *sincere* a way. At least, few such pianists visit Milwaukee.

The 262d concert of the Musical Society had for its programme the symphony from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and about half of Friedrich Kiel's oratorio *Christus*. The latter is a very learned and skilfully written work, but I have not been able to find a trace of genius in it. The chorus did it respectably, but not finely. There is always a lack of precision in the singing of this chorus, and a general *slouchiness*, which betokens imperfect discipline. It is strange, that with the example of the Arion Club before their eyes, they should actually go into a concert with so difficult a work as *Christus*, after only four rehearsals under the director's baton, at two of which hardly more than half the singers were present. At the ordinary rehearsals the conductor plays the piano, and the singers look at their music. Of course when the conductor does begin using his stick it is too late to get control of his forces. The result is a lamentable absence of precision and vigor in attack, and of clearness in outline. I am glad to be able to add that the performance of the Symphony was the most finished playing I have yet heard from this orchestra.

Prof. Mickler was presented with two beautiful baskets of flowers and a silver laurel wreath, an attention due, I suppose, to the fact that he is about to withdraw from his post of director. J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

London. The *Academy* (May 10), says: "The novelties at last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert were, as so frequently happens, placed at the end of the programme; but on this occasion no ground is afforded for animadversion, inasmuch as the concert was commendably brief. Wagner's *Siegfried-Idyll* for orchestra was written in 1871, when the poet-composer was engaged on the Nibelung tetralogy. The circumstance of its composition was kept a profound secret from Mdme. Wagner until her birthday, when she was serenaded with the work, the performers being placed on the staircase of Wagner's residence at Triebschen. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that the score is but small, containing only one flute, one oboe, two clarinets, one bassoon, two horns, one trumpet, and strings; and it would be unfair to judge of the composition as other than a *pièce d'occasion*. Considered thus it is a charming little work, and is valuable as showing what so consummate a master of orchestration as Wagner can accomplish with but limited means. Of the four themes, three are taken from the magnificent love-duet in the third act of *Siegfried*, and the fourth is an old German Wiegenlied, 'Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf.' These themes are blended very expressively, the character of the piece being dreamy and meditative throughout, and suggestive rather of delicate tenderness than vigor. The *Spring* overture of Goetz cannot be considered one of his best productions. The ideas are not remarkable for freshness, and the treatment seems labored rather than spontaneous. The work was not deemed worthy of any comment or analysis in the programme. Beethoven's Symphony in F, and Mendelssohn's piano-forte concerto in D minor, — the last-named work played by Mdme. Montigny-Rémaury, — completed the list of instrumental items. The vocalists were Mdlle. Friedländer — who appeared in place of Frau Schuch-Proska — and Mr. W. T. Carleton, a baritone with an excellent voice."

Under the title of *The Story of Mozart's Requiem*, Dr. W. Pole has just published (Novello, Ewer & Co.) a most interesting little book containing the whole of the ascertained facts as to the much-disputed authenticity of this remarkable work. The whole narrative is so extraordinary as to read more like a romance than a history; yet Dr. Pole has stated nothing which cannot be clearly established. All musicians who have studied the subject will agree in the conclusions at which the author arrives. Dr. Pole's style is extremely clear, and the book is a thoroughly readable one, and will interest others besides professional musicians. A fac-simile of the first page of Mozart's autograph gives additional value to the little volume.

The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* announces that Johannes Brahms has set portions of Ossian's *Fingal* for chorus and orchestra. The appearance of the work will be awaited with interest, for such a subject would doubtless be especially congenial to the composer.

M. Gounod, the composer, says that he makes it a principle not to trouble himself about works that are once finished, and to absorb himself entirely in those which are in course of execution. He declares that his opera of *Héloïse et Abélard* is an incarnation of the most exalted philosophical and religious ideas. Though a Roman Catholic, Gounod is said to be a great admirer of the German Reformation, and he intends his Abelard to personify the struggle of conscience against the laws of the Church and the defense of the rights of spiritual liberty and civilization. The culminating point of the action of the opera is in the fourth act, where Abelard burns his books under the eyes of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal. Then as he is returning home he is attacked in an obscure street and murdered. In the fifth act his ghost appears to Héloïse surrounded by nuns in the cloister.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert are assuredly coming to this country in the autumn to attend to the production of their new comic opera. An entire company is to be formed in London for the representation of the piece. Mr. Gilbert will arrange all the details of stage management, and Mr. Sullivan will conduct the orchestra at the opening performance. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

Mr. William H. Sherwood will hold a Normal Musical Institute at Canandaigua, N. Y., for five weeks this summer. Among his faculty will be Mme Cappiani; Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, organist; Mr. W. Popper, 'cello; Mr. Harry Wheeler, vocal physiology; Mr. Narcisse Cyr, French language and literature; Mr. H. G. Hanchett, pianist and business manager.

Cincinnati Saengerfest. — The twenty-first annual meeting of the North American Saengerbund will be held at Music Hall in this city, June 11th to the 15th, inclusive. Extensive preparations are being made to render it one of the most successful gatherings ever held in the United States. The chorus, which has been rehearsing for the past year in this and other cities, will number nearly 2,000 voices, each society having been subjected to a rigid examination before being admitted. The instrumental music will be furnished by the great organ and an orchestra of over 100 pieces, all under the leadership of Professor Carl Barus. The prominent choral numbers on the programme are the oratorio of *St. Paul*, Verdi's *Requiem Mass*, Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, and selections from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, and Goldmarck's *Queen of Saba*. The soloists engaged are as follows: Sopranos, Mme. Otto Alvsleben, of Dresden, Saxony, recommended by Carl Reinecke, Leipzig, Miss Emma Heckle, and Mrs. Flora Mueller; altos, Miss Emma Cranch and Miss Louise Roltwagen; tenors, Mr. H. Alex. Bischoff and Christian Fritsch, of New York; baritone, Franz Remmertz, of New York; basso, Myron W. Whitney, of Boston; organist, George E. Whitney. The societies taking part in the chorus are from Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Columbus, and other Western cities.

Vienna. The programme of the last Philharmonic Concert for the season comprised Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a Prelude and Fugue by Hugo Reinhold, and Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, played by Mdlle. Martha Remmert. Of the last-named work Dr. E. Hanslick writes in the *Neue freie Presse*: —

"The E-flat major Concerto exhibits Liszt as a composer in the most agreeable light. The piano was and is the true source whence he derives his most original and best qualities; for him the piano is what mother earth was to the mythological giant Antæus. How little and almost unpretentious does this Concerto appear compared with the *Gran Mass* we recently heard, — and yet how much more complete in itself, how much more true, more sterling, and more satisfactory it is! Here idea and form agree, and the means employed correspond with the clearly recognized goal. Even many a baroque and false little bit of ornament (as in the finale) seen under such mundane drawing-room illumination appears effective or at least acceptable. We here have Liszt in his best strength and in his best style; he may be allowed something apart and unusual in the department of which he is the modern ruler. But it is impossible to grant him the same privileges in the sacred style; the charter of a genial subjectivity is greatly restricted in the service of general devotion. Granted that Wagner's reforms are necessary and advantageous to opera — are they, therefore, necessarily so for sacred music? Even for minds with seven-league boots it is still a pretty good step from the Mount of Venus to Mount Calvary. It is frequently said as an excuse for certain village masses, remarkable for their want of intellect and originality, that God cares more for heart than for music. The same principle must apply to masses which suffer from a luxuriant surplusage of intellect and originality. The Almighty will assuredly be as highly pleased with the *Gran Mass* — since Liszt is said to have 'prayed rather than composed' it — as with the country masses of the most pious schoolmaster. We poor mortals of musicians would, it is true, prefer neither one nor the other. We believe, indeed, in our simplicity, that the E-flat major Concerto will outlive the *Gran Mass*. After the 'Ungarische Rhapsodien,' which we consider the best things Liszt has written — perhaps because he did not only 'compose' (and still less 'pray') but also play them — and, after these genial gypsy-pieces, we feel inclined to award the E-flat major Concerto the first place among his compositions. Since he has no longer unfortunately performed them himself, he has, by liberal instruction, taken care that young talent should learn to play them in his spirit, as far, at least, as teaching and learning will allow. But in how many cases of much-belauded 'young talent' can we perceive only the youth without the talent! Young pianists, female as well as male, from all parts of the world fly to Liszt, like swarms of wasps to a sweet tart. Every one who has tasted only a single atom of the latter immediately feels the holy spirit within him, and hums about the world an ennobled insect, as 'a pupil of Liszt's' (second degree: 'a favorite pupil'), though the world most ungratefully fails to discover the slightest flavor of the wonderful tart. To the lady pianists who have really studied Liszt's style with advantage, belongs Mdlle. Martha Remmert. Of tall and vigorous figure, this young lady when at the piano is especially a '*Starkspielerin*' ('strong player'), as people used to say in the days of Mozart and those of Beethoven. All the octave passages and chord leaps were so hammered and *Remmerted* that they were really quite grand. Fortunately, Mdlle. Remmert understands, also, the opposite; in the *piano* passages she possesses the art of fluttering lightly and softly over the keys. We can conscientiously praise her, though we hope she will in time gain repose and natural feeling; her rendering of the Concerto was brilliant, but not free from affectation; any one not hearing the latter might, at any rate, see it in numerous especially genial tactical processes. She was tumultuously applauded and repeatedly recalled."

"Cherubino," of the London *Figaro*, writes (May 10): "I have before me the outline programmes for the forthcoming Birmingham Musical Festival, and I must confess they show a serious falling off from the schemes of days gone by. They include, for the morning of August 26, *The Elijah*; for the evening, Max Bruch's "The Lay of the Bell," and a miscellaneous concert; August 27, morning, Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*; evening, a miscellaneous concert and a Symphony; August 28, morning, *The Messiah*; evening, M. Saint-Saens' "The Lyre and the Harp," and a miscellaneous selection; and August 29, morning, Cherubini's "Requiem," and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang"; and evening, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. That this scheme, superior as it is to those of the ordinary run of Musical Festivals of the present day, is worthy of Birmingham, nobody will, I believe, be able to admit. The committee have, doubtless, found it difficult to induce a foreign musician of eminence to write a new work for Birmingham; and they seem, when they were rebuffed by the chief foreign composers, to have sat down in their chairs and to have resigned themselves to their hard fate. Recollecting the failure of their attempt to bring into further prominence the work of a fashionable song-writer, they fancied that the race of British composers was bounded on the north and south by aristocracy, on the east by opulence, and on the west by patronage, entirely forgetting that we have amongst us a band of able, if not very wealthy, art workers who, had Birmingham the courage to afford them the opportunity, would be able to give a very good account of themselves against any of their foreign compeers. The fact is that Birmingham, politically one of the most democratic of towns, is, as to its Festival, one of the most finically exclusive.

The four days' musical festival at Pittsburgh will begin May 28. The *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and Verdi's *Requiem* will be sung, and in addition there will be an afternoon concert, in which the children of the public schools will take part. The following quartet of soloists is engaged: Miss Abby Whinnery, Miss Ita Welsh, Mr William Courtney, and Mr. M. W. Whitney.

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BOSTON, JUNE 7, 1879.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 81.)

OLD Nina waited long in vain, next day,
For her young master, at the morning meal.
Past doubt he had again, as was his wont
Too often, — ah, he labored far too hard!
And shaking her gray head she sadly sighed, —
Arisen with the sun and early lark.
And stolen to his work, where, brush in hand,
He never thought of rest, or sleep, or food,
Unless she summoned him.
So she crept up
And tapped upon the door of his great work room,
Then opened and slipped in — he was not there —
And so passed to his chamber just beyond;
Nay, not here either! — nor yet anywhere
About the whole wide mansion could be found,
Where Nina, calling out his name, sought him
Through all the empty, silent, sounding halls.
For Sanzio long ere this was far away,
Speeding across the plain and through the wood,
Back o'er the path traversed but yester eve.
He paused not to salute the sun, drink in
The freshness of the beauteous morning, bent
But on the execution of a dream
That in the long hours of the wakeful night
Had ripened to a firm and fixed resolve.
Only his horse, feeling the velvet turf
Beneath his hoof again, threw back his head,
Snuffed the sweet air with wide dilating nostrils,
And whinnied loud. And Sanzio's heart rejoiced
At the good omen. "Why, a Persian prince
Had won his kingdom thus!" he smiling thought;
"May the kind gods favor my cause like his!"
And gayly cried, "Well done, well done, my friend!"
Clapping his steed's sleek neck, and urging him
Still fast and faster forward, while the horse
Whinnied again, and as with wingéd feet
Flew o'er the ground.
Thus rose to view erelong
The well-remembered clearing in the woods,
Where a gnarled apple-tree, its branches hid
Beneath a snowy cloud of tinted blossoms,
Threw out its shadow far and wide. And here
Sanzio leaped lightly down, and left the horse
To browse at will among the grass, while he
Stole toward the house in eager haste, on foot;
But at a little distance suddenly
He spell-bound paused, and stood immovable
At sight of her his hungry eyes had craved,
Through yearning hours, to feed on thus again,
And, hidden by the trunk whereon he leaned,
He watched her long, unseen, with raptured gaze
And a heart swelling high.
The open window,
Round which a clambering vine luxuriantly
Twined its fresh tendrils, hung with small white flowers,
Framed in the fairest image in the world,
So Sanzio thought. Here Benedetta sat,
A dainty basket in her lap, wherein
She broke some long green stalks with busy hands,
Humming a tune, gayly, but yet so low
Its breath scarce parted the soft, curving lines
Of the closed lips. Her hair, glossy and dark,
What though bound back into a simple knot,
Yet waved and curled itself so willfully,
Rebellious ringlets rose up everywhere
Like a dim halo round the low white brow,
Bending above her task. Yet once or twice,
Hearing, perchance, some rustle in the woods,
Some faint, unwonted stir amid the stems,
She raised her head, like a bright, startled bird,
And slowly gazed a moment right and left,
A look of timid pride and shy surprise
In her sweet face. Then Sanzio fearfully
Drew further back, and held his breath, and would
Have checked the very beating of his heart,
Which throbbed more loudly, as there turned on him
The great, wide open hazel eyes, shining
With such a mild, clear radiance, that he fancied
The happy sun had left there half its light.
Oh, and what marvel if its brightest beam
Loved to dwell there! And he cried inwardly,
"My gentle dove! My golden eyed, sweet fawn!"
Marked how the fair young head was set and poised
With such an exquisite tenderness and grace
On the white, slender throat, it seemed a flower
Unfolding on its delicate parent stem,
That meekly, and yet half unconsciously,
Rejoices in its own surpassing beauty, —
And how there lingered in each purest line
Of face and form, blent to a perfect whole,
Like bloom and freshness of the early dew,
Still something of the child, not ripened yet
To full-blown womanhood.
Perceiving nought,
She ever then took up her work again,
With it her broken little tune, and drooped
The long, dark lashes, that had well-nigh kissed
The faintly-tinted cheek.
At length she paused,
And sat a moment with her slender fingers
Clasped idly o'er the basket, while a look
Of dreamy revery, like a fleeting shade,
Passed over brow and eyes; then suddenly
A faint, half smile parted the rosy lips,
And like a quiet ripple lost itself
In a small dimple.
Then she left her seat,
Threw the low door wide open, and let in
A flood of light, dappled with shadowy leaves,
That merrily played and danced about her head,
And gliding down the dark, close fitting bodice,
Touched the bright border of her robe, whence peeped
The dainty, tripping foot, as she arose
On tiptoe now, to fasten back above
A tendril of the vine that trailed too low;
And as she raised her hands, the long white sleeves
Fell back, revealing the fair rounded arm
And slender wrist. And Sanzio, with his heart
Brimful of joy, hanging on every breath
And motion of the lithe young form, drew near,
And so stepped forth at last.
When she glanced down
He stood before her, doffing his plumed cap
In silent greeting. Her wide, lustrous eyes
Lit up with a swift look of recognition,
And a faint flush, half pleasure, half surprise,
Rose over brow and neck, but yet her cheek
Dimpled again, as with a quiet word
She bade him enter, for he prayed the grace
Of a brief converse with her mother.
She,
Summoned by Benedetta, quickly came
From out an inner room; yet, Sanzio thought,
With something haughty in her step and mien,
And a mistrustful look in her dark eyes,
As briefly she saluted him, nor begged
He might be seated, like a welcome guest,
And stood herself, to wait his pleasure thus.
But he to Benedetta turned once more, —
"Would she refresh him kindly, ere he spoke,
With a cool draught of water? He had come
A goodly distance, and the sun was warm!"
Glad of this pretext thus to put from him
One moment the sweet magic of her presence,
That drew his eyes again and yet again,
To set them free no more, and would too much
Distract and hinder him while he must state
The purpose that had brought him. Even now
When she had vanished, and he heard erelong
A silvery laugh outside, and the old well
Creak heavily, and fancied how perchance
Her little hands wound up the brimming bucket,
He tripped and stumbled in his hasty speech,
As he began: "Did they not sometimes come
Into the city, mayhap, for a while, —
Or had they not some friends or kinsfolk there,
Where she might stay, — in fine, would she permit
That he should paint her daughter? He was one
Who made such art the labor of his life,
And he had need of such a face as hers
For a great picture of the Blessed Virgin,
Whereon he wrought just then."
The woman heard
In unmoved silence, and then shook her head.
"No, — they had no such friend! Long years ago,
While her good son yet lived, — his wife had died
When this his child was born, — they, too, had dwelled
In the great town; now all were strangers there!
Yet stay, — she recollected there was once
Among the servants of some noble lord,
A distant cousin of her own. Ay, ay,
Anna by name, and a kind, pious heart!
But she was old e'en then, and long ere this,
Past doubt, laid in her grave, Heaven rest her soul!
No, no, — what he demanded could not be!"
She said, a hard tone in her firm, clear voice,
And then to Benedetta, who returned
With the fresh draught, presenting it to Sanzio,
"Leave us, my child!" and motioned her away
By an imperious gesture.
She obeyed,
With a swift, wondering glance at both of them,
Slipped through the door and closed it after her.
But Sanzio, while he drank, his eager gaze
Following her every step, perceived erelong
How the door slowly moved, then noiselessly
Slid a small space ajar, and though in vain,
By such sly glances as he dared to give,
He watched and waited to behold her face
Peer through it, he yet fancied that he felt
Her sweet, bright eyes on him.
And there in truth
She stood, her beating heart close to the door,
To look, not listen. In the small, cracked mirror
Between the windows, that reflected here
The corner with the pretty, gilded shrine
That she had decked with flowers an hour ago,
She plainly saw the face and form that pleased
Her fancy passing well e'en yesterday,
Far more than all the other noble lords,
Then his companions. She had thought of him
Oh, many, many times, since he had gone!
And now was glad to gaze on him unseen
Till she should have content, if that might be.
How lithe he looked, and yet well-knit and strong,
With a short mantle flung across his shoulders,
How young, and yet long years a full-grown man!
With manly strength, and winning, youthful grace,
A noble frankness and simplicity,
And yet a quiet dignity and pride,
Like a young prince's — was he such, perchance? —
Most happily blent in him. How fair and fine
Was the brown, wavy hair, that he wore long,
And now and then tossed backward carelessly,
Standing uncovered still; how gently soft
The large brown eyes! Only upon his brow
There sat a look of thought so deep, so earnest,
It seemed like sadness, and his lips were grave.
Yet they could smile with wondrous sweetness too;
And those soft eyes kindle with dancing lights
Of sparkling mirth and mischief! She perceived
And noted all. Yet more than all things else,
A subtle, powerful something, that streamed forth
Like a rare perfume, of strange, magic spell,
From his bright presence, drew unconsciously,
But yet resistless, all her heart to him,
As she thus watched him with her mother. Ay,
Sometimes she caught her outlined features too;
How stern they looked! she thought. And once or twice
He slightly frowned, and pressed his lips together,
And tapped his foot, as half impatiently,
Upon the floor, yet ever with respect
Received her words.
For Sanzio undismayed
Had to the charge returned. Yet if it chanced
That the old cousin lived, and could be found, —
And he would search the town from end to end, —
Would she not then permit her child to come
For one short week, — three days? He pleaded long,
And long at first in vain. The woman had
A thousand arguments, and doubts, and fears,
That he must combat one by one. But as
She stood before him thus, unbowed by years,
A stately presence still, and with a trace
Of noble beauty in the hard-set features, —
Perchance she too was fair once as her child;
Oh no, yet surely never half so fair,
She ne'er had Benedetta's tender grace! —
He listened with what patience he could find,
For her sweet sake. And so at length, at length,
Won mayhap by his eloquence, mayhap
By that fine charm that silent as the sun,
And as unfailing, wrought on all, she said,
Well, let him seek, then! If old Anna lived,
The child might go and stay with her a week,
One week, but mark you, not an hour beyond!
And he might then and there — but in good truth,
Who was he, though, and what his name?
"Sanzio,"
He simply answered, "mayhap" —
"How!" she asked,
Unbending slightly from her dignity,
"Sanzio, the famous Signor, who last year
Painted St. Catherine, the great altar-piece,
For the dear ladies on the Hill beyond,
That all the country round would flock to see
On feasts and holidays, — she, too, went once
With Benedetta, though the way was long, —
Could it be he?"
"The same," he smiling said,

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"What though his name was scarce so widely famed,
As she most kindly thought."

She courtesied. "Ay,
Wherefore had he not told her this ere now,
Then mayhap had he found her more inclined!"

So it was speedily fixed: Sancho should send
A message, telling her that all was well,
If he could find old Anna, and the child
Should come to town with their good, aged neighbor,
Within three days from then.

And now at last,
With words of thanks accepted graciously,
He took his leave, without another glimpse
Of Benedetta. But as he looked back
He saw her standing in the open door,
And for his life could not refrain, but kissed
His hand to her, again and yet again,
She waving here her answer timidly,
Till he had vanished.

[*To be continued.*]

BEETHOVEN AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PRODUCTIVITY (1807–9).

TRANSLATIONS FROM THAYER'S THIRD VOLUME.

II.

THE RASOUMOWSKY QUARTET.

1808. — Count Rasoumowsky is set down in the list of arrivals in Vienna, in the summer of this year, as coming from Carlsbad, and living in "his own house," — that is to say, in his new palace on the Danube canal, to which he had removed a short time before from the Wollzeil; he had furnished its interior in the most splendid style. Of course he could not compete with men like Lobkowitz or Esterhazy (princes with extensive hereditary possessions) in the keeping of an orchestra or vocal choir; but it did lie in his power and corresponded with his taste to have the first string quartet of Europe in his service. His own skill qualified him perfectly to play the second violin, which he commonly did; but the young Mayseder, or some other one of the first violinists of the capital, was always ready to take his place when so requested. Therefore only three permanent engagements were necessary; and these were now made, in the late summer or early autumn of 1808.

Schuppanzigh, the first quartet player of his time, but still without a permanent position, received the place of first violinist for life, and to him was intrusted the selection of the rest. He at once recommended Weiss for the viola whom Rasoumowsky accepted, and to whom he assigned suitable lodgings for himself and family in the houses connected with his palace. Of Joseph Linke's skill and talent Schuppanzigh had received so favorable an impression that he secured for him the place of violoncellist. He was a young man of twenty-five years,[1] in his exterior a little hunchbacked, an orphan from his childhood. Seyfried, in whose orchestra Linke was solo violinist for many years, says of him: "At the age of twelve the orphan boy came to Breslau, to the Dominicans, in whose choir he had to assist with the violin; and from the accomplished organist, Hanisch, he received his initiation into thorough-bass, as well as on the organ. Then also he began, under Lose's and Flemming's guidance, to learn the violoncello; making such decided progress that, when the former left the theatre orchestra over which C. M. von Weber presided, he was already qualified to take his place. In the year 1808 he resolved to visit Vienna, where he arrived on the first of June, and soon after was received into the *Hauskapelle* of Prince Rasoumowsky. Here he enjoyed the fortune of becoming acquainted with Beethoven, who truly prized the talented young artist, wrote much for him, and even studied after his ideas. Hence Linke, with his *Commilitonen* (comrades in arms, fellow-students) acquired, so to say, a European fame in the performances of the tone-creations of this genial master."

Förster was the Count's instructor in musical theory, the learned Bigot was his librarian, and his talented lady was pianist. These were the years (1808–15) in which, according to Seyfried's account, Beethoven was, so to say, cook of the walk in the princely house. "All that he composed was there tried, though smoking hot from the pan, and executed according to his own directions with hairbreadth exactness, — just as he wished to have it, and not in the least otherwise, — with a zeal, a love, a complying spirit, and a piety, which could only emanate from such glowing worshipers of his exalted genius; and it was only through the deepest penetration into his most secret intentions, through the most perfect apprehension of their spiritual tendency, that those quartettists, in the delivery of Beethoven's compositions, attained to that universal celebrity about which only one voice reigned in the whole world of art."

A CONCERT WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

1808. — In return for the noble contribution which Beethoven, through his works and his personal services, had made to the charity concerts of April 17 and November 15, Hartl granted him the free use of the Theater-an-der-Wien for an "Akademie" (concert), which was announced in the *Wiener Zeitung* of December 17, as follows: —

MUSICAL ACADEMY.

"On Thursday, the 22d December, Ludwig van Beethoven will have the honor to give a musical academy in the K. K. Privil. Theater-an-der-Wien. The pieces collectively are of his composition, wholly new, and have not yet been heard in public. First Part. 1. A symphony, under the title 'Recollection of Country Life,' in F major (No. 5). 2. Aria. 3. Hymn, with Latin text, written in church style with chorus and solos. 4. Pianoforte concerto, played by himself.

"Second Part. 1. Grand Symphony in C minor (No. 6). 2. Sanctus, with Latin text, written in Church style with chorus and solos. 3. Fantasia on the pianoforte alone. 4. Fantasia on the pianoforte, which ends by degrees with the entrance of the whole orchestra, and at last with the falling in of choruses by way of finale.

"Boxes and reserved seats are to be had in the Krügerstrasse, No. 1074, in the first story. The beginning is at half-past six."

Can the annals of musical art name any concert programme of purely new works — and such works! — collectively by the same composer, which will bear comparison with the above?

The high importance of the compositions produced on this occasion, the strange events which (according to the reports) took place there, and the somewhat contradictory assertions of persons who were present, justify some pains to sift the testimony and set it right, even at the risk of wearying the reader.

It is to be lamented that the concert of November 15 has been so completely forgotten by all those whose contemporary reports or later reminiscences are now the only sources for our knowledge; for it is certain that, either in the rehearsals or in the public performance, something occurred which caused a serious estrangement and a rupture between Beethoven and the orchestra. But just this is sufficient to obviate certain otherwise insuperable difficulties.

Whoever is familiar with the various writings of Schindler will recollect the bitterness with which he alludes to Ries, — nay, goes so far as to ascribe unworthy motives to his statement in the *Notizen* (p. 84), that once a scene occurred where the orchestra made the composer feel himself in the wrong, "and in all earnestness insisted upon it that he should not direct. So Beethoven during the rehearsal was obliged to stay in the unterroom, and it lasted a long time before this difference was made up." It will presently appear that Schindler in this case is entirely in the wrong, and that such a scene did actually occur in the November concert; but first a narrative from Spohr's Autobiography must be taken into consideration. "Seyfried," he writes, "to whom I expressed my astonishment at Beethoven's singular manner of directing, told of a tragi-comical incident which happened at Beethoven's last concert in the Theater-an-der-Wien."

"Beethoven played a new Pianoforte Concerto by himself, but forgot, at the very first *tutti*, that he was solo-player, sprang up, and began to direct in his manner. At the first *sforzando* he flung his arms so wide apart that he threw both candles from the piano desk upon the floor. The public laughed, and Beethoven was so beside himself at this disturbance that he made the orchestra stop and begin anew. Seyfried, in his anxiety lest the same mishap should repeat itself in the same passage, ordered two choir boys to station themselves near Beethoven, and hold the candlesticks in their hands. One of them unsuspectingly stepped too near, and looked over into the piano part. Accordingly, when the fatal *sforzando* came along, he received from Beethoven's out-sweeping right hand such a hard slap in the face, that the poor lad in terror let the candle fall to the ground. The other boy, more cautious, watched with anxious looks all Beethoven's motions, and succeeded in evading the blow by quickly ducking down. If the public laughed before, this time it broke out into a truly bacchanalian jubilee. Beethoven was so enraged that at the very first

[1] Linke during his last years was solo violoncellist at the Theater-an-der-Wien. Kapellmeister Adolph Müller, of that theatre, describes his personal appearance as follows: "Linke was of middle stature, with a somewhat crooked back, — perhaps from the continual handling of his instrument, which afterwards reduced him to a hunchback. Face and body fleshy, somewhat puffed out; a pale, monotonous complexion; hair a good deal mingled with gray. He spoke little, — still less when he handled his instrument, of which (without charlatanry) he was a master in every respect; for Linke was universally known and honored, not only as a correct player, but also a technical master." (From a Letter to the Author, April 25, 1873.)

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chord of the solo he broke half a dozen strings. All the exertions of the true friends of music to restore peace and attention were for the time being fruitless. Hence the Allegro of the Concerto was lost entirely for the audience. After that mishap Beethoven never would give another concert."

The great inexactness and the extraordinary faults of memory in Spohr's Autobiography, even in matters which he himself had occasion to observe, are well known to every competent judge; but where he, as in this narration, repeats from memory circumstances which have been imparted to him by another, the doubt acquires an especially wide room for exercise. It stands perfectly established that in the concert nothing of the sort occurred; consequently all that he relates about the public, about the efforts of the friends of music, and of the Allegro being lost, has its foundation solely in Spohr's fancy. . . . .

Reichardt begins a letter, dated Dec. 25, 1808, with an account of the "Akademie," as follows: —

"The past week," he writes, "in which the theatres were closed and the evenings occupied with public musical performances and concerts, I was not a little at a loss with all my zeal and my purpose of hearing all there was here. Especially was this the case on the 22d, when the musicians here gave the first grand musical performance of this year in the court theatre, for their excellent widows' and orphans' institution; but on the same day Beethoven also gave, in the great suburban theatre, a concert for his own benefit, in which only compositions of his own work were performed. I could not possibly lose this, and so accepted with heartfelt thanks the kind offer of Prince Lobkowitz to take me with him to his box. There, in the most bitter cold, from half-past six to half-past ten, we sat it out, and found the saying verified, that one may easily have too much of a good thing, — still more of a strong thing. The box was in the first tier, quite near the stage, on which the orchestra, and Beethoven, directing in the midst of them, stood very close to us. I did not like, any more than the exceedingly kind-hearted, delicate prince, to leave the box before the concert was entirely over, although many a failure in execution excited our impatience in a high degree. The poor Beethoven, who in this his concert had the first and only gain in solid cash that he could find in the whole year, had found in its arrangement and its execution many a great obstacle and only weak support. Singers and orchestra were composed of very heterogeneous elements; and it had not been possible to procure a complete rehearsal of a single one of the pieces to be performed, all of which were full of the greatest difficulties. You can will be astounded to hear what a quantity of things by this fruitful genius and indefatigable worker were performed in the course of four hours.

"First, a Pastoral Symphony, or 'Recollections of Life in the Country,' etc. . . . . Every number of this was a very long and perfectly developed movement, full of vivid paintings and of brilliant thoughts and figures; and this one pastoral symphony lasted longer than a whole court concert is allowed to last with us."

What reception the symphony found with the listeners is nowhere reported. The correspondent of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* evades all criticism. But the composer shared the customary honor of being called out at the end of it, as appears from an anecdote related by F. Hiller. "One of the best known Russian friends of music, Count Wilhourski, told me," he says, "how he was sitting alone in the reserved seats at the first performance of the Pastoral Symphony; and how Beethoven, when he was called out, made to him a (so to say) personal, half-friendly, half-ironical bow."

Reichardt continues: "Then followed, as the sixth piece (the Pastorale counting as five) a long Italian scena, sung by Demoiselle Kilitzky, the beautiful Bohemienne with the lovely voice. That the fair child trembled more than she sang was excusable enough in the grim and bitter cold; for we too shuddered in the close boxes, wrapped in our furs and cloaks."

"Seventh piece: a Gloria in choruses and solos. Unfortunately the execution was an utter failure. Eighth piece: a new Forte-piano Concerto, of monstrous difficulty, which Beethoven executed wonderfully well, and in the very quickest tempos. The Adagio, a masterpiece of lovely, sustained melody, he actually sang upon his instrument, with a deep melancholy feeling that streamed through me. Ninth piece: a grand, very elaborate, excessively long Symphony. A gentleman near us assured us, that at the rehearsal he had seen that the violoncello part alone, which was very actively employed, filled four and thirty sheets of paper. To be sure, the note-writers understand here how to stretch things out, not less than the court and lawyers' copyists with us. Tenth piece: a Sanctus again, with chorus and solo parts. This, like the Gloria, was a total failure in the execution. Eleventh piece: a long Fantasia (improvisatori?) in which Beethoven exhibited his whole mastery; and finally, for the close, another Fantasia, in which presently the orchestra, and at last the chorus, came in. This singular idea was most unlucky in the execution, through such a complete confusion in the orchestra that Beethoven, in his holy zeal for art, thought no more of the public or the place, but shouted out for them to stop and begin it over again. You can imagine how I suffered there with all his friends. At that moment I wished that I had had the courage to go out earlier."

(*To be continued.*)

BERLIOZ'S MUSICAL CREED.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

THE following letter (which we translate from our Brussels contemporary, *Le Guide Musical*) is not unpublished, but it is little known; and we are surprised, seeing its importance, that M. D. Bernard did not find a place for it in his carefully compiled "Correspondence of Berlioz." The history of this epistle, which displays the vigorous mind of the writer, is as follows: Hector Berlioz had just gained a wonderful success (this was in 1852) at Weimar with his *Benvenuto Cellini* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The town was full of poets and distinguished musicians, and the enthusiasm was still at its height, when J. C. Lobe, a celebrated composer and author, and one of Berlioz's most fervent partisans, thought it a favorable opportunity for the propagation of his own views and the demonstration of the ideas, tendencies, and aspirations of the author of *Benvenuto*, and it appeared to him that the most efficacious means to secure his end would be to get Berlioz to write a condensed form of his musical creed. Having communicated this idea to the master, Berlioz addressed to him, in reply, the above-mentioned letter, which was published in Lobe's *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*: —

SIR, — You invite me to write for your journal an epitome of my opinions on the present and future state of musical art, requesting me to dispense with the history of the past. I thank you for this reserve; but in order to contain even the abridgment you desire, a large volume would be necessary, and your *Fliegende Blätter* [flying leaves] would no longer be able to "fly." If I understand you rightly, it is simply an authentic account of the musical faith I profess that you wish me to publish. It is after this manner that electors act with regard to the candidates who court the honors of national representation. Now I have not the slightest ambition in this direction. I wish to be neither deputy, senator, consul, nor burgomaster. Besides, if I aspired to the possession of consular dignities, it appears to me the best thing I could do to obtain the suffrages, not of the people, but of the patricians in art, would be to imitate Marius Coriolanus, — appear at the forum, and, uncovering my breast, display the wounds that I have received in the defense of my country. Is not my profession of faith apparent in everything I have had the misfortune to write, in what I have done and in what I have not done? What musical art is to-day you know, and you cannot think that I am ignorant of it; but what it will be, neither you nor I can tell. What, then, shall I say on this subject? As a musician I hope much may be pardoned me, as I have loved much; as a critic I have been, am, and shall be cruelly punished, because I have had, have, and always shall have in my nature a certain amount of hatred and contempt. This is only just; but this contempt is no doubt possessed by you, and there is no need to point out its particular objects.

Music is the most poetic, the most powerful, the most enduring, of all the arts. It ought also to be the most free; but it is not so, and from this cause arise our artistic griefs, obscure devotedness, lassitude, despair, and longings for death. Modern music, music (I do not speak of the courtesan of that name, who is recognized everywhere) with certain connections, may be compared to the Andromeda of old, divinely beautiful in her nudity, whose flashing glances are split up into many colored rays while passing across the prism of her tears. Chained to a rock on the edge of a vast ocean, whose waves beat against its sides without cessation and cover her pretty feet with seething slime, she awaits the Persean conqueror who is to break her fetters and dash to pieces forever the chimera called Routine, from whose menacing jaws whirlwinds of pestilential and destroying smoke are continually shot forth. I believe, however, that this monster is growing old: his movements have not their youthful energy, his teeth are decayed, his claws blunted, and as his heavy paws slip as he places them on the edge of the rock on which Andromeda is enchained, he begins to recognize the

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uselessness of his efforts to scale it, and that he must soon return to the abyss from whence he came. His death-rattle is already heard, and when the beast is dead, what will there remain for the devoted lover to do but to swim to her, break her bonds, and, carrying her distracted across the waves, bring her back to Greece, at the risk even of seeing Andromeda reward so much zeal with indifference and coldness? Vainly will the satyrs of neighboring caverns laugh at his anxiety to deliver her; in vain will they cry, with their goats' voices, "Fool! let her remain captive! You cannot tell whether she would bestow herself on you were she free. Naked and in chains the majesty of her misfortune is only the more impregnable." The lover who truly loves has a just horror of such a crime, and would rather receive than take away. Not only will he save Andromeda, but, after having bathed with his tears the feet so cruelly tortured by heavy chains, he would give her wings to increase her liberty.

This is, sir, all the profession of faith that I can make to you, and I do it solely for the purpose of proving that I have a faith, in which respect so many professors are wanting. Unfortunately for me, I have one and have long publicly professed it, piously obeying the evangelical precept. The text must be greatly in the wrong that says, "By faith alone are we saved," for I find, on the contrary, that it is by faith alone that we are lost, and I also find that it is ruining me. Such is my conclusion, only adding (as my Galilean friend, Greipenkerl, does at the bottom of all his letters), *E pur si muove.* Don't denounce me to the Holy Inquisition. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

I.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT,—In answer to your inquiries regarding the musical "situation" at Vassar College, I am happy to inform you that the year of study now drawing to a close, in the school for musical art there, has been one calculated not alone to attract the interested attention of an observer like myself,—one whose warm sympathies are with it in all its workings,—but also of a nature to give satisfaction to those practically concerned in it as instructors and students. A genuine spirit of harmony pervades it; the plans of its director are followed with the surety of complete confidence by an able corps of teachers, two of whom are Vassar graduates; and this confidence is shared by every student. Here, all feel, there is no sham; no forced, feverish striving for superficial, temporary success; no experimentalizing, and yet no standing still. Here is an atmosphere of honorable emulation, not overdriven to the excess of ambitious rivalry; solid acquirement, genuine interest in the students' improvement, friendly *esprit de corps*,—in a few words, the inspiration of true art, and the life, the progress, that result from this.

The number of students in the various branches of music taught at Vassar College has been large this year, especially considering how many institutions of the kind, following Vassar's example, have been lately established. This unmistakable proof of the popularity of the musical department of Vassar College is partly owing to the excellent results of last year,—the first, initial year of its formation as a school of art on a footing of as much independence as is possible in a school not wholly isolated, but branching from a foundation of general collegiate education. The number of students in solo and chorus singing, organ and piano-forte playing, and harmony, has been one hundred and fifty; several of these are especial art students, who enter this college for the sole purpose of enjoying the musical advantages it has to offer. Seven concerts have been given since last November, though the entire plan includes nine, two of which will occur during this closing month of the collegiate year. Four of these are given by advanced students, three by artists, two by teachers. Two of the artist concerts were performances of classic chamber music by Messrs. Bergner, Matzka, and Schwarz, with the assistance of students. The third was a pianoforte recital by Franz Rummel. This was Mr. Rummel's first recital, though not his first appearance, in America; and the programme was the same that he has since repeated with such success in New York, Boston, and elsewhere. This programme was a test of the artist's marvelous acquired powers, and of his excellent and often original conception of the master-works he interpreted,—especially Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, and Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 53,—the bass octave passages of which he emphasized with finely graduated force and delicacy,—and in what a *tempo* he played the Liszt Tarantella! But mechanical dexterity is now so common, such a matter of course to be expected from all pianists, that even Mr. Rummel's magnificent technical ability would not appeal to remarkable, were it not for the magnetic warmth of a certain eagerness of expression, a rash impulsiveness, that lend it a peculiarly interesting and piquant coloring. Was it not your own "Fair Harvard" that first among colleges, after Vassar, had the courage and wisdom to organize, within its own walls, a regular season of orchestral and chamber concerts,—or am I mistaken?

Every concert given at Vassar is prefaced by a short introductory address from Dr. Ritter, explaining and analyzing the principal numbers on the programme,—a system first "inaugurated" by him. Besides this, Dr. Ritter gives a regular bi-monthly series of lectures to the musical department of the year. But Vassar students are not wholly dependent on concerts given within its walls. As New York is only three hours distant, students are able to attend matinée performances of opera and concert there, and to return on the same day. This advantage is one of which they have frequently availed themselves this season, by listening to the masterpieces of symphonies or vocal composition performed by the Carlberg, Damrosch, or Philharmonic orchestras, the Stapleton opera company, the organ recitals in various churches, etc.

The school of musical art at Vassar possesses a circulating library which contains more than six hundred numbers; there are many excellent works on musical literature in the college library. The appearance as solo pianiste (at the evening entertainment which takes place at Vassar on the anniversary of its founder's birthday) of Miss Stevens, a graduate of 1877, and pupil of Dr. Ritter for four years, was an interesting event of this season. Since she graduated, the lady, who is a very accomplished *executante*, has appeared with success at several concerts in California and the West, and now goes, by the advice of Dr. Ritter, to study for two years with Drs. Von Bülow and Liszt, before entering upon the career of a professional pianiste. May Miss Stevens never depart from the ideal artistic principles which her instructor has inculcated! And that her future career may prove entirely successful, is the wish of all her friends. The standard of excellence in performance among the students in this school is so high that it excites surprise even in artists, who listen to the singing and playing of these ladies with admiration for the method of tuition employed, when they hear how short a time pupils are allowed (save in exceptional cases) for daily practice. And, young as Vassar is, several of its musical students of three years are already successfully engaged as teachers or organists elsewhere.

Vassar College, standing in the front rank of women's colleges, is peculiarly a mark for comment and criticism. I have observed that in New York society, and among my European correspondents, one question is more frequently put to me on this subject than any other, "How many famous women has Vassar College turned out yet?" Should a lively demand for "famous women" ever arise, no doubt a mill to supply the necessary article will speedily be established. At present there is no very apparently pressing necessity for an immediate supply,—or of famous men either, to judge from the fact, of which a distinguished editor (who should know) recently informed me, that no *great* man has graduated from Yale or Harvard for fifty years. If this be true, why expect so much more, in one fifth of the time, from Vassar College and the inferior sex? It is enough to ask from collegiate education that it should *raise* the average mind of the average thousands of students to a higher plane of thought and action; and this is certainly done. Once it cannot create, and exceptional natures will always find their own way to exceptional acquired excellence. In this elevation of the faculties, this discipline of the mind, art is a powerful agent; and, although the benefit of such a study may not always become apparent in rare artistic accomplishments (demanding rare artistic qualifications), its effects will invariably appear in the form of greater harmony and breadth of character, superior grace of manner and softeness of disposition. This result, and the favorable effect upon health of a judicious study of art, ought to be enough to establish its utilitarian claims to respect, even among those who are incapable of perceiving its beauty, or its elevated rank among the highest achievements of the mind.

President Caldwell holds out promises of excellent things in the way of lectures upon art and literature, etc, to be given in the lecture hall of Vassar College next winter. The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, well known to you in Boston, has already given there two of those illustrated lectures of his on painting, architecture, etc., which have been found so highly interesting wherever he has delivered them, from their refined tone of literary culture and experience. If a great painter does not so much place a picture on canvas, as raise the veils that separate him from the picture of his imagination, the appreciative commentator can such a picture unveils beauties to the eyes of the ordinary observer that would otherwise remain unseen by him; and the expression of enlightened individual opinion is always suggestive, even though the ideas of a non-professional may sometimes disagree with the accepted canons of artistics. The same quality of liberal appreciativeness which is to be found in the lectures of Mr. Spaulding characterizes (as you are aware) Mr. Fields's analysis of the works of Tennyson, which was also listened to at Vassar last winter. Ladies in general, and we English ladies in particular, may not wholly share the opinion of Mr. Fields in regard to Tennyson's mediæval ideal of womanhood; but all must agree with him in desiring a more complete and solid study of English literature than the system that generally prevails. The spirit of such lectures as these is one well adapted to further something more than the interests of literature,—those of human

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fraternity; and where shall we find this spirit more nobly embodied than in the creations of art and poetry? Poets, artists, are the truest republicans! When in presence of a work of art, utterly opposed, perhaps, in its character to all previously acquired thoughts, ideas, and habits, who has not, in a moment of joy, grief, or perturbation, felt a mysterious, foreign, and yet strangely familiar influence whisper to him, in some beautiful verse, some harmonious succession of tones, some rich combination of colors, "Dost thou not understand me? For most surely do I understand thee: I have suffered and rejoiced, loved and hated, like thee, and yet a thousand times more profoundly, as the poet and the artist must, ere they are consecrated to their mission. Look, listen, brother! and then may rest and benediction descend upon thee!"

Yours faithfully, F. R. R.

MAY 26.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

VII.

AFTER you have placed the shadows on that face, you want to make it subtle, to get the dream of it. Don't have the pupils of the eyes small and decided! It is only when people are angry that the pupil grows small. When they are pleased and quiet the pupil grows large. See how little you notice the distinction between pupil and iris when you are at a very short distance!

"I've made the shadow on the cheek too black."

If you put in your other darks strong enough, it will not look black.

"Besides, I have made it so bad in color that I don't like to go on with it."

It is in a good state to go on with, if you will put some greenish yellow, *terre-verte brulée*, and raw sienna, into that crimson shadow on the face. Just use the opposite colors, and it will come right.

I don't like the spots in your backgrounds. You ought to be able to get just as much air and color in them by painting them flat, and your figures would come out better. But I don't mean to tell you a great deal. I think that it is better that I should not. You ought to find out things for yourself; and if there is anything that I ought to set you right about, like those backgrounds, I will. But I shall not take the responsibility if you spoil them.

"How far shall I carry the face?"

As far as you like.

If that little girl won't sit still, get a photograph of her. I know that it is horrid to work from photographs generally; but you must have something to help you about the exactness of it. If you get into a real scrape with it, take another canvas, and paint her head on that.

That child's foot ought not to turn up so on one side. The figure would stand much better if it were brought down true. And that's no way to do a fiddle! Just think what a violin is! How carefully it is made! Eichberg could tell in a minute who had made an old violin; there's so much in the look of it. And it is not a thing to treat carelessly.

You must learn to be very careful. All the great men, Velasquez, and the rest, were tremendously careful. I have said that to you forty times; and I know that it won't make the least difference. Put in the whole subject at once, in masses, painting loosely. But don't precise anything unless you do it *exactly right*. And because a thing looks quickly done, and as if you were smart, never leave it on that account, if it is not right. Don't be afraid to carry your things where they ought to go.

You are on the right track. You are going on well. But I'm sure it won't make you pedantic if I say that now you must be sure of having certain things exactly right; and that you must try for a certain simplicity beyond what you have. I know it is easy for you to make the hard, pedaptic "drawing," that people talk so much about. There is a great deal more thought in looser work. I like your studies. There is thought in every one of them. And that can't be said of all pictures.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MUSICAL EDUCATION.

I.

IT seems to me that the time when it was incumbent on every true music-lover to exert himself to the utermost to encourage the diffusion of musical knowledge throughout our country has now gone by. True, that time is not yet long past; but such is the pace at which everything rushes onward nowadays that musical institutes have sprung up on every hand, and are within the reach and means of almost every one. Musical instruction, as an item in the regular course at our public schools, is now an established fact. In so far as a general knowledge of musical matters is concerned, he who runs may learn. I would by no means be thought to regret this, or to urge anything against it; it is wholly to be rejoiced at, and not at all to be deplored. Yet it does seem that, in view of the great tendency of our peculiar civilization to favor the wide-spread diffusion of everything, from printed cotton goods to religious principles, it would be well now for those who have the honor of music at heart to exert all their influence in the direction of concentrating higher musical instruction; of making it more thorough and clearer of all dubious elements, for the benefit of the very and decidedly musical few instead of the vaguely musical many. In this I refer more especially to what is commonly called theoretical teaching,—the study of harmony, counterpoint, and other items in the art of composition. Music is as yet somewhat of an exotic in America; it has been going through the process of transplanting for some time, and is taking quite as kindly to our soil as there was any reason to expect it would. We have made especially rapid progress in respect to musical performance. I need only mention Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra in Cincinnati, the Philharmonic orchestra in New York, the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, known pretty well all over the country (though it was enrolled under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument), to show that we are not wanting in excellent musical means. Some of our pianists, too, could take a very high rank anywhere and everywhere; and Albani, Miss Cary, and Miss Thursby show well what we can do in the way of singing.

But it is not the fine means of performing music that sets the musical stamp upon a country. It is not the quality of music it performs and listens to, nor the manner in which it performs it, but the quality of the music it produces. We have already done something in the way of musical production, and some of our fellow-countrymen can seriously lay claim to the title of composer; yet ours can hardly be called a composing people in any high sense of the term. But the number of young men who aspire to follow the lead of Mr. Paine and Mr. Dudley Buck is every year increasing, and it is no very visionary possibility that the time is drawing nigh when a highly respectable number of compositions in the more serious forms will be turned out annually by native-born Americans. Of the vast number of pupils who study harmony at our conservatories, there is a fair percentage who do so with some more ambitious aim than the mere getting a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of the art of music, or the qualifying themselves for improvising unobjectionable interludes between the verses of a psalm-tune in church. It is upon just these ambitious ones that the best and purest didactic musical force in our country should be concentrated. As for the others, they do very well to support conservatories for the benefit of themselves and their more worthy brethren: *non rogionom di loro!*

But, considering the fact that we actually have a respectable number of young Americans who dream of the chance of becoming composers, I would say a thoughtful word or two, not to our noble army of teachers (*that* I am by no means entitled to do), but to themselves. To be sure, one is a little inclined, when one sees a young man about to enter upon the arduous path of musical composition, to repeat to him Punch's advice "to those about to be married." But this is a purely cynical way of facing the question, and will not advance matters one whit. I am well aware that one of the most unruly and recalcitrant mortals breathing is the really *talented* pupil in composition: he is hard to lead, and impossible to drive; he is excelled in unmanageableness only by the generally bright and clever pupil, who has a quick intelligence and decided tastes, but no special musical talent. Yet I will take courage. I have long been struck with a singular phenomenon in my own experience as a teacher, which is that pupils, almost without exception, who have shown very marked ability, and have made gratifying progress in the study (so called) of harmony, meet with far less flattering success so soon as they begin the study of counterpoint proper. This difference has seemed to me too great to be accounted for merely by the comparative difficulty of the two studies. I think that it arises mainly from a false appreciation, on the part of the pupil, of the fundamentally different nature of the two studies. Harmony and counterpoint are, in common parlance, loosely lumped together under the general head of Musical Theory. Harmony, the science of the formation and progression of chords and of the relation between different keys, together with the means of passing from one key to another either with or without modulation, is certainly, to a very great extent, a theoretical study; it is something to be understood, learned, and remembered. But simple and double counterpoint, from the first order, note against note, up to polyphonic imitation, is almost purely a practical one. What the harmony student strives to acquire is knowledge, and that refined musical sense that comes from well-digested knowledge; what the counterpoint student aims (or should aim) at acquiring is technique, executive ability. It is a want of appreciation of this fact that makes beginners in counterpoint so self-willed and unmanageable to guidance (for, if the talented harmony pupil is unruly, the counterpoint pupil is doubly so), and consequently so slow of progress. In harmony exercises the pupil can almost always answer his teacher with considerable show of justice: "You say that this progression is bad; but it *sounds well!*" But in exercises in counterpoint the teacher can always answer

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back: "Whether what you have written sounds well or not is no matter at all; it is not what you were told to do." Exercises in elementary counterpoint (say writing four notes in the bass against one in the canto *firmus*, for example) exactly correspond to scales, five-finger exercises, and arpeggio practice in piano-forte playing. Their object is to develop a thorough technique in composing. As for the rules of counterpoint, they can be *learned* in less time than it takes to learn the notes and fingering of the various major and minor scales. To study counterpoint is one thing, but to practice it is a vastly different thing. And here I would urge upon all persons who have the ambition to become composers to practice counterpoint in all its forms, and to practice it hard, with the most implicit observance of the strictest rules. Without the practical technique that such exercise gives, it is vain to think of doing anything æsthetically worthy in the higher branches of composition.

But the pupil may ask, "Why observe all these strict rules of preparing fourths, and passing from one measure to another by conjunct movement, and the like, which have come down to us from a set of old periwig-pated contrapuntists of the last century, and which all the greatest composers break through constantly, without sin or mercy, and, what is more, with the very best musical effect?" I answer with the counter-question, "Why practice scales with a certain strict fingering when the most eminent pianists often greatly modify this fingering in scale passages that occur in piano-forte compositions? Or, indeed, why practice scales at all, seeing that they are neither pleasing to the ear nor musically interesting in any way?" Before you think of breaking rules, first earn the right to break them, by making yourself superior to them; and remember this well, that a cultivated musician can always tell the difference between the composer who disregards rules because he wishes to and the scribbler who breaks them because he does not know how to comply with them, and has got himself into a tight place, from which he can extricate himself only by kicking over the traces. Why, the difference is as palpable as that between a pianist who makes an intentional *accelerando* and the one whose inadequacy of technique makes him so nervous that he cannot help hurriedly scrambling through a difficult passage. And, upon the whole, when we wish to strengthen our muscles, we swing dumb-bells and Indian clubs and other unwieldly things which are in no wise fascinating to a man of higher athletic aspirations. Call writing strict counterpoint composing in chains, if you will, but remember that by steady practice you can get to wearing your fetters gracefully, and that, in the end, they will fall off of themselves, and leave you a far freer man than you were ever before, and with the power of making a good use of your freedom, too.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

(To be continued.)

A CORRECTION.—We were in error in one point of our notice of the concert by the Parish Church Choir. The choral, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," as there sung, transposed into a very low key, and with the boys' blatant voices overcrowing all, sounded so strangely that we did not recognize Bach's harmony: moreover we were momentarily misled by the name Hassler attached to it upon the programme; though on reading our own article in print we suddenly remembered that the melody, the tune, is commonly ascribed to Hassler, and on inquiry found that the harmony as sung on this occasion was Bach's essentially, although not in the key he uses in the Passion music. By way of amends for our blunder we will give the historical facts about this choral, as we find them in Carl von Winterberg's "Der Evangelische Kirchengesang," etc., a very elaborate and valuable work, in three quarto volumes, in which he traces the development of the German Protestant church music, out of the simple Lutheran chorals as the germs, into the highest artistic forms of Bach and Handel's time.

The melody in question was originally a love-song. Hans Leo Hassler, of Nuremberg, published about the year 1601 a collection of songs under the title, "Pleasure Garden of new German Songs, *Ballets, Gallarden und Intraden*, with four, five, six, and eight voices, etc." Among these is found a five-part *song* of five strophes, of which the initial letters form the name "Maria," — probably that of the beloved to whom the poem is dedicated. The first strophe reads as follows:

Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret;
Das macht ein Jungfrau zart;
Bin gnas und gar verirret,
Mein Herz das kränkt sich hart!
etc., etc.

Which we may loosely imitate: —

My spirit is confounded,
Because a maiden fair
My very heart hath wounded,
And filled me with despair!

A few years later (about 1613) the melody of this song, now commonly referred to by the first line of Paul Gerhard's Passion hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," together with its original five-part harmony, was transferred to a death-bed song, and is found as such in a collection of Latin and German sacred songs published by Johann Rhamba at Goritiz. Instead of the original words the following were now sung: —

Herzlich thut mich verlangen
Nach einem seel'gen End,
Weil ich bin hin umfangen
Mit Trübsal und Elend.
Ich hab' Lust abzuscheiden
Von dieser bösen Welt,
Sehn mich nach m'gen Freuden,
O Jesu, komm mir bald!

Under this name, "Herzlich thut mich verlangen," this borrowed secular melody soon found its home in the church so completely that for a long time its source was not suspected, and many even now will be surprised to learn that it was not created, but only borrowed, for religious uses. Under this name it is found in all the choral books. But such a pregnant melody, so full of beauty and deep feeling, could not fail to become a favorite theme for harmonic treatment and for contrapuntal development among the German composers, particularly Sebastian Bach, who in the St. Matthew Passion alone has harmonized it in four or five different ways, according to the thought and feeling of the words sung, giving it an altogether peculiar expression in "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," — an expression which we confess we missed in the singing of the Parish Choirs.

CONCERTS.

MR. WARREN A. LOCKE, a Harvard graduate of 1869, — a class with more than the usual share of musical members, — after several years of study in Germany, returned last fall and settled down in Cambridge as an organist and teacher of music. On Tuesday evening, May 22, he gave his first concert in Lyceum Hall, assisted by Mr. George L. Osgood, tenor, and Messrs C. N. Allen, violin, Henry Heindl, viola, Wolf Fries, 'cello, and Alexander Heindl, basso. The audience was large and friendly, a fair representation of Cambridge culture, and included not a few musicians and amateurs from Boston. Mr. Locke presented the following choice bill of fare: —

Quintet in E-flat minor, Op. 87 . . . . . *Hummel.*
a. Allegro e risoluto assai. *b.* Menuetto.
Allegro con fuoco. *c.* Largo. *d.* Finale,
Allegro agitato.
Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Basso.

Songs.
Die Forelle . . . . . *Schubert.*
Mondnacht . . . . . *Schumann.*
Im Sommer . . . . . *Franz.*
Golden rills bound } . . . . . *Rubinstein.*
As sings the lark }

Quintet (*Forellen*) in A major, Op. 114. . . . *Schubert.*
a. Allegro vivace. *b.* Andante. *c.* Scherzo;
Presto. *d.* Thema con Variazioni. *e.* Allegro giusto.
Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Basso.

A sensible programme for a debutant! First, in that he did not present himself with the ambition of a solo-playing virtuoso, but rather, it would seem, for the simple end of taking his stand in public as a respectable musician, well educated and appreciative. Secondly, because his selections were all excellent; and last, not least, because the concert was of reasonable length, precisely one hour and a half. Mr. Locke's skill and taste proved equal to his modesty. It was not a crucial test of an executive pianist to play the comparatively easy piano-forte part in those two quintets. Yet, while not particularly difficult in a technical sense, they do require a sensitive touch, a sure, firm accent, and much finesse and grace of execution, all which they received at his hands. His playing was characterized by ease and delicacy, and showed a true musical temperament and feeling. He was fortunate also in his string quartet of associate interpreters. The two quintets were well contrasted, and both interesting, though neither of them belonging to the strong, great specimens of the not very numerous class, — not to be compared, for instance, to the E-flat Quintet by Schumann. That by Hummel — the only one he wrote — has all the finest grace and elegance which characterize his works, with little that is deep in feeling or strikingly imaginative; but it is the work of an artist and a true musician brought up in the very atmosphere of Mozart and of Beethoven; and for us here it had the interest of novelty and freshness, and displayed the young musician to advantage.

Mr. Osgood was in his best voice and mood, and sang all his songs delightfully. He threw a plenty of fervor into Rubinstein's "Golden rills beneath me," sometimes called by another line: "Oh that it were ever abiding!" And in that singular little "Lark" song, he rose to the climax of its passionate crescendo with such power that it had to be repeated in spite of the strange, almost Mephistophelian anticlimax of the last two lines, for which the poet is responsible: "But Reason bids me silent stand, and holds me back with icy hand" (!). It was well that Mr. Osgood sang Schubert's "Trout" song in its original form, making plain the reason of the title of the "Trout (*Forellen*) Quintet," which came after. The song was composed in 1817, the quintet two years later. At the end of Schubert's autograph of the song stand these words in his own handwriting: "Dearest friend! It rejoices me exceedingly that my songs please you. As a proof of my sincerest friendship, I send you here another, which I have just this moment written. At Anselm Hüttenbrenner's, at twelve o'clock midnight. I wish that I might form a nearer friendship with you over a glass of punch."

A trout might well be a fit subject for playful variations; and the melody of the song is used for such in the fourth movement of the quintet, being first played in harmony by the quartet of strings, then taken up by the piano-forte, while the strings play flashing trout-like figures of accompaniment, and so on, through kaleidoscopic shifings of form, and of light and shadow, until at last the melody is sung by one and another of the strings, while the

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piano-forte gives the original figures of accompaniment. But these variations are hardly more interesting than many portions of the other movements, in which some flashing little figure ever and anon occurs to show you that trout lurking in the background. The opening Allegro has a rich, cool, buoyant character; and the Minuet and Trio are very bright and vivid. We cannot quite agree with Herr Kreissle von Hellborn, who speaks of this as "the melodious but somewhat spiritless piano-forte Quintet, Op. 114."

MISS SELMA BORG's Orchestral Concert at the Music Hall (May 16) was certainly unique and interesting, inasmuch as it presented the singular spectacle of an orchestra conducted by a woman, while the programme, with the exception of the first piece, was composed entirely of Russian, Finnish, and Scandinavian music. All of this had more or less of a Norse flavor, though comparatively few of the selections appeared to belong to the old folk-lore of the North, the greater number of them being manifestly modern and by composers of the present day. Here is the programme: —

1. Organ Solo. "Processional March." (By request) . . . . *S. B. Whitney.*
2. Tenor Songs:
   a. "Dawn in the Forest" (Finnish) *Carl Collan.*
   b. "Russia's Prayer for Freedom." *Gustaf Stolpe.*
3. Ancient Finnish Folk Songs arranged for orchestra. "Vasa March" and "March of the Finns," played at the battle of Lützen (1632), when Gustavus Adolphus gave up his life for the cause of Protestantism.
4. Duets:
   a. "Moonlight" . . . . *Gunnar Wennerberg.*
   b. "Twilight Hour" . . . *Gunnar Wennerberg.*
5. Cornet Solos:

Three Finnish songs, arranged by D. W. Reeves.

6. Swedish Wedding March . . . . . . *Södermann.*
7. Russian National Anthem . . . . *Lwoff.*
8. Contralto Solos:
   a. "Remembrance"
   b. "The Golden Star" (Finnish) *Carl Collan.*
9. Overture to the Finnish Opera, "Kullervo" . . . . *Filip von Schantz.*
10. Tenor Songs (Norwegian):
   a. "Forest Wandering" . . . . . . *Grieg.*
   b. "The Young Birch Tree" . . . . . *Grieg.*
   c. "Spring Song" . . . . *Grieg.*
11. Swedish Folk Songs, arranged for Orchestra.
12. a. "Björneborg's March" played by the Finnish Guard before Plevna (1878).
   b. "National Hymn of Finland."

The general impression which we brought away from all this music was of something far less national, distinctive, characteristic, than we had expected. The truth is, we imagine, that the essential traits of all the old peoples' melodies, of whatsoever nationality, have been so much reproduced by modern composers, especially the Germans, that they have become part and parcel of the current musical coin of the world. Doubtless the "Vasa March" and the "March of the Finns," in No. 3 of the programme, are historical, but here we had them only served up incidentally in the midst of a very modern orchestral fantasia. "Björneborg's March," too, and the National Hymn which closed the concert, are no doubt genuine. But the only orchestral music of really artistic character presented was entirely modern; namely: Sodermann's "Swedish Wedding March," played by an inadequate, reduced orchestra; the "Russian National Hymn," which, with the roar of the great organ added to the orchestra, had a mighty volume of sonority, but was taken at an inconceivably slow tempo; and von Schantz's Overture to a Finnish Opera. This last was interesting and original, worked up with a great deal of skill, and full of fire; but without Liszt, Wagner, Raff, etc., it never would have been written; it is wholly in the spirit of "the Future."

If we turn to the songs, decidedly the most interesting were the three by Grieg, one of the youngest of the Northern (Norwegian) composers who have passed through the mill at Leipzig. The songs by Collan, Stolpe, Wennerberg, etc., are characterized by sadness and a sentimental sweetness, as well as a certain freshness and simplicity. Those duets, the voices moving in sixths and thirds, seemed to us of much the same character with songs by English composers of some fifty years ago, such as were often heard here in the parlor. The Swedish Folk-Songs (No. 11), played by the orchestra, short little strains, seemed to us more like true wild-flowers of native melody. The contralto songs were sung in a pure rich voice, with true expression by Mrs. C. C. Noyes, and the tenor songs found a good interpreter in Mr. Julius Jordan, who has a light, pure tenor, and a refined style.

For Miss Borg's conducting of the orchestra great allowance must be made, since she had been taken suddenly ill that day on the receipt of alarming news about a dear friend in Russia, unnerving her completely for some hours. Her manner was extremely enthusiastic, seemingly inspired by her country's music; her motions energetic, free, and graceful. She seemed to be acting out the emotions of the music before the orchestra and audience; and how far that might be helpful to the musicians, we are not yet prepared to judge. Nor was it possible, from anything done in that concert, to measure her musicianship. She had the disadvantage of an orchestra too small and made up of rather heterogeneous materials. But at all events the zeal for her native music, which moves her to stand forth as its interpreter and advocate, — a mission not without its sacrifices, — is worthy of respect.

A Piano-forte Concert by pupils of Mr. T. P. CURRIER, at Wesleyan Hall, Friday afternoon, May 16, was another instance of how the tide has turned of late years, even in pupils' concerts, in the direction of sound classical programmes. The general style of performance, too (of what we heard), was worthy of the programme:

1. Overture to "Son and Stranger." . . . *Mendelssohn.*
   (For two pianos, eight hands.)
   Misses Fisher, Gould, Osgood, and Turner.
2. Concerto, D minor . . . . *Mozart.*
   Romance and Presto. (With second piano accompaniment.)
   Miss Osgood.
3. (a.) Venise, Gondolière . . . . *Jaëll.*
   (b.) Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2. . . . . . *Schubert.*
   Miss Gould.
4. Concerto, D minor. . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
   (With second piano accompaniment.)
   Miss Fisher.
5. Rondo, E-flat. . . . . *Weber.*
   Miss Osgood.
6. Scherzo, Op. 31. . . . . *Chopin.*
   Miss Fisher.

The very satisfactory performances by the two young ladies in the second part showed how much we had lost in not hearing the first part. Miss Fisher's rendering of the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn was in every way creditable to herself, and to her teacher, who played the accompaniment. She had evidently been taught in a sound method. Her touch is clear and sympathetic, her execution sure and even and equal to all the difficulties of such a work. She played the Chopin Scherzo, too, with not a little fire and brilliancy. Miss Osgood, in the Rondo by Weber, bore equal testimony to good opportunities of instruction well improved. It all seemed like honest, unaffected, faithful work in an artistic direction.

HERR HANS RICHTER, who conducted Wagner's famous orchestra at the last Bayreuth festival, has been giving some orchestral concerts in London, where he has been greatly admired. Especially fine has been his conducting of selections from Wagner's works, which, says *The Academy*, were given with almost electrical effect. It is announced that he will return to London next season, and conduct a series of eight concerts, in which the nine Symphonies of Beethoven are to be performed in chronological order.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, MAY 31. — The eleventh series of exhibition concerts of the students at the Peabody Conservatory closed on Thursday last.

The programmes of the three evenings were as follows: —

1. TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1879.

(a) Piano-trio, C major. No. 3 . . . . . . *Haydn.*
(For piano, violin, and violoncello.)
Miss Ada Swartzwelder.

(b) Violin-Sonata, C major. No. 6 . . . . *Haydn.*
(For piano and violin.)
Miss Hallie Edmunds.

Violin-Romance, G minor, No. 6. Op. 7 . *Vieuxtemps.*
Mr. Henry Boeckner.

(a) Piano-Trio, B-flat major. Op. 11 . . *Beethoven.*
(For piano, violin, and violoncello.)
Miss Nora Freeman.

(b) Violin-Sonata, E-flat major. Op. 12 . *Beethoven.*
(For piano and violin.)
Adagio con molto espressione. — Rondo: allegro molto.
Miss Ida Carlile.

2. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

(a) Piano-Trio in C minor. Op. 1. No. 3 . *Beethoven.*
Miss Mary van Bibber.

(b) Piano-Quartet in B-flat major. Op. 16 . *Beethoven.*
Miss Helen Todhunter.

(c) Piano Trio in C major. Op. 1. No. 2 . *Beethoven.*
Miss Agnes Hoen.

3. THURSDAY, MAY 29.

Fifteen Variations and Fugue, E flat major. Op. 35 *Beethoven.*
(Composed on a theme from the Eroica Symphony. For Piano.)
Mr. Ross Jungnickel.

Fourth Scherzo, G major. Op. 101 . . . *G. Satter.*
(For piano.)
Miss Susie Moore.

The Queen's Polka. Caprice. A-flat major. Op. 95 . . . . *J. Raff.*
(For piano.)
Mr. Adam Itzel.

Concert-Paraphrase on Verdi's "Rigoletto" . *Fr. Liszt.*
(For piano.)
Miss Sarah Schoenberg.

Serenade for soprano . . . . *Scuderi.*
Miss Mary Arthur.

Romance for baritone . . . . *T. Mattei.*
Mr. Wm. Lincoln.

Separation. Romance for contralto . . . *G. Rossini.*
Miss Emma Steiner.

Scene and Air from the opera "Nabucco" . *C. Verdi.*
Miss Helen Winternitz.

Air from the opera "Il Guarany" . . . . *C. Gomes.*
Miss Ida Crow.

Duet composed by Miss Emma Steiner.
Misses Winternitz and Crow.

Study for nine voices, in three parts . . *P. Boraldi.*
Misses Winternitz, Steiner, Graflin, Moore, Steinbach, Sharp, Crow, Seltzer, and Arthur.

Of course, every one acquitted himself or herself creditably; but those really deserving special mention are the following: The Misses Agnes Hoen, Helen Todhunter, Mary van Bibber, Sarah Schoenberg, and Messrs. Jungnickel and Itzel. The last-named gentleman is about fifteen years of age, I believe, and has evinced much talent, not only in piano performance, but also in other branches of music. His dexterity at the piano is really marvelous in so small a specimen of humanity, whose little hands would seem scarcely capable of striking an octave.

The director left to-day for Copenhagen, to return next fall; and the symphonies of the great masters have been consigned to the shelf for a season to make room for Strauss, Suppé, and Offenbach, at the summer garden concerts opening next week under the direction of Carlberg, with an orchestra of twenty-seven of our own musicians at the Academy. MUSICUS.

CINCINNATI, MAY 14. — As the amusement season is drawing to a close, the remaining orchestral and chamber concerts of the two series are following each other in such rapid succession that only a hasty survey of them is possible in this letter. In the tenth orchestra concert the college choir appeared for the second time in public. The programme comprised

Symphony No. 1, C minor . . . . *Johannes Brahms.*
Selections from "Ruins of Athens" . . . *Beethoven.*
(a.) Chorus of Dervishes, Op. 113.
(b.) Turkish March, Op. 113.
(c.) March and Chorus, Op. 114.
Selections from 2d Act, "Flying Dutchman" . *Wagner.*
Introduction. Spinning Chorus. Ballad and Chorus.
Symphonic Poem. Les Preludes. . . . . *Liszt.*

The Brahms Symphony has been so extensively commented on in your columns that I will not obtrude my opinion of it at length. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that with every hearing of the work the first favorable impression it made on me is deepened. There is an earnestness and nobility pervading every part, a perfection and polish in the detail work, and, it appears to me, often lofty flights of inspiration, which stamp the symphony as being more than

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the fruit of laborious contrapuntal work. The numerous syncopations and shifted rhythmic accents did not produce in me the feeling of unrest and confusion which I experienced when I heard it for the first time. The contrafagot, which we boast of having in our orchestra, gives a remarkable sombre coloring to parts of the work, such as is lost entirely if the part is taken by a brass instrument. In the Andante the beautiful tone and phrasing of Mr. Jacobsohn in the solo violin part was a pleasant feature.

The male voices of the college choir in the Chorus of Dervishes were very effective. Accuracy and firmness was noticeable throughout. The Spinning Song from the *Flying Dutchman* was the best performance with which the college choir has so far favored us. That the chorus following the ballad, especially the Prestissimo, was, in places, somewhat nervous and blurred, I think is to be attributed greatly to the position which the singers must necessarily occupy. The distance which separates the altos from the sopranos is so great that a perfect understanding between the two parts is made extremely difficult. Miss Norton, in attempting the trying role of Senta, took upon herself a very laborious task. The manner in which she sang the ballad was very good throughout, and in some passages highly dramatic, — not a little praise for a comparatively inexperienced singer. Miss Stone, in the part of Mary, assisted the ensemble very creditably. In *Les Preludes* the orchestra was evidently not so perfectly at home as in the Symphony. I must add that the smooth and accurate rendering of the latter was in striking contrast with the manner in which the same players performed this work in the first concert of the season

Musicians, especially, had been looking forward to the ninth chamber concert with the greatest interest, for the programme contained, besides the Schumann Quintet, Op. 44, the great Beethoven Quartet, No. 14, Op. 131, in C-sharp minor. So exacting are the demands made on the players in this remarkable composition, that it is very seldom performed. Technically, only virtuosos can do justice to it, while few artists can give an interpretation which will, in a measure even, bring light into its contrapuntal chaos. It is, therefore, a proof of the extraordinary excellence of the rendering of this work, — which is the bone of contention to so many æstheticians, — that after the performance the audience, in the highest enthusiasm, insisted on the reappearance of the artists. And, indeed, it was a deserved tribute, for never have I heard so clear and transparent an interpretation of this intricately constructed work. There was a certainty, a freedom, even in the most difficult numbers, which I failed to notice when I heard this same composition performed by the very best string quartets in Europe. It was a worthy climax to the steady improvement which was marked in every chamber concert. The quintet, with Mr. Singer as pianist, did not show so good an ensemble as we are accustomed to hear. Perhaps it was the expectancy on the part of the performers of the great work to follow, — the quartet, that caused the lack of unity. The tenth chamber concert had for its programme: —

Quartet, Op. 192, "Die schöne Müllerin"	*Raff.*
Sonata, A minor, Op. 19	*Rubinstein*
Quintet for Strings, C major, Op. 163	*Schubert.*

Mr. Doerner, pianist. Mr Brandt, 'cello.

The Raff Quartet, programme music of the purest water, I could not accept as being anything more than very skillfully "made" music There are all the effects introduced which so perfect a musician as Raff commands, but true poetry I could not find in the composition. The Rubinstein Sonata, which is widely known, received an excellent interpretation at the hands of Messrs. Doerner and Jacobsohn. The beautiful Schubert Quintet came like a ray of sunlight after so much modern music. Never did I feel so deeply and intensely the dangers to art into which the present tendency of composing is inevitably leading. The unaffected, natural, inspired strains of Schubert stood in striking contrast with the labored, artful efforts of Raff, and the untamed, unbridled passionateness of Rubinstein. The eleventh chamber concert gave us

Trio, No. 6 (Serenade), for Flute, Violin, and Viola, Op. 25	*Beethoven.*

Mr. Wittgenstern, flutist.

Quartet, F major, Op. 37	*Xaver Scharwenka*
Sonata, A major, Op. 47 (Kreutzer) . . .	*Beethoven.*

Mr. Schneider, pianist.

The Beethoven Trio is a charming novelty, and shows the wonderful command which Beethoven had over all possible combinations of instruments. The viola is so cleverly employed as to make the absence of a fundamental bass instrument scarcely felt. The quartet by Scharwenka is universally pronounced by European critics to be the best composition of this kind which has been written since Schumann's famous quartets It contains many beauties, shows the composer to be thoroughly at home in all the technicalities of composing, and above all does not attempt in its construction to improve on the logical and time-honored laws of form. The Kreutzer Sonata was played by Messrs. Schneider and Jacobsohn in most admirable style. Both performers seemed to have one conception of the work, and to command all the means necessary to bring it to the most perfect expression. With every public appearance, Mr. Jacobsohn impresses one more and more as a thorough, conscientious, and poetic artist. Mr. Schneider, one of our very best pianists here, proved himself both in the quartet and sonata to be an excellent ensemble player.

Quite an event to the lovers of piano music was the arrival of Mr. Wm. H Sherwood, who was announced to give two recitals. Unfortunately, the welcome which it was the intention of the Musical Club to give him could not be extended, on account of his absence from the city on the day appointed for the meeting. While the programmes prepared by Mr. Sherwood could not but attract the attention of musicians, the circumstance that an enviable reputation preceded him assisted in bringing to the recitals every prominent pianist in the city. On the first evening Mr. Jacobsohn assisted in the E-flat Sonata, Op. 12, and in the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven; on the second, Mr. Doerner took part in the Andante and Variations, Op. 46, of Schumann. The other principal numbers were Fantasie and Fugue in G minor, Bach; Sonata, Op. 111, Beethoven; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann; besides compositions of Handel, Rheinberger, Chopin, Liszt, and others. Mr. Sherwood's playing has been so often spoken of in your columns that it is certainly unnecessary for me to give vent to the enthusiastic admiration for it, which I only share with all the other pianists, without exception, who heard these two recitals. When the most trying feats of modern virtuosity are so completely mastered that they are almost lost sight of, even as a factor only, in the reproducing of a work, but above all, when a healthy sentiment and noble dignity pervades the interpretation of an art work, when this interpretation appears to be more the result of momentary inspiration than of long and laborious study, — then the highest pinnacle in reproductive art has been reached. And these excellences appear in Mr. Sherwood's playing. The pianists of our city have been accused of unfairness because they in the past did not show themselves willing to give adulation to virtuosos who dazzle with brilliancy of execution, but substitute for true sentiment affected mannerism. The genuine heartiness and pleasure with which they accord to Mr. Sherwood unstinted praise and admiration, I hope, will not fail to disprove that charge — With the pleasant spring days the attendance on Mr. Whiting's organ recitals is constantly on the increase. He continues to offer choice programmes made up of the standard classic organ compositions, as well as of interesting novelties, in the executing of which nothing remains to be desired other than a hall which would permit of a more thorough appreciation of their beauties. Of the elaborate preparations for the Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund I will speak in my next letter, as they are of a nature to demand attention.

CHICAGO, MAY 28. — Since my last letter I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. William H. Sherwood play two important programmes of piano-forte music, consisting of the following numbers: Chromatique Fantasie and Fugue, Bach; Concerto in A minor, Op. 54, Schumann (orchestral part on a second piano-forte, by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy); Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29, Etude in B minor, Op. 25, No. 10, Waltz in B minor, Op. 69, and the larger one in A-flat, Op. 34, — all of Chopin; "Moment Musical," of Moskowski; "Perpetual Motion," Weber-Brahms; "Faust Waltz," Gounod-Liszt; Sonata, Op. 111, Beethoven; Kreisleriana, Nos 1 and 5, Romance in F-sharp, Op. 28, "Vogel als Prophet," and "Ende vom Lied," Op 12, — all of Schumann; the "Fire Fugue" of Handel; Etudes, Op. 10, and Nocturne, Op. 48, Chopin; "Waldesrauschen," and Grand Polonaise in E major, of Liszt; "Toccata di Concerto," Op. 36, August Dupont; "Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa," and "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," Wagner-Liszt; and an Allegro, Op. 5, by the pianist himself As one reviews the long list of difficult and interesting numbers, and considers what a ground they cover, and what a variety of schools and composers they represent, he must fairly acknowledge that to play them all from memory, and in an intelligent and perfect manner, would indeed require an accomplished artist. Such a performer we had in Mr. Sherwood, and it will be with the most sincere admiration that we shall remember his visit to our city. For he not only gave us great enjoyment, but afforded some of our young pianists the needed opportunity of hearing good interpretations of celebrated classical works. I have not seen one adverse criticism, or heard a word, except in approval of his fine performances; and, indeed, our city papers and the intelligent music-lovers have all extended to him the fullest praises for the enjoyment he has given us.

Personally, I enjoyed his fugue playing, and his interpretation of the Schumann Concerto, together with his Chopin and Beethoven selections, the best of all the music he gave us. The brilliancy and difficulty of the Liszt numbers may dazzle for a time, and perhaps half carry one away in the mad whirl of exciting contrasts; but in the quiet moments, when music lingers as a delightful memory, the rich harmonies, the grand melodies, and classic forms of the old masters, seem, after all, the best. Modern invention in musical form may partake of the spirit of the age, and give us a new sensation as the "music of the future" bursts upon our ears, and we may listen with no little delight to its varied novelties; but, after all, the heart goes back to the old masters to find its resting-place, and to reach the fullest acme of enjoyment. Mr. Sherwood played the Liszt music with fire and passion, and his audience seemed carried away by the brilliancy of his performance: but I trust that he will not allow the enthusiasm of a delighted public to tempt him to make intensity his principal aim; for to calm his listeners into sympathy with the lovely compositions of the old masters, even if all applause is hushed into the happy silence of contentment, does more for the advancement of his art, and his own progress as an artist.

The last of the "Hershey Hall Popular Concerts" presented a programme that contained some fine numbers: the most particularly notable being Brahms's Piano-forte Concerto in D minor, Op. 15, which was played by Mrs. Clara Von Klenner; the Toccata in F, Bach; and "Morceau de Concert," Op. 24, Guilmant, performed on the organ by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy. The Brahms Concerto was played in a very musician-like manner; yet, although it contains some quite interesting music, it did not (to my mind) seem worthy of all the study it must have cost to prepare it for a public performance. With an orchestral accompaniment, it would doubtless be much more pleasing; and I regret that we were obliged to hear it for the first time with only a second piano-forte as a substitute. Mr. Eddy's organ playing is always so artistic in its finish, and we have become so accustomed to hearing him do everything he attempts so well, that not unfrequently his performances are passed over without according to him the high praise as justly his due. On Saturday last he reached his ninety-sixth organ recital, presenting a splendid programme of great magnitude. The principal selections were: "Introduction and Double Fugue, Op. 41, Merkel; Choral Prelude, Bach; Chorus from *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese; "Cantabile" in G minor, Ph. Em. Bach; Largo, of Haydn; Prelude in C, G. J. Vogler; Concerto, Op. 5 (new), E. Prout; an organ sketch, "The Lake," Dr. Spark; "Elegy Fugue," Op. 42, Guilmant; and a Duet, "Fest-intrade," Op. 76, Dr. Volckmar. In the last number he had the assistance of a talented pupil, Mr. A. F. McCarrell.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn brought his series of historical piano-forte recitals to a close last Saturday, presenting selections from the following modern composers: Gernsheim, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Von Bülow, and Scharwenka. These recitals have afforded the piano-forte student a fine opportunity to become acquainted with a large variety of new works, and also to hear a number of very old compositions but seldom played.

Although the musical season is drawing to its close, we are yet to have the *Messiah* of Handel from the Apollo Club; Verdi's *Requiem* from the Beethoven Society; two concerts by Wilhelmj and a number of smaller entertainments, before the midsummer days quiet us to rest. Of these as they approach. C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. — The 52d Concert (fourth series) consisted of an Organ Recital by Prof. C. H. Morse, with the following programme: —

Sonata in B flat. Op. 65–4	*Mendelssohn.*
Benediction Nuptiale	*Saint-Saëns.*
Allegretto grazioso	*Tours.*
Passacaglia in C minor	*Bach.*
Christmas Song	*Adam-Whiting.*
Grand Chœur	*Guilmant.*
Adagio, Duo Sonata. Op. 30	*Merkel.*
(Arranged as solo by C. H. Morse.)	
"Star Spangled Banner"	*J. K. Paine.*

The 50th Concert was given Saturday evening, April 26, with Mr. E. B. Perry pianist and Mrs. J. W. Weston vocalist. The 51st consisted of an Organ Recital by Prof. C. H. Morse, with the following interesting programme: Bach, Fantasie and Fugue, G minor, bk. ii.; Mendelssohn, Notturno, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Op. 61 (arranged by Warren); Wagner, Chorale, "Meistersinger;" Guilmant, Invocation; Gounod, March Romaine; Jensen, Bridal Song, from Op. 45 (arranged by Warren); Best-Roeckel, "Air du Dauphin;" Guilmant, March Funèbre et Chant Seraphique (by request).

Suppé's buffo opera, *Boccaccio*, has met with little success in Leipsic.

Owing to continued indisposition, Mme. Gerster and Mme. Christine Nilsson were again unable to appear last week at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Provided with new and hitherto unused materials, Dr. Bernhard Stave, now of Görlitz, is about to publish a Biography of Chopin. (How many more?)

Wagner has completed the composition of *Parsifal*, the first performance of which is fixed for August, 1881, at Bayreuth. (Twenty-four months are required for rehearsal!)

Herr von Hülsen, accompanied by Herr Eckert, has visited Hamburgh to hear Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, with a view to its production at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

HONORS and attentions continue to flow in upon Miss Thursby since her triumph in Paris. Pasdeloup has had a medal struck and presented to her, and the "artistic society" have sent her a magnificent card receiver in bronze. Miss Thursby recently sang for Ambroise Thomas of the Paris Conservatory, and he has written her a letter such as Patti or Nilsson would be proud to receive. Gounod was to give her a complimentary dinner; and numberless offers from opera managers have been tendered her, which she has declined, insisting that the concert is her true field.

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BOSTON, JUNE 21, 1879.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 90.)

Thus he reached his horse,
Yet mounted not, but bade the docile creature
Follow, as he walked slowly on. For now,
Most loath to think each step must bear him off
Further from her, he loitered by the way,
Noted how grass and flower and budding tree
Were hung with glistening dew, s w where the sun,
That had crept upward for a goodly space
Behind the woods, since he had passed before,
Had kissed the drops away; watched the blithe birds,
That softly twittering flew from twig to twig,
Full of gay bustle for their new-made nests,
And the swift, busy bee, that crossed his path
In quest of early honey for her queen;
And listened to the lark, lost in the depth
Of stainless blue, so high above she seemed
Only another spark of radiant light,
And her loud, jubilant carol quivered down
But like a far, faint echo to the earth, —
Felt in each fibre of his soul the rapture
Of all the budding, swelling, bursting life
Of spring and early morn. And then he thought
Of the great victory that was his. A week,
A whole glad week, and who could tell, perchance!
She would be near him, with him, — he should see
Her fair young face a thousand joyful times!
His heart o'erflowed with sudden happiness,
And on the forest's edge perceiving then
Two little bright-hued flowers, brimful of dew,
He flung himself upon the ground beside them,
And pressed his face into the sparkling grass,
And kissed in silent, tender ecstasy, —
For, oh, were they not like her sweetest eyes! —
The quivering golden petals.
Then sprang up
And sped far out upon the rolling plain,
And tossed his cap into the sunny air,
And gayly struck his horse's flank, and cried:
"Go, friend, and dream a moment thou wert free,
As thy wild brothers in the far-off East!"
Half startled by the unlooked-for touch, the horse
Broke from him, and in circles far and wide,
The noble head thrown back, the long dark mane
Streaming behind, galloped with playful gambols,
Now near, now distant, round and round the field,
His master watching him with smiling mien.
But suddenly the joyous mirthfulness
Faded from out his face, and, as ashamed
Of all these boyish pranks, he gravely said:
"Enough, enough, good friend, for both of us!"
And calling to the horse, who willingly
Obeyed the well known voice and trotted up,
He swiftly leaped into the saddle now,
And mutely, without further word or pause,
Rode towards the city. In his ear there rang,
It seemed to him, in changeless tune the words:
O Sanzio, Sanzio, foolish boy! 'T is not
The first time thou hast known such ecstasies,
Nor all the bitter pangs that follow after!
Wherefore, wherefore! And when and what the end!

He had made good his word, and searched the town
From end to end for Anna, but in vain
No trace of her or of the noble house
That she had served he found, yet none the less
He sent the message out that all was well.
For might not *he* play that grand lord awhile,
And Nina take the cousin's name and part?
Kind Heaven would surely pardon him this sin,
If sin it were! He vowed by all the saints
No harm should come of this; he looked on her
As a most precious charge, — and oh, he could
Not thus renounce this hope!
So she arrived
On the appointed day, and had been lodged
In a small, pretty chamber, close to where
Old Nina had her solitary room;
Yet knew not that the stately, marble mansion
She gazed at wonderingly was Sanzio's home.
For, fearful lest it startle her to learn
The same roof sheltered both of them, he kept
His secret well; and for dear love of him
The good old woman too, what though in doubt
She shook her head with many a troubled sigh,
Betrayed him not, — reluctantly performed
The service he implored as best she might.
And thus the whole glad day was passed with her,
The sweetness of whose presence seemed each hour
A deeper need, that his impassioned soul
Craved with more thirst and hunger; while she too
Beheld him ever, listened for his step,
With fonder joy in her bright eyes.
For now,
While yet the earth and air, the sun and sky,
Were so divinely fair that no frail mortal
Could turn a deaf ear to their siren song,
He came for her betimes: she found him oft
In the great kitchen, waiting patiently,
When she with cousin Anna, hastening home,
Returned from early mass. And then through all
The fresh young morning, and the long bright hours
Of afternoon, they wandered through the city,
He showing her its wonders, and well nigh
As full of gay delight as she herself,
To whom all things were new and passing fair,
And who, like some glad, eager child, drank in
And marveled and rejoiced at all. He led her
To many a stately church and noble palace
That was adorned by the immortal work
Of his own busy hands, — sometimes aglow
In wall and ceiling with rich tints and lines
Of hundred beauteous faces and fair forms,
Angels and saints and cherubs, nymphs and gods,
And sometimes guarding, like a priceless gem,
But one great master-piece with jealous care.
Then he stood by content, and smiling watched
How Benedetta speedily lost herself
In deepest contemplation, often thus
Resting in rapt and speechless silence long,
And then, perchance, looked up at him at last
With shining eyes, and drew a long, glad breath;
And when he pleased to question her, she spoke
Freely of all that moved her soul, while he
Marveled with what most subtle comprehension
She reached the finest essence of his art,
And fancied that no loud applause or praise,
Lavished by all the great ones of the earth,
Had ever swelled his heart with such proud joy
As the soft, simple words from those sweet lips,
That were as music to his ear.
And once,
When they went homeward through the streets at eve,
She said to him: "Oh, Sanzio, and to think
Your single soul conceived, your single hand
Poured out before us, all this wondrous beauty!
When I remember it, I venture scarce
To touch your hand or look upon your face.
Oh, you are passing great! Methinks the town,
Nay, all the whole wide world, is filled with you,
And you alone! The very stones and trees,
The sunshine and the winds repeat your name,
Tell of your fame and glory! Ay, see there!"
Pointing to where a flock of snowy doves
Circled above them, "How most fair and pure
They look with their white wings against the blue!
I fancy even they in their glad flight
Are cooing but of you!"
And he, half laughing,
What though he yearned to clasp her, then and there,
Close to his heart: "Oh, no, they surely have
Some better and more pleasing song than that!"
And then more gravely, "Nay, my child, believe,
Though God has granted me some power, perchance,
The throne you build for me is far too high!
There 's one at least, in this blest land of ours,
As great as I, — nay, greater, thousandfold,
To whom I humbly bend a willing knee,
And call him Master!" Gayly then once more:
"I 've never heard the trees and sunshine say
What you, sweet dreamer, now report of them,
But I shall be content, my Benedetta,
If only you will oft and oft repeat
My name to sun and stars!"
Urged by his prayers
She had renounced all colder titles soon,
And shyly first, erelong as quietly
As though it were the wont of all her life,
Called him but simply Sanzio, and with this,
For all her delicate, maidenly reserve,
Warmed to a timid yet familiar frankness,
Drew close to him with a sweet, childlike trust,
A tender and undoubting confidence,
That unto Sanzio's fine-strung soul appeared
Sacred as heaven itself.
If, rambling thus,
Sanzio met those he knew, — and he could scarce
Move for ten paces, Benedetta thought,
Ere some one greeted him, and stopped to chat, —
He said she was a distant little cousin,
Come for a week to town to see its sights.
And did it chance to be one of the friends
Out with him that glad day he saw her first, —
She knew them all, and frankly bent her head
In gentle salutation; who stood still
And gazed at them with widely opened eyes,
And a loud Ah! but half suppressed, — Sanzio
Would check them with a finger on his lip,
And an appealing glance towards her. They all
Left them erelong and wandered off again;
But one, Count Baldassar she heard him called,
Would stay and talk awhile to Benedetta,
With such grave kindness that her grateful heart
Went swiftly out to him.
Thus had sped by
The golden hours unheeded and untold,
Two days and three and four; the greater part
Of the brief time, too charily granted them,
Fled like one moment, and yet was the end
Of Benedetta's coming unfulfilled,
And the Madonna waited still in vain
The loan of her sweet face, who had not once
E'en looked upon the canvas from afar,
For Sanzio scarce through all these days had touched
Pencil or brush, and Nina, marveling much
At this unwonted idleness in him,
Rejoiced in secret.
But one afternoon, —
The day was not so fair, for showery clouds
Had dappled all the sky, and hid the sun,
And darkened the broad window of his work-room, —
He sat alone and labored long and hard
On his great picture, for to-morrow noon
He must have Benedetta come at length,
Or the last day would vanish unemployed.
Ay, but by what device, — how bring her here,
And not betray his secret? Leaning back
To view his work, he puzzled with a smile
Long o'er the knotty question. Then sprang up,
Flung brush and palette down, and stretched his limbs,
And striding up and down, sang half aloud
Snatches of some gay song, and so heard not
A timid tap upon his door; and finding
No answer reached her ear, she who had knocked,
Stood waiting patiently outside unseen,
Listening with gladness to the soft, rich voice,
That rolled so bravely forth the melody
Bearing the burden of the happy words
She easily caught: —

"What were more glorious than the balmy night,
Radiant with moon and star?" —
"The rosy morn, dear heart, whose golden beam
Breaks o'er the hills afar!"

"What fairer than the autumn's purple tints,
When summer heats are done?" —
"The spring, whose thousand bursting buds proclaim
New life begun!"

He paused, and she made bold
To tap again. "Enter!" he loudly cried,
But turned his picture over to the wall.
And the door opened, and a well-known head
Peered in half timidly, while he exclaimed,
Hastening to draw her in: "My Benedetta!
Welcome, a thousand times!" And she in turn,
"Yes, Sanzio! Ah, methought I knew your voice,
Though I have never heard you sing before,
And you sing well! Yet pray how can it be," —
But suddenly broke off her words, forgot
To end the phrase, as gazing round she clapped
Her hands in wonder and delight, and cried:
"Oh, what a strange, great place! And may I stay
And see it all?"

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.

DR. EDOUARD HANSLICK has written an article in the *Neue freie Presse* upon the letters of Hector Berlioz, which the London *Musical World* translates as follows: —

A collection of more than one hundred and fifty letters of Berlioz, under the title of "Correspondance inédite de Hector Berlioz," has just been published by Calman Lévy in

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Paris. Long anxiously expected, it appears very opportunely at the present moment when Berlioz has suddenly become a popular and great man in his native land. To achieve the fame for which he so ardently and so vainly yearned — says Daniel Bernard, the editor of the Correspondance — Berlioz had only to do something exceedingly simple — to die. In Germany Berlioz was looked up to as a genial composer at a time when people in France ignored or ridiculed him; perhaps, on the other hand, we in Germany consider the enthusiasm for him which has now blazed up among the French as something exaggerated and forced. But no matter; his original and powerful individuality exerts the same degree of attraction on Germans and French alike, and wherever people care for music Berlioz's letters, now first made public, will be read with interest.

The purport of the very first letter in the collection is remarkable: young Berlioz offers Ignatius Pleyel, the Paris music-publisher, some concertante Potpourris on Italian melodies. It is a well-known fact that Wagner, too, though, like Berlioz, an opponent incarnate of all music written merely to amuse, and the foe of the Italians, furnished Paris publishers with similar arrangements to earn his living. Why are we less astonished at seeing Haydn and Mozart perform petty mercenary work than at beholding Berlioz and Wagner do the same thing? Because we know the former as the most universal artist at the same time most unpretending of all artists; as men to whom nothing human or musical was foreign. Compared with them, Wagner and Berlioz appear one-sided in their idealism, impatient and proud. Many letters, dating from the most glowing years of Berlioz's youth, interest us doubly from being addressed to Ferdinand Hiller. To Hiller, his "dear Ferdinand," young Berlioz pours out more willingly than to any one else his heart, oppressed with a mad passion. The object of this youthful love was, as we were aware, the English actress, Miss Smithson, who at that period knew nothing of her secret worshiper, and did not make his personal acquaintance until three years later (1832), on his return from Italy. The outbursts of despairing love in these letters sometimes border on madness. What a fortunate thing it was, we exclaim involuntarily, that the highly gifted youth should have been extricated as though by a higher than merely human hand from this hopeless amorous distress, and as "first prizeman of the Paris Conservatory" sent, with a stipend from the state, for two years to Italy! What a fortunate thing, — yes, had Berlioz understood and appreciated it in the same way as other mortals! His sojourn in Rome was torture, insupportable captivity; he abridged it almost forcibly to hurry back to Paris, find out Miss Smithson, and marry her. "She possessed," he says, "on our wedding day nothing in the world, save debts; I myself had only three hundred francs which a friend lent me, and I was again on bad terms with my family." The match did not prove a happy one; after some years of mutual vexations and misunderstandings the couple separated.

We are fully acquainted through his Mémoires with everything relating to Berlioz's stay in Rome; the Letters before us add nothing essential. Only the unusually cordial and almost sentimental tone in which Berlioz writes of Mendelssohn, under the immediate impression of their friendly intercourse, came on us with refreshing effect. It stands out very strongly from the cool reserve which Berlioz observes with regard to Mendelssohn in the Mémoires written five and thirty years later. In Berlioz's "Roman captivity" the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was like a bright ray of light. "He is an admirable young fellow," writes Berlioz in 1831 from Rome; "his talent of reproduction is as great as his musical genius, and that is saying a great deal. All I have heard from him has charmed me; I firmly believe he is one of the highest musical natures of the present epoch. He has been my cicerone here; every morning I called upon him, when he played me one of Beethoven's sonatas and we sang Gluck's "Armida," after which he took me to all the celebrated ruins, which, I confess, made little impression upon me. He has one of those candid souls with which we meet only very seldom indeed." In several subsequent letters also, Berlioz speaks of Mendelssohn with equal warmth. "Has Mendelssohn arrived?" he inquires of F. Hiller, and continues: "He has enormous, extraordinary, wonderful talent. I cannot be suspected of partisanship in speaking thus, for he has frankly told me that of my music he understands absolutely nothing. He is a thoroughly original character, and still believes in something; he is a little cool in his manner, but I am very fond of him, though, perhaps, he does not imagine so." These are charming words, and honorable to both. M. Daniel Bernard should have taken example by them, instead of most unworthily insulting, in his preface, Mendelssohn's character. Mendelssohn entertained for Berlioz's compositions a decided and unconquerable dislike, which must appear very intelligible to every one familiar with Mendelssohn's music. M. Bernard, however, finds the real ground of this antipathy in the professional envy felt by Mendelssohn, who was "as jealous as a tiger," though he had no pretensions "that Berlioz would one day dispute with him the palm of musical fame." Mendelssohn envious, jealous, — and of Berlioz! It is too absurd. In Germany every one knows that Mendelssohn was in truth a "candid soul," and the French may take Berlioz's word for the fact. M. Daniel Bernard should, on the contrary, have dwelt emphatically on two facts in Mendelssohn's conduct: in the first place, the genuinely colleague-like and friendly readiness to oblige, which he always, in Rome as subsequently in Leipsic, manifested toward Berlioz; and, secondly, the frankness with which he avowed his repugnance to the musical tendency followed by the Frenchman. Such a manful love of truth should be doubly prized in our age of conventional compliments. And Berlioz himself did so prize it, though not without a bitter taste, which we can well understand, on the tongue for "Mendelssohn," he writes from Leipsic, in 1843, to a Parisian friend, "never said a single word to me about my Symphonies, my Overtures, or my Requiem." In his inmost heart, Berlioz, too, was a true and honest nature. Unfortunate circumstances compelled him unluckily, as the critic of the *Journal des Débats*, to mask not seldom his convictions; this was difficult and painful for him. For Mendelssohn it would have been impossible.[1]

For us Austrians it is interesting to learn that among other persons whose acquaintance Berlioz made in Rome was a talented man named Mr. de Sauer. This was evidently our Joseph Dessauer. "He insists on introducing me to Bellini, though I oppose the project might and main. *La Sonnambula*, which I heard yesterday, doubles my repugnance to form this acquaintanceship." "Oh," says he, in concluding this letter, which is addressed to Hiller, "you must yourself be in Italy to form any conception of what they here dare to call music!" On every occasion does he give vent to his hatred of Italian music. Frequently, however, in the midst of his rage he remembers that he helped in Rome to found a philosophical club entitled, "Ecole de l'Indifférence absolue en Matière universelle." This joke, beneath which lies concealed a piece by no means to be despised of practical philosophy, recurs frequently and long afterwards in what he says and does; only, unfortunately, he of all men was the least fitted really to observe in practice the condition of "absolute indifference." He never ceases to be angry with Rossini for always saying: "*Qu'est-ce que ça me fait?*"

Through Robert Schumann, who, as a critic, first directed attention to Berlioz, the latter's relations with Germany began to grow more animated. He addressed (February, 1837) a long letter to Schumann, thanking him for the interest he had displayed, and speaking of the pleasant hours Liszt had procured the writer by performing for him Schumann's pianoforte pieces. A few letters from Leipsic, Prague, and Breslau please us by the happy mood in which Berlioz discourses of his personal success in Germany, but they contain nothing new for any one acquainted with the exhaustive travelling-letters included in the Mémoires. We were surprised at the statement made by Berlioz (page 142), that serious steps were taken in Vienna to secure him for the post previously held by Joseph Weigl, the Imperial *Capellmeister*, then just deceased. The notification that he would not be granted annual leave of absence to visit Paris induced him, we are told, definitively to decline the offer. Unfortunately every truce is wanting which could lead to the corroboration of this strange story. Apart from the fact that Berlioz did not understand a word of German, he could scarcely be considered especially adapted for the post of *Capellmeister* at the Court of Vienna. During the following years most of the letters are from London, where Berlioz always met with a most flattering reception as an artist, and where, too, he used to do well pecuniarily. He speaks, therefore, of the English and their musical intelligence by no means badly, though

[1] I wish you could hear the new opera by Billeta, the celebrated English professor of the piano," writes Berlioz on the 13th November, 1837, to his friend, A. Morel. "*Do not believe one word of the moderate encomiums* which my to-day's feuilleton contains concerning it! On the contrary, I had to exert the greatest control over myself to write even calmly about it."

P. S. Bileta was not a professor of the pianoforte; nor was (or is) he an Englishman (however "celebrated"); nor is (or was) his name spelt "Billetta" — D. B.

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he might have been expected to do so. He judges the French public with merciless severity; nay, from his letters we can plainly perceive his embittered feeling as an artist and his wrath against his country increasing year by year. "Did I ever see at my concerts in Paris people belonging to good society, men and women, touched and affected, as in Germany and Russia? To behold nothing around me save stupidity, indifference, ingratitude, or alarm,—such is my lot in Paris. France, from a musical point of view, is only a land of cretins." "In England *the wish to love music* is at any rate true and lasting." In London he was especially charmed by Wilhelmine Clauss (now Mme. Szvarvady), the pianist, who performed Mendelssohn's G minor concerto with such wondrous purity of style that, despite her youth, she struck him as "the first eminent musician-and-pianist [*pianiste musicienne*] of the day."

There now appeared a new personage, destined to agitate strongly and painfully the later years of Berlioz's life: Richard Wagner. The letter addressed to Wagner (the only one so addressed in the collection) is dated Paris, September, 1855, and written in the most friendly tone. Still, despite all the reserve regarding Wagner's compositions, there is about it a foretaste of that sharp polemical spirit which subsequently called forth the well-known "Public Letter" to Wagner, and finally blazed up into passionate hostility. It is in answer to a communication from Wagner, who had probably requested that some of Berlioz's scores might be sent him at Lucerne. This interesting document, with the omission of a few immaterial passages, is well deserving a place here. Berlioz writes:—

"MY DEAR WAGNER,—Your letter afforded me great pleasure. You are not wrong in deploring my ignorance of the German language, and what you say about its being an impossibility for me to appreciate your works is what I have said very many times to myself. The flower of an expression fades nearly always under the weight of the translation, however delicately the latter may be made. There are accents in *true music* which require their special word, and there are words which require their own accent. To separate one from the other, or to give approximatives, is to have a puppy suckled by a goat and reciprocally. But what is to be done? I experience a diabolical difficulty in learning languages; I can scarcely say I know a few words of English and Italian. . . . So you are engaged in melting the glaciers by the composition of your *Nibelungen!* It must be superb to write music in presence of Nature in her grandeur! . . . . That is another delight which is refused me. Fine landscapes, lofty mountain-tops, and the grand aspect of the sea, completely absorb me, instead of evoking the manifestation of my thought. At such times I feel without being able to express. I cannot draw the moon except by looking at her image in a well. I have your *Lohengrin;* if you could manage to let me have *Tannhäuser*, you would do me a great favor. . . . . Were we to live another hundred years or so, I believe we should get the better of many things and of many men."

The more widely and more loudly Wagner's fame spread, the more violent became the opposition on the part of Berlioz. In the year 1858, he writes of Hans von Bülow: "This young man is one of the most fervent disciples of the insensate school called in Germany the School of the Future. They will not give in, and are absolutely bent on my being their chief and standard-bearer. I say nothing, and I write nothing; people of sense will be able to see how much truth there is in the matter." On the morning after the celebrated failure of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opæ a, Paris, Berlioz cannot suppress, in a letter to Mme. Massart, a wild cry of joy. And, after the fearful disturbance at the second night, he exclaims, as though relieved: "As for myself, I am cruelly avenged!" It is something lamentable to see the bitter spirit caused by his own professional fate dulling so sharp a mind and clouding his judgment. Not only is he uninfluenced by the fact that the scene of confusion enacted by the Parisians at the performance of *Tannhäuser* was a piece of blackguardism planned beforehand, but, in his hatred for the "Music of the Future" he likewise fails to perceive the undeniably close relationship connecting that music with his own. At first it was Berlioz's orchestral works which influenced the younger Wagner; afterwards, inverting the order of things, Berlioz (in his opera of *Les Troyens*) was influenced by Wagner, if not by his music, at any rate by his principles. His prophetic eye which foresaw that his own music, then neglected there, would one day be appreciated in France, was blind to a similar claim when advanced by an artist connected with him by affinity; blind to the possible future of the "Music of the Future" in France. The time for *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* will come for France as surely as it has come for Italy. Nay, if R. Wagner is not already performed in Paris, *political* antipathies alone are the reason. Musically the way has been perfectly smoothed there for the composer of *Tannhäuser*, and by no one more than—by the resuscitated Berlioz himself!

Berlioz's letters, agreeing with his life, become sadder and sadder, more and more miscrabla, as they approach the end of the volume. He buries his second wife (formerly Mlle. Récio, the singer, who accompanied him on his concert-tours to Vienna and Prague) and is doomed to survive his only son, Louis, who was a seaman, and dies far away on some distant sea. For the last great and unalloyed pleasure of his life he was, according to his own assertion, indebted to Vienna. In answer to Herbeck's invitation he visited the Austrian capital towards the end of 1866 (that is, about two years before his death) to conduct in the large Redoutensaal his dramatic symphony, *La Damnation de Faust*, previously unknown to the Viennese. Perfectly delighted, and, writing to a Parisian friend, he speaks in these terms of the performance and its brilliant results: "I had three hundred chorus singers and one hundred and fifty musicians; a charming Marguerite, 'Mlle. Bettleim,' whose mezzo-soprano voice is splendid; a tenor Faust (Walter), such as we do not possess in Paris; and an energetic Mephisto, Mayerhofer. Herbeck, who is a first-class conductor, has doubled, tenfolded, manifolded himself for me. My room is never free from visitors and persons coming to congratulate me. This evening a grand banquet, at which two or three hundred persons will be present, is to be given in my honor. In a word, what can I say? *This has been the greatest musical pleasure of my life!*" With this bright and harmonious chord we will take leave of the noble and much-tried artist's book, otherwise so full of dissonances.

PALESTRINA.

(From the Programme of the Boylston Club Concert, June 4, 1879.)

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA was born in 1524. Of his early life little is known except that his family was obscure and his resources very small. Of his intellectual and spiritual life, his works, to those who read them aright, are a full and satisfying expression. He was appointed Master of the Chapel by Pope Julius III. in 1551, and then practically began the work which has rendered him illustrious.

The age in which he lived was a crisis in the history of music. Secular influences had debased that school from which was developing the later German classical school. It was of supreme importance to the future of music that the purity of that school should be restored. In this extremity appeared Pale-trina, and by the beauty of his works and the sturdy truthfulness of his musical inspirations, he impressed himself so thoroughly on his own age that the wisest and the best united in styling him the "Prince of Music." He created a style so imposing, so pura and so expres-ive, that for the long period of a hundred years the Palestrina school held undivided sway over the musical thought of the world. He opened the path, by following which the most beautiful and most touching works have been produced.

The music of Palestrina recalls the heroic ages of history. He is the Homer of musical literature. Simple, yet never trivial; learned, but without pedantry; rich, yet always natural; quiet, but never weak, his music has the characteristics which distinguish the great epics. The bard for the honor of whose birth seven cities contended is not more simple, grand, and irresistible in his poems than is Palestrina in his ma-ses, and the influence of the one in the domain of literature is not more ennobling and permanent than that of the other in the realm of music.

In order to estimate the beauty of Palestrina's music, it is especially necessary that we should know beforehand for what beauty to look, and be possessed with the spirit in which he wrought; for there is no modern standard by which to judge him. In his sphere he stands alone; and so far removed from the spirit of our times that it may be of service to some who are not familiar with his works to suggest what is to be found in them.

We find in Pale-trina, then, the profoundest knowledge of musical science employed in expressing with purity and simplicity the fervent emotions of a devout soul. This expression is usually in the form of melodies of the subtlest emotional character, crossing and recrossing, weaving a texture of harmonies as rich as they are surprising and beautiful; a style of imposing grandeur; a perfect

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adaptation of music to the spirit of the words; an earnest, chaste, and exalted religious feeling, as far removed from gloom and cant as from sentimentality; a repose, as if he were resting on the Rock of Ages.

For the expression of his thought there is required a perfect purity of intonation, an absolute sostenuto, a quiet delivery, and an intense feeling born of pure enthusiasm, and when these qualities are united in the performance, we are borne irresistibly along as if upon the broad, unruffled bosom of a majestic river of pure tone.

It is not possible to overestimate the marvelous effect upon the mind of the study and frequent hearing of such music as Palestrina has left. Grand, refining, and divine, it does not lavishly expose all its wealth to the careless eye; but to the mind that can appreciate, and to the heart that can feel the force of the beauty of truth, it speaks with such persuasive eloquence that even those "who come to scoff remain to pray." His music is musical truth, satisfying the best aspirations of all ages; a Mecca to which shall come in all time the faithful worshipers of the good, the beautiful and true. W. N. E.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT, C. C. PERKINS, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING.

GENTLEMEN:—I have to thank you this evening for reelecting me president of the Handel and Haydn Society. This is the fifth time that I have received a like proof of confidence on the part of its members, nay, I may say the sixth, as twenty-eight years ago I first served it in that capacity for the space of a twelvemonth. A long time elapsed before I was again called upon to do so, but I can honestly say, that although there was a wide break in my tenure of office, there was never any in the warm interest which I felt in the well-being of the society. This leads me to believe that I need not take up time in making such protestations of attachment to it as might be called for from a younger member, for any words which I might use would serve only to express feelings of whose existence you must be aware, and of whose sincerity I hope you are not inclined to doubt.

At these, our annual meetings, it is customary to take a brief survey of the season, and to compare it with preceding seasons, so far as is necessary to assure ourselves that we have not lost ground in any respect. If the music performed has been of an equally high character, then we may feel that we have not derogated in point of selection from our previous high standard; if the works selected for performance have been studied faithfully, then we may have confidence in the unabated zeal and devotion of the members of the chorus; if we have reason to believe that the oratorios given at our concerts have been even better sung than before, then our minds may be at rest upon the all-important point as to whether the chorus has made an advance towards a desirable though ever unattainable perfection; and, if we find, as in the present case, that the special difficulties encountered in preparing one of the works performed have been successfully overcome, then we may rest assured that we have raised our society to a higher plane than that which it had hitherto occupied. I think that, on examination of our winter's work, we shall find reason to be satisfied and encouraged upon all these points.

The season just closed presents features peculiar to itself, and, as it shows higher musical attainment and better material results, we are justified in concluding, on the one hand, that we did not overrate our ability when we took the Passion music for our chief study; and, on the other, that we were not deceived in believing that we should find the public ready to support us in an undertaking which some persons looked upon as not a little hazardous, considering the great difficulties which the music presented to the chorus, and the demand which its peculiar character made upon the audience for patient and reverent attention. The performance was a widely acknowledged artistic success, and the receipts were larger than those coming from any other oratorio given during the season, we may safely conclude that, while in producing such noble music we were acting up to the high standard hitherto adhered to by the society, we were also consulting its material interests, and thus feel ourselves justified in believing that a continuance in such well-doing will not impoverish us, while it must certainly benefit us in every other way. But to recapitulate, in order to dwell for a moment upon the several points indicated; and first, as to the selection of works to be performed. These were Verdi's "Requiem," the "Messiah," the "Hymn of Praise," the Passion music entire, "Judas Maccabæus," and the "Elijah," for Mr. Zerrahn's benefit concert. Certainly no previous year can show a richer or more varied selection than this, including, as it does, the three greatest master-pieces of German oratorio music; a second, and truly soul-stirring work by Handel, and a highly dramatic and effective work by the most eminent living Italian composer. Nor should I neglect to mention that at the miscellaneous concert, when the "Hymn of Praise" was performed, a portion of the novel cantata by Hector Berlioz, the "Repose in Egypt," was given for the first time in America, together with Mr. Parker's "Redemption Hymn," which was written expressly for our triennial festival.

My second and third points are, How have these works been studied, and how were they performed? I couple the two, because the answer to the last, admirably carries with it the answer to the second, diligently. Had they not been studied patiently and with an earnest desire on the part of all to do their very best, the works in question could not have been performed so effectively as all acknowledged that they were.

Our excellent conductor did not shrink from searching criticism, or weary in requiring frequent repetition, but, in justice to the chorus it must be said that its members were no less mindful of their duty, being ever patient under the first and willing to comply with the last. When we remember that difficult passages abound in the choruses of the Passion music score, we feel that we have a right to be proud of having overcome them so successfully. To have produced the entire work for the first time in America is highly honorable to the society, and to have filled the Music Hall both at the afternoon and evening performance is welcome evidence that the public appreciated the opportunity of hearing music which combines the deepest science with the purest, the most earnest, and the most devout feeling. Of this excellent disposition on the part of the public we must not fail to take advantage, knowing, as we do, that the more such music is heard, the more it will be appreciated and called for. We recognize how much our own appreciation of it grew as each succeeding rehearsal revealed to us some hitherto unseen beauty, and how our enthusiasm increased as its wonders of construction and inspiration were gradually revealed to us. Vividly impressed as we were at the outset by the dramatic power of "Ye lightnings, ye thunders;" moved as we were by the solemn grandeur of the chorales interspersed throughout the work; charmed as we were with the quaint pathos of such airs as "Give me back my dearest master," it was only little by little that we began to perceive the subtle beauty of those ever changing harmonies, and the unending variety of those contrapuntal enrichments, which make the contexts of these and other gems of Bach's great work a marvel and a wonder to all musicians.

It is human to value most that which it has taken the most trouble to attain, and thus, of all that the past season has given us, we value most the insight which we have gained into the Passion music. Convinced that, no matter how much more study we may give to it, we cannot exhaust its resources, let us look forward to the time when we may again take it up and wrestle with it, as did Jacob with the angel, till it has given us its full blessing. One last word, and I will have done with the Passion music, and this is a word intended to call your attention to the evident improvement of the chorus under its discipline. It was manifest to all who heard the oratorios which followed it that Bach had smoothed the way for Handel and Mendelssohn, for never were the choruses of "Judas Maccabæus" and "Elijah" sung with greater correctness, fire, and effect than at the two concerts which closed the season of 1879.

Our chorus has certainly gained in unity of attack, in nicety of shading, in precision of intonation, and these are the essentials of progress. With a smaller body of singers, all of them picked voices, drilled by such an accomplished musician as Mr. Osgood, the Boylston Club surpasses us in the niceties of chorus singing, but these cannot be speedily attained by a great body of singers like the Handel and Haydn chorus. Our work is epic, while theirs is lyric. We paint frescoes with broad effects! they produce cabinet pictures finished with all the minuteness of a Meissonnier. In considering the possibilities of artistic improvement and enjoyment in America, I have often thought how much greater they are in music than in architecture, sculpture, or painting. We cannot see the great Gothic cathedrals and learn from them to appreciate the masterpieces of an art to which the epithet of "frozen music" has been well applied; we cannot look upon original Greek and Renaissance marbles, and gain from them an insight into the possible perfections of plastic art; neither can we stand before the pictures of Raphael, and Rembrandt, and Velasquez, until we have penetrated the hidden secrets which their beauty has to reveal to the initiated; but music, like poetry, belongs to us as absolutely, if we choose to possess ourselves of it, as to the inhabitants of the Old World. The masses of Palestrina, the overtures of Handel, the cantatas of Bach, in all their immortal freshness and original perfection, are written down for us as for them, and at the cost of our exertion can be made to deliver to us their myriad messages of consolation and comfort. We are the guardians of those sources of elevated and ennobling enjoyments, and, feeling as we do the responsibility of such a trust, we will not fail to discharge it as the honor of our well-beloved society demands.

We concluded our season with a performance of the "Elijah," for the benefit of Mr. Zerrahn, who for twenty-five successive years had filled the important office of conductor. The conductor, gentleman, I need hardly say, is the mainspring of our musical watch, and, feeling how much the success of the society has depended upon him, it was most fitting that we should give him a public testimonial of our regard and gratitude. He sent me this morning a letter which I will read to you, that you may see how much he

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has felt the generous appreciation of his services which the Handel and Haydn Society — and by this he means both the actual members and the lady members of the chorus — have manifested:

BOSTON, May 26, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. PERKINS: — Supposing that you will be present at the annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society to-night, I would request you to thank the members of the government once more for their kindness in giving me that splendid benefit concert, and the members of the chorus for their magnificent singing during the whole evening, as well as for the beautiful presents they have given me. It was an occasion which made me more than happy, and I shall always look back upon it with the greatest pride. Thanking you personally for your kind efforts in my behalf, I have the honor to remain, my dear sir, Yours very truly,

CARL ZERRAHN.

In conclusion, I beg to offer you my sincere congratulations on the financial result of the past season. For the first time since I have been president, I have neither to announce a deficit nor a mere liquidation of incurred expenses, but, on the contrary, a balance of $1000 in the hands of the treasurer. Let us hope that this is the beginning of a turn in the tide of our affairs, and that other seasons, with like results, are in store for us, which will enable us eventually to carry out many useful projects too long kept in abeyance for want of the necessary funds.

During the season we have given six concerts, including the "Elijah," and have held thirty-five rehearsals, attended by an average of three hundred and forty-seven members of the chorus. The average number of singers at the public performances was four hundred and forty-seven, out of a total of five hundred and ninety-five belonging. Forty-two new members have been admitted to the society, and sixty-seven ladies have joined our ranks. Finally, the number of discharges given and resignations accepted is nine in all. Feeling that this address has already grown to an inordinate length, I shall hastily bring it to a close with an expression of my best wishes for the continued and ever-increasing prosperity of the Handel and Haydn Society, which has now completed its sixty-fourth year of existence.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

VIII.

It is a good plan to stop your work and go to drive sometimes. You see so much, and it makes you want to work, and that's the main thing after all. When you are out-of-doors and see something that you like, put it on canvas in your mind: Think just how you would do it. That will often help you more than if you really did it.

"How shall I wash my picture, that has been varnished?"

Just with water. That won't hurt it; and a potato is an excellent thing for cleaning an oil-painting. Use it with water, as you would a sponge; then dry it with a piece of damp chamois-leather. Not a dry one. You could not dry it with that. Chamois-leather is good because it does not leave any lint.

But I should never alter that picture. You must not get into the habit of allowing outsiders to interfere with your work. It is fatal. It will ruin you as a painter. There are too many poor, miserable creatures, who paint portraits with people standing over them to say: "A little more blue here; some red on her cheeks; and, I should like to have the dress red. No, on the whole, I'll have it green." They meekly receive all that kind of thing, and turn every way that they're asked. And what stuff they paint! The stupid patrons themselves don't like it. You may say: "I'll never do that!" But you will do it. You must, if you don't stop short in the beginning, and determine never to change your work to suit those people. Read William Blake, and see what he would have said to such a proposal! I know it is hard to hold out about such a thing. The very sensitiveness that makes people paint makes them hate to be disagreeable; but you had better get over that as soon as possible. 'T was you who made the picture; no one else; and no one else ought to make alterations in it. You ought to say: "Take my brushes. No, on the whole, you may buy your own, and see how much you can improve it." You know, and they do, that they couldn't improve a thing about it. And above all things, never make such a concession for money.

Did you ever feel that your life-time was not long enough for all the work that you wanted to do? That 's the good of teaching other people. You get your life continued in that way.

It did no great harm to cut a hole through your picture; but you ought to have lined the whole thing with another canvas. If you only make a patch large enough it does n't show. At the little girl at the menagerie can't see the elephant. There be was, towering up before her; but he was so big that she could n't make anything of him. So she still inquired, "Where is the elephant?"

What makes you paint on that horrid book-binder's board? You might have felt like going on with that sketch if the board had not been all out of shape. But it is of no use telling people things like that. It is better to let them learn from their own sad experience. Provide yourselves with good canvases, or panels. And you had better have only two or three different sizes. Then you can more easily have frames for them all, and you can pack them better for sketching. There is no use in having so many different sizes.

You are getting the transparency of that mantle. But there 's one thing there that's bigger than transparency! There's *human nature* underneath that shawl.

If speech is silver, and silence golden, then gabble is greenbacks.

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MUSICAL EDUCATION.

II.

I HAVE said that exercises in counterpoint are exercises in the technique of composition, as scales, arpeggios, five-finger exercises, and octave studies, are exercises in the technique of pianoforte playing. Yet there is no practice which is purely technical; if it were so, it were practice to little purpose. The æsthetic element creeps in of itself and beautifies the drudgery, if we do not wilfully shut the door upon it and leave it outside in the cold. In trying to conquer the weakness or stubbornness of a particular finger which mars the perfect smoothness of our scale passages, we take to the shift of practicing scales with a variety of rhythmic accents, knowing that when we have succeeded in making the unruly finger strike an accent when we please we have taken the first step towards conquering its stubbornness. So scale practice becomes of itself an exercise in rhythm, and an introduction to the art of phrasing. The incipient athlete who begins to strengthen his muscles with dumbbells and Indian clubs, that they may acquire the toughness of fibre necessary to enable him to trust himself on the horizontal bar and enter upon higher athletic exploits, soon discovers that even these preliminary exercises do not consist in the application of brute force merely. With certain poises of the body, the dumbbell can be raised at less expense to the muscles than with others; after a while, the clubs, which at first seemed so unwieldy, almost swing themselves; after the first impulse, it takes comparatively little strength to keep them a-going. His muscle-strengthening practice becomes also a muscle-saving practice, an exercise in economizing strength and in athletic skill. So exercises in counterpoint are not merely dry, mechanical problems which the pupil can satisfactorily solve by writing, we will say, so many notes in one voice against one note in another, in accordance wi h certain strict rules; the exercise must be written so that it not only fulfills all the requirements of its scheme, but that it sounds well and musically to boot. The more advanced the order of counterpoint is, the easier will it be for the pupil to make his exercises musically beautiful.

Another priceless benefit that the well-directed study and practice of counterpoint and harmony confers upon the pupil is a certain purifying and rendering stable of his musical taste and perceptions. It is here that sound teaching and intelligent supervision becomes of the utmost importance. It is much to be regretted that most of the text-books of harmony in common use are rather text-books in thorough-bass than in harmony proper. They give the pupil all the necessary directions to enable him to write out a figured bass in four-part harmony without making bad fifths or octaves, or very disagreeable cross-relations, but, as a rule, they teach little concerning the art of harmonizing a given *cantus firmus*. This instruction is generally left to the teacher. I know of nothing more valuable in forming a pure musical taste than practice in harmonizing chorals in *pure tonal harmony*. By this I do not mean what some theorists call tonal harmony, that is, harmony composed merely of chords that can be formed from the notes belonging to any particular scale (*leiterreigenen Accorde*), but what Fétis calls tonal harmony, for an explanation of which I will refer the reader to his admirable treatise on the subject.[1] In this noble exercise (which may be varied by all sorts of contrapuntal devices), let the pupil gradually persuade himself that all the chromatic, so-called transcendental element in harmony is properly nothing more than a sort of brilliant adornment, which can in almost every case be dispensed with; that the simple nature of the choral demands a certain elastic nudity in its harmony, and does not admit of the direct simplicity of its progressions being loaded with chromatic and enharmonic ornaments. When the pupil has once trained his ear to feel the beauty and solidity that is inherent in a firmly fixed tonality, so that he prefers strength and decision in harmony (which by no means shuts the door upon variety) to capricious rambling and indecision, he has already reached a point where he can look upon his own musical perceptions with respect and confidence, and where he can begin to apply the technique he has gained by contrapuntal practice to the freer forms of original com-

[1] *Traité complet de la Théorie et de la Pratique de l'Harmonie*. Par F. J. FETIS. Paris: Brandus et Cie. 11ième Edition. 1878.

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position. At this stage of his development no exercise is so fraught with benefit both to his technical skill and his æsthetic sense as the filling out some of Handel's figured (or unfigured) basses in pure polyphonic writing; in other words, writing "additional accompaniments" to many of Handel's airs, which in the original scores are only supported by a figured bass. If any one ask why I recommend Handel's basses in preference to Bach's, let him only train himself up to the point of being able to fill out a Handel bass in pure polyphonic writing so that it really sounds respectably, and then try to do the same thing with a Bach bass! I mistake very much if he does not find his first attempts with Bach singularly disheartening.

It is an almost universal thing for students in any particular branch of the arts or sciences to pursue what is known as "a parallel course of reading" in addition to studying certain text-books. For the musician and student of composition this "parallel course" is naturally an analytical study of the works of the great composers. The choice of works to be studied with the most benefit is not so easy as might at first be supposed. Evidently the student should choose such works as there is the most to be learned from; but here there are many points which deserve mature consideration. As a general rule, the true classics are to be almost exclusively recommended, — Haydn, Mozart, the earlier works of Beethoven, and almost the whole of Mendelssohn. I do not emphasize the works of these men because they are standard models of excellence merely, but because they are so thoroughly pervaded with the true classic spirit, which, if it means anything, means the exalting of workmanship over material. No one can deny that Sebastian Bach and Beethoven, even in his last period, are essentially classic writers, yet there is a certain quasi-elemental quality in their music which appeals so strongly to the passions and the more potent sentiments that it is difficult really to *study* it. Their results are so overpowering that one is hard put to it to pay much attention to their methods. And, after all, methods are what we try to study, and all that we can learn. Beethoven, for instance, may fairly be said to have completely turned the heads of half music-writing Europe. So intense is the emotional power of his music that many men have been actually blinded to the classic purity of his writing; nay, more, some enthusiasts have even forgotten that he was a composer at all, and never mention him saving as a tone-poet, a giant, a Titan, or by some other equally resonant epithet. Now remember that no one can *learn* to be a tone-poet any more than he can learn to be a genius. But one can learn to be a musician. Leave the *study* of Beethoven's later works and of almost all of Bach until you have made yourself a master of Haydn and Mozart. Look to the later Beethoven sonatas and quartets, and to Bach's church cantatas, for inspiration and musical enjoyment; when you are bent upon analyzing and study, take something else. It is ticklish business at best studying a composer to learn what you may have authority for *daring to do;* all that one generally learns thereby is what the composer himself could dare, and the probability of its fitting your own case is not great. It benefits you little to know that Beethoven can fly from the key of A major to that of E major by the way of B flat major, unless you have the genius to do something equally original and daring with equal musical success. Upon the whole, it behooves the student to distinguish sharply between that which can be learned from great examples and that which cannot. Studying the great composers in the right way will not in the least destroy the student's originality; studying them in the wrong way inevitably will. Try to permeate yourself with their æsthetic spirit; do not try to catch their manner. If you analyze their works, do so with the purpose of discovering wherein their artistic symmetry and proportion lies, not for the sake of appropriating to yourself any peculiarities of style and manner which may be characteristic of them. And to end with, let my "*et delendam esse Carthaginem*" be the oft-repeated cry of "*acquire technique.*" Learn how to do things, and practice until you can do them easily. Technique does not stand in the way of originality; if you have really original stuff in you, it will appear doubly original — and worth listening to, besides — if you can express yourself easily and naturally.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

CONCERTS.

BOYLSTON CLUB — The fourth and last concert (sixth season) of this steadily progressive club of singers, under the earnest and efficient leadership of Mr. Osgood, took place in the crowded Music Hall on Wednesday evening, June 4. It brought our Boston musical season practically to a close, although small scattering performances, mostly pupils' concerts, still go on in smaller halls and chambers. It was one of the most interesting concerts which the Boylston Club have ever given, if only by the single fact of its opening with a repetition of Palestrina's Mass for the Dead (*Messa per i Defonti*), which made so deep an impression a year ago. It was sung *a capella* as before, that is, without accompaniment, mostly in five parts, the *Hostias* only being in four parts (soprano, alto and two tenors). To singers who have had no other practice in this school of music, nor even any chance of hearing it, it must have offered very great and peculiar difficulties. In the first place the contrapuntal, polyphonic flow of the interwoven voices, nearly all in long notes, overlapping one another, each melodic voice claiming attention to itself for but an instant and then losing itself in the complex unitary whole, like the swelling and subsiding of the waves upon a gentle ocean, emblem at once of restless life and of repose, must render it exceedingly difficult to measure and keep time, for it has hardly anything like accent. The time, the rhythm, to be sure, in this and all the Palestrina music is ever the same square four-two measure; save for convenience to the eye the bars mean nothing, and it might as well be written without bars. Then it requires such purity of intonation, such a full, even calibre of voice, and such a sustained delivery, so smooth and quiet, so noble and reposeful, and as it were *impersonal*, as if this music were expressing the eternal, that one wondered how it was possible for these singers to succeed in it so well. They did succeed, however, even better than in the first performance. There was a pure and beautiful ensemble of well-balanced voices, and the effect was heavenly. It was peace itself; you could but yield yourself, heart and soul and sense, to the blissful, holy spell. Essentially it sounded all alike; it might come to a stop at this point or at that, in any portion of the movement; yet you did not wish it ever to leave off; you could listen forever; it was breathing a clearer atmosphere, it was being lifted out of the realm of clouds and commonplace. We do not yet know enough of Palestrina's music to judge whether each composition of his can be called a new and individual creation in the imaginative sense, differing from the others as one symphony of Beethoven, or one play of Shakespeare, differs from another; in other words, whether these compositions have ideal contents (*Inhalt*) as well as a noble form and style. Open the volumes of his works where you will, one page *looks* like another. Are there *ideas* here, musical or poetic? Or is it not rather a grand, an almost superhuman, divine manner of expressing always one and the same idea and feeling. — that of holiness? In this very Mass for the Dead, for instance, we get no sense of mourning or bereavement, nothing of the funereal character, any more than in any of the other masses, — say the famous one named after Pope Marcello. It is all peace, a cheerful, solemn mood of faith and perfect trust; and what else do we find in *all* this music? Sublime, therefore, as Palestrina's music is, and worthy to be much better known among us, we cannot rank him on a level with such a creative genius as Bach or Handel, in whom the same polyphonic principle has reached a far richer development. The writer of the excellent article which we copy from the programme of the concert, makes Palestrina the Homer of music; we do not quarrel with the parallel; in some sense it is just; yet Homer always has something more to tell than he had told before; Homer is essentially a narrative poet. Palestrina's mission seems to have been, through music, to fill the church with the right atmosphere of feeling; an atmosphere which it is very delightful to breathe, in which we forget and rise above our selfish egos, and realize eternity, feel that the Lord is in his holy temple. This he can do without having much to tell, without fresh and various ideas to communicate, without the imaginativew and of Prospero. And yet we would not go so far as to say that there is nothing characteristic in the several movements or pieces of the mass, no distinctive features by which we can recognize each one; the fact that, while all were found so beautiful and so impressive, yet everybody felt this more particularly in the *Sanctus* and the *Benedictus*, proves the contrary. We thank the Boylston Club for so precious an experience as the hearing of such music so well sung, and we hope they will give us much more of the same, and by their example inspire others to the same good work.

The second part of the concert offered a rich variety of pieces, both for male and female chorus separately, and for mixed voices. The only fault was in the too much of a good thing, and this was aggravated by the relapse of the audience into the old (we had thought outgrown) barbarism of encoring half a-dozen pieces in succession. This was the selection: —

A Night in the Greenwood . . . . . . *Rheinberger.*
Mixed Chorus, accompanied by Piano, Violin, Viola, and 'Cello.

On Upper Langbathsee . . . . *Engelsberg.*
Male Chorus.

Presage of Spring . . . . *Hollaender.*
Female Chorus.

Trumpeter's May Song . . . . *Osgood.*
Male Chorus with Altos, accompanied by Trumpet Obligato.

Slumber Song . . . . *Kücken.*
Mixed Chorus.

a. Song of the Summer Birds . . } *Rubinstein.*
Female Chorus.
b. First movement from Trio in B flat
Piano, Violin, and 'Cello. Op. 52.

Forsaken (Folksong from the Carinthian.)
Male Chorus.

Spinning Song . . . . *Wagner.*
From the opera, "The Flying Dutchman."
Female Chorus.

Vocal Waltz . . . . *Vogel.*
Male Chorus.

Anthem: King All-Glorious . . . . *Barnby.*
Solos, Mixed Chorus, and Organ.

These were all sung in rare perfection, those for female voices only leaving a delightful sense of pure sweet harmony, and delicate expression. We never heard that "Spinning Song" so finely given. The most important numbers were the mixed chorus by Rheinberger, which was extremely effective, Messrs. Allen, Heindl, and Wulf Fries supplying the string accompaniments.

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with Mr. Petersilea, as usual, at the piano-forte; Mr. Osgood's "Trumpeter's May Song," which is fresh and bright, with a blithe, buoyant, captivating melody, and the whole affair made romantic and picturesque by the trumpet obligato, while the blending of the alto voices with the tenors (in unison) lent a peculiar quality of fullness to the tone; and Barnby's Anthem, which has a certain ringing splendor, although its themes seemed consumptive, and its solos tediously long, albeit well sung, the tenor by Mr. Julius Jordan, the bass by Mr. Allin R. Reed; Mr. Sumner accompanied upon the organ. The only instrumental piece, the movement from Rubinstein's Trio in B-flat, was well interpreted by Messrs. Petersilea, Allen, and Wulf Fries.

MR. EDWARD B. PERRY. This gentleman, who is entirely blind, returned not recently from his piano-forte studies in Germany. He has given one or two successful concerts in the suburbs, but hitherto has not played before a representative musical audience in Boston. On Tuesday morning, June 10, by invitation of Mr. Junius W. Hill, of whom he was formerly a pupil, Mr. Perry played, at the Music Room of the former, 154 Tremont Street, to a select and appreciative audience; interpreting such a programme, and in so masterly a manner, that one soon forgot to make any allowance for his blindness. His selections, it will be seen, were formidable for any artist, and very tastefully arranged:

1. Introduction and Rondo, from Sonata in C major, Op. 53 . . . . . *Beethoven.*
2. Gavotte . . . . . *Silas.*
   Chansonnette . . . . . *Kullak.*
   Barcarolle . . . . . *Rubinstein.*
3. Preludes in G major and E minor, Op. 28 }
   Nocturne in F. major, Op. 62, No. 2. . } *Chopin.*
   Etudes in F minor and A-flat major, Op. 25. }
4. Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13 . . . . *Schumann.*

Mr. Perry has a sensitive, clear, often brilliant touch, very sure, clean execution, intelligent accent, phrasing, light and shade, and he plays with feeling and enthusiasm, entering into the spirit of the piece and the composer. In the Beethoven Sonata he reproduced the solemn, thoughtful depth of feeling of the slow Introduction, and the light, bright, rapid fairy Rondo, in which his fingers ran most deftly, to the general satisfaction. He showed himself equally masterly through all their contrasts, of those stupendous Variations (*Etudes Symphoniques*) of Schumann; very few have done it better here. The groupings of smaller pieces were felicitous also in the choice and in the rendering, which often showed great delicacy of sentiment and touch. Indeed we have seldom passed a summer hour with music more enjoyably; we doubt not that every person present came away convinced that this blind pianist may safely claim rank among the best.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, June 12.—Since my last note, we have had a number of musical entertainments, the most important of which I shall briefly notice. The first in order were two concerts by Wilhelmj, assisted by Mr. Vogrich, "the Hungarian composer and pianist," Mrs. Swift, soprano, and a local tenor, Mr. Charles Knorr. The first concert presented a very poor programme, and even the numbers allotted to the great violinist were of a character far below his notices, and unworthy of an embryonic artist. The programme called forth the censure of our best critics, who generally expressed themselves in no weak terms, as being displeased with the music offered. Indeed, the time has gone by when even an artist of great celebrity can present a poor programme in this city without subjecting himself to a well-merited rebuke. At the second concert there was much improvement made in the selections for performance, and the great applause, and the triple recall, that followed Wilhelmj's playing of the grand Chaconne of Bach must have indicated that our musical public is not lacking in appreciation of the best music. I trust that all great artists will remember, when they visit this Western city, that they have to pass a musical judgment that has both a knowledge of, and an appreciation for, what is best in art, and that it is impossible to impose upon us with poor music, notwithstanding it may be finely performed. Mr. Vogrich did not win much praise from either our press or the musicians, and the reason was, doubtless, that they do not care to listen to a "Fantasia on *Norma*," a "Paraphrase" on *Sonnambula*, even if arranged by Liszt. Mr. Vogrich might have allowed us the honor of making his acquaintance as a composer, a something more worthy of his audience and himself than an operatic fantasia, even if his arrangement of *Roberto* had a certain kind of merit. The only number that gave us any real pleasure, was his performance of the variations from the "Kreutzer Sonata" (of Beethoven with Wilhelmj). In this he manifested a delicate touch, good ideas, and a feeling for what is worthy of regard in music, and it called forth more commendation than ten thousand operatic arrangements could excite. When this great artist bends from his true position in the world of art, his very powers seem to refuse to serve him. No two things can be so dissimilar as music is good and poor.

On the evening of June 5, the Apollo Club gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah* before a very large audience. They had the assistance of Miss Fanny Kellogg, of Boston, Mrs. Hayden, Mr. William Courtney, the English tenor, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, also of your city. The performance was sadly marred by a very bad orchestra, which not only played out of time and time, but with little regard for either chorus or soloists. It was the worst band I have ever heard in an oratorio performance, and we have the so-called orchestra of "Comic Opera" to thank for it, for the three theatres that are giving entertainments of this character, had engaged almost all of the orchestra players, and the Apollo Club could only have those who were left. The chorus had studied this oratorio for a long time, and believed, from rehearsals, that, had they had the support of a fine band, they would have given us a very fine performance. It would not be just to pass judgment upon the soloists, for it would be unfair to expect to sing with the feeling and good effect with such a bad accompaniment as the orchestra gave them. Mr. Tomlins, the accomplished conductor of the society, is a thorough adjuster of Handel. I trust that when they give this work again, he may have an orchestra that will do justice to his ideas, and allow the chorus fully to manifest the result of his excellent training.

On the evening of June 4, Mr. William H. Sherwood began a second series of three recitals. I have before expressed my opinions of the artistic interpretations of this accomplished pianist, but I must record my thanks once more for the new pleasure he has given us in presenting us with three remarkable programmes of classical music. One great service that Mr. Sherwood has done for us has been in giving our piano students an opportunity to hear a large number of noble works finely performed, and thus creating a good influence for what is worthy music. His examples in the production of pure and ringing tones from the piano-forte, and his matchless touch, should be a lesson to musical forte, in all good passages, have in themselves conveyed a needed lesson to many of our young players. To recognize the difference between power and boisterous musical clamazes of tone, from the exaggerations of a noise-giving force, is a valuable reflection for all young pianists. The abuse of the piano-forte by many of our players will never be correct it unless students improve every opportunity of hearing artistic interpretations. Mr. Sherwood in this respect is doing splendid educational work by his concerts in the West, and although he may win golden opinions from the press and public, the results that will follow from his visits must be to students are worth more than any flattering commendations he may receive. Mr. Sherwood had the assistance of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, who played the orchestral parts of the great "Emperor Concerto" of Beethoven upon a second piano-forte, and in the Schumann Variations for two pianos, Op. 46.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE 16.—Since I wrote you last we have had Wilhelmj here for the third time. He played a concerto of Lipinski, and pieces by Ernst and Vieux temps. Taking his three programmes together, I think no great an artist ought to be ashamed that he gave us nothing better.

The pianist at this concert was Mr. Maximilian Vogrich. He played a concert allegro by Henselt, Liszt's *Sonnambula*, and a Fantasia of his own on motives from *Roberto*. The pieces were all *show-pieces*, and were played showily, with immense facility and power, and blundering bravura, and a touch like the kick of a mule. Mrs. Mary Louise Swift sang some light music very acceptably. Artists who give us such programmes must not expect to command the respect of sincere people.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood gave us two programmes in the same week which were in very marked contrast to Wilhelmj's. Here they are:

I.

Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (arranged by Liszt)	*Bach.*
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat	*Beethoven.*
a. Waltz, Op. 34, in A-flat.	
b. Etude in sharp minor, Op. 25, No. 7 }	*Chopin.*
c. Ballade in A-flat, Op. 47 }	
Toccata di Concerto, Op. 36	*August Dupont.*

II.

a. "Moment Musicale," Op. 7, No. 2 . . .	*Moszkowski.*
b. Wedding March (Norwegian Bridal Party passing by), Op. 19	*Grieg.*
c. Dervish Chorus (from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens	*Saint-Saëns.*
a. "Waldersauschen" (Concert Etude) . .	*Liszt.*
b. Grand Polonaise in E major	

XII Etudes Symphoniques . . . . . *Schumann.*
a. Fugue in E minor (Fire Fugue) . . . . *Handel.*
b. Fugue in G minor Op. 5 . . . . . *Rheinberger.*
c. Serenade in D minor, Op. 33 . . . . . *Rubenstein.*
d. "Perpetual Motion" . . . . . *Weber-Brahms.*
(Arranged as a study for the left hand.)
a. Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15 }
b. Etude in Black Keys, Op. 10, No. 5 } *Chopin.*
c. Nocturne in C sharp minor, Op. 27 }
d. Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53 }
a. "Lohengrin's Vermeis on Elsa, } *Wagner-Liszt.*
b. "Isolden's Liebes-Tod, }
a. Tarantelle, Op. 11 . . . . . *Gustav Schumann.*
b. Grand Octave Study, in E-flat, No 7 . . . *Kullak.*

Mr. Sherwood played in such a way that I am not able to see any room for improvement, either in interpretation or technique. His touch is especially admirable, fine, delicate, and infinitely varied. He certainly belongs in the very highest rank of artists.

The pupils in music in Milwaukee College, taught by Mr. John C. Fillmore, and in elocution, taught by Mr. Thomas A. Brush, give a choice and varied programme this evening. Judging from the rehearsals, the young ladies are likely to acquit themselves creditably.

J. C. F.

WILKESBARRE, PA., JUNE 3.—A subscriber to your journal takes the liberty of sending with this letter two newspapers containing accounts of a musical festival held at Wilkesbarre, on the 28th and 29th of May, and also a programme of the order of exercises for both days.

Your journal is so alive to progress in art, at home and abroad, that it may be of use to you of place to draw attention to the fact that this festival has given a new impulse to music in the adjacent coal regions of Pennsylvania. In the first place, by preparing the way to yearly efforts of the same sort in the neighboring cities and towns; another *Eisteddfod* having been appointed for the summer of 1880, at Hyde Park, eighteen miles from Wilkesbarre. Secondly, by showing us what may be done outside of our usual resources; for the material employed in the vocal part of the competitive exercises was drawn mainly from the mining classes, and as they did their work in a creditable manner, it proves that they have some musical ability and knowledge. This being true of such a large element of our population, may we not hope, unless there is a total want of energy, to produce in time great choral societies, and become an important musical centre? Praise is due to the Mendelssohn society of this place for the first effort in a good cause in the shape of our musical festival.

[The great length of the notices above referred to precludes their insertion here. The mornings and afternoons of the two days were devoted to competitive performances, vocal and instrumental, the competing choirs being largely composed of the Welsh population of the mining districts, who, as in old Wales, are distinguished for their good chorus singing; the results were very creditable, yet a performance of the *Messiah*, with piano-forte accompaniment, with Mrs. Granger Doe, soprano, Miss Lizzie Parry James, contralto, Mr. Ben Davies, tenor, Mr. A. E. Stoddard, baritone, and Prof. D. J. J. Mason, as conductor; the other by a miscellaneous concert of songs, duets, quartets, etc. The judges in the competition were Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Leo Morinis, and A. E. Stoddard. The Rev. Fred Evans, D. D., was the chairman.]

[An expected letter from our Cincinnati correspondent, containing an account of the German Sangerfest, has failed to reach us in season for this number. We are told that it was artistically a great success, though financially it resulted in a loss of about $10,000.]

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC, of Cincinnati, has published a programme book, which contains the programmes of twelve orchestra symphony concerts and twelve public rehearsals of the same concerts, given in the great Music Hall, in Cincinnati, by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra; also the programmes of twelve chamber concerts given by the College Quartet, which consists of Messrs. Theodore Thomas, Leo Jacobsohn (violins), C. Bastera (viola), and Adolph Hardingen (violoncello). With these there is a list of some one hundred and thirty different compositions played upon the great organ by Geo. E. Whiting (professor of the college), at the Wednesday and Saturday afternoon organ concerts. All of the above concerts have been given by the college between the months of October, 1878, and May, 1879, inclusive. These programmes show the standard of the college. They contain mostly choice and beautiful music, and its performance could not but be of great value to the more than five hundred students of the institution. The college gives

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notice that students may enter at any time, and that there is to be a summer term, beginning July 7, and ending during the last week in August.

Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, are the publishers of the programme book, which is for sale at twenty cents.

DAYTON, O. — The eighteenth concert of the Philharmonic Society, with chorus and orchestra, W. L. Blumenschein, director, occurred May 22. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was given in the second part, the first consisting entirely of selections from Beethoven, as follows: —

Overture to "Egmont."
Song: "Adelaide."
Miss Annie Miller.
Piano Concerto No. 3.
First movement, with Cadenza, by Carl Reinecke.
W. L. Blumenschein.
Songs: (a) "In questa tomba."
(b) "May Song."
Miss Ida Deam.
Chorus: "Hallelujah," from the oratorio, "The Mount of Olives."

LONDON. — The New Philharmonic Concert of May 24 was notable by the appearance of M. Saint-Saëns in the double capacity of conductor of a new symphony of his own composition, and of pianist in his own fourth concerto (C minor), — the one played here in a Harvard concert by Mr. Preston. There was also an admirable performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto by Señor Sarasate, a taste of whose quality we have had in Boston. The symphony by Saint-Saëns (Op. 55) is in A minor, is in four movements: (1.) Allegro marcato and Allegro appassionato; (2.) Adagio; (3.) Scherzo, Presto; (4.) Prestissimo. The *Musical Standard* speaks of it as "an unmistakable success. His compositions evince a great amount of originality, both in thought and design, belonging rather to the French school than the German. The symphony in question is the second of its kind, and almost his last published work. From a very early age, we are told, he began to study the piano-forte and organ, and received lessons in composition; and judging him by the work given on Saturday, he has, we predicate, a brilliant future before him. The orchestration is very skillful and pleasing, and it is full of graceful and striking ideas well worked out. It contains sufficient adherence to rule to satisfy musicians of the old school, while there is an amount of freedom which indicates the inclination to progress and development. The adagio movement is very sweet and delicate, and the prestissimo finale is irresistible. Each movement was greatly applauded, and the talented composer was twice recalled."

THE Marquis D'Ivry's *Les Amants de Vérone* has been performed at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Academy*, May 31, says: "It is by no means surprising that so many composers have selected the story of Romeo and Juliet as the foundation of an opera. Of all the plays of Shakespeare this one lends itself most readily to the exigencies of lyrical treatment; and that no musician has succeeded in producing an enduring masterpiece out of such a suggestive theme speaks but little for the ability of those who have at various periods believed themselves worthy to illustrate it. Among the earlier operatic versions of the tragedy was that by Zingarelli, produced at Milan in 1796. In 1825, in the same locale, an opera by Vaccaj was heard, and it obtained such high recognition that the final act was afterwards added to the French edition of Bellini's *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*. This last saw the light at Venice in 1830, but it is by no means one of its author's best works, and has not held the stage. Other versions worthy of mention are those by Steibelt, 1793; Schwanberg, 1782; Dalayrac, 1792; and Marchetti, 1865. All these have long since vanished. It appears likely, however, that M. Gounod's setting of the tale, written for the Théâtre Lyrique in 1867, will obtain greater longevity. The Southern warmth and intense passion of the tragedy are not well suited to the French composer's dreamy, long-drawn manner, but he has succeeded in writing some very charming music which the world will not willingly let die. The musical antecedents of the Marquis D'Ivry were not such as to warrant the hope that he would succeed where men of undoubted genius had failed, and the first impression on learning that he had set Shakespeare's play was that of amazement at his temerity. We have his assurance, however, that his work was completed before that of M. Gounod, and he has acted wisely in letting this fact be known. It was entirely in consequence of the personal friendship of M. Capoul for the amateur musician that *Les Amants de Verone* at length saw the light at the Salle Ventadour a few months since. The French tenor assumed the reins of management for the nonce, and expended considerable pains on the mounting of the opera. At the outset it achieved a partial success, but curiosity was not succeeded by admiration, and eventually public opinion declared itself strongly adverse to the pretensions of the new work . . . . Ambitious as the Marquis D'Ivry has shown himself to be in his choice of a subject, he has evinced no vain desire to impart individuality to his music. He does not hide his poverty of invention under a cloak of eccentricity, and if he cannot extort admiration he avoids all chance of giving offense. There is abundant evidence to prove that he is a cultured and well-read musician, but there is none to show that he possesses a modicum of fancy or imagination. There are a few pretty melodies in the first act, and a delicate little *ensemble*, "Col novel giorno in ciel," in the balcony scene. But the composer does not develop a good idea when he obtains one, and hence the writing throughout the opera is fragmentary. This weakness is of course especially apparent in the concerted music, where we look for development and the working-up of a subject to an effective climax. In the dramatic situations — such as the quarrel scene, where Mercutio and Tybalt are slain; or at the close of the fourth act, where Juliet takes the potion — there is a painful lack of power and intensity of expression. The music does not heighten the effect of the drama in the least degree. In fine, *Les Amants de Verone* is a respectably mediocre work, highly creditable as the production of an amateur, but of no intrinsic value, and therefore quite unworthy of a position on the Anglo-Italian stage."

BERLIN. — As already announced, Spontini's *Olympia* had been selected for the gala performance at the Royal Operahouse, in honor of the Golden Wedding of the Emperor and Empress, on the 11th June. It was played here for the last time about sixteen years ago, the principal characters being sustained by Mmes. Wippern and Ahna, whose places were now filled by Mme. Voggenhubber and Mlle. Brandt. *Olympia* was composed for Paris, where it was brought out in 1819, after nine months' rehearsals. It proved a comparative failure; and Spontini readily accepted, in consequence, an invitation to go to Berlin, where the king intrusted him with very extensive powers. All musical matters were subjected to the new-comer's authority, and not a concert could be given without his consent. *Olympia* was performed here for the first time on the 14th May, 1821; Mme. Milder appearing as Statira, and Mme. Bader as Cassandra. Its success was something extraordinary, and Spontini was called on, — a mark of approbation then quite unusual. The work had had forty two rehearsals. — *Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*

HANS VON BUELOW AT HANNOVER. — The following is a list of works performed in the past season, 1878-79, between October and April, at the "Abonnement Concerts" in Hannover, under the direction of Dr. Hans von Bülow: —

Nine Symphonies: Beethoven, Nos. 6, Pastorale, and 7, A major; *Berlioz, Harold Symphony; *Brahms, No. 2, D major; Gade, No. 3, A minor; Haydn, C minor; Mendelssohn, No. 3, A minor; Mozart, E-flat major; Rubinstein, *Dramatic Symphony, No. 4, D minor. Also, for the first time, *Bach's Suite, in C major. Nine Overtures, Beethoven, "King Stephen" and "Leonora," No. 1; Berlioz, "Benvenuto Cellini" and "Roman Carnival;" Cherubini, "Wasserträger;" *Glinka, "Russlan" and "Ludmilla;" Méhul, "Horatius Cocles;" Mendelssohn, "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt;" Schumann, "Braut von Messina." Other orchestral works: Saint-Saëns, "Danse Macabre" (twice); *Tschaikowsky, ballet music from the opera, "The Woywode;" Wagner, "Kaiser Marsch. Concertos with Orchestra, for piano-forte: Beethoven, No. 4, G major (Dr. von Bülow); *Rubinstein, Grand Fantasia, in C minor (the composer); Saint-Saëns, Concerto, No. 4, in C minor (the composer); Weber, Concert-Stück (Dr. von Bülow). Concertos for violin: Joachim, Hungarian Concerto (the composer); Mendelssohn, Concerto, E minor (Herr Häniflein); Mozart, Andante, from violin Concerto, No. 4 (Herr Hermann); *Raff, Second Concerto, A minor (Herr Herrmann). For violoncello: Goltermann, Andante and Finale, from G major Concerto (Herr Lorleberg). Piano-forte and violin: Fantasia in C major, Schubert (Dr. von Bülow and Herr Joachim). Vocal Works: *Beethoven, "Meeresstille and Glückliche Fahrt;" *Cherubini, Missa Solemnis, D minor; Schubert, "Gott in der Natur" (scored by Bulow).

Those works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time. Here is prodigious activity and no mistake.

ST. PETERSBURG. — In recognition of the great services rendered by him as inspector of Music in the Imperial Schools for Noble Young Ladies in this capital and Moscow, Herr Adolph von Henselt has been created by the Czar an Actual Councillor, with the title of "Excellency."

OPERA IN LONDON. — The *Tribune* correspondent writes (May 17): "It is well for Mr. Mapleson that the success of his opera troupe in the United States was at once brilliant and substantial. Since his opening in London he has been pursued by ill luck, for which he is in no wise responsible; and in these circumstances it must be a comfortable thing to have his well-filled American chest to draw from. The first appearances of Mme. Nilsson and Mme. Etelka Gerster have each been announced for two or three successive dates; but neither lady has yet been able to put in an appearance. Others of the troupe have also been ill; and the houses at Her Majesty's Theatre, except on subscription nights, have not been full. Next week, however, Mme. Gerster is promised for certain. She has been detained on the Continent and then shut up here by illness. The public will throng the more eagerly to hear her on Monday; her popularity in London being not less than her popularity in America. Mme. Nilsson's first appearance is now doubtful. Meantime Miss Minnie Hauk has replaced her in *Faust*; with a gratifying measure of success, the difficulty of the undertaking considered. Mme. Gerster was to have sung last week in *La Sonnambula*. At a moment's notice Mlle. Van Zandt was called on to take her place. Our young countrywoman is a favorite here, but would not, I suppose, have been cast for so exacting a part as Amina, save for the emergency. Her performance was, nevertheless, a most creditable one. She appeared on a subscription night before an audience of critics, able both to make allowances for youth and inexperience and to judge fairly of real merit. Her reception was cordial, and the good opinion of the house grew better as the evening wore on. Published criticisms have been equally favorable, and Mlle. Van Zandt's position has been distinctly improved. Even a London audience, with all its prejudices for established reputation and its slowness to enthusiasm, was charmed by the youthful grace and winning, simple manners of this young lady. Musical authorities say that her voice and method are both excellent, and that she needs but strength and experience to insure her a brilliant future."

IT is related that Frederic Chopin could always quiet his father's pupils, no matter how much noise they were making in the house. One day, when Professor Chopin was out, there was a frightful scene. Barcinski, the master present, was at his wits' end, when Frederic happily entered the room. Without deliberation he requested the roysterers to sit down, called in those who were making a noise outside, and promised to improvise an interesting story on the piano if they would be quite quiet. All were instantly as still as death, and Frederic sat down to the instrument and extinguished the lights. He described how robbers approached a house, mounted by ladders to the windows, but were frightened away by a noise within. Without delay they fled on the wings of the wind into a deep, dark wood, where they fell asleep under the starry sky. He played more and more softly, as if trying to lull the children to rest, till he found that his hearers had actually fallen asleep. The young artist noiselessly crept out of the room to his parents and visitors, and asked them to follow him with a light. When the family had amused themselves with the various postures of the sleepers, Frederic sat down again to the piano, and struck up a thrilling chord, at which they all sprang up in a fright. A hearty laugh was the finale of this musical joke.

M. SAINT-SAENS is finishing a cantata for the Birmingham festival of next autumn. Together with this absolute novelty, a comparative novelty in the shape of a cantata by Max Bruch, already given in Germany, but not yet heard in England, will be brought out. M. Saint-Saëns' cantata will not be of great dimensions. Application had been made to M. Gounod for a work of some magnitude, but the composer of *Faust* declined to compose the oratorio demanded of him unless the festival committee would agree to pay him the sum of £4000.

JOHAN SVENDSEN, whose Symphony in D (Op. 4) was the most important novelty a the concert of Mme. Viard-Louis on Thursday, is the first Norwegian composer whose works have met with appreciation beyond the confines of the northern peninsula. The ability of Svendsen is undeniable, but his growing reputation is partly the result of artistic friendships and connections formed in foreign lands. His octet for strings has been frequently heard here at chamber concerts, and the symphony presented on the occasion referred to contains sufficient merit to warrant its introduction to a London audience. There is a certain commonplace brusqueness in the principal theme of the opening movement, and the plan of the finale is vague and ill-defined. The thematic development of both these movements cannot be spoken of in terms of admiration. But there is much that is charming in the Andante, with its continuous flow of purely melodic phrases; and the Allegretto Scherzando, though crude in structure, is not without individuality of character. The symphony is of course an early composition, and as such is both creditable and interesting.

Mr. Joseph Halberstadt's Dramatic Overture in E minor is a very musicianly work. It is skillfully constructed, and the composer evinces a knowledge of effect, not only in the working of his materials, but in the orchestral coloring, which is full and rich.

The name of Ferdinand Ries is well known to musicians, but more familiarly as the pupil and friend of Beethoven than as a composer. Ries wrote many works; but as he lacked the power of individual utterance, his music has failed to attain a lasting value in the estimation of the public. For example, the piano-forte concerto in C-sharp minor played by Mme. Viard-Louis on Thursday calls for approval merely by reason of the fluency and effectiveness of the solo part. The themes and the accompaniments are wholly without interest, and the concerto cannot be placed even on the same level as those of Hummel. It was excellently played, however, and the applause which followed the performance was a well-earned tribute to the skill of the executant.

M. Saint-Saëns rendered one of Bach's organ-fugues in G minor with admirable clearness and precision; and the audience seemed greatly to relish the grim but unpleasant humor of the French composer's *Danse Macabre* for orchestra. — *Academy*, June 7.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 97.)

So Sanzio joyfully,
While the bright, slanting sunbeams, that at last
Had burst their cloudy veil, moved on before them,
Led her about, showed and interpreted,
While she, with glad, untiring eagerness,
Listened and looked, — upon the long, gray walls
Covered with dabs of color and black lines,
That, if one watched, slowly resolved themselves
Now into countless fair, fantastic shapes,
Then melted back into a strange confusion;
Upon the bits of canvas in gay tints,
Or the white heads and faces, feet and hands,
Hung pell-mell here and there; and yonder stood
Two marble figures towering high, though one
Had lost its head, the other both its arms.
And glancing past them, Benedetta knelt
To turn the sheets of paper on the floor,
That lay there scattered broad-cast, and scrawled full
Of twisted lines and circles like the walls,
Till Sanzio told her, laughing, 't was in vain
She burrowed there for any hidden gem:
Found in one distant corner of the room
A curious, wide-mouthed urn of blackened silver,
Filled to the top with rose-leaves faintly sweet.
Long, long ago, Sanzio related, ere
The dear Christ-child was born at Bethlehem,
Some unknown skillful workman wrought this vase,
'Mid a great people perished from the earth.
Men laboring in the fields discovered it
Of late, deep in the ground, — thus it came here.
And near it stood a dish of finest glass
Shaped like an open lily, where she saw,
With bits of scarlet coral, pearly white
And delicate pink and amber-tinted shells.
Ay, Sanzio said, they lay so many years
Upon the shores of the eternal sea,
Their little shallow cups had caught at last
Some faint reflection of the sunset glory
That flooded them a thousand times. A fan
Of gorgeous peacock feathers, spreading wide,
Nodded above them, and near by, in yet
Another corner, Benedetta marked
A crimson mantle, and blue, silken robe,
A trailing piece of precious cloth of gold,
And many more of various hues, that looked
Like purple and fine linen, — heedlessly
Tossed over dusty chairs.
But, best of all,
Sanzio turned kindly, at her earnest prayer,
The faces of great pictures from the walls,
And showed her much she had not yet beheld
Of all his noblest labors, though he said
Of this and that, 'T was but the first poor sketch;
This had been ordered from beyond the sea;
And that had crossed the mountains. One of them,
A sweet Madonna, seated, with bent head,
Her happy arms clasped round the Blessed Babe
That nestled on her bosom. Then an image
Of that fair Saint who first from heaven drew down
The power of music to the thirsty earth, —
Amid a group of other stately forms
Standing erect and rapt, her purest face
Turned upward to a chanting angel-choir.
And yet another, of that gracious Saint
Who conquered ill by her sole innocence.
She walked alone, — behind her sombre trees, —
Her beauteous limbs scarce hidden by the robe
Whose folds one slender hand held gathered back
From the nude, tender feet, while in the other
She bore a branch of palm. Thus fearlessly,
The godly peace unbroken on her brow,
A faint-rayed halo round the golden head,
She stepped upon the pointy, jagged wings
Of the fierce dragon, who with monstrous coils,
And fiery jaws wide open, rolled and writhed
Powerless to right and left.
And so at length,
Making their round about the whole wide room,
They came to that great picture, half complete,
Whereon he labored still, and even this
He turned and showed. A heavenly Virgin-mother,
Bearing the little Jesus in her arms,
And floating upward on light clouds; beside
And yet beneath her, other forms, two Saints,
A woman, and a noble, grave old man;
And further still below, close to her feet,
Two marvelous fair child-angels, with small wings,
Both gazing up, in rapt, adoring joy,
Their sweetest eyes lost in the heavens beyond.
And Benedetta when she first saw these
Cried out in wonder and delight: "O Sanzio!
What rosy limbs, and dimpled little hands!
Oh, would that I might hold them in my arms,
And kiss their lips and eyes! This right one here,
With upturned face, he is like you, methinks!"
Then following the little angel's glance,
And reverently, yet all unconsciously
Folding her hands, she softly said, and spoke
As to herself: "And what a grave, wise look,
Wears the Beloved Babe on his sweet face! —
And I am to be here among all these, —
Nay, how should I be worthy of such greatness!"
My darling! Oh, I would most joyfully
Make all the world your footstool! Sanzio's heart
Cried out within him, yet he suffered not
The words to pass his lips, But gazed at her
With a glad, silent smile. And now, when she
Was well content that naught was left unseen,
He bade her sit and rest on the small couch
Where he was wont sometimes to pause from work,
When that grew wearisome, — he standing near
On the great tawny lion-skin stretched out
Upon the floor, and showing plainly still
The outlines of the mighty head and paws.
"What is this?" asked she, planting her small feet
Where once the full, dark mane had flowed.
He told her,
And how it came from countries far away,
Filled with wide deserts, where the sun was hot,
And bred strange beasts and birds and flowers and trees.
"Fancy," he said, "how dismal for some late
Lone traveler, if at fall of night, perchance,
He hears a stealthy rustle 'mid the reeds,
And sees the gleaming of two fiery eyes,
And suddenly, with a fierce, resounding roar,
A lion leaps on him and his poor horse,
And strikes his teeth into its panting flanks!"

Unwittingly she drew her feet away.
A shade of trouble flitting o'er her face.
It faded in a moment, and her cheek
Dimpled and faintly flushed, and looking up
She said, "Nay, I am like a foolish child!"
"And would you be afraid in that wild land?"
He smiling asked. "No, — yes, — no, not with you,
If you were with me there!" And for the first time
She of her own free will reached out her hand,
And put it into his, who with delight
Close clasped and held it fast. But suddenly
She drew it back and asked, with earnestness,
Returning now at length upon the words
She left unfinished when she entered first, —
"But tell me how it is I find you here!
Anna went out this afternoon, and I,
Left all alone, wandered about the house,
And curiously peeped into many rooms,
Finding them still and empty all, save this.
You do not live here? Nay, it cannot be,
Methought you came a distance every day,
In from the street!"
"And so I did! I flung
My cap upon my head," he gayly cried,
"And passed through one door out into the street,
And by another then as speedily back,
Into the house where I have dwelled long years!"

She looked at him in silence. Then again
Most gravely, "Mayhap you can tell me, too,
Why Anna scarce remembers aught of us,
My father and my grandam and myself,
Whom she was wont to know and love so well,
For when I question her, she shakes her head,
Or gives me answers all awry!"
And now
He broke into a peal of merry laughter:
"Dear, innocent, simple heart! Your Anna long
Has been at rest in Abraham's lap, I trust,
And pray she may be softly pillowed there,
For I could find her nowhere!"
But he saw
That in her face his mirth found no response,
And sobered in a moment, while she said, —
And Sanzio fancied that her lips grew white, —
"You told us all was well, and we believed you!"

Then briefly he recounted his device,
And added, "Nina's heart is true as gold,
And could your mother know she were well pleased" —
But she seemed scarce to hear, and suddenly said,
"You have deceived us then, — me and my mother;
That was not well in you!" Her voice was low,
And a strange, shadowy look in the wide eyes
She fixed upon his face.

He bit his lip,
Flushing and paling swiftly, then moved off
And strode with hasty paces through the room,
While he tossed back his hair impatiently;
And then returning close to her again,
Said, though his voice and eyes were half unsteady,
"You give a hard name to a petty fault,
And make me suffer heavy penalty,
For what methinks may scarce be called a sin!"

She sat in silence, with her eyes cast down,
And he went on, — his voice, that had grown firm,
Now quivering with so strange a thrill again,
That Benedetta started at the sound, —
"And if a fault, a wrong, a sin there was,
It was committed but for love of you!
But for I saw no other means to gain
The innocent cause I pleaded. I protest
My work in truth has need of you! — and for
I must have perished could I not have looked
Upon your face again! Ay, Benedetta,
Wherefore not tell you now, in simple words,
What every breath of life, each rapturous throb
In this glad soul, that lives but on your sight,
Surely has long ere this confessed to you, —
I love you! with a love too passing great,
For mortal tongue to utter half my heart!"

Still while he spoke she gave no sign, but bowed
Her head still lower, the small, dark ringlets quivering
On the white, bended neck, and even now
When pausing he stretched out his hands to her,
She made no faintest answer, but he saw
How the hot blood rushed over brow and neck,
And that she shook and trembled like a leaf.
But when he would have clasped her in his arms,
She sprang up suddenly, broke away, and fled
Into the furthest corner of the room,
And cowering like a child down on the floor,
Her face hid in the hands upon her knees,
Burst into passionate tears.

For one brief moment
He stood confounded and irresolute,
Then flew to her and knelt beside her. "Love! —
My darling Love! — my Bird! — my bright-eyed Fawn! —
Wherefore these tears? Will you not answer me,
By one small word, — give but a sign!" he cried
In passionate tenderness, and would have drawn
Her hands from off her face with gentle force.
But she resisted, and loud sobs alone
Came for reply.
"My Own, my Benedetta,
My Queen, my sweetest Saint! — can you not then
Pardon, forgive me? Ay, 't is but too true,
I love you with the power of all my soul,
And 't was my happiness to think, — perchance, —
But yet forgive me if I startled you
By my too hot and hasty words! Forget
That they were ever spoken! For I pray
Not now aught other favor at your hands,
But that you grant me still a few brief days
The joy to look on you as heretofore, —
Kneeling to do you homage, — from afar
To worship at your shrine, Madonna mine!"
He cried again, deep grief and yearning love
Mingled in his entreating, pleading voice;
But still he sued in vain, still waited breathless
For some response.
And so at last sprang up,
Turned from her with a gesture half despair,
Half swift, impatient wrath, and pressing close
The arms he folded on his breast, as though
To still the mighty beating of his heart,
Said in a strange, cold voice, "Then we must part!
To-morrow, with the earliest, I will find
Some one to take you safely home!"
And thus
Walked to the window, and stood looking out
With stormy brow, and dark, unseeing eyes,
And pallid lips so firmly closed and set,
As though they could unbend and smile no more;
Stood thus in silence for a little time,

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And motionless, yet fainted that he heard
Her sobs grow fainter, and then cease, and then
A movement and a gentle step close by,
But would not look around, till suddenly
Two clinging arms were flung about his neck,
And a soft, whispering voice cried pleadingly,
Close to his ear, "Oh, no, send me not from you!
'Twould break my heart, — I love you, Santio mine!"

Then he turned swiftly with a joyous cry,
And strained her to his heart in breathless rapture,
And raised the tender, brightly flushing face
She trembling hid upon his breast, and kissed
Again and yet again the dewy lips,
That shyly half, but with glad willingness
Yielded themselves to him, and timidly
Responded to his own, and quivered still,
Though a faint smile played round them like a light,
While yet her eyes o'erflowed with great, round drops,
Until he kissed the swelling tears away,
Remembering the sweet blossoms in the wood,
And she as in a fleeting, happy swoon,
Closing her eyes an instant, laid her head
Upon his breast once more.

Thus arm in arm
The lovers stood a while in blissful silence,
Each hearing but the other's throbbing heart,
While the red sunlight flooded all the world
With a last burst of brightness, — gazing out
O'er the Eternal City's wide expanse,
That stretched far, far below.

(To be continued.)

TONE-QUALITY.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

It is a question worth the serious asking, whether the power of tone-quality in musical sounds is as generally recognized by the musicians of our day as it deserves to be. Brilliant and voluble execution, and the startling dynamic effects which characterize many modern musical compositions, are ideally enemies to delicate poetry of tone. True, the blare of sound which, when translated from a score of Brahms, or of Wagner, often falls upon our ears with an impressive, if not with an expressive effect, is a complicated musical sound, but it will take years of ear training to convince us that it does not approximate to downright noise. The comparatively vast resources of modern instrumentation prompt the deeply thinking composer to extravagant combinations of tone-quality, and to strongly contrasted volumes of tone. That this innovation is in keeping with the æsthetic and the intellectual progress of the day, no liberal minded person will deny. Yet, this noisy advance of the army of free musical thought is prone, for the time at least, to crush under foot the musician's delicate and subtle sensibility to tone-quality.

Nor does this assumed fatal facility of the orchestra alone threaten the destruction of the finer and more poetic musical effects. The demand of the people at large is for quantity instead of quality of musical sound. When a grand musical performance is contemplated, the anticipated grandeur is too often measured by the numbers to take part in the performance, and by the consequent amplitude and intensity of dynamic effect to be produced, just as if the attribute of grandeur did not as truly lie in quality, as in quantity, of tone. Monster jubilees and festivals, with their concomitant rhythmic and dynamic effect, produced by the discharge of loaded cannon at the thesis of the measure in the music, and of musketry at the arsis, merely supply outward excitement to the people, instead of inciting them to true inward musical enthusiasm. If you should ask a conscientious musician, after he had attended such a gigantic concert, which numbers of the programme he enjoyed best, he would be very likely to answer in favor of those which were not chorus and orchestra, nor cannon and musketry.

Helmholtz has clearly proved to us that most musical tones contain harmonic upper partial tones, and that the order in which those over-tones occur in a musical sound explains its individual quality. If expressive musical effects are attained through harmony proper, how much more delicate are the effects which may be wrought by the variously combined harmonics in a musical sound. The power of tone is no more to be analyzed than is the power of music itself. You may get an answer to the scientific How? but when you ask Why? it is that quality of tone has such an influence over you, an explanation is as impossible as it is unnecessary. It is sufficient that you should study the function of tone, and the chief rules of its existence. If it were possible to define accurately the effect of tone-quality upon our sensibilities, it would be no difficult matter to translate music into words. Fortunately, there is no prospect of either of these deplorable acts being committed.

One of the reasons why composers regard the orchestra as the most potent means by which to express their musical thoughts is because of the varied tone-quality of the instruments, and the multifarious combinations of which these are capable. Then again, as expression and tone-quality are almost inseparable companions, the orchestra also allows full scope to the former attribute by reason of its power to decrease or increase, at the composer's will, the amplitude of its tonal vibrations. In this connection, the only rival of the orchestra is the human voice, if an instrument of musical expression so specific and essentially different, can at all be considered a rival. An orchestral composition is purely abstract music, and is of a much higher order than vocal music, the sentiment of which is suggested to the composer by the signification of the words which he sets. Yet, as a means of expression, any instrument is dead, cold, dull, and imitative, when compared to the cultivated human voice.

The shades of tone-quality in instruments, and in the human voice, are infinitely various, and are the foundations of characteristic expression. The purity, mellowness, and balance of tone in an instrument or a voice constitute its chief excellence. Correctness of intonation is indispensable to the exhibition of a pure quality of tone; therefore, the tempered scales of the piano-forte, or the organ, admit of tones inferior in musical force and purity to those which may be drawn from the violin. The natural quality of a voice is most improved by singing with an efficient orchestral, instead of with a piano-forte or organ accompaniment, because a keener sense of correct and pure tone is gained and maintained by the singer. The clearness and strength of tone which Wilhelmj draws from the violin is greatly to be accounted for by his power of exact intonation. It is well known that the ear is unable to distinguish marked shades of tone-quality in an orchestra playing out of tune. So, too, a note strained in the sounding, until it produces discordant over-tones, is deprived of its normal characteristic color.

The finer shades of tone-quality do not impress all people with precisely the same effect, no more than does music itself. The more striking attributes, such as the sombre and the clear tones, are unanimously recognized, just as the mournful is musical strains may be distinguished from the joyful. But you may depend upon it that the scrupulously exact observer, who informs you that a certain shade of tone-quality implies longing, is sure to meet with an equally exact observer who will prove to him that it means resignation. The innumerable adjectives by which each particular shade of tone-quality in music is qualified by many critics is a fact alone sufficient to prove that the English language is wonderfully rich in epithet. Yet, perhaps it is to be regretted that even this wealth of epithet is not common-urate with the countless shades of tone-quality in music.

Each musical instrument possesses an individuality characterized by its tone-quality. A strain written for the violin loses its inherent character when it is played upon the viola. Still less does its composer recognize it, when it is played upon the oboe. The melody remains the same, but its peculiar character as conceived by the composer is altered. The individual color of tone in orchestral instruments is classed into groups composed of instruments nearest related to each other in quality of tone. The wood, brass, and stringed instruments, are the broader divisions of tone-quality from which infinite varieties of tone-color may be drawn by the genius of the composer. Take any worthy orchestral composition, and in your mind's ear imagine that a part written for the string alone, is played by the wood. You hardly recognize the music in its new character. Now imagine that you hear this particular part played by the brass; whereupon you are given a burlesque upon the original conception of the music. Hence, then, the reason why a work composed for any instrument, or any group of instruments, loses its color by being arranged in a form which is at variance with its original conception. It would almost be as reasonable to rearrange the colors in the master-work of a painter. An orchestral symphony arranged for the piano-forte is perhaps enjoyable enough in that way, but it is too much like a photograph of a bouquet of flowers — its color and fragrance are missing.

It is not difficult to recognize the characteristic qualities of the various keys in music. Yet, with the musician, these qualities are of a subjective and relative, rather than of an objective and positive nature. It is generally conceded that the key of E major is bright and strong, A-flat major tender and dreamy, C major bold and manly, and so on, but compositions may be written in any of the keys with an effect which will flatly contradict their widely accepted character of tone. Moreover, it is possible to write a pathetic and mournful phrase in a major key, whereas a minor key can be make the vehicle of the gayest of scherzi. But with all this width of argument which is granted us, we cannot rid ourselves of the fact that a composition, conceived and expressed in a certain key, loses a

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great deal of its intrinsic and characteristic value by being transposed into another key from that to which it by birthright belongs.

MR. EBENEZER PROUT'S "HEREWARD."

[All the London journals have more or less elaborate accounts of the new Cantata composed by the musical critic of the *Academy*, who ranks among the most earnest and accomplished of living English musicians. It was performed for the first time on the 4th of June, at St. James's Hall, by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association, of which Mr. Prout is the Conductor. We select, for the present, the notice of the *Musical Standard*.]

IT is, we believe, the first work of the kind written by him, his other compositions embracing orchestral and chamber music only. It was, therefore, with a great deal of curiosity that the musical world anticipated the performance of his cantata, "Hereward the Wake," founded upon and illustrating the following narrative: —

Hereward, the son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and the famous Lady Godiva, had caused much pain to his pious mother, and much annoyance to the neighborhood of Bourne, where she resided, by a series of youthful indiscretions, committed at the head of a band of comrades as lawless as himself. He brings his excesses to a climax by waylaying and robbing Herluin, a priest, against whom he has a long-standing grievance. Herluin denounces him to his mother, who, unable to pardon an offence committed against the church, banishes her son. This scene forms the subject of Part I. Hereward makes his name famous by a number of daring exploits performed during his wanderings, and at length arrives at Flanders, and takes service under Baldwin. At St. Omer dwells a noble lady named Torfrida, whose accomplishments in advance of the age have gained for her a reputation for supernatural power, a belief which her contemplative and mystic character half fosters within herself. She has already become interested in Hereward, through hearing of his fame, but they have not met when Part II. opens. Hereward encounters Ascelin, Torfrida's whilom champion, in a tournament, defeats him, and takes from him the ribbon which he wears as the token of her favor. Hereward brings the token to Torfrida, presenting himself to her in disguise, pretending to be Siward, his own nephew. Her quick perception, however, penetrates his disguise, and she avows her love, to which he passionately responds. Their marriage follows, and the festivities bring Part II. to a close. A short period of happiness and repose is now disturbed by the arrival of a messenger bringing news of the accession of Harold Godwinsson, his triumph at Stamford over Harold Hardrada, the great Norse hero; of the defeat and death of Harold by William of Normandy; of the misery and oppression endured by his fellow-countrymen at the hands of the Normans; and of the occupation of his own ancestral home at Bourne by the invader. Fired by the news, Hereward calls his followers together, sails for England with his wife, clears Bourne of the foe, is elected by the Saxons their commander in the camp of refuge at Ely, and by his own daring, and that of his followers, aided by the wise counsels and inspiring presence of Torfrida, defeats William in a great battle, and defies all the Conqueror's attempts to storm his camp. This victory brings Part III. to an end. Artifice and the treachery of the monks at last accomplish what valor has been powerless to attain. William becomes master of Ely; and Hereward, having cut his way out sword in hand, and having defied the Normans for a long time in the greenwood, is at length induced by the wiles of Alfruda, a noble Saxon lady, and by the offers of William, who is struck with admiration of his bravery, to give in his submission to the Norman king, who restores him his estates, and bestows on him many marks of favor. Torfrida, his wife, persuaded by monkish counsels that her influence over Hereward had been gained by magic arts, and that the same worldly spells had inspired his great deeds, consents to a divorce and retires to a convent. The Norman nobles, inflamed with revenge at past defeats, and jealousy at the favors bestowed by William, conspire against Hereward; and taking him unawares and without armor, slay him, though not until the greater part of their number have fallen before his desperate resistance. Torfrida, hearing of her husband's death, hastens to Bourne, and consoles his mourning countrymen by a prophetic anticipation of the future glories of a country which can boast of such mighty heroes as Hereward. Her prophecy brings the work to a close.

It will be seen that the composer set himself no ordinary task when he undertook to give a vocal representation of these stirring incidents with which the public are more or less familiar by perusal of Mr. Kingsley's graphic historical novel, "Hereward the Wake." Mr. Prout was, however, on safe ground, and competently his element in his work, especially in the instrumental support given to the voices. The story, as told in the four parts of the cantata, is loosely connected, but sufficiently strung together to maintain the interest of the narrative. After a short introduction, the scene opens with a chorus of Hereward's followers, "Lawless and Lawless" (allegro feroce), written with great vigor, and at once indicating the character of the whole work. In this, as in all the music in which Hereward appears, there is a special style which the listener learns to associate with his appearance. This is followed by a chorus, or rather hymn, of Godiva's ladies, "Salve Regina." Then enters the priest with his complaint to Lady Godiva, who, in recitative, condemns her son to banishment, and joins with him and Herluin in a cleverly-worked-out trio. A tenor song, "Farewell my boyhood's home," is succeeded by a double chorus, entitled "Bring forth the beaker," in which appears the most beautiful effect of the work, namely, the combination of a hymn sung by Lady Godiva's ladies, represented by sopranos and altos and a drinking song given out by the tenors and basses. The novel device was very successful, and to our thinking the chorus was the gem of the performance. Part II. commences with a chorus of Torfrida's ladies, "Bright is the day," in which the pizzicato work of the strings is used very happily. This is followed by a scene, "'Tis all in vain," a duet, "Hail, maiden fair," and a bridal march and chorus, "Strike the harp." Part III. introduces a chorus of English, "Mourn, Anglia," the solo of the messenger with the evil news, Hereward's call to arms, and a chorus on board ship, "Wafted by east wind." Then we are introduced to William's court, at Winchester, and are shown the reception of the Wake's reply to the Conqueror's summons to surrender, followed by a "March of Normans." The succeeding scene is the battle, described in soli and double choruses, and closes Part III. The IVth Part is occupied with Hereward's fall and death, containing a recitative and air by Alfruda, "Hail, the might of woman, hail," a trio, "Great Norman, thine is Hereward's arm," a chorus of Normans, "Gleemen lift a tuneful strain," a scena, "Ah! restless is the peace," the attack of Norman knights, and the death of Hereward. Then succeeds a recitative by Torfrida, "What sound is floating," a chorus of Saxons, "Weep for the Viking slain," and the finale, solo and chorus, "A glorious vision." Mr. Prout has proved himself a thorough musician by his treatment of these numbers, and the orchestration is in many places gorgeous in its coloring. That the cantata is strikingly original cannot be said; that it is, strictly speaking, original at all, can hardly be vouched for; reminiscences of well-known phrases frequently occur to the listener's mind, ranging from Handel's well-known style to the modern "Ancient Mariner" of Mr. J. F. Barnett. That it is the work of an intensely earnest musician, possessing intimate and extensive knowledge of the resources of an orchestra, and the capabilities of the human voice, is without doubt. He has been ably assisted in his work by the libretto written by Mr. William Grist; and his conceptions were nobly carried out by the body of musicians assembled. The Hackney Choral Association has reason to be proud of the performance. The composer has spared neither soloists nor chorus — the latter having to touch C in alt. on two occasions, and the former being taxed to their utmost in some of the numbers. Mrs. Osgood sang all the music of Torfrida; Miss Marian Williams the music of Alfruda; the comparatively small parts of Godiva, and Leofevin, a page, were filled by Miss Mary Davies. Mr. Barton McGuckin represented Hereward; and Mr. King, William the Conqueror; and Mr. Prout conducted. The soloists had a very arduous task, but they came triumphantly out of it, and galoed great applause. Mr. Prout very wisely and properly resisted numerous attempts to obtain encores, and was satisfied with the gratifying reception of his work as evidenced by the enthusiasm of the audience throughout the evening.

THE INFLUENCE OF DISPLAY IN MUSIC.

BY CHARLES H. BRITTAN.

THERE is an unfortunate aim at display for exterior or vain purposes that sometimes passes into the realm of art, and causes a disturbance which, if not righted, tends to a demoralization of the very principles upon which art rests. This disposition of humanity which cultivates the appearance, and attempts to reach results by the effect of dazzling displays, is an element that

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is unsound in principle, and calculated to mislead not only those who come in contact with its influence but the very possessor of the trait; for, considering it in its correct relation to ultimate good, it is false in motive and in aim. As a people, the American nation makes appearance a positive element in its character, and cultivates a love for display to such an extent as to make us liable to the charge of superficiality. This very attempt at what is termed in common parlance "keeping up appearances" often leads to a very unsafe method in social regulations as well as in the educational sphere of life. The youth becomes too early impressed with false ideas about his importance in the world, and is at once tempted to reach for general appreciation by the means of superficial acquirements. As a people, I suppose, we are but a half-educated race, and yet we attempt to hide our deficiencies by the unhealthy means of a vain appearance. It is no uncommon occurrence to see important positions in civil, governmental, and educational life filled by the incompetent.

Real culture, when considered from its right standpoint, unfolds to the thinking mind certain principles upon which the very development of its vitality depends; the first of which seems to be a love for the truth. All acquirements in knowledge, the discoveries in the natural world, the progress of art, and the very development of the religious element in the people, — all depend upon the great impulse in the hearts of men that leads them toward the universe of truth, which lies just beyond their present limit of advancement. As the leaf of the tender spring-time flower expands towards the light of the sun, and gains from its warmth the elements of life and bloom, so must the mind of man unfold before the enriching power of truth, until the soul has reached the maturity of a heavenly perfection. Nothing can hinder true advancement so much as the influence which comes from being satisfied with one's attainments. If a flattering world bows in appreciation of some worthy accomplishment, and the hero listens to its seductive praises, until his step falters, and he becomes like the god of old, charmed with his own image, he signs his own death warrant, and all subsequent progress is rendered impossible. And in no department of life is the effect of a love for the superficial in accomplishment so productive of harm as in the art world.

Bringing this characteristic of a love of display into our own domain, namely, the musical world, we can follow its influence for a moment, and perhaps profit by the lesson. The purpose of all art seems to be the cultivation of the Beautiful. In the word *beautiful*, as used here, we have a higher meaning than that which denotes a mere gratification of the artistic taste of humanity; for it seems to signify a reaching after the ultimate of what is lovely, even to an embodiment of heavenly purity in the noblest forms capable of manifestation. Thus we observe true art is influenced by a higher purpose than that of pleasing by mere displays, but rather aims at a positive good, even to making manifest the power of beauty in works that bear the holy stamp of truth. If we consider the great efforts of the truly endowed composer, we can but note that a love for his art — that is, the beautiful — influenced him in all his endeavors, and that his creations seem to bear the stamp of inspiration so far are they removed from worldly forms and material or financial aims. An intention that contains a love of the beautiful for its own sake becomes a higher motive than one which looks at manifestation as a means of acquiring some personal aggrandizement, and is sure, when reinforced by positive ability and power, to accomplish works of great importance. Art when taken in its highest sense, is as noble a power for the development of all that is good and great in a man as any that civilization can exert.

In the modern use of the word virtuoso (taken in its musical sense) we have an idea which, perhaps in many cases, has too great a bearing upon the technical dexterity of a performer, and not enough upon his connection with the real signification of art. Many critics write fluently upon matters of technique, and offer flattering praises for any wonderful feats of mechanical agility, but look very little upon the relation of the performer with the works which he interprets. Thus we hear more of the performer than of the music which he plays. To attend a concert is in too many instances but to be present at a show of the personal feats of some famous artist, who has won a reputation more from the brilliant manner in which he exhibits his agility, than for real merit as an interpreter of great music. To show his technique, his power, and endurance, seems in too many cases the aim of the performer. Thus a showy piece of a brilliant character is chosen for public performance with little intent but that of making a display of his own dexterity. In piano-forte playing some of the Liszt music of the most showy and brilliant kind is sure to fill the larger part of a programme, where virtuosity, — that is, display, — is the aim of the player. Real art must hide its head when the selfishly disposed performer attempts to make an exhibition of his own qualifications. For true art is something far higher than this, and the thoughtful and devoted follower will sink the very idea of self in his effort to lift his hearers into that inner circle where a sympathy for the beautiful makes a unity of feeling that forbids selfishness. Yet many of our young musicians are led on by the spirit of our age and country, and, in not reasoning out for themselves their relation to their art, often commit this sin against the true principles of an artist, unknowingly. Their best friends flatter their octave playing, their wonderful performance of rapid scale passages, and comment with complimentary words upon their power, until they consider displays of technique the essential qualifications of an artist, and make this the aim of their lives. So also the newspaper reporter, in far too many cases, applies this test, technical proficiency, as the criterion for his judgment upon all performances. Not that a perfect technique is to be deprived of its full importance in the classification of an artist's attainments, for it is of all things primarily necessary to his success as a performer. Yet it must not be regarded as more than a means towards the accomplishment of an end. That end is surely the interpretation of the musical ideas in whatever composition the artist may desire to perform. The true artist stands between the composer and the listener as an interpreter, and unless he would sink all idea of self ambition, and lose himself in the spirit of the music, and with faithfulness of aim make manifest the intentions of the author, he is not a sincere musician. The artist who is ambitious to shine for his technique and brilliancy of performance can hardly forget self long enough to find the spirit of his author, as he studies his compositions. He may, indeed, produce the piece with correctness of a technical character, and strive for a brilliant performance, for his ambition for display leads to this, but to seek for that depth of feeling, that refined sentiment that comes from conscientious study, and the truthful interpretation of the composer's intentions, requires a higher motive and a truer love for art. In a love for art, self stands sacrificed, while the artist becomes ennobled, and reaches the mountain height of attainment by the very giving up of himself to the object of his adoration.

It is no uncommon thing to have this vain motive of display tempt these followers after the difficult to commit great sacrileges with the classical compositions of the worthy old masters. We often see on our programmes pretty bits of melodic writing of some fine old composer tortured almost beyond recognition under the name of a modern arrangement, in order to be the means of showing how easy it is for some vain Knight of the Key-board to conquer difficulty. Not long since I heard a gigue of Mozart, which in its natural setting is a beautiful piece of quaint music, as fresh and fairy-like as the dance of some lovely nymph of classic time. In its new form, as arranged by Tausig, its simplicity, grace, and wondrous charm had all fallen before the modern mania for difficult execution, and just to satisfy the love for display of our new school of virtuoso piano-forte players. If we must have these showy pieces to enable the man to manifest his dexterity, at least let him play pranks with his own musical works, and keep the treasured compositions of the masters sacred for those that love them in their old sweet forms. To take liberties with the classic works in literature, and to attempt to deprive some old Grecian bard of his tuneful verses, by altering them to suit modern caprice, would bring out the condemnation of every scholar in the world. To pervert Plato, to alter a word in Shakespeare, or to change a line in Milton, would seem to be an unpardonable sin. Yet are the musical ideas of the old masters any less sacred and their own inherent property, than the thoughts of the literary lights of the world? Has the modern idea of display a right to commit depredations among the classic compositions of the greatest masters in the musical art world, and transform their stately melodies, through the means of *variations*, into distorted images of their once lovely forms? Every lover of justice should protest against innovations which deprive a composer of his own creations.

Chopin, that master tone-poet of modern time, whose music in many of his numbers is difficult enough for even modern ambition, has not been secure from the inroads of the piratical *arranger* of the present day, for I heard one of his smaller yet lovely waltzes that it had pleased his fancy to leave in a simple but graceful form, transformed into a work of difficulty to satisfy some ambitious performer. If a love of art had possessed the feelings of the transcriber, a correct taste would have indicated to him that some things are more beautiful because of their very simplicity. Is the timid and tender little violet of the spring-time less lovely, because there are other and more brilliant flowers that bloom in the warmer days of summer? Are there not differences in the forms with which Beauty may manifest herself, and yet be true to her glorifying instinct? The soft and gentle strain of melody that is born of a refined and tender inspiration may be as beautiful as some wonderful burst of harmony that carries awe with its grandeur. There is variety in the world of the beautiful, for one form may be lovely, and another quite as fair, and yet be different. In music it is not alone those compositions that are hard to execute that have a high rank as works of art. The stately, yet graceful and pure harmonies of Palestrina, and the simple little love-songs of Pergolese, have a charm about them that comes from the real domain of true art, no matter if they differ from that greater depth of feeling grasped by the mighty intellect of a Beethoven.

Can modern musical inspiration surpass the fugal form that Bach developed to such perfection? Modern composers may, perchance, write a six-part fugue, or even one of ten parts, but contrapuntal talent has not yet surpassed even the smaller examples of this famous old master.

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There is something beyond a knowledge of musical form necessary to produce works that bear the stamp of greatness, and even the disposition to write a very difficult work will not alone lift it into a high rank as a composition that will bear the test of time, and yet live in the world of art. It seems to me that this spirit of virtuosity that so often rules the young artist, sometimes also influences the modern composer, and in the effort to surpass the old works in regard to difficulty and character of effects, they lower the standard of the art, and die by reason of their own failures. In many of the compositions of Liszt for the piano-forte, it appears to me as if his wonderful talent for virtuoso playing had run away with his fancy, and that few musical lovers outside the rank of those knights of execution could catch the spirit of the mad whirl of notes, as they rush from one climax of difficulty to another, that is found in many of his works. It is refreshing to my mood and taste to turn to some of the quiet simplicity of even Mozart's music, and find there a more genial musical sympathy than any of the "Ungarische Rhapsodien" can excite.

A man of thought must believe in progress, and I have no doubt but that music in her onward development will reach higher degrees of excellence than have yet been obtained by even the great intellects of the past, for this art is yet young, and time is long, and human genius is far reaching in its aims, and will strive for even infinite perfection. But I also realize that talent must be excited by a higher creative than personal display of powers, to ever reach even the noble heights now held by the old masters of other generations. Like Schubert they must be willing to write for a future time, if their own age will not listen; and rest satisfied in the pleasure that creation gives, even if there is no recognition or applause coming from a thankless world to encourage them. The composer that sees in his art full compensation for whatever labor or time he may spend upon it, must have the spirit of genius within him; and that, as it develops into maturity, will bring him a more lasting acknowledgment than any that is born of a passing popularity. So also with the artist. One who dazzles the multitude will win money and a certain kind of fame, but his place may soon be filled by another more dexterous than he. In the real art-world, there is no cessation for the influence that comes from the activity of the conscientious artist, for we have but few honest interpreters who are influenced by a true intention.

In vocal performance, the same love of display is conspicuous among the singers in far too many cases. To win a certain kind of popularity by catering to the varying tastes of a capricious public, seems to be the aim of a large number of our concert singers. This influence even enters into the churches, and the religious worship is too frequently marred by an ambitious quartet, whose effort seems to be that of making a display of their vocal acquirements! Poor, but sensational music, is often chosen for selections that should be devotional, and worthy offerings to the praises of God. The third commandment contains no awe for the general choir-singer, for the name of the great Creator is too often taken for the mere use of vain vocal displays, rather than sung with that reverence that is its due.

Not many months have passed since a ship containing a crew of burlesque singers, was borne to this land upon the tidal wave of sensation. The revelry of their mirthful singing became universally contagious, until no part of the musical world escaped free from its sensational influence. Opera singers, concert vocalists, and church choirs, caught up the songs, until it seemed as if the scene of every artist was to appear in the role of a buffo singer. Even the dignified representative of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* caught the infectious influence, and began "carolling to the moon," thereby verifying the truth of the adage, that in the musical world things were indeed "at sixes and at sevens." And the golden calf of scriptural fame under his modern form of money, sent showers of gold as offerings of praise to these musical rioters, proving that his influence in the present day, is as seductive as in the olden time. Alas! sensation is the coevilmate factor of display.

While we all recognize both the value of mirth, and can appreciate the benefit that comes to the people from hearty and fitting enjoyments, and would even approve of burlesques of an innocent order, yet to have the high circles of true art invaded by sensational influences can but be for the time deplorable. In the drama, the modern love for sensation has produced a certain class of plays, of which those of the "society" order are perhaps the least objectionable. But there has been a sad falling off, both in the plays produced, and in the actors educated, since this liking became general. A taste for the artistic in decoration, refinement in social life, purity in literature, the beautiful in painting, sculpture, and music, and the good in every thing, can only become general elements among humanity when the leaders of civilization speak in strong and powerful words against every influence that retards true culture. The musician who would grace his art by his adherence, must bring into its sphere the influence of a general culture. The mind that reflects with a universal recognition of the various interests that attract humanity, is more likely to bring to its own particular work the results of a wide experience, and is able by means of this greater store of knowledge to do more to advance whatever cause may be nearest its endeavor, than one who is narrowed down to a limited observation. Art is universal in its aims, and its purpose is the advancement of the beautiful. Painting seeks to embody the beautiful on the canvas, sculpture to preserve it in marble, and music to pulsate its influence through the medium of sweet sounds. The beautiful in nature is seen in its manifestation, the beautiful of religion in its purity and matchless precepts, the beauty of thought in poetry and literature, the beautiful in humanity in the love of one's fellow-men, and throughout the whole universe in things seen and expressed in idea is this wonderful influence. The beautiful in the ultimate is the great spirit of God. And in this correlation of mental forces, so necessary to the full development of the perfect soul, will the artist and composer, even like the men in all classes and professions, find the only means to reach that vast height of attainment that shall bring the mind into communication with the vast thought and knowledge of the Infinite.

Out of the busy world, into the atmosphere of pure art, comes the art-student, bringing with him his humanity, energy, and love of the beautiful, and he must be content to leave behind him every element that is sensational or selfish in its desire for personal display, if he would reach that point of excellence that is worthy of a lasting reward. Music's power has within it an influence that will ennoble as well as charm, if one but listens to its pure manifestations of the beautiful, as they are heard in sweet sounds. Its grand harmonies proclaim the infinite. Its gentle songs murmur of love and faith, while its matchless chords will bind together every interest that would ennoble the soul of man, and make him worthy of his immortality.

CHICAGO, MAY 10, 1879.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

IX.

You want work! and then, no work! You can put your model in better in half an hour than you can in a whole day. By rest you get polished and brilliant, and come to your work with a zest which makes you dissatisfied with everything which has not the essence of life. Work that is done by the day is filed down, and has no spontaneity.

You don't work intensely enough. I'd like, for a while, to see no carelessness, no thoughtlessness. Why do you put that line down there? For what? You don't cut velvet in that way; and velvet costs only six dollars a yard. What is velvet compared to your mind?

The best music teacher that I ever saw, Mlle. Michel, would not let her pupils touch a piano except under an instructor. I've heard a little fellow, one of her pupils, play Mozart's music as I never heard it played before. Beautifully regular and child-like—as Mozart was. Mlle. Michel had few scholars and enormous prices. Was in the third story of a house near Montmartre. I have heard Joachim and Klaus play the violin, but they did not move me like those little children playing with their professors. They could not play Chopin, but certain other things that were really beautiful.

Draw that ear carefully. It is permanent; always stays there. It can't laugh or cry. It is permitted to draw the other features with a little less care, because you reach an expression without great work.

It is only science that thinks of grays and halftints—that the Lord never thought of. There's conscientiousness all through your studies. A little more tranquillity, a little more simplicity, would carry your work along humanely. If you only had a good idiot to work for you!

Lose yourself in looking for the effect that is governing a picture.

There's no such thing as common-place except in your own mind. No such thing as beauty except in your appreciation of it.

Don't rely on getting nature in the position that you want at just the moment when you want to see it. I painted that portrait of a boy standing, when the child was half the time turning somersaults upon the floor.

When the boy turned his head he took his ear with him.

You have put in his head without any body. You could take up his head as it is in your hand, and handle it as you would a ball. That boy's head is of value to him only as it is joined to his body. That interrogation-point (outline of the nostril) is too distinct. I see a beautiful mouth; but you have made it look like 3, 3, 3.

Hold a sheet of white paper behind that head, and see how dark the outline of that face is in light.

Keep your love of nature keen. The moment that you think how to do it, then you don't paint unconsciously. Some of my scholars ought to be able to paint, but they don't care enough.

You feel a great deal of certain parts of a thing. Instead of going to work and getting it all, you work too much on the one part that fascinates you.

Nothing like ambition to multiply lights. Conscientiousness and ambition play the Nick with pictures.

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As many outlines as you like; but have them of the right value.

The "Talks on Art" were written for mere students; but great artists read them. You may say they are contradictory. But they were addressed to different students. Some needed hasty-pudding, some Albert Dürer.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

ORCHESTRAL PROSPECTS.

THE old problem of a permanent orchestra in Boston seems to be approaching an affirmative solution. Two separate manifestoes for the coming season have appeared. One announces, as a matter of course, our long accustomed symphony concerts under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association. The other, a new enterprise, is a series of popular orchestral concerts, under the lead of Mr. Bernard Listemann, the well-known admirable violinist, who has withdrawn from his traveling companions of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, preferring to remain quietly, though not inactively, at home.

(1.) The SYMPHONY CONCERTS left so agreeable an impression the last season, that all the omens look encouraging for their continuance. Everybody speaks hopefully about them. The orchestra, in spite of its few chances of rehearsal, and of remuneration reduced to the standard of the times, showed what good work it could do when animated by the right spirit and enthusiasm. The indefatigable conductor, Carl Zerrahn, really accomplished wonders with the men at his disposal for so few hours during four months only of the year. The programmes seemed to give general satisfaction. The audiences, to be sure, were not large enough, and the season, in spite of rigid economies, resulted in some pecuniary loss, though very small compared with several preceding seasons.

Now the Concert Committee of the Harvard Musical Association speak in a confident tone. Without apology or argument, without any *ifs* or peradventure, they have issued their circular at this early hour, in which, "encouraged by the interest manifested in these concerts during the past season, both on the part of the musicians and the public," they say they "feel already warranted in promising another series (the *fifteenth*), of at least eight concerts, in the months of December, January, February, and March next." This circular, which bears the names of the committee in full (J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, S. B. Schlesinger, Chas. P. Curtis, S. L. Thorndike, Augustus Flagg, William F. Apthorp, Arthur Foote, and Geo. W. Sumner), proceeds as follows:—

The orchestra and leadership will be the best that Boston can command.

Of course it is not possible, so long beforehand, to announce the programmes in full; but it may be confidently stated that the proportion of important *new* works will be larger than usual, with due care that the great old masters shall be richly represented. Among the orchestral compositions which it is the intention to present, may be named the following:—

SYMPHONIES. *New:* Posthumous Symphony in F, by Goetz; "Symphonie Fantastique," by Berlioz; Second ("Spring") Symphony, by J. K. Paine.—*Old:* One by Mozart; the Fifth, and another by Beethoven; the great Schubert Symphony in C; the "Scotch," by Mendelssohn; and, possibly, the short one in B flat, by Gade.

OVERTURES: Beethoven, "Weihe des Hauses," Op. 124; Berlioz, "Benvenuto Cellini" (*first time*); Mendelssohn, "Die schöne Melusine;" Schumann, "Manfred;" Bargiel, "Medea;" Schubert, "Fierabras," "Rosamunde." More hereafter.

MISCELLANEOUS: One of Handel's Concertos (*first time*); Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale;" also (*first time*), Schumann's Concert-Stück, Op. 86, for four horns, with orchestra; Bach's Chaconne, transcribed for orchestra by Raff; first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony; three short Marches from "Nozze di Figaro," "Zauberflöte," and "Fidelio;" Introduction to Third Act of Cherubini's "Medea"; Night March (*first time*) from Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ."

Other works may be found desirable and practicable as the concert season approaches. Solo artists, vocal and instrumental, will be announced in due time.

Subscription lists for season tickets, with particulars, will be opened early in the autumn. Meanwhile, any persons eager to lend assurance to the enterprise by an earlier pledge for tickets have only to send in their names to the Chairman (12 Pemberton Square), or to any member of the Committee.

This announcement, it will be seen, is not an appeal for subscriptions, which is left to a later and more convenient period. It is simply a giving notice before entering the accustomed field. Several new signs of encouragement have presented themselves. We will mention only one, and that perhaps the most important, namely: the prospect of a valuable accession to our orchestra; not only have we Mr. Listemann here again, but all the artists of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will be available during the four months of these concerts, as they propose to confine their traveling to the autumn and the spring.

Now what is further needed for the regular and adequate supply of symphony concerts of the highest order in this musical community, is a much greater frequency of orchestral performances, so that the musicians may be kept in more continual practice together, and so that we may have our local orchestra *en permanence*. There is a fair chance that this need may be supplied through this new enterprise of Mr. Listemann.

(2.) POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS. Mr. Listemann's plan is simply, with a small orchestra, say thirty, of the best musicians of the Harvard orchestra, and at popular prices (fifty cents), to give in some large hall frequent concerts of mixed and popular, yet well chosen programmes, both of classical and light instrumental music, mostly orchestral, but with some instrumental solos. Mr. Listemann himself will wield the baton, and will also doubtless play some solos. Financially the organization will be conducted somewhat on the cooperative system, so that every member may be personally interested in its success. (It is intimated that Mr. L., with a few of his musicians, will give also some chamber concerts after the manner of the "Monday Pops" in London.)

Mr. Listemann's party takes the name of "The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra." From a conversation with him we understand that he proposes to make his concerts popular by giving a comparatively small allowance of symphony music, and more of light, bright, sentimental, in short, popular varieties. But such a man can be relied on to offer nothing which is not worthy and good of its kind, nothing coarse and vulgar, or too hackneyed. With so small a band he will confine himself, so far as symphonies are concerned, to the smaller symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, etc., leaving the larger works of Beethoven, Schumann, and more modern writers, to the larger orchestra. Nor indeed does he intend always to give an entire symphony, but only single movements. Thus the distinction will be quite well marked between these and the Harvard concerts. They need not interfere with one another; and, not interfering, they can only be of mutual benefit. It certainly should be a great gain to our orchestral music, and to the grand symphony orchestra, especially, to have the nucleus of that orchestra made permanent and always kept in practice. And it all tends directly to multiply inducements for good instrumental musicians to settle down contentedly in Boston.

SIGHTLESS SCHOLARS.

UNDER this head the *Advertiser* describes the closing exercises of the year at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, on Tuesday afternoon, June 24th. The education at this school,—which is of a very thorough and comprehensive kind, embracing not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but many higher branches, as geography, history, ancient and modern, civil polity, literary history, natural history and philosophy, mental and moral philosophy, geology, Latin, and even optics (!)—may be said to be carried on in an atmosphere of music. For music is one of the prime objects of interest among the blind. They have excellent teachers, vocal and instrumental. They are made familiar with what is classical and best in music. You may hear there fugues of Bach upon the organ, sonatas of Beethoven on the piano-forte, and indeed the *répertoire* is large. And what is learned at all, is necessarily learned thoroughly; for every piece, however long and complicated, has to be acquired note by note *memoriter*. The concentration of the mind on sounds, and their relations, is naturally close with those who are deprived of sight. In an atmosphere, then, vibrating with harmony, where the young mind is always kept in wholesome, alternating, interesting exercise, and where mutual love and kindness between teachers and pupils seem to be all-pervading, it is no wonder that these unfortunates, as they are commonly regarded, seem to be so bright, intelligent, and happy. Certainly this was the delightful impression upon all who witnessed those most interesting exercises—a sort of Commencement on a modest scale—upon that beautiful June day. But let the *Advertiser* speak:—

When one sees on the street the apparently blind girl beggar, about whose neck hangs a placard requesting Christians all, both great and small, to take pity on her, the blind mother of six orphans all under nine years of age, the indignation at the imposture overpowers the compassion for the misfortune. But the truly unfortunate and honest blind, such as were gathered in the hall of the South Boston institute yesterday afternoon, appeals to one's sympathies as no asker of alms ever does. It was the close of the school year, and the blind pupils, the girls on the right of the hall and the boys on the left, were present, both to take part and to hear the farewell words spoken. Decorations of ferns, climbing ivy and bright flowers were arranged tastefully about the walls and organ, and hung from the ceiling. About seventy pupils were present; the body of the hall was filled with visitors, including members of the board of trustees, the Boston school committee, and South Boston clergymen. In the gallery, also, were other spectators. Programmes printed in raised letters were distributed by a blind pupil stationed at the door. At half past two the exercises began with Bach's Prelude and Fugue No. 3, which was played on the organ by Henry T. Bray, with true insight of the spirit of the composition. An object lesson by three girls and three boys followed. Cubical blocks of one inch dimensions were used, and various combinations made neatly and quickly at the word from the teacher, Miss M. L. P. Shattuck. A composition on the "Effects of War on Nations" was recited by William B. Hammond, —for the reader must remember that he had no eyes. Alice Cary's "An Order for a Picture" was then recited in a clear voice and appreciative manner by Mary McCaffrey, and next came Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata, Opus 57, the first movement (allegro), played by William H. Wade. One peculiarity of the young artist's playing was marked. He played as if he were wholly alone; as if no spectators were watching him; as if he were expressing his own soul in the music. Every note had a meaning which would have been in danger of extinction at an ordinary player's hands, and the accompaniment was more than usual an integral part of the theme. Miss Ella R. Shaw read with her fingers a composition of real delicacy about Apples; but it had the peculiarity of omitting colors from the mention of the good qualities of the fruit. After Arthur E. Hatch's declamation of Macaulay's opinion of the Puritans came Tully's "The Gypsy Maid," sung by Kittie Wheeler in a sweet voice. Little Charlie Prescott's natural-history exercise was full of interest, and then Henry B. Thomas recited Master Wade's composition upon "A Man is What he Makes Himself." The next exercise was Joseph R. Lucier's cornet solo of J. Hartmann's "The Favorite." The player was a master of his instrument, and played with wonderful power and facility. His low notes were especially full and firm, and the double-tonguing passages in the ra-

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tiations on the theme were really brilliant. He was persistently applauded, and gave "Fair Harvard" in response to the encore. He was accompanied in both selections by a blind pianist. The recitation in geology was another well-performed exercise, and the bright little fellow who found the places on the map was a favorite. The lecturer, as he stood behind the table, looked like a professor. Henry T. Bray, who leaves the school now, spoke the good-bye, and the exercises closed with the "bell trio," from Pinafore, by female voices. It was charmingly done. Only three graduate this year, there being no regular class as last year.

At the close, brief remarks were made by Messrs. J. S. Dwight and R. E. Apthorp of the trustees, the Hon. Henry B. Peirce, secretary of the Commonwealth, Dr. Thomas Brewer, Dr. L. D. Packard, the Revs. R. R. Meredith and S. S. Hughson, and Mr. W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Mr. Anagnos presided during the exercises, and conducted them.

CONCERTS.

MRS. ANNA MAYHEW-SIMONDS, an accomplished pupil of Mr. Eugene Thayer, the organist, and of Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, the pianist, has just completed a series of six *free* organ and piano recitals. The former were given at the Berkeley-Street Church, two of the latter at the Meionaon (Tremont Temple), and the sixth and last in the great Tremont Temple, which was crammed full of listeners on Thursday evening, June 26, — a rare scene for a hot midsummer night! Mrs. Simonds's organ programmes included such works as Handel's fifth and sixth Organ Concertos; Bach's Doric Toccata, St. Ann's Fugue (E flat), and Fugue in C minor, Book II.; Schumann's "Skizzeo;" an *Ave Maria* by Liszt; three Adagios by Volckmar; variations by Merkel, Thayer, and others.

In the first two piano recitals she performed Beethoven's E-flat Concerto (the accompaniment by Mr. Petersilea), and the "Moonlight" Sonata; Chopin's F-minor Concerto and Valse Brillante, in D flat, Op. 64; Mendelssohn's first Song without Words; and Liszt's Fantasias on *Lucia* and *Rigoletto*. Miss Ellen D. Barrett sang Benedict's "Carnevale di Venezia," and Schubert's "Barcarolle;" and Miss Anna C. Holbrook Rossini's "Di Paipiti," and Reaoe's "Absence."

Of all these recitals we were only able to attend the last, — that in the great hall with the great audience. The programme was an interesting one: —

1. Concerto, F minor, Op. 16 . . . . *Henselt.*
   Allegro pathetic — Larghetto — Allegro Agitato.
2. Vocal, Ave Maria . . . . *Briggs.*
   Miss Jessie Hallenbeck.
3. Valse Caprice, Op. 34 . . . . *Scharwenka.*
4. Quartet in E flat, Op 12 . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
   (For two violins, viola, and violoncello.)
   Adagio non troppo, Allegro non tardante — Canzonetta. Allegretto — Andante espressivo — Molto Allegro e Vivace.
5. Vocal, *a.* In Autumn . . . . }
   b. Out of the Soul's great Sadness } *Franz.*
   c. The Woods . . . . }
   Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
6. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 . . . . *Liszt.*

The Henselt Concerto was accompanied by the Beethoven Quartet (of strings), and by Mr. Petersilea, who himself first performed this extremely difficult work in Boston in one of the earlier Symphony Concerts. The composition, though it abounds in brilliant effects, as well as in pleasing sentimental passages, lacks sustained inspiration; it was, perhaps, too serious an effort for the author of such felicities as "If I were a Bird." Mrs. Simonds proved herself fully equal to all its technical requirements, having a clear, firm touch, sure and facile execution, while her phrasing and entire interpretation was intelligent and expressive. She plays with enthusiasm. The very fresh, original, and piquant Valse by Scharwenka, which also has its peculiar difficulties, also showed her interpretative faculty in a fine light. We could not remain for the Rhapsodie Hongroise.

The Mendelssohn Quartet was beautifully and artistically played, and with true verve and fire, by Messrs. Allen, Akeroyd, Heindl, and Wulf Fries. The fascinating Canzonetta, so quaint and ballad-like, was enthusiastically encored. — Miss Hallenbeck, a youthful pupil of Sig. Cirillo, has a fresh, clear, rich, mezzo soprano voice, and made a pleasing impression by her singing. Of course Mrs. Allen's rendering of the three Franz songs was a choice feature of the concert; but why was "Aus *meinen* grossen Schmerzen" translated "Out of *the* Soul's great sadness"?

MISS HENRIETTA MAURER. — This young lady, formerly a pupil of Mr. Petersilea, attracted the attention of Rubinstein when he was here by the fine promise of her piano playing, and, by his recommendation, she has been studying with his brother Nicholas Rubinstein at the Conservatory in St. Petersburg. A complimentary reception was given her on Wednesday evening, June 25, in Palladio Hall. That being Commencement Day at Cambridge, we could not attend. We have heard high praise of her performance in the following programme: —

Concert-Stück . . . . *Weber.*
(Two Pianos.)
Miss H. Maurer and Mr. C. Petersilea.
Song, "Les Rameaux" . . . . *Faure.*
Mr. V. Cirillo.
Aria, "Il Carnevale di Venezia" . . . . . . *Benedict.*
Miss Ellen D. Barrett.
Piano Solo, "Masaniello, Tarantella" . . . . . *Liszt.*
Miss H. Maurer.
Aria, "Pace mio Dio" . . . . *Verdi.*
Mrs. L. F. C. Richardson.
Violin, "Fantasia Brilliant" . . . . *Artot.*
Mr. Wm. Dorn.
Piano Solo, { *a.* "Nocturne" . . . . *Chopin.*
{ *b.* "Air with Variations" . . . *Handel.*
Miss Maurer.
Song, "Odi Tu" . . . . *Mattei.*
Mr. Cirillo.
Ballade, "Guide au bord ta nacelle" . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Mrs. Richardson.
Piano, "Valse de Concert" . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Miss Maurer.
Song, "When the Tide Comes in" . . . . . . *Millard.*
Miss Barrett.
Duett, "L'Addio" . . . . *Cirillo.*
Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Cirillo, Miss Maurer.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 19. — The week of the Saengerfest is over, and, as the excitement is gradually yielding to the comparative quiet which reigns in musical circles, I find time to make short mention of the closing concerts of the College of Music. A sketch of the Saengerfest must be reserved for a special communication. In the eleventh Orchestra Concert a novelty was presented in a symphony of Bach for orchestra and organ. It is a short and unpretentious work, interesting to the musician on account of the peculiar manner in which especially the wind instruments are employed. The second number on the programme was "At the Cloister Gate," Op. 20, by the young Norwegian composer, Grieg. It comprises a soprano solo, a few short phrases for alto solo, and a closing choral for women's voices, with full orchestral accompaniment. Its lyric character throughout was calculated to give Miss Norton an opportunity for doing justice to herself; for her talent thus far seems to lie in that direction. She depicted admirably in the weird strains of the composition the longing with which a woman betrayed in love, and a witness to the murder of her brother by her lover, knocks at the cloister gate, attracted there by the chants of the nuns. Questioned by the nun at the gate she recites the story of her woe, and as the choral sounds from within is admitted. The composition proves the author to be at home in orchestral effects. It is strained throughout, however, and suffers from the habit of constantly playing with harsh dissonances, which like an epidemic seems to have taken hold on the composers of to-day, especially the lesser ones. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony followed. In its transparency and delicacy it is indeed a test-stone for an orchestra; the slightest want of unity in the strings, or heaviness in the wind instruments, is most painfully felt. Notwithstanding these difficulties a very good rendering was given.

A repetition of the second act from the "Flying Dutchman," with the same cast as in the previous concert, was followed by Liszt's illustration of Kaulbach's celebrated painting in the Berlin Museum, of "The Battle of the Huns," for orchestra and organ. It is a very noisy composition, replete with all sorts of effects, but to me by no means suggestive of the picture, which with all its confusion and tumult, even the battle of the spirits of the slain, which hover over the battle-field, — is nevertheless so perfectly symmetrical and, with all its horrors, so idealized as not to be repulsive or bewildering to the eye. In Liszt's composition the grand choral at the close with organ and orchestra is, from the stand-point of effect, wonderful.

In the twelfth and last orchestra concert the college choir made its appearance in a work which almost more than any other is calculated to test the mettle of chorus singers. Bach's Cantata: "My Spirit was in Heaviness," abounds in the most trying difficulties for soloists and the chorus. That it was rendered in many parts excellently, and in others satisfactorily, is high praise for the college choir. Had Bach intended this composition for a large chorus and not for a small number of singers trained under his own supervision, he would surely not have made demands which it is almost impossible to satisfy. Want of space prevents me from speaking of the single numbers of the cantata; the first chorus, however, "My spirit was in heaviness," which in intonation, and especially in style, is the most difficult, is deserving of especial mention for the smoothness and clearness with which it was sung. The soloists were Miss Norton, Miss Cranch, Mr. Darby, and Mr. Hill.

To render Bach's music in good style requires the most thorough musical culture. The numerous mannerisms, which no composer can perfectly disown, are so foreign to our present musical tendency, that only constant, unremitting study of the style peculiar to Bach and his time can enable a singer to amalgamate them with the entire composition so as to make them appear less trivial. Whether it is wise or not to omit and change many of these groups, as is frequently done in editions revised by prominent musicians of the present day, I will not attempt to decide. Miss Norton succeeded in meeting the exacting demands of her part as far as her resources permitted. The constant strain on the voice which the use of the high register brings with it, cannot but disturb the ease and repose which are the primary requisites in Bach's music. There were many praiseworthy points in her singing; the first air especially: "Sighing, weeping" was rendered in a noble and dignified style. The same difficulties appear in the tenor part. Mr. Darby bravely battled with them, and rather successfully too. Mr. Hill, in the trying duet for soprano and bass: "Come my Saviour," sustained his part well, though his voice has not sufficient volume for the large hall. The solo quartets, in which Miss Cranch sustained the alto part, were sung with precision and certainty. I have spoken somewhat at length of the rendering of this work, as it was indeed a very momentous undertaking. The concert and with it the first season closed with a very good and clear interpretation of the wonderful A major symphony, No. 7, by Beethoven, in which the remarkable progress made under the careful training of Mr. Thomas was especially noticeable.

The last one of the series of chamber concerts by the Thomas quartet, presented the following programme: —

Quartet, E minor . . . . *Verdi.*
Messrs. Jacobsohn, Thomas, Baetens, and Hartdegen.
Andante and variations, Op. 46 . . . . . . *Schumann.*
Messrs. Doerner and Schneider.
Quartet No. 7, F major, Op. 59 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Messrs. Jacobsohn, Thomas, and Hartdegen.

Great interest was manifested to hear the Verdi quartet. The remarkable, almost anomalous course which this composer's development has taken, has attracted the most wide-spread attention and given rise to much comment. The favorable criticisms which even German musicians accorded to this work certainly caused every one to listen to it with predilection. And yet I must acknowledge to have been disappointed. While there are many points of beauty the entire style struck me as being in contrast with what we are accustomed to hear in a string quartet. Intuitively the musician expects a certain breadth and dignity which the classical writers have without exception infused into this form. If the four movements had been designated in any other way than as forming a string quartet, my individual impression would have been more favorable. The first movement (Allegro) is beyond a doubt the most dignified of the four. The Andantino reminds one irresistibly of ballet music. The last two movements (Prestissimo and Scherzo, fuga, Allegro assai mosso) improve on this, but do not strike me as being equal to the first, either in conception or musical workmanship. Of the favorite "Andante and Variations," by Schumann, Messrs. Doerner and Schneider gave a very good rendering. With the celebrated F major quartet, Op. 59, by Beethoven, the first of the "Rasumowski" quartets, this memorable series of concerts closed. When the performances have all been marked by so high a degree of excellence it would be "carrying owls to Athens" to laud the interpretation of this wonderful work. The members of the quartet, Messrs. Jacobsohn, Thomas, Baetens, and Hartdegen, have proven themselves such perfect artists in execution and cultivated musicians in interpretation, that special mention is unnecessary. To the lovers of the highest in music these quartet evenings have indeed been a boon. How deeply they realized this was evident from the enthusiasm with which at the close of the last chamber concert the hearers demanded the reappearance of the artists in order to be able to express their gratefulness

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by renewed applause. A very neat and well arranged pamphlet has been issued by the College of Music, containing the programmes of the orchestra and chamber concerts of the past season, together with interesting miscellaneous information pertaining to the establishing of the institution. It will be a valuable landmark to all interested in the progress of musical culture in the country, and especially in the West. An interesting feature to organists is the list of compositions performed by Mr. Whiting at the organ matinées, a répertoire extensive as it is excellent in point of the character of the works it embraces. The announcement that the organ concerts are to be continued during the summer meets with universal approbation. Mr. Thomas, with his orchestra, will appear during the summer months in the Highland house, a most delightful hill-top resort; already two concerts have been given before large and elegant audiences.

Chicago, June 25, 1879. — On the evening of June 16, the Beethoven Society gave its closing performance for the season, presenting Verdi's *Requiem Mass* They had the assistance of Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Charles Adams, and Mr. George W. Conly as soloists, and a large orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the conductor of the society. The performance was given in Haverly's Theatre, and the stage was arranged with a cathedral scene and decorated after the manner of the first representation in the Royal Opera House in Vienna, where the work was under the direction of the composer. The society had taken much pains to prepare the work for performance, engaging the best solo talent, and the result was that the mass received most satisfactory treatment. Miss Cary sang the high and difficult music of the mezzo-soprano part with telling effect, particularly in her solo numbers. In the "Quid sum miser" her high A flat came out with fine power, and indeed the noble tones of her rich voice gave a beauty to the part that was delightful to hear. I know of no singer who gives more universal satisfaction than Miss Cary, for no matter what music she sings, there is an honesty of purpose about every effort, and she stamps all her work with the conscientious intent of the true artist. Miss McCarthy, the soprano of the evening, has a large and telling voice, and as she has had much experience in singing mass music, being a member of a Catholic church choir for a long time, the result of her study was manifest in her fine performance of the part. Mr. Charles Adams unfortunately was not in his best voice, but yet his work indicated feeling, good taste, and the spirit of an artist. He gave the tenor solo "Ingemisco" with fine effect, and his voice was quite satisfying in the high tones, but the effort seemed to deprive him of his best powers for the rest of the evening. Mr. Conly sang the bass part for the first time, and as he has had but little experience in music of this character, it is not to be wondered at, that his success was only a partial one. The chorus was well up in its work, and had the orchestra been a little more subdued in the soft passages, in which the mass abounds, the effect would have been more pleasing. The question of an adequate orchestral accompaniment is one that will have to be met before long in this city, if our musical societies would perform great works with that refinement of vocal finish of which they are fully capable. We need an orchestral organization, under the charge of a good and earnest conductor, which shall devote its energy toward the perfection of an orchestra worthy of the name. Mr. Carl Wolfsohn had a picked number of men in his band for the performance of the mass, but even with good musicians it is quite impossible in a few rehearsals to obtain that balance, and finish of playing, so necessary in a large and important work. I hope that we shall have an organization next season which shall have for its aim the perfection of an orchestra, the study and performance of symphonies, and other orchestral works, and tend to harmonize the elements into a perfect whole. It is time that positive work was undertaken in this direction.

On the evening of June 23, Mr. H. Clarence Eddy gave his one hundredth organ recital, presenting a very remarkable programme, inasmuch as eight of the pieces had been composed expressly for that occasion. Gustav Merkel of Dresden, Faisst of Stuttgart, De Lange of Cologne, Rogers of Paris, S. B. Whitney of Boston, each furnished a composition, while our home composers, Gleason, Pratt, and the organist himself, added offerings. The completion of such an undertaking as the performance of one hundred recitals of organ music, without the repetition of any number, deserves more than a passing notice. Looking over the programmes, a full record of which I have kept, I find that there have been one hundred and thirty-five different composers represented. At each recital a selection from Bach has been played, until the concertos, sonatas, preludes, fugues, toccatas, chorals, fantaisies, gavottes, and arrangements from larger works, have made the goodly number of one hundred and seven fine compositions of this great master. All his most important organ compositions have been played.

Following the list in respect to the different periods of musical development, we find Handel represented with twenty-three compositions, comprising his organ concertos, the fifth suite, fugues, and arrangements of his overtures, and other works. It may be remembered that his concertos have been rearranged for organ alone, by Schwab and De Lange, having been originally written with an accompaniment for other instruments. Scarlatti's famous "Katzen Fuge" we find arranged for the organ by Mr. Eddy himself, while Mozart has been represented by ten compositions, mostly transcriptions by Haupt, Best, Van Eyken, and Gottschlag. All of Mendelssohn's organ sonatas have been played, his preludes and fugues, and other compositions, numbering some thirty-two selections. Schumann's name is down for fifteen compositions, embracing his fugues on B-A-C-H, "Canonica Studies," and some arrangements of larger works Spohr's compositions are presented by thirteen numbers, while Haydn's name adds five more. Some transcriptions from Schubert bring his fame to remembrance, while Beethoven's overtures, symphonies, and other works, had been made to meet the requirements of the organ, by good arrangements.

The name of Krebs brings to memory the history of "ye olden time" when music was enriched by the great creations of the forefathers of the art. Palestrina, and Frescobaldi recall the early development of the art in Italy, when music blossomed into being in the "land of song." The organ, in its wide-reaching way, even grasped for the music of Chopin, for four of his compositions were transcribed, and thus enlarged the list of representative men. Coming down to modern time, Merkel, of Dresden, has thirty-five compositions embracing sonatas, single and double fugues, pastorales, fantasies, and other pieces for the organ. His sonatas have been regarded as fine models of modern composition, and are doubtless among the most important works for the organ ever written. Guilmant, too, among the writers of to-day, has a large number of compositions for this instrument, and in this series is represented by thirty-five numbers. The name of Thiele recalls the virtuoso-music, his "Concert Satz" in E flat minor, two in C minor, and the "Chromatic Fantasie and Fuge," besides other numbers, have graced the programmes.

Saint-Saens, Liszt, and transcriptions from Wagner have presented each in their turn new departures in music. Yet Von Weber was not forgotten, nor the sons of Bach, and the names Rossini, Flotow, and Gade added contrasts of no quiet order. Raff was represented by a fugue, and a grand canon in B flat, while a number called "Winterruhe" (Repose in Winter), gave no suggestion of the "inevitable March," unless the thought of Charles Lamb's "famous fault" called up the idea. Dietrich Buxtehude recalls the state of musical progress in 1650, and Zipoli in 1700; while Dr. Volkmar indicates the culture of to-day by many of his best compositions for this "mighty instrument." Franz Lachner, too, was represented by some pleasing sonatas, while Charles Marie Widor's grand organ symphonies indicated in a masterly manner new possibilities for that instrument. They called forth the high praises of our musicians. Liszt's arrangement of the famous *Miserere* of Allegri was an interesting reminder of the former generations, and their place in the grand development of the musical art. The pure musical thought of Pergolese was not forgotten, and selections from his *Stabat Mater* indicated to us his claim for remembrance. Kühmstedt, and Rheinberger, with Faisst, Smart, and Reinecke, bring us to our own day again. Our own country was represented by Beck, Thayer, Whiting, Singer, Carter, Morgan, Gleason, and others. Haupt, the celebrated teacher and musical scholar, had two manuscript compositions performed during the series. Hesse, Van Eyken, Lemmens, Best, Lux, Batiste, Richter, and even Rink by a fugue on "*Bach*" were on the list. Wely, Schneider, and Hummel made variety again possible. Orlando di Lasso, of the year 1520, was brought to our hearing by an arrangement of Liszt's. The name of Hatton recalled not "The Little Fat Man" but his fine playing of the fugues of Bach, as one of his own found its way into public hearing. Sterndale Bennett and Sir Michael Costa suggest the English school, while the name of John A. West indicates the promise of even a Chicago musician making his way in the wide field of composition.

I have thus passed quickly over the names of some of the composers represented in this series of one hundred recitals, simply to show the magnitude of the undertaking. The total number of pieces played has been about six hundred, embracing the compositions of every school and of the representative men in all countries that have taken a part in the progress of the musical art. To perform such a task week after week, and bring out a fine programme of fresh music each time required great endurance, hard study, and remarkable ability. The uniform artistic character of Mr. Eddy's playing has been a subject of wonder on the part of all who understood the magnitude of the undertaking. He richly merits high praise for what he has accomplished. The list of programmes will also make a valuable catalogue of what is good in organ music for every student and organist.

C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The Cincinnati Saengerfest. — A caustic and plain-spoken correspondent addresses the following "Anti-Teutonic [and we fear too just] View of the Proceedings" to the Musical critic of the *Boston Courier*: —

"The programme of the twenty-first Sängerfest of the North American Sängerbund included a street parade, seven concerts, and a picnic. The amount of enthusiasm displayed, *in the streets*, by the Germans of the city is astounding to the cooler-blooded and more sincere Americans. Everything wears a holiday look Flags, evergreens, banners and outrageous portraits of the masters are seen everywhere on the outsides of buildings. The parade consisted of 5,000 paraders and was witnessed by 100,000 people. You see it cost nothing to see this part of the show. The Music Hall was about two thirds full at the first concert, and half of those went home before it was over. Let me digress here long enough to say that the Germans of this town are the worst lot of hypocrites (musically considered) there are to be found. They are wild over friends, picnics, beer, and brass bands. But put before them a solid feast of intellectual music, and they won't listen to it, nor pay for it, nor comprehend it when they do condescend to listen to it. Three fourths of the audiences at these festival concerts are Americans; the remainder are Germans of high intelligence naturally, or who have become so by association with Americans. Over a beer-shop you read '*Er nicht liebt wein, weil und gesang*,' and so forth. Now this is the position: *Wein* (beer) comes first, and poor *gesang* last. In other words *gesang* has no chance until *wein* and *weil* have palled upon the Teutonic appetite. This assumption of superiority in musical matters is founded in ignorance and cultured in stupidity. Let it be plainly understood that the *Fest* is nothing more nor less than a grand spree, beginning in a street parade and ending in a picnic and beer. The programmes include two large works — *St. Paul* and Verdi's *Requiem*. The list of composers runs down to Donizetti, Abt, and a host of obscure German worthies. The programmes are too short in some cases, too long in others, and are always incongruous. The chorus is robust and hearty, and sings pretty well when they know their parts. The orchestra is better and has played finely. The *Leonora* overture went vilely, but the conductor was at fault. Mr. Thomas has no part in the affair; he fled to Chicago on the opening night and has not since been heard from. Of the soloists, Madame Otto Alsleben is the bright and expensive star. They imported her from Germany at a cost of $3,000, an error in valuation of just $2,850. She is pretty good as far as she goes, but she don't go far enough. The other soloists are not worth mentioning, aside from Mr. Whitney and Mr. Remmertz, being mostly resident singers. My estimate is made from a strict standpoint, and of course would be greatly modified if seen through the bottom of a beer glass. I can discover no good to art from the affair, and believe that encouragement of such undertakings is more injurious than beneficial. Other festivals held throughout the Union are so far superior to the one under notice that comparisons are absurd. Let me indulge the hope that the progressive spirit of the times may force upon the people a wider education and that such scenes as have occurred at this *Fest* will not be repeated. Think for a moment, good Bostonians, of a singer coming on the stage *drunk*, clear through, falling asleep before the audience, and tumbling over into the orchestra. I am so thoroughly a 'Melican man' that I do not believe any American singer would be guilty of such behavior. Chedar."

"Cincinnati, June, 1879."

Cincinnati, June 27. — The Musical Festival Association, of Cincinnati, has offered a prize of $1,000 for the best musical composition by a native American composer, to be sung at the musical festival in 1880. Mr. Theodore Thomas was appointed by the association one of five gentlemen who are to pass on the merits of the work, and now the other four judges have been appointed and have accepted the trust. The full board is as follows: Theodore Thomas, president; Dr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York; Asger Hamerick, Baltimore; Otto Singer, Cincinnati; and Carl Zerrahn, Boston.

A Precious Present to an Organist. — The following incident occurred at the one hundredth organ concert of Mr. Eddy, of which our Chicago correspondent writes above: "Just before the last number of the programme, Miss Grace Hiltz, in a neat little speech, presented Mr. Eddy, in the name of the pupils and patrons of the Hershey School, with the magnificent edition of Bach's music published by the Bach Gesellschaft, at Leipsic, numbering twenty five volumes.

Mr. Carl Rosa's repertory will next year include such operas as *Lohengrin*, *Aida*, *Rienzi*, *Mignon*, *Carmen*, and other works, with possibly, as a special novelty, the *Taming of the Shrew*, of the lamented Hermann Goetz.

The two French composers, M. Saint-Saens and M. Massenet, have been commissioned by Ricordi, the Milan musical publisher, to set two Italian librettos, which are to be produced in Italy. M. Massenet's score will be on the "Erodiade," by Sig. Zinardini, who also supplies M. Saint-Saens with the book "Il Macedone," based on the history of Alexander the Great.

Mlle. Anna Mehlig gave her morning concert at St. James' Hall (London) on Monday, June 9. The pianist selected for her solos Bach's organ prelude and fugue in E minor, transcribed for piano by Liszt, Haydn's variations in F minor, Field's Nocturne in A, and a Tambourin of Raff With Herr Straus, Mlle. Mehlig played the Fantasia in C, Op. 159, of Schubert, she led the piano quintet in G minor, Op. 99, of Rubinstein, and with Madame Essipoff she played the Rondo in C, Op. 73, for two pianos, of Chopin. The vocalists were Mlle. Redeker and Herr Ehnblad, the latter singing national Swedish songs.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

[Continued from page 106.]

And oh, how sweet
The next glad, busy day to both of them!
When Benedetta came at early morn,
And sat beside the canvas patiently,
Long as he pleased, while Sanzio fell to work,
Now to accomplish at the eleventh hour, —
Nay, but he would not think that they must part! —
All he had left undone. Ere he began,
He hung the fine white linen round her head,
That like a long, dense veil fell down behind,
And draped itself about the graceful shoulders
In easy, flowing folds, and knotted it
Himself about the slender waist in front.
Though Benedetta thought him wondrous slow,
Nor over skillful at his task, so long
His fingers fumbled o'er it. And at first,
When holding brush and pencil in his hand,
He gazed upon her searchingly, now near,
Now further off, — both of them smiled each time
Their glances met, when Sanzio would throw out
Some merry word, while Benedetta flushed
And dropped her eyes, until he cried, "Nay, nay,
Not so, my little Saint! This will not do;
Turn the full light of those sweet eyes on me,
Or I shall have no power to work!" Whereat
They faltered once again.
But when ere long,
Warming to his great task, he gradually
Was ever more and more absorbed and lost,
Until he labored on in silence, grave,
And without further word or smile, sometimes
E'en frowning darkly in his eagerness, —
She bore unflinchingly his longest gaze,
Felt that he scarcely saw her when he looked,
Save as she helped his work.
Thus swiftly grew
Her earnest face from out the canvas, life-like
In form and tint and line, for faithfully
As his unerring, subtle eye beheld,
His master-mind conceived, whose swift commands
The cunning hand obeyed, — he set them down,
Caught all their fairness, and sweet, winning grace.
Only the wavy hair he smoothed away
In simple, shining bands, and on the brow
He mingled with its earthly purity
The mild effulgence of a heavenly light,
And the bright eyes and virgin lips he deepened
With the unutterable tenderness
Of sainted motherhood. Yet long, it seemed,
He could not please or satisfy himself,
But muttered half aloud from time to time,
And set his foot down hard upon the floor,
And twice with one bold sweep destroyed again
A whole hour's labor. But without a pause
Fell ever patiently to work once more,
And so at last threw down his brush, leaned back,
Drew a deep sigh of comfort and content,
And bade her rise and look.
"O beautiful!
Am I in truth so fair as that?" she cried,
"Ah yes, methinks 't is like, — a very little!"
But in a moment gently shook her head,
Then bowed it, as in swift humility,
Crossing her hands an instant on her breast,
And softly said, "Ah no! — transfigured thus,
It is no longer I!"
No answer came
From Sanzio, save that he cried merrily,
"My bird, you were an angel, to hold out
So long in sweetest patience on your perch!
Soon will I set you free, and let you fly
Where'er you list, until I call again;
But now for few brief moments yet, I pray,
Go back once more!"
And then he speedily sketched
Her finely moulded hands and tapering fingers,
And ere he copied kissed each one, — in vain
Did Benedetta strive against his will,
Draw them away! For irresistibly
He now slid back into his old, gay mood,
And full of happy laughter chatted on,
Till he exclaimed, "Enough and over much!
Sufficient to the day shall be its work;
May but my little Saint with equal grace
Bless me to-morrow!"
And with this sprang up,
And clasping Benedetta in his arms,
Swift whirled her round and round the great, wide room,
In a mad, merry dance; till the white veil
First floated far behind and then dropped off,
And her dark hair, escaping from its coil,
Came rippling down in long, luxuriant waves,
That covered neck and shoulders, face and eyes,
Till laughing, breathless, blinded, she cried out,
"Hold, hold, O Sanzio mine, — I can no more!"

The morrow came, and like the yesterday
Fled but too fast to these who passed again
Long hours together in the sunny work-room,
At whose broad windows, thrown up wide, rolled in
The balmy air and joyous light of spring,
And now and then a twittering bird sped by.
Long, happy hours of sweet, unbroken peace!
For Sanzio prayed that under some pretext
Nina for these few days might turn away
Pupils or patrons, strangers or good friends,
All who were wont to throng his open doors;
But sent her in the afternoon to bring
A neighbor's pretty child. And though at first
The babe gazed all about him anxiously,
With troubled, restless eyes and quivering lip,
The little face grew calm and smiled at length,
When Benedetta gently spoke to him
In low, caressing tones; then crowing loud,
He suddenly stretched his chubby arms to her,
And gladly clasped in hers, and nestling close,
Patting her softly with his dimpled hands,
Soon blinked and shut his bright eyes dreamily,
And dropped into a peaceful, smiling sleep.

The rosy babe folded upon her bosom,
The snowy linen draped about them both,
And the blue mantle gathered over it,
She stood where he had bid her, near his work,
While Sanzio gazed and gazed, and more than once
His steady hand shook, and his eye grew dim,
And all his heart welled up with tenderness,
So passing fair seemed her sweet image thus;
Forgot the unwonted burden that she bore
Grew heavy in her arms, until she moved,
And gently laid it down upon the couch,
Saying, "Nay, I am weary, Sanzio mine,
Pray let me rest awhile!"
They sped away,
Those seven brief, golden days, that were so filled
With mingled joy and labor, Sanzio scarce
Knew the beginning or the end of each,
Knew but that every hour of this blest life
Quickened as with a new, untold delight.
But promptly on the morning of the eighth,
The summons came from home for Benedetta.
Breathless she flew to Sanzio, with the cry,
"Our neighbor is below to take me back,
My mother sends him! Oh, but must I go,
And can it be this happy, happy time
So soon is over?"
He looked up as though
He scarcely understood her hasty words.
"What, go?" he said. "Now? — they have come for you
Before the week is done! Nay, by the Saints,
I cannot let you! — nor my work, nor I,
Can spare you yet for many another day!
Hold, I will haste to tell the messenger,
Leave me to deal with him. I at this moment
Happen to come here from my distant home!"
And with a merry glance he seized his cap
And sped away, while Benedetta stayed,
And in the work-room waited his return,
In doubt and fear lest he might not prevail,
And they be parted after all so soon. —
Too soon, oh, all too soon! — For ah, kind Heaven —

He tarried long, she thought, and when at length
She heard his step again upon the stair,
She hastened out to meet him, anxiously
Searching his face, to swiftly read their fate,
And found his beaming eyes lit up with joy.
Mutely he turned his arm about her neck,
And drew her close to him, and softly asked,
"So my sweet Benedetta willingly
Stays here with me another little while?"
"Oh, gladly, gladly, Sanzio mine!" she whispered,
Turning her timid lips to meet his kiss,
And fondly pressed her cheek against his own.
But in a moment then with clouded brow, —
"Yet O my Sanzio, 't is not well, methinks,
To thus deceive my mother!"
"Nay, my Saint,"
He answered gayly, "take no heed for that,
And be consoled, I pray you! All the sin
Is mine alone, and I, a hardened sinner,
Can bear it with my conscience undisturbed!
We do not wrong your mother, and sometime
I'll make it right, dear Love, with her and Heaven!"

The new brief time of grace Sanzio had gained, —
Another week, — rolled by e'en like the first,
What though to Benedetta it appeared
His labor could have missed her, better far
Than he had thought and said. For often now,
After he gazed a moment, he would cry,
"Fly little bird, I'll work alone awhile!"
Yet ever when she had returned from mass,
Where she must go to pray with all her soul
For the forgiveness of their sin, she said, —
Surely she must accept her share of it,
Nor let him bear its burden all alone! —
And coming to the work room, softly asked,
"My Sanzio, have you need of me to-day?"
He answered, "I have need of you, my darling,
Ever and ever, — in each hour of day!
Come in and sit here with me. Or stand up
And walk about, — be mute, or laugh and talk, —
Do aught and all as it may please you best,
Only be near me somewhere, sunbeam mine,
Whose sole, sweet presence helps me!"
So she roamed
Sometimes about the work room quietly,
Looking its hundred treasures o'er again;
And sometimes in a corner laughed and played
With the dear babe, — that Sanzio sent to fetch
On many another day, — and when he tired
Rocked him to sleep with a soft lullaby;
Or begging Nina for some piece of work,
Sat plying her swift needle busily,
By the great window gazing on the town,
Distant from Sanzio, yet where he could see her,
As with a very tyrant's obstinate will
He would demand; and ever finely caught
Her fleeting mood from him, insensibly
Attuning all her being to his own,
Silent and grave, or bubbling o'er with sweet
Low laughter and gay words, e'en as she read
The shifting lights and shades within his soul
Reflected on his brow.
One afternoon
She stole away, and for an hour or more
Showed not her face again, till Sanzio rose
To go in search of her, when suddenly
He heard the rustle of a heavy robe,
And a light laugh close to his ear, and turning,
Saw her before him curiously transformed.
She stood and swept him a low courtesy, clad
In the quaint garb of hundred years ago.
A piquéd coif upon the delicate head,
That scarce seemed strong enough to bear the weight
Of the tall, shimmering tower, whence a long veil
Flowed down and half concealed the dimpling face
And laughing eyes; her slender form encased
In a stiff, gorgeous robe of blue and silver,
Whose wondrous sleeves hung down so far and wide,
They well-nigh touched the pointed, scarlet shoes,
Peeping from out the garment's hem.
"My Fawn,
How strange you look!" cried Sanzio, laughing too,
While yet a deep delight shone in his eyes,
"Where found you all this gear?"
"In an old chest
In a dark corner of the attic. There
Lay these and other pretty things," she said.
And he, "Oh yes, I recollect, methinks;
They were my great-grandmother's, in her time,
And so came down to me."
"I put them on,
Though mayhap all awry, for I could find
Only the smallest bit of broken glass,
That scarcely told if they were right or wrong, —
Just for a little sport and to surprise you,"
She said again. "Nina once gave me leave
To stir through everything in all the house, —
You are not angry with me, Sanzio mine?"
But looking up at him she had no need
Of other answer than his silent glance,
And went on gayly, "Fancy now I were
Some mighty queen!"
And then strode up and down,
And as she moved, listened with childlike glee

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To the loud rustle of the rich brocade,
And often turned her head to watch the train
Sweep o'er the floor behind her.
"Aye, you know
You are my Queen, whose kingdom is my heart!
But all this finery suits you wondrous well,
You want but these," he said; and as he spoke
Went to a curious casket carved in wood,
That Benedetta long had marveled o'er,
Unlocked it with a twisted silver key,
And took a handful of gemmed trinkets out.
Then hastening to her side again, exclaimed,
"Come sweetest, I will play your maid for once!"
And deftly turning down the yellow lace
That rose up stiffly round the snowy throat,
He would have clasped it with a quaint old necklace
Of dimly shimmering pearl, with here and there
A precious ruby, like a drop of blood,
Set in between: but could not please himself,
And took it off to try another one, —
Plain golden beads, strung on a thread of silk,
But shook his head again, unbound this too,
And laid it down, saying in graver tone,
"Nay, it but breaks the beauteous line! 'T is best
Simply as Nature made it, — let not us
Attempt to mar her fairest handiwork!
But Love, take this, and wear it for my sake,"
He added then, and would have slipped a ring, —
A finely wrought, gold serpent, with bright eyes, —
Upon her finger. But she gently said,
And faintly flushing drew her hand away,
"Nay, Sanzio mine, I will not! I have this,"
Touching a silver circle, plain and old, —
Sanzio had often marked it on her hand, —
"That my poor father gave me long ago,
And need no other!"
"As you will, dear heart!"
He answered, but one moment earnestly
Gazed at her with a puzzled, questioning look.
But suddenly, full of smiling mirth again,
He bowed in mock solemnity, and asked,
"But since I am thus honored, will not now
Your majesty be seated? I must fix
This image, ere it vanish from my sight, —
But this must off!"
He lifted from her head
The heavy coif, then with the words, "Permit
Your happy bond-slave!" led her to a seat,
And tossed the trinkets all into her lap.
"My Princess, pray you look them o'er, at least,
If you 'll not kindly take them off my hands,
While I make ready!"
Benedetta passed
The jewels through her fingers: then she thought, —
How sad, oh, how most sad, the form of her,
Who once was gayly decked with these bright things,
Lies crumbled into dust long years ago, —
That the fair eyes, which looked on them with joy,
Are closed and blind in the dark earth forever, —
Oh, may the Saints rest her poor soul in peace!
And suddenly rose, and put the gems away,
While an unwonted shadow lingered still
On the white brow, and in the darkened eyes,
When Sanzio bid her turn and look at him.

(*To be continued.*)

TOUJOURS PERDRIX.

[The substance of the following article, prepared for the German Press by Prof. Franz Gehring, has appeared in the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Vienna.]

Falstaff. — His thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer — he kept not time.

Nym. — The good humor is to steal at a minim rest.

Pistol. — Convey, the wise it call; steal! poh, a fico for the phrase.

THE few whose duty or taste it is to collect, or at least acquaint themselves with the constantly accumulating Beethoven literature, must of course include the multitudinous writings — the *toujours perdrix* — of Herr Prof. Ludwig Nohl. They know *ad nauseam* that gentleman's method of dressing his *perdrix* in all modes; or, to drop the figure, his habit of using the same materials over and over again, in lectures, articles for periodical publications of all sorts, and in volumes made up of such articles. They know also, that, since the publication of Thayer's first and second volumes of his "L. v. Beethoven's Leben," the swarming errors of Herr Nohl's biography of the composer have, in such articles, been silently corrected; and that he (Nohl) rarely if ever loses an opportunity of referring to his book as the great and sufficient authority upon all that relates to Beethoven's history; and, finally, that he is, to a certain extent, justified in so doing, because, in the notes to his third volume, he has corrected a great number of the errors of the preceding two, besides adding an appendix containing seventy-nine (79) "corrections and verifications," — whence derived the reader is not informed.

It is not asserted, nor even intimated, that all, even of these "corrections and verifications," are conveyed (the wise it call) from Thayer's two volumes; indeed, some are from Nottebohm's writings and perhaps other sources; but this fact is certainly striking and significant: that, of the 79, all but the last two belong in the years covered by those two volumes, and just where Thayer leaves him in the lurch (end of 1806), Herr Nohl's appendix ends.

The well-informed reader knows that hitherto Thayer has taken no notice of these "conveyings;" that Herr Nohl has reviewed the first two volumes of Thayer's work to his heart's content, and that Thayer has not retaliated; and that, in a few instances, in which Thayer has deemed it fitting to speak plainly to him, it has only been when he believed (rightly or wrongly) that truth, justice, and good morals demanded it. It is true, that Thayer has never received a penny in return for all the costs and labor expended upon his four volumes on Beethoven and his works; but as he has not written them for money, if Herr Nohl can improve his *perdrix* by small *conveyings* from them, to his pecuniary benefit — why not? He has a family to support. Had he remained satisfied with simply correcting his previous errors, he might even have "conveyed" a supplemental appendix to his "Beethoven's Leben" from Thayer's new volume, with the same impunity he has enjoyed for a dozen years past.

But, perhaps in consequence of this impunity, he has begun to "convey," as Falstaff says, "too openly," and Thayer's friends, with one voice, now declare that patience has ceased to be a virtue.

The "rock of offense" is a long article in the Berlin *Voss'sche Zeitung* under the heading: "The Last Court Organist of the Electors of Cologne."

As C. G. Neefe was appointed successor to Van den Eeden in 1781, and did succeed him the next year, and held the office until he received his formal dismission in 1796, from the then fugitive elector, Max Franz, the reader naturally supposes him to be the subject of the article, and is curious to know whether anything is added by Herr Nohl to what Nottebohm and Thayer have printed concerning him; but, no; it is upon one who in 1784 was appointed Neefe's assistant, and who in 1792 left Bonn never to return — Ludwig van Beethoven. So, we find the same old *perdrix* — "Beethoven's youth" — served up again (in the first half of the article), of course with numerous corrections of former errors silently "conveyed" from Thayer. Then comes, however, matter of great interest and value pertaining to the history of the composer's early years, as indeed it must be, since it is copied bodily from an essay written after long and patient study, and bearing throughout every mark of excellent judgment and singular critical acumen, by Dr. Hermann Deiters (then of Bonn, now director of the Imperial Gymnasium in Posen), and printed in the appendix to Thayer's first volume of his Beethoven Biography. That Dr. Deiters is not named by Herr Nohl need hardly be stated; but he does state in a marginal note whence his "conveyances" are made; in what spirit the reader shall see.

"Ludwig said later," so Herr Nohl *conveys*, "that Pfeiffer was the teacher to whom he in the main owed everything." "So say," remarks Herr Nohl, "the still existing reminiscences of a son of the house in the Rheingasse, who died some fifteen years since — a baker named Fischer, and his sister Cæcilia." The marginal note — to the word "reminiscences" — runs thus: "Formerly in possession of Herr Oberburgomeister Kaufmann in Bonn, and partly published as an appendix to A. W. Thayer's 'Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben' (vol. i., Berlin, 1866), who therefore was as little able to interweave them into his text, as I [Herr Nohl] was in my 'Beethoven's Leben' (vol. i., Leipzig, 1864), so that this sketch [*i. e.*, the article in the *Voss'sche Zeitung*] is in fact the first complete one on the subject."

Peruse that again, reader, and get its full flavor.

Sir Thomas More, in the author's epistle to Peter Giles which precedes the Utopia, speaks of the "advantage that a bald man has, who can catch hold of another by the hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him." He is "safe as it were of gun-shot since there is nothing considerable enough to be taken hold of." Now as to dates and facts, "Beethoven's Leben, vol. i., Leipzig, 1864," by Nohl, is, so to say, very "bald-headed." But think of its richness in other respects! — its grandiose dissertations upon the nature of the German mind (*Geist*); upon the Rhinelander, and his love for gormandizing; and upon the Rhine wines; its citations from an article on Beethoven's early years, "written with considerable knowledge of the subject, and, some few errors excepted, worthy of confidence throughout, which appeared in a *Revue Britannique*,[1] not known to Thayer; especially the long passage so flattering to an American upon "the first practical realization of *Rousseau's* ideas — the first genuine political act of the last century — the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies; and much else, which it never would have occurred to Thayer to weave into a biography of Beethoven. Professor Nohl's force lies, no doubt, in æsthetics. Logic, certainly, is not his strong side; for if the appearance of Dr. Deiters's essay in the appendix to Thayer's volume proves that he could not have woven its substance into his text, *a fortiori*, he could not have known Nohl's "Beethoven's Leben, vol. i., Leipzig, 1864," since neither in text nor in appendix has he "conveyed" (the wise it call) a word of its lofty philosophy and ethnological wisdom. And yet that gentleman cannot have forgotten that to his request for Thayer's opinion of

[1] The joke is, that the article thus eulogized by Nohl was a translation of Thayer's article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1858, printed as original in the *Revue*.

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that volume (end of March, 1864), the answer was in substance, that, owing to the very numerous differences in their views and in their presentations of facts, which had struck him in reading it, he felt compelled to subject his manuscript to another thorongh revision.

Now for a transient modulation into another key.

In the autumn of 1860 Thayer passed a month or two in Bonn, examining and copying from all the old newspapers, court almanacs, and whatever would throw light upon the lives and times of the Beethovens. Time pressed, and without accomplishing his intended search in the provincial archives at Dusseldorf, he went to Paris, where he lost much time in suing for permission to search the old diplomatic correspondence of the French agents at Bonn — a permission finally refused by Louis Napoleon's minister of foreign affairs. Thence he proceeded to London, where he was received and aided in his researches by Neate, Potter, Sir George Smart, Hogarth (son-in-law of Thomson, and father-in-law of Dickens), Chorley, Lonsdale, — all deceased, not to name the still living, — in a manner which he cannot recall to mind without emotion.

Soon after, an offer of employment at the United States Legation in Vienna compelled him to return thither, without visiting Düsseldorf. Nevertheless, he wrought out the first draft of his first volume, and in 1863 was able to place it wholly or in part in the hands of Dr. von Breuning and other friends for their opinions. It found favor, and its author was pressed on all sides not to delay its publication. Why then did two years pass before it was put into the hands of the translator? Simply because he was unable to return to the Rhine until November, 1864, and then for but fourteen days.

The first object of this journey was of course researches at Düsseldorf, the surprising results of which may be read in the preliminary chapters of the book for which it was undertaken.[1] The wealth of new matter there found detained him until the last moment, and he was obliged to return to Vienna, leaving the second object of the journey unaccomplished. This was no other than the examination of the reminiscences of baker Fischer and his sister Cæcilia!

"Well, thereby hangs a tale," as Dame Quickly says, which may be read in letters written some fourteen months later. "Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down," says Prince Hal to Falstaff.

Thayer's removal to Trieste extinguished the hope of any personal examination of the Fischer papers; but he did not despair that, through his friends and translator in Bonn, they might yet be made of use, even though he was compelled to forward a part of his revised manuscript to Dr. Deiters first. Nor I was he mistaken. On the 12th of January, 1866, he received a closely written letter of a dozen pages from Deiters, largely relating to the Düsseldorf documents, and then to the Fischer reminiscences. After a general view of them, and the report of a conversation with Otto Jahn upon them, comes a discussion of the use now to be made of them. "You will probably," he writes, "not desire to rewrite these chapters again. I might make such changes in the text as would be needed and insert the new matter; but I might easily make mistakes both in judging of and using it, and the errors would be at your cost. I think, therefore, of again carefully revising the whole and putting it into an appendix, if the plan meets your approval."

Thayer replied: "Your letter is at this moment giving me great delight. I have not finished reading it, but begin the answer, so as at once to reply to the various questions."

There is nothing to the present purpose in the letter, but the pages devoted to the Fischer matter, and two extracts from them are sufficient.

"So poor old Fischer is dead! When I was in Bonn in 1860, I went to the hospital (my note-book says September 15), to see him, but found his reminiscences (oral) of no value. The next day (I think it was) he came to me at Hoseckes's, dressed in frock (swallow-tail) and white cravat, I think — at all events in great state, poor old devil! — and brought his manuscript with him. I ordered a bottle of good wine and let him warm his heart with it, and meantime looked over the papers. I thought then that one might find hints at information, but did not consider it of *so much* value, as you prove it to be. As the old man demanded three (or was it four?) hundred thaler for it, I dismissed him. My conscience would not allow me to steal its contents, which I might have done, I believe, on pretense of wishing to examine it." . . . . "While I was reading this part of your letter, I determined to write you and request you to give this new information in the appendix, and was much pleased when I came to the place where you propose to do this."

Why? First, because of the labor involved in rewriting the chapters in which the new matter belonged; second, because it appeared to be too copious to be inserted there *in extenso*; but principally, because Thayer judged it unfair to deprive Deiters of the full credit of his patient and difficult labor in deciphering, selecting from, and rendering fit for publication these reminiscences.

Is this "plain tale" sufficiently explicit?

During his stay in Bonn in 1860, Thayer usually supped at the Schwann, with Dr. Reifferscheid, now Professor at Breslau, Dr. Binsfeld, now Director of the Imperial Lyceum, Paul Marquand, the learned editor of Aristoxenus, whose early death is so sad a loss to musical science, and other very promising young scholars. Deiters was also occasionally of the party. As Thayer made no secret of his meetings with poor old Fischer, he to this day does not understand how his friend Deiters could have known nothing of the manuscript and have written of it as a *new* discovery, with the sad effect of leading the unlucky Herr Nohl astray!

The reader will now understand why, for a dozen years past, Deiters and Thayer have read with Homeric laughter that writer's references to the "too late discovery of the Fischer manuscript, portions of which are printed as an Appendix to Thayer's book, and which so cruelly deprived the most laborious researches of nearly twenty years of their ultimate value," — whatever this last may mean.

Herr Nohl has amused himself and doubtless his readers, in his reviews of Thayer's first two volumes, by sarcasms upon the painful regard for "dates and facts" exhibited therein, to the neglect of musical criticism, and for good morals, to the neglect of æsthetics. Now, it is in a high degree flattering to that writer to find how great a confidence this same Professor Nohl places in the correctness of those dates and facts, as is proved by the extent to which he "conveys" (the wise it call) them.

Should Thayer live to complete his work, who can say that Nohl may not honor it — as he did Jahn's "Mozart" — by making it the basis of a brand-new biography of Beethoven!

Apollo and Minerva! Thayer's dry, tedious facts and dates illuminated, sublimed, glorified, by Herr Professor Ludwig Nohl's lofty morality and æsthetics! *That* will not be the old *perdrix*.

That will be a work!

HOMER VERSUS "PINAFORE."

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

OLD HOMER is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now, Homer is one of the few poets the life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying, silent wonder at its restless unison; whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spell-bound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, while they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to "Pinafore" for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness, and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ball-room is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade. It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly

[1] See pages xiv. and xv. of that volume for an account of the noble manner in which Dr. Harless and Dr. Deiters completed the researches for which Thayer's time was too limited.

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and pure in heroic poetry. One knows — at least, every school-boy has known — that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter, or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first — and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pasha-ing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "Adelaida." The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is forever gasping in a sort of perpetual "drum" loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, I ke the tares in the noble parable of the sower, a perpetual chatter about books chookes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.

HOW THE FRENCH LEARN TO ACT.

[From the London Times.]

We have seen that every French boy or girl who has a taste for the stage may get a thorough training at the Conservatoire. The neat step of the aspirant is, properly speaking, no step at all; it is a bound. He may pass from the Conservatoire to one of the state theatres — perhaps to the Français — from school to the first theatre in the world. This last is, of course, a reward of very high merit in the classes, as revealed in the public competitions of the students before the elite of the critical society of Paris. The great point to have been noted is that, whatever the promotion, it is but another stage of the teaching. The French actor is in a sense in *statu pupillari* to the end of his days. He is coached at the Français as he was coached at the Conservatoire; only at the theatre he gets his lesson from the collective body of his comrades, instead of a single professor. It is a kind of teaching by universal suffrage. There is no such thing recognized as a man's right to a part, to make or mar at his pleasure. He holds it in trust only for the rest of the members of the company, and he is bound in some sort to administer the trust in accordance with their interests and wishes — at least with their judgment in respect of its tendency to promote the success of the performance as a whole.

Nothing can exceed the thoroughness of the rehearsals at the Français. Most of the pieces there are old ones long in the *répertoire*, yet when they are in course of revival each actor seems to adopt the useful assumption that he has never seen them before. The pieces less known are labored with incessant care. "Ruy Blas," just reproduced, was rehearsed for six or eight weeks. It was first taken act by act, a day for each, over and over again; then came a series of full rehearsals of the entire play without stage costume; then a grand dress rehearsal. It played on the first night just as though it had had a month's run. No wonder — it had really had a run of nearly two, with closed doors.

I want to see one of these rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," without making any choice. It happened to be the third act. On quitting the daylight of the wings for the twilight of the stage — it was about three on a winter afternoon, — I, as a visitor, had first to pay my respects to the company. I accordingly crossed from left to right to reach a rude tent of canvas on the stage, a sort of portable green-room, where the ladies sat in safe shelter from the draughts to wait for their calls. Here I found, among others, Mlle Sarah Bernhardt and the aged lady companion who is always by her side. In another tent, quite close to the foot-lights — in fact, just behind the prompter's box, and therefore commanding a view of the whole stage — sat Got, who was superintending the rehearsal. In front of him, and near the left-centre entrance, was the well-known council table of the third act, garnished with greedy heads whose monopolies devour the substance of Spain. Along in each tent and one in the prompter's box burned dimly in the *demi-jour*.

This was no ordinary rehearsal, and the company was in ordinary dress. Sarah Bernhardt wore a jacket to shield her from the cold of the stage. Febvre (*Don Salluste*) carried his great coat over his arm, rather, as it turned out, as a property than for any other use. The only approach to stage costume was in the broad Spanish hat with a drooping plume worn by Mounet-Sully (*Ruy Blas*). The contrast between that and his frock-coat and the rest would have been striking enough if one had had the leisure to attend to it. Thus Got, Febvre, Mounet-Sully, and Sarah Bernhardt (who of course plays the *Queen*) — are the leading personages of the present cast, and the third act they are rehearsing is about the best in the play.

The rehearsal had begun, but it had been interrupted for a few moments by my entry. I came in, therefore, only for the fag end of that squabble of the corrupt councillors for place and pay which winds up with a friendly distribution of the monopolies on tobacco, salt, tegrees, arsenic, ice, and musk. They are disturbed by *Ruy Blas*; who has overheard them, and who delivers the well-known grand tirade on ministerial jobbing, one of the finest that even Victor Hugo ever wrote. Mounet's

Charles Quint! dans ces temps d'opprobre et de terreur,
Que fais-tu dans ta tombe, o puissant empereur?

was a perfect vocal detonation; it positively shook the hat in my hand. Got stopped him at once from the prompter-box tent:—

"I should certainly say that in a different style. It is a solemn invocation; it requires a change of voice."

"I am quite of your way of thinking," said a gray-haired gentleman who had just joined him from the wings. It was M. Perrin, the administrator of the company, who holds one of the most envied offices in France. He is about as highly salaried as any English prime minister, and in governing the Théâtre Français he holds a post which most of his countrymen think fully equal in dignity to the governing of a department of state. "I am quite of your way of thinking," repeated M. Perrin.

It was a timely reinforcement; for, as it proved, the two together were hardly an overmatch for Mounet mounted on the hobby of this particular inflection. The rehearsal was suspended for a quarter of an hour, while they fought the point. There was a world-wide of critical acumen — I will not say wasted on it, more especially as I mean just the opposite thing — on either side.

"It is a call to wake the Emperor from his death-sleep," said Mounet; "it must be loud."

"It is a reverent appeal," said Got.

"It is almost as solemn as an act of religion," said Perrin.

"I assure you I cannot see it in that light," answered Mounet-Sully. "For me it is a passionate call to the shade of the Emperor."

"But you do not expect to wake the man up, — *voyons*," said Got.

"Well, try it again," said Perrin.

Mounet-Sully returned to his starting point, and in an instant he was off at the old rate of initial velocity. The windows in the place must have rattled if one had been near enough to hear them.

They stopped him again. It was quite a struggle *à la Française*, — obstinate insistance on both sides, tempered in its severity by the use of the forms of good breeding. It was evident to any one knowing something of the personal history of the company that what was now going forward was but a continuation of a very long struggle on the part of the seniors to repress the exuberant vivacity of this fiery youngster, — at once the glory and the reproach of their company. At length the contest comes to an end: Mounet lowers his sword — that is to say, his tone — and pronounces the passage in something like the required manner, although occasional flashes show that the level earth on which he now condescends to tread is still undermined with fire.

In what other theatre in the world — in what other company — would a theatrical star of this magnitude bear correcting in his course in this way?

Now it will soon be the turn of the concealed Queen to step forth from behind the arras and announce herself to Ruy Blas. The superb Sarah accordingly quits her tent to place herself in very visible hiding, "R. 2 E." Then her voice is heard, deep and sweet, with twice as much meaning in its lowest tones as in its highest: —

"O, mercî!"

Ruy Blas — Ciel! (It is a start of surprise, and, as we may imagine, he is perfect here.)

La Reine — Vous avez bien fait de leur parler aiosi.

Je n'y puis resister, doc; il faut que je serre
Cette loyale main si ferme et si sincère!

She darts out her hand, extending the arm at full length — a gesture peculiar to her in private life as on the stage. She always shakes hands in that way.

Got — I don't like that. You only give him your hand; you ought to take his.

Sarah Bernhardt — I think my way is better; there is more *netteté* in the action.

She probably means that it is more statuesque, as it certainly is, but is perhaps unwilling to use an illustration from her favorite art. Her acting has always shown that she has a keen sense of the beauty of pose. She gets the full plastic as well as histrionic value of a situation.

Perrin — But what does your text say? Look at the stage direction. Reads: —

"She advances rapidly, and takes his hand before he can prevent her."

Sarah Bernhardt (laughing). — Very well, then; give me your hand. (Mounet-Sully suffers her to take it.)

Got [to Perrin] — I think just where he wants most energy he shows the least. [To Mounet] — Your own movements there should be as quick and decided, as full of nervous energy as hers.

Mounet-Sully — Let me alone for the present. I have my own very decided opinion about this scene. I will give it you by and by.

The Queen goes on to tell him how she has

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admired his superb indignation in the scene with the rapacious courtiers. How comes he to be able to speak as kings only ought to speak — to be so terrible, so god-like, so grand?

Ruy — It springs from love of thee. In serving Spain
I serve the Queen. Thy image lends me strength!
Strengthened by love, I am all powerful!
I love thee! — hear me out Thou art another's —
A king's — though not his bride, his bride-elect.
I know it; knowing it, have shunned thy presence,
Still loving while I shunned it. I have loved thee
As the mariner the star that guides him home;
A distant homage and an awestruck worship.
Though low to thee as is the earth from heaven,
I loved thee as the blind might love the light
He never hoped to look on!

And all uttered — how do you think (by Mounet, above all)? — as gently as the roaring of a sucking dove.

Got (decisively) — It will never do.

Perrin (as decisively) — It will never do.

Sarah Barnhardt — It will spoil the whole scene.

Mounet-Sully — Yet that is how I read it, I assure you. He is overpowered at the thought of his own presumption; he is an earthworm raising his head to heaven.

Got — But he does not think of that while he is raising it. *Voyons!* what excuse does he give the woman for loving him by meeting her in that timid style?

Mounet-Sully — I know it has never been done in that way before. That is one reason the more for doing it. It gives a new sense to the passage, and, as I think, a truer one.

Sarah B. [laughingly] — I do not think I can possibly dare to love you if you do not set me a better example. Remember the Queen wants encouragement as much as Ruy Blas, and who is to give it her if he fails?

Got — I should certainly deliver it in the most thrilling accents of passion.

Mounet-Sully — Like this, you mean (giving an example in his first manner, the only other one he has).

Got, Perrin, Sarah B. — Exactly!

Mounet-Sully [impatiently, and with mutterings that may mean anything] — But surely you must see how false it is to have him so glib of tongue. I really cannot change it in that way. I wish I could; but you must allow me to be obstinate on this one point. I cannot see it in any other light.

Got [disconsolately] — Very well, then, if you cannot see it.

Rehearsal resumed as follows, to quote still further from the translation, which so pleasantly relieves me of all responsibility: —

Exit Queen by the same entrance she came on at, R. 2 E.
Ruy (after a pause). Can it — can it be real? Loved,
and by her! 'Tis so!
O Paradise, that opens to my eyes,
And steeps my soul in love's profound repose!
Loved — happy — powerful! Duke d'Olmedo!
Spain at my feet! Its honor in my hands —
My country's honor! Teach me, O Heaven,
How to be worthy of my task! Make me
Worthy to offer her a shield and sword —
The Queen my arm, the woman my devotion!

Perrin — Very fine. Bravo! Only I beg to observe that you are too far up the stage if you mean to be heard by the whole house.

Mounet-Sully — I must begin here.

Perrin — But you need not finish. I should like to see more movement during the monologue (in the original a rather long one). I do not think he could stand still while he delivered it.

Enter Febvre, as *Salluste*, to surprise *Ruy Blas*: "*Bonjour!*" tapping him on the shoulder.

Ruy Blas — Good heaven! I am lost! The Marquis.

Will it be believed that the discussion of this single entry occupies them the better part of an hour? Febvre, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, Perrin, Got, all taking part in it, and with the liveliest interest, often all talking together. The first entry is from the centre, — *Ruy Blas* standing in soliloquy conveniently near, — his master tapping him on the shoulder, then crossing to the council-table, throwing down his cloak, and taking a seat to meet his astonished stare. "Will it be better to do that," says Febvre, "or to take one's seat first, without tapping him on the shoulder at all, and then confront him with the *bonjour*, — making that the 'tap' so to speak?" He tries it, and they are unanimously of opinion that it would not be better. "How would it be to throw the cloak to him to hold?" says Sarah Bernhardt. "No," says Perrin, "you discount your effect of the handkerchief later on, which is a much better one." "Would you have him at the centre of the stage or near the wing?" That is the fourth proposition, and I really forget the other.

And all that I have seen to-day is less than a thirtieth part of the declamatory preparation for one piece. Yet we wonder by what magic, by what happy gift of nature, precluding the necessity of labor, the French have become the first actors of the world.

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

II.

VASSAR COMMENCEMENT, PICTURES, AND PHYSICS. — DER FREYSCHÜTZ AND CASPAR'S KILL. — OPEN-AIR STUDIES.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT, — Like a great many other people, I was carried away, towards the end of June, by the flood of oratory, prophecy, white muslin and music that sweeps over the land periodically, "for a few days only," in waves of broiling midsummer weather, and, deserting the island, I attended the celebration of commencement at Vassar, and survived the rendering of many brilliant essays, delivered by charming young women, each one of whom seemed to have passed through ages of extraordinary experience in a score or so of years, and who convinced every man present that he didn't know much in general about anything in particular. And one evening there was a promenade concert on the lawn, with calcium lights creating picturesque effects on the sward and evergreens, when everything would have been delightful with the additional charm of the presence of a few absent friends. The resonance of Gilmore's brass band from the tribune outside, with the lofty college walls behind as sounding-board, was admirable. Among the selections played was a good arrangement from *Der Freyschütz*, an opera, the woodland melodies and pastoral character of which are so admirably adapted to out-door performance.

The beautiful aria sung by Max (arranged for the band), with the ominous kettle-drum beat, and double-bass *pizzicati* that announce the coming of the demon Samiel, draped in the bat-like folds of his scarlet cloak, was so suggestive of romantic witchery, that I should not have been astonished had the goddess Fauna rushed over the meadows with her host, or the Wild Huntsman swept through the sky, followed by his tumultuous spectral train, or had the ghost of Caspar, that lyric Iago, stood before me in the moonlight, in dark green hunting dress, a sardonic smile on his pale face, a hooting owl on his shoulder, surrounded by a pallid greenish light, and a circle of fiery skulls. Mill-cove Lake, on the college grounds, is chiefly fed by Vassar creek, originally termed Caspar's kill. Now who and what was the Caspar that baptized it? Some dull, but honest and industrious Dutch farmer? Or was it the direful, artful, diabolically interesting Caspar of Von Weber and his poet, Kind? The original Freeshooter legend is to be found in the *Gespensterbuch* of 1810; but after all, it is barely possible that Caspar was *not* shot by the enchanted bullet with which he intended to ruin his confiding friend Max; perhaps he escaped to America, and lived happily ever after, and died in the odor of sanctity peacefully in his bed, on the banks of the kill that for some time bore his name. But if his ghost *had* appeared on that evening, the lake fed by Caspar's kill would have been a capital place for him to disappear in, faintly illumined by glimpses of the crescent moon, and veiled by fitful shadows from the willow, chestnut, and maple boughs, while the owls in the museum might have flapped their wings and hooted a phantom "uhui," as in the bullet-casting scene of the haunted Wolf's Glen.

Messrs. Matthew and John Guy Vassar have lately presented ten thousand dollars to the College, to be used in erecting a new chemical laboratory on the grounds (in place of the old one within the large building), which, it is expected, will be ready next autumn for the use of the professor of chemistry and physics, Le Roy C. Cooley, Ph. D., a gentleman as able in his professional as he is estimable in his private character. The Messrs. Vassar, having thus displayed so much generosity, and being engaged, besides, in planning the erection of a home for old men in Poughkeepsie, imagination runs riot as to what is to come next. Some fancy it will be a new gymnastic hall, strong, rustic, and picturesque, under cover, yet open to the air when needed, with a heating apparatus for winter, and a solid yet elastic floor. More contemplative minds revel in the idea of cloisters for the studious, in the Anglo-Norman style, — one so suitable for modern educational or ecclesiastical buildings, and not out of harmony with that of the college, — perhaps with tiled floors, vaulted roofs, and stained-glass windows alternating with open arches through which the rose and honeysuckle may swing and sway their fragrant chalices! *Chateaux en Espagne!* And yet, perhaps not.

The advantages of the school for drawing and painting, and the art gallery, at Vassar, have been lately described as follows, in a local paper, by a gentleman familiar with the subject: —

The art department of Vassar College is presided over by Professor Henry Van Ingen a native of Holland, whose works in the line of his profession have occasionally appeared on exhibition at the Academy of Design in New York, and in other noted collections. One of his master pieces, the Golden Headed Eagle, hangs in the art gallery, and is very much admired.

The art gallery contains numerous specimens of painting in oil, and in water-color, and also in fine pencilling and crayon sketches, besides the [illegible] collection of sun pictures, consisting of some three to four thousand copies of the best works of art to be found in Europe, selected by the Rev J. L. Corning, now of Stuttgard, in Germany.

There are in the Magoon collection specimens of portraiture, landscape, marine views, architecture, — exteriors and interiors, — flowers, fruits, real and fancy subjects, single and composite, ancient and modern; copies of many celebrated paintings by the old masters, and many valuable originals by distinguished modern artists. Among the copies of the old masters is the large one from Raphael, hanging at the south end of the gallery, which cost the generous founder over $4000. This and three others were purchased in Rome by Dr. Jewett, the first President of the College.

Besides the paintings, there is in the gallery a choice collection of casts in plaster, representing some of the most celebrated statuary of Greece and Rome, and some of the best works of modern sculptors.

But what unheard-of audacity, to speak of the advantages elsewhere in America than in Boston, of the study of the arts of design, to a Bostonian? Have you not your own galleries and private collections, and studios and art schools, your museum of the fine arts, and normal art school, and schools industrial and otherwise, for wood-carving, and modelling, and decorative painting and embroidery, etc., etc.? And poet-painters, and

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musical painters, and painters *par excellence*, and Mr. Hunt, that faithful disciple of the noble Couture!

And why linger longer with echoes and representations, while the lovely original, Nature herself, in the rich, ripe, glowing beauty of summer weather, laughs, weeps, sings, blushes, frowns, sighs, beckons, through all the endless changes and seeming caprices of transition? Only here, in the open air, may the artist now truly study, observe, enjoy, absorb, the thousand transient yet immortally enduring influences of the great mother and mistress of all great art, with the abandon of complete repose and confidence. Perhaps he seeks that inspiration, and yet repose, in some sunny glade where the daisies and buttercups dip and rise in waves of white and yellow, and the wild rose eglantine twines her delicate pink flowers amid the elder bushes, and the maple spreads its deep green masses of shadow overhead, and glimpses of the far-off purple hills appear between the parted boughs of oak or maple; or on the firm, pebbled, tawny beach, amid the vast spaces of the gray-blue atmosphere, while the dark blue, foam fringed sea throbs as if with the palpitations of a Titan heart, and clouds are scurrying landward, and a brisk wind blows in the ships with their swelling sails; and if he be an islander, his yearning for the sea is, for a moment, satisfied; forgotten, for a little while, is the ever-present remembrance of the poignant home-sickness for that great, beguiling, terrible source of strength, and love, and beauty, which so after influence can erase from the soul that has once been smitten with the spell of its vital power! Or perhaps, like some pious solitary, the painter observes atmospheric effect, the musician seeks to evolve the mysteries of harmony; on some mountain that seems to command vast distance, amid a silence unbroken save by the ethereal voice of the hermit-thrush, or the long swell of the ceaselessly rushing wind, where he experiences an impression akin to that awakened within us when listening to the introduction to *Lohengrin*. He dreams, perhaps, like Wagner, of some ideal, pearly, mystic sanctuary, such as that of the Holy Grail, reflected in opaline waters, overshadowed by iridescent clouds; he feels that pure and yet voluptuous sensation which is felt on very great heights, when the mind is plunged in the reveries of absolute solitude, and yet aware of an infinite horizon, an intense, ardent, yet almost colorless light. And how, deep in the wilderness of music, when it wakens in the bosom of a shadow-haunted glen, over whose rocky walls a forest fountain falls, while, from wood and water, resounds the deep, deep F, the ground-base of nature, and all the sweet, organic, supernatural forces seem revealing themselves to us in that undertone; or when song rises from a little boat, rocking under a branching willow, —

> The willow tree is the gypsy tree,
> And therefore 'tis the tree for me,
> As I love the dusky Rommany,

and then dies away in silence, while the sinking sun trumpets forth red flourishes on every side; green grows empurpled, on the horizon bursts a great harmonious glow, its redness, orange, saffron, rose, a score of melting tints, are chased away by faint blue shadows; lines tremble, color flies, lost, embraced in the mystery of night; a vaporous veil covers all things with one exquisite, uniform transparency; the crescent moon rises, stars tremble with a glance that seems not ignorant of tears; thus, should the voice of song arise again, — some naive or passionate folk-song, or an art-song, the aspiration of some exceptional poet-heart, — we are touched with so rich, so full, and yet so pathatic a sense of the possibilities of an existence too blest to be experienced on this planet, that we long to break from earth forever here and now! But, with the inconsistency and contradiction of human nature, scenes of melancholy and ruined beauty awaken cheerful thoughts by way of compensation; and, as is just possible, a letter written on a sunken gravestone by the Lido, or dated from a balcony on the grand canal of the Aphrodite of Italian cities, Venice, may be a very gay epistle from

Yours faithfully, F. R. R.

July.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.

Is it not about time that we should say a word or two about this all-pervading, all-prevailing, most amusing, and extremely clever little operetta? If we have not thought it necessary for us to praise what all the world was praising, it was not from any want of interest in the pretty thing. We have been to see and hear it more times than we dare to name; we have spent pretty freely of our time and our spare (in the sense of meagre) cash upon it, both for our enjoyment and that of younger people, without whom we should not have yielded to the attraction quite so often. We certainly should not have done so had we not enjoyed it. But to an editor there is a sort of luxury, which we, in this case, felt inclined to hug and make the most of, in standing for once in a wholly unofficial, unprofessional relation, either as editor or critic, toward the musico-dramatic phenomenon of the day — a very long day too! Indeed, it doth enhance the charm of music, not to feel obliged to write about it; and yet in the end one feels the obligation all the more.

The first thing to remark about this joint product of the wit and genius of Messrs. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, is the unerring, its perhaps unexampled popular success. The immense run it has had in England is eclipsed by its universal vogue in every theatre, both great and small, of the United States. Hundreds of companies, professional and amateur, have been acting and singing it. In the great cities Pinafore has held the stage in half a dozen theatres at once. When we first saw it at the Boston Museum, whence it started on its rounds, we enjoyed it as a pretty, unpretending, fresh, amusing, harmless little thing, easily appreciated, full of pleasant humor, and of melodies of a quite catching sort, yet not flat, commonplace, or namby-pamby, — never vulgar. Closer attention revealed fine musicianship, rich, fascinating, delicate orchestration; everything was characteristic: the mock solemnity of imitated classic recitative, the graceful solos, and the well-constructed duets, trios, choruses, and ensembles; and all felicitously close to the meaning and the rhythm of the half serious, half funny words. Then, too, the mere finding of so clever a performance where you would hardly have supposed it possible, all from the resources of the stock acting company of the little theatre, and finding it so much better than it pretended to be, apparently, lent a peculiar zest to the whole thing. Singing and orchestra were in the main now than passable, in spite of drawbacks, such as the transferring of the tenor part of the hero to a soprano; the acting, too, was good, that of Mr. Wilson, as the K. C. B. inimitable.

Then came a New York company with it to the Gaiety, with several artists for singers, particularly a tenor able to cope with the quite formidable music of the part. When it was announced that there was to be an "ideal" performance of Pinafore in the vast Boston Theatre, and that the unpretending, pretty thing was to be given on a grand scale by the most famous and accomplished of our native singers, we were at first mistrustful of the policy; it seemed like overdoing it, and running it into the ground. But even through that magnifying glass it bore the test, and it took many weeks to satisfy the eager crowds. Since then it has been served up in every theatre and hall; church choirs go about the country singing it; every child sings or hums it; the tuneful images repeat themselves, as in a multiplying mirror, from every wall, through every street and alley. The "craze" is general, and some begin to talk about the nuisance of having to hear music "on compulsion," whether you will or not. We are as easily bored as any one, and shrink from what is commonplace and hackneyed; but when we think how many more pretentious bores and vulgarities under the name of music haunt the air and ruthlessly besiege all sensitive ears, we are easily reconciled to innocent and thoughtless snatches from the Pinafore, which have not the exasperating quality of say "gems" from *Il Trovatore*, and many more high-sounding operatic titles.

— But to complete the history of this march of progress, we should speak of the most unique and beautiful of all these presentations, namely, the Children's Pinafore, now in its tenth week at the Museum. But that deserves to be a subject by itself. It is too full of matter for feeling and reflection, too suggestive, say of ideal possibilities in the direction of æsthetic, rhythmic, and harmonic social culture, which may supplement the common education of the children of the republic, realizing perhaps the Greek idea with far greater means for it than the Greeks possessed or knew, that it would be useless to begin to treat the subject here. We do not advocate the *professional* and absorbing employment of young children in such histrionic occupation; yet as we witness it, it looks entirely innocent and happy; and so it suggests the question whether, in a healthier way, as an element in the general culture of the young, the talent which responds so richly and spontaneously in hosts of children in this beautiful experiment may not be turned to excellent advantage. We wonder whether such a thing could have been made so signally successful in any place but Boston, and whether it may not fairly be regarded as a legitimate outgrowth from our common schools, with the attention paid in them to music and the training of the eye and hand in drawing. — But of this another time.

Now this amazing popularity of the Pinafore is something significant. It is easily accounted for. In the first place it indicates a general longing for some artistic entertainment which shall be at once readily appreciable, light, and humorous, yet graceful, clean, and innocent, combining real charms of music, witty poetry, and action. And all this the work supplies. It is extravagant, yet not devoid of sense and meaning. It is fascinating, piquant, and exciting; yet not sensational, in the sense of the modern French novels which appeal to the same taste that finds fascination in a public execution; it is sensuous and highly colored, but not sensual. It is clever more than French Opera Bouffe, and doubtless has done much to drive out and occupy the place of that unclean drama of Silenus. Musically and dramatically, or even farcically, it is a thousand times better and more entertaining than those extravaganzas of the "Evangeline" stamp, stuffed full of flat inanities and fly-blown with puns too poor to raise a laugh. In short, though it is but a trifle if you will, it is an artistic, a truly humorous, a musical trifle. It took an artist, a man of some creative faculty, each in his own sphere, to compose it. The music, it is found, wears well; the last hearing is pretty sure

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to reveal in it some new trait of beauty and of subtlety, some nice orchestral effect, some exquisite fitness of sound to sense. And the libretto! — It is so good, so felicitous a bit of genius in its way, that one will find it in vain to try to alter or improve upon it; every phrase and every word stands once for all, like the song that sang itself. Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are to be congratulated on such joint authorship. They are proving themselves the world's benefactors; long may they continue in the good work, and find the next effort more remunerative to themselves!

In saying all this we do not shut our eyes to a more serious side of the question about this Pinafore "craze," — a view well presented by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, from whom we copy elsewhere, under the title "Homer *vs.* Pinafore." While we rejoice that the popular craving for light and entertaining music and scenic action should be met for once by something pure and harmless, something truly musical and truly witty, it must at the same time be admitted that, from the point of view of deep and earnest culture, this cheap idolatry betrays a rather superficial, indolent condition of the general mind. All the earnestness of life being monopolized and taxed to the utmost by life's groveling material necessities and business competitions, it follows naturally that all the reaction toward the free ideal life of art and joy should seek that entertainment which costs no thought, no effort to understand and to appreciate. As it is we must have entertainment; most people are not equal, and few people at all times, to Homer, Dante, or even Shakespeare, or to *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, or Gluck's *Orfeo*. If they must have plays and music which are light, what a godsend is a thing so innocent, so genial, so charming, and so satisfactory in its way as "H. M. S. Pinafore!" We do not say it is a great work. That could only be said ironically.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, JULY 10. — On Thursday evening, June 26, the "Abt Society" gave its last concert for the season, presenting a programme of four-part music. The selections were from Hatton, Gould, Storch, Schubert, Adam, Abt, Kreutzer, and Mohr. They had the assistance of Miss Mantey, violinist, and Miss Arabella Root, a New York soprano. The lady vocalist has not the voice or method for a concert singer, and in her selections added little to the enjoyment of the evening. The programme of the society, however, did not furnish music worthy of the talent and vocal proficiency of the singers, for they are capable of doing greater works, and it almost seems a waste of time and energy for them to devote their powers to simple four-part songs. Of course with beautiful voices, used with refined and tasteful expression, they have been able to give much pleasure to their audiences during the past season; but I trust that their next series of concerts will contain larger and more important works, and choruses that are more worthy of their study and performance. They need a director who will have a positive aim in this particular, and who will not be content until a greater progress has been made toward reaching the highest position that a musical organization of this character can take. A programme may be made pleasing to an audience, and yet contain only good music; and it is a false idea that regards "popularity" as the only test by which an art work should be judged. What is good in music may be made popular if well performed, and by true interpretations brought to the comprehension of the people. We observe the truthfulness of this statement, in the fact that a number of classical works have been made popular, even in the common acceptation of the word. Beethoven's Sonata, called the "Moonlight," Op. 27, has been played so often, in private and public, that every note in the composition is known to large numbers of musical people in every city in the land. This is but an example of how popularity and true art may exist as coordinate factors for the advancement of culture. Novelty may excite a passing interest in the multitude, but only a thorough acquaintance with a work can give complete satisfaction.

I had the pleasure of hearing a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, with a Cadenza by Reinecke, by a child of thirteen years, a pupil of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. This young girl, Miss Alice Guggenhime, possesses a remarkable talent for music, and although she has only been under the instruction of her present teacher for two years, has made herself acquainted with a large number of classical works, which she plays with the finish and interpretation of an experienced player. Her touch is firm, and her technique advanced to no small degree of proficiency, while her insight into the real expression and intent of a composition is quite wonderful for her years. If she is allowed to mature slowly, and is advanced in her art by the quiet yet sure pathway that modestly leads up to true excellence, by years of well-directed study, it is my opinion that she will reach a high rank as a pianist. The bud of promise must be protected from the dangerous breath of flattery, if a rich maturity of bloom is to be reached; for many a child of great talent has been retarded in development, by a mistaken direction that forces young natures to the capricious influence that comes from public appearances. Young natures, rich in talent, with every healthy indication of reaching a high rank in the artistic world, must have the most wise direction, if the innocency of a true ambition is not to be turned into a self-retarding vanity that destroys all noble advancement. Even the movements of a great genius must be directed by the wisdom of reason, if the highest point of attainment is to be reached. A brief reflection on the laws of progress, as their workings are manifested in the history of the past, will doubtless prove to the reader the truth of this statement.

I mentioned in one of my former notes that we had great need of some orchestral organization that should have for its purpose the advancement and development of a good orchestra in our city. A society called "The Philharmonic" has been formed, embracing in its membership the leading teachers and musicians of Chicago, which has this aim in view. The society has made a constitution, which states that the purposes of the organization are for the good of the musical art as a whole, and not for the advancement of any person or persons, and it undertakes to give symphony concerts each season, also to support chamber music, and aims at holding triennial festivals some time in the future. This union of the musical elements in our city, if well supported by a liberal financial aid from the music lovers, ought to be able to place the orchestra on a permanent footing, as well as give a greater advancement to the musical art than it has ever had before in Chicago. Each city in our country should advance its home culture in music, so as to be independent of the money-making organizations that pay flying visits for love of gain.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews directs a Musical Normal School at his home in Evanston, Ill. The advanced circular gives a fine list of teachers, and embraces a course of study that has a most positive aim, and of a higher order than is usual in institutions of this character. Piano forte and song recitals, with excellent programmes, and lectures on music-teaching, and the voice, furnish the student with the opportunity for extending his musical knowledge in no small degree.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JULY 11. — The ninth Saengerfest of the Northwestern Saengerbund was held here June 26-30. Four concerts were given, of which the programmes were as follows:

I.

1. Overture to Freischütz . . . . *Weber.*
2. Speeches by the President of the Milwaukee Singing Society, Mr. John C. Ludwig, and Major Black.
3. Wichinger Balk 13. Sung from Tegner's "Frithiof Saga," . . . . *Joseph Panny.* Male Chorus, Tenor Solo and Orchestra. Tenor, Mr. Jacob Beyer.
4. Soprano Aria from "Faust," . . . . . . *Spohr.* Miss Lizzie Murphy.
5. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Mendelssohn.*
6. (*a.*) "Three Fishers went Sailing" . . . . *Goldbeck.* (*b.*) "Calm Sea" . . . . *Rubinstein.* (*c.*) "Ave Maria" . . . . *Abt.* Male Chorus and Tenor Solo. Arion Society. Tenor, Mr Jacob Beyer.
7. "Stay with Me," Soprano Solo . . . . *Abt.* Mme. Florence Forbes.
8. Cornet Solo, "Fantasie Caprice" . . . . *Hartmann.* Mr H. N Hutchins
9. "The Wedding of Thetis" . . . . *Dr. Carl Löwe.* Arrangement of a Cantata from "Iphigenie in Aulis." By the Full Male and Mixed Chorus.

II.

1. Overture, "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage," *Mendelssohn.*
2. "My Fatherland" . . . . *Appel.* Northwestern Saengerbund.
3. Scena and Prayer from "Freischütz" . . . *Weber.* Mme. M. Rounge-Jancke.
4. Violin Solo, "Fantasie de Faust" . . . *Wieniawsky.* Mr. A. Rosenbecker.
5. "The Hero's Resurrection." Male Chorus, with Orchestra . . . . *Fromm.* Northwestern Saengerbund.
6. "Phæton." Symphonic poem . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
7. Prize Singing. By the Societies.
8. "The Message," Tenor Solo . . . . *Blumenthal.* Mr. Charles A. Knorr.
9. "The Watch on the Rhine" . . . . *Wilhelm.* Northwestern Saengerbund.

III.

1. Symphony in C minor . . . . *Beethoven.*
2. Soprano Solo, "Erl King" . . . . . . *Schubert.* Mme. M. Rounge-Jancke.
3. "Bride's Song and Serenade." Orchestra. *Goldmark.*
4. "Thou Everywhere." Tenor, with Flute and Piano obligato . . . . *Lachner.* Mr Charles A. Knorr.
5. Solo for Violin. Fantasie . . . . *Vieuxtemps.* Mr A. Rosenbecker.
6. Scena and Aria for Baritone, from the "Night in Granada" . . . . *Kreutzer.* Mr. A. Waldorf.
7. "Ritt der Walküren" . . . . *R. Wagner.*

IV.

1. Symphony in B minor . . . . *Fr. Schubert.*
2. Aria for Soprano, "Marriage of Figaro" *Mozart.* Mme. Rounge-Jancke.
3. "The Last Skald." Male Chorus, with Orchestra . . . . *W. Sturm.* Saengerbund.
4. "Adelaide," Tenor Solo . . . . *Beethoven.* Mr. Charles A. Knorr.
5. Overture, "Euryanthe" . . . . *C. M. von Weber.*
6. Scene from "Tannhäuser," with Orchestra. *R. Wagner.* (*a.*) Male Chorus. (*b.*) Solo for Baritone. (*c.*) Female Chorus. (*d.*) Mixed Chorus. By the Various Societies.
7. Serenade, for Baritone . . . . *Lachner.* A. Waldorf.
8. "When the Swallows," etc. . . . . *Abt.* Saengerbund.

The choruses were almost all of a light and popular character, the festival being intended, apparently, for social enjoyment, without too great strain on the intellect or emotions. The choruses were all very well sung, the Arion Club doing the best work, however. They sang with admirable finish.

The solo singing compared, in the main, very favorably with the chorus performance. Miss Murphy deserves special commendation for the purity and nobility of her style, and Mme. Rounge-Jancke for the dramatic fire with which she delivered the "Erl-King."

Mr. Rosenbecker makes a thin tone, lacking in breadth and power. His execution is not bad, and he seems to be a very good violinist.

By far the most important work of the festival was done by the orchestra, under Chr. Bach's direction. He had enlarged his own band by adding eight or ten men, making forty-two in all, and by dint of vigorous and careful rehearsal brought them into excellent condition. Of course the horns were more or less uncertain, and the flutes sometimes played out of tune, especially in the lower notes; but the performance was, on the whole, very good indeed.

The St. Cecilia Society, an association of Catholic Choirs, held a two days' convention here, beginning June 30. I give only one of their programmes, the only one I heard. The best singing was that of the Palestrina Society, of St. John's Cathedral here. This Society is under the direction of Prof. William Mickler, and is now in excellent condition, well balanced, and sings with purity of intonation, precision of attack, and good light and shade. This programme probably closes the record of serious musical work for the season:

Offertory. "Lætentur Cœli," 5 mixed voices. *Rev. Dr. Witt.*
Choirs of Detroit and Kenosha.
"Ave Maria," 4 mixed voices . . *G. Arcadelt* (1600).
Palestrina Society, Milwaukee.
Response. "Accepit Simeon," 6 mixed voices. *G. P. Palestrina.*
St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit.
Gradual. "Salvos fac nos," 4 mixed voices. *Rev. Dr. Fr. Witt.*
Cathedral Choir of Chicago.
Motet. "Adeste Fideles," 4 mixed voices. *Rev Fr. Koenen.*
St. George's Choir, Kenosha, Wis
Response. "In Monte Oliveti," 4 mixed voices. *G. Croce* (1600).
St. Francis' Choir, Milwaukee.
Antiphon. "Regina Cœli, 8 male voices . . *P. Piel.*
St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit, and Seminary Choirs of St. Francis, Wis.
Antiphon. "Salve Regina," 4 mixed voices. *G. P. Palestrina.*
Palestrina Society, Milwaukee.
"Adoramus," 4 mixed voices . . . . *Fr. Roselli* (1600).
Cathedral Choir, Chicago.
Ps. "Miserere" (VI ton.) Falsob. 4 male voices. *Rev. Fr. Witt.*
St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit.
Offertory. "Ascendit Deus," 4 mixed voices. *Rev. Fr. Schaller.*
St. Francis' Choir, Milwaukee.

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Gradual. "O Vos Omnes," 5 mixed voices. *Rev. Fr. Witt.*
St. George's Choir, Kenosha.

Response. "Cœnantibus illis," 6 mixed voices. *Rev. M. Haller.*
St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit.

Sequence. "Lauda Sion" . . . *Gregorian Chant.*
Seminary Choirs of St. Francis', Wis.

Offertory. "Gloria et Honore," 8 mixed voices. *Rev. Fr. Witt.*
Choirs from Detroit, Kenosha, and St. Francis' Church, Milwaukee.

J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The *Courier* of Sunday last informs us that the programme for the sixty-fifth season of the Handel and Haydn Society has been made up, and will be as follows: At Thanksgiving, Handel's *Judas Maccabæus;* Christmas, *The Messiah;* Easter, *Israel in Egypt.* The fifth triennial festival will be given in May, 1880, beginning May 4 and ending May 9, and including two afternoon and five evening concerts. The list of works will not vary materially from the following: Beethoven, ninth symphony; Handel, *Utrecht Jubilate* (new), and *Solomon;* Haydn, *Spring,* from *The Seasons;* Hiller, *A Song of Victory;* Mendelssohn, *Saint Paul;* Saint Saëns, *The Deluge* (new); Spohr, *The Last Judgment;* Verdi, *Requiem Mass,* and other novelties by modern writers. Spohr's work and Handel's *Solomon* will be practically new, the former not having been heard here since 1844, nor the latter since 1855.

Wellesley College. — The Fifty-third concert (fourth series) was given, by the pupils, on Saturday evening June 7, under the direction of C. H. Morse, their professor of music, and Miss A. Louise Gage, their teacher of vocal culture, with the following programme: —

Nocturne in A, No. 4 . . . . *Field.*
Kreisleriana, Op. 16–1 . . . . *Schumann.*
Miss Plimpton.

Duet, "Saper vorrei se m'ami." . . . . . . *Haydn.*
Misses Brewster and Richmond.

Concerto in A (First movement — Allegro) . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Talford.
(Orchestral Accompaniment on Second Piano.)

Song, "The Garland." . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Song, "Thou 'rt like unto a flower." . . . *Rubinstein.*
Miss Leonard.

Allegretto, in B minor (Organ) . . . . *Guilmant.*
Miss Phœbus.

Song, "Romance." . . . . *Rupes.*
Miss Richmond.

Novelette in D, Op. 21–5 . . . . *Schumann.*
Miss Hobart.

Song, "Love Star" . . . . *Kücken.*
Miss Lewis.

Adagio from "Duo Sonata," Op. 30 (Organ). *Merkel.*
Miss Pratt.

Concerto, in C minor (No. III). Allegro con brio (Moscheles' Cadenza) } . . . *Beethoven.*
Miss A. Jones.

Song, "The Asra" . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Song, "Marie" . . . . *Jensen.*
Miss Brewster.

Overture to "Tannhaüser" . . . . *Wagner.*
Misses Talford, Jones, Lewis, and Metcalf.

The 54th Concert, June 9, was an Organ Recital by Professor Morse, who played: —

Sonata, in D, Op. 42 . . . . *Guilmant.*
1847 (Largo e Maestoso, Allegro, — Pastorale — Allegro Assai.)
Organ Hymn, "Sancta Maria" . . . . *Whiting.*
Pastorale, in F . . . . *Bach.*
Andantino, "Power of Sound" . . . . *Spohr.*
Overture to "Oberon" . . . . *Weber.*

Auburn, N. Y. — A series of interesting Organ recitals has been given here in the first Presbyterian Church by the organist, Mr. I. V. Flagler, assisted by Mrs. A. M. Bennett, of Rochester, and Miss May Benton, vocalists, and Dr. Wm. H. Schultze, of Syracuse, violinist. The programmes of the 7th, 8th, and 9th recitals were as follows: —

May 19. — Bach: Toccata in F; Beethoven: Andante from Fifth Symphony; Cherubini: *Ave Maria* (Mrs Bennett); Leutner: Fest-Overture, Op. 42 (adapted by Mr. Flagler); Schubert: Serenade (Mrs Bennett); Batiste: Offertoire de St. Cecile; Verdi: "Ernani, involami" (Mrs. Bennett); Soederman: Swedish Wedding March; Liszt: Fest March.

May 26. — Reubke: 94th Psalm (Organ Sonata) in C minor; Ernst: Elegie (W. H. Schultze); Beethoven: Andante from First Symphony; Bach: Air for violin and organ; Schubert: Overture to *Rosamunde;* David, Ferd. — "L'Eloge des Larmes" (Dr. Schultze); Salome, T — Allegro Moderato; Molique: Hungarian Fantasie, Op. 26 (Dr. Schultze); Flagler: Processional March.

June 2. — Bach: Prelude and Fugue in B minor; Schumann: Bunte Blätter, Op. 99, No. 11; Costa: "Turn thou unto me," from *Eli* (Miss Benton); J. L. Krebs: Concert Fugue in G; Raff: Fest-March, Op. 139 (arranged by Mr. Flagler); J. L. Roeckel: "A Little Mountain Lad" (Miss Benton); Mendelssohn: Overture to *Ruy Blas.* The organ, built by Hook & Hastings, Boston, contains forty-three registers, three key-boards, and is blown by hydraulic power.

Detroit Conservatory of Music. — The following programmes of piano-forte music, certainly worthy of any artist, were performed in the 12th, 13th, and 14th Recitals, by pupils of the institution, under the direction of Professor J. H. Hahn: —

May 9. — Miss Kate Jacobs was the sole pianist. Bach: Prelude and Fugue in G; Beethoven: Sonata Pathetique; Chopin: Nocturne in C minor, Polonaise in A-flat; Mendelssohn: Hunting Song; Raff: Eclogue, Op 105, No. 3; Bulow: Quadriglia, Op. 21; Schumann: Concerto in A minor, with a quintet of strings and a second piano for accompaniment.

June 6. — By Miss Mary Andrus. Beethoven: Sonata in C, Op. 53; Henselt: "Liebeslied;" Schumann: "Grillen;" Chopin: Berceuse, Ballade in A-flat; Liszt: Concerto in E-flat, with quintet and second piano.

June 13. — By Miss Nelly Colby. Rameau: "*Le Rappel des Oiseaux;*" Scarlatti: Bourrée, in B minor; Bach: Prelude and Fugue in F (No. 11, Book 1, Well-Tempered Clavichord); Beethoven: Sonata in A-flat, Op. 26; Chopin: Nocturne in E, Valse in C-sharp minor; Mendelssohn: Concerto in G minor, with quintet and second piano.

On the 12th, about a hundred of the most musical people of Detroit assembled at Seminary Hall, by invitation of Professor Hahn, and enjoyed a great treat in the following rich programme, interpreted by Mr. William H. Sherwood, of Boston: —

Prelude and fugue, in G-minor . . . . . . *Bach-Liszt.*
a. Ballade in A-flat,
b. Etude in C-sharp, Op. 25, } . . . . . . *Chopin.*
c. Polonaise in A-flat,
a. Fugue in G-minor, Op. 5, No. 3 . . . *Rheinberger.*
b. Serenade in D-minor, Op. 93 . . . . *Rubinstein.*
c. Scherzo, Op. 31, extract from a suite . . *Bargiel.*
Concerto in A-minor . . . . *Schumann.*
The orchestral part played on second piano by J. H. Hahn.
a. Waldesrauschen, concert etude . . . . . . *Liszt.*
b. Nocturne in F-sharp, Op. 15 . . . . . . *Chopin.*
c. Tannhaüser March . . . . *Liszt.*

Cherubino of the London *Figaro,* says he is authorized to state that Mr. Mapleson settled by telegram the engagement for his American season of Miss Annie Louise Cary, the leading artist of Mr. Max Strakosch's company. Mr. Mapleson contracts to pay her $15,000 for five months. The engagement has also been signed for the United States of Mme. Trebelli, the contralto. Signor Magnani, who produced *Aida* at Cairo, at the Scala, and at her Majesty's Theatre, is now duplicating the scenery, so that Verdi's latest work may be played with scenery from his brush simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Mapleson has also resolved to further increase the American orchestra, which, under the direction of Signor Arditi, will now consist of ninety players (sixteen first violins and other instruments in proportion), while another dozen artists will be added to the chorus, which, consisting of seventy-two picked voices, will thus be one of the finest opera choirs which has ever visited the United States. In regard to the New York Academy of Music, the directors have agreed to construct seventy-six extra seats on the third tier, a new suit of offices is being made for the director, a new drop curtain is being painted, and in order to obviate the necessity for ladies to wait in draughty corridors, a new crush-room is to be built on the sidewalk, capable of holding three hundred people. The same writer also says that during the forthcoming New York season, Mr. Mapleson will test the electric light as an illuminator for the borders and wings, and that the directors of the Academy have agreed to heat all the dressing-rooms by steam.

FOREIGN.

London. — An enormous audience crowded St. James' Hall to hear the first performance for many years of the famous choral song, in forty real parts, of Thomas Tallis. Written in 1575 to Latin words, this historic curiosity was set to English words in 1630, and performances are still on record, by the Madrigal Society in 1834, and some years ago by Mr. Hullah's choir at Exeter Hall. Only four copies of the work are known to be in existence, one of them being in her majesty's library at Buckingham Palace, the others at the British Museum, in the library of Sir F. Gore Ouseley, and in that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was from the copy belonging to the Sacred Harmonic Society that the performance was conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie. Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins both refer to this remarkable work; probably the only specimen of its sort in existence. According to these authors, this wonderful effort of harmonic ability is not divided into choirs of four parts — soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, in each — but consists of eight trebles placed under each other, eight mezzo-soprano or mean parts, eight counter-tenors, eight tenors, and eight basses, with one line allotted to the organ. The several parts of the song are not in simple counterpoint nor filled up in mere harmony without meaning or design, but have each a share in the short subjects of fugue and imitation which are introduced at every change of words. The first subject is begun in G by the first mezzo-soprano; the second medius, in like manner beginning in G, is answered in the octave below by the first tenor, and that by the first counter tenor in D, a fifth above. Then the first bass has the subject in D, the eighth below the counter-tenor, and thus all the forty real parts are severally introduced in the course of thirty-nine bars, when the whole phalanx is employed at once during six bars more. After this a new subject is led off by the lowest bass, and pursued by other parts severally for about twenty-four bars, when there is another general chorus of all the parts, and thus this musical curiosity is carried on in alternate flight, pursuit, attack, and choral union to the end, when the polyphonic phenomenon is terminated by twelve bars of general chorus in quadragintesimal harmony. The effect of this marvelous work is, in performance, perhaps more astonishing than pleasing to modern ears, although the sound of the forty separate parts sung at once is truly extraordinary. To properly conduct such a work, sung by the finest of our amateur choirs, was a stupendous task, and Mr. Henry Leslie fully deserves the highest credit for its successful accomplishment. Even in these modern days, when that which is called musical science has made great strides toward finality, this marvelous relic of an Elizabethan age remains unique.

Nilsson's London Home. — Mme. Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud and her husband, — the son of a French merchant, who married her after nine years' courtship, — a Parisian of the best type, live very quietly in the house in the Belgrave road which formerly belonged to their old friend, Mrs. Richardson. Singing days, as already remarked, are passed absolutely, save for an hour's drive in an open carriage, in seclusion, and the invitations which descend in showers are firmly but gratefully declined. Singing days being out of the question, and ante-singing days being prohibited for dining-out purposes, it may be imagined that not much time is given to festivity, especially when it is recollected that every spare evening is devoted, not to the opera or to concerts as one of the audience, but to the theatre, English or French. A bust of the late Duchess de Frias occupies the place of honor in the Belgrave-road drawing-room, and its mistress is never weary of extolling the beauty of her friend and the admirable qualities of her excellent father. Beyond this bust and the picture of "Ophelia," by Cabanel, the drawing-room contains few works of art. It boasts, however, a wonderful collection of photographs, with autograph signatures, of course, of the crowned heads and other members of the royal families of Europe — the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Queen of Naples, the King of Sweden, and many others, including the Czar. There is concerning this last-named protograph, a story indicative of the sharp line drawn by Mme. Nilsson between the artist-world and *les autres,* the great by birth or wealth alone. On the last night of her Russian engagement, at the conclusion of the performance she remained on the stage bidding farewell to the other artists, and especially to the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, to whom she displayed great liberality in the distribution of photographs. In the midst of leave-taking she heard a quick step behind her, and then the voice of the Czar, "*Et moi donc,*" pointing to her hand full of photographs, "*je n'aurai rien!*" asked the master of all the Russias and of some Russians. Now, the Czar is very chary of giving his own portraits, and the cantatrice at once saw her advantage. "On condition that you give me your picture, you shall have mine," she answered, in her vive manner: and the head of the Romanoffs bowed to his fate with excellent grace.

Mme. Nilsson sets great store by her photographs; but beyond these — beyond even the bust of Victoire Balfe; beyond the Cabanel "Ophelia," with its "fey" look; beyond the golden laurel crowns of Russia, Austria, France, and America; beyond all the treasures acquired during a life of unceasing devotion to art — she cherishes the little box containing the earliest musical instrument with which she was acquainted. Opening it daintily and delicately, she will produce a battered and patched specimen of the genus violin — no costly Stradivarius or Guarnerius, no milky tongued Stainer; but a plain "fiddle," cracked and stringless, a sorry specimen of the most perfect of musical instruments. As she takes it from its retreat, she falls naturally into the position of the violinist, and in a voice of that subtle, penetrating force which constitutes what is loosely called a "sympathetic quality," continues: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so; but I am not permitted. It is suspected that the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin nevertheless, and love this one very much indeed; for it is the instrument I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a little child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am proud of it;" and the fair head is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, and the soft curls are shaken, as the well known position of Mme. Normanda Néruda is copied with life-like accuracy. — *London World.*

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 114.)

THIS time, when the allotted week had fled,
No word or messenger was sent from home
To summon Benedetta. She delayed
One day, and two, and three, and then grew troubled,
And firmly said, "I must return at once!
I know my mother's mind, — I 've disobeyed,
And she is angry with me, and waits now
For me to come without another call!"
And naught that Sanzio's ready wit devised,
No argument or eloquence, availed
To change her purpose. So she came to him
One morning early, with the hasty words,
"Farewell, — I go, my Sanzio! An old friend
Of Nina's journeys on my way to-day,
And I will join her, and am all prepared."

"But you will come again, my Benedetta!"
He cried, and passionately seized her hands.
"Promise, — nay, swear, you will return to me
Soon, soon, — lest you would see me — Oh, my Love,
How can I bear that you and I should part!"
"I will, I will, I promise! If I can
I shall come back to you!" she said; and then,
Ere he could hold her fast, sped to the door,
But on the threshold turned, flew back once more,
And flung her arms about him, whispering, breathless,
"And yet if I should not return, — not soon, —
For should my mother keep me for a while,
I must submit me to the penalty, —
But trust me, surely I will come erelong!
Be thanked a thousand times, Sanzio, my Love,
For all the passing sweetness of these days!"
A fleeting touch, a breath upon his lips,
And she had vanished, seeing not the hands
Vainly stretched out to hold her back.

The hours
To those she left behind, dragged slowly on,
Joyless and long as an eternity.
Old Nina sadly missed the sweet, bright face;
Turned oft and often to an opening door
With the vague hope to see it enter there.
For ah, 't was true enough, she soon had learned
To love her as the apple of her eye!
She, too, had had a daughter long ago,
And fondly fancied she must now have been
As tall and fair as this, if Heaven had not
Seen fit to call the dear babe to Himself!
And Sanzio thought in truth, sunshine and spring
Had suddenly faded from the darkened earth.
His labor flagged that day; — the light was wrong,
His hand unsteady, and the canvas warped,
The colors would not mingle as he wished, —
All things seemed somehow out of joint and tune,
Till wearied and impatient he sprang up,
Left hapless work behind, and hastened out
To wander through the silent streets alone.
And worst of all, the morrow seemed to bring
Small hope or promise of aught better things.
And thus a week wore on in undelight
Without a word from her. When suddenly,
As once towards nightfall he flung down his brush,
Resolved to go to her that very eve
And bring her back with him at every cost, —
A light familiar step stole in, and she
Whose image never left him day or night
Threw herself weeping on his breast and cried,
"My Sanzio, I have come to you again!
Now keep me and be kind to me forever!"

Speechless with glad surprise, he held her thus
An instant, when she said between her sobs,
And many pauses in her broken speech, —
"My poor old mother is no more! She slept
So long and late one morn three days ago,
I went to call, but could not waken her;
God in the night had taken her away!
I would have sent for you, but there was none
To bring the message, — and this afternoon
We laid her in the ground! Oh, this great blow
Has come so suddenly, I can scarce believe
I shall not see her more! But oh, the house
Looked so deserted, dark, and desolate,
I could not stay, but hastened here to you!
Ah, she was good to me, and loved me well,
Though she but little showed it, and seemed stern;
And she was all I had! There 's no one now
In all the whole wide world to claim and own me!"

But this is joy, not cause for tears, dear heart!
Sanzio had well-nigh cried, but checked himself,
And only strained her to his heart and said,
"O Love, sweet Love, now you are mine in truth!"
Then listened long in silent sympathy
As she related all her mournful tale,
What she had seen and suffered since she left him;
How she had found her mother, as she feared,
Displeased and wroth, but won her pardon soon;
How she had sometimes slightly ailed of late,
Yet ne'er complained, and never spoke of this,
But how she felt well sure that she had died
At peace with God and her, and all the world.
And when her eyes oft filled and overflowed,
Sanzio would soothe and softly talk to her,
As he had comforted a grieving child,
Till she looked up and smiled amid her tears.

Thus bloomed and faded spring's sweet buds and blossoms,
And ripened into summer's golden fruit,
While Benedetta dwelt in Sanzio's home
Long, happy weeks, — happy for all and all;
For, though she often sat alone, and wept
Her grandam's memory much, when Sanzio came
He laughed away the melancholy mood;
And, seeing he grew sad to find her so,
She learned to shed her tears in secret first,
And then at length they ceased to flow. Her heart
Grew lighter, and her smiles came back again,
And the new grief seemed merged and lost, well-nigh,
In the old gladness, — what though sometimes now
She scarce saw Sanzio through the whole long day;
For, taking up the busy life once more
Whose course her coming had an instant stemmed,
He was much absent, head and hands employed
On weighty errands; or from morn till eve
Strangers and pupils thronged the quiet work-room,
All eager for the master's eye and word.
Then Benedetta shyly kept herself
Aloof and hidden out of sight, so none
Guessed at her presence, save the few old friends
Who knew of it before; Count Baldassar,
Kind ever and familiar as of old,
Came to the kitchen sometimes, — where she stayed
With Nina now, and busily at work, —
And talked to her an hour, and pleasantly
Helped on the slowly moving time. And Sanzio,
With delicate regard and subtle tact,
Honored this shrinking modesty in her,
And never sought to break on her reserve.
Once he had gently questioned her, — a day
That guests were bidden to a merry feast.
But when she looked at him with pleading eyes,
And mutely shook her head, he pressed no further,
And only said, "My poor, sweet, captive bird,
Have patience yet a little while! 'T will not
Be ever thus, — I shall be free ere long
To come to you again, and then, dear heart,
We'll try our wings on many a joyous flight
Through wood and field together!"

Long that night
She lay awake, and from her chamber heard
Far off the sound of laughter and loud song
Ring through the silent house, and sadly thought
That Sanzio's heart was far away from her.
And then, remembering all the love he knew, —
Had she not often from the window watched
How, when he scarce appeared, a host of friends
Thronged round and followed him far down the street, —
She humbly crossed her hands upon her bosom,
And wondered what he found in such as her
To love so well.

But yet the happy time
He spoke of came; for as the days went on,
And summer burned with fierce and fiercer heat
From out a blazing sky of merciless blue
Down on the parching streets and thirsty fields, —
The city grew deserted, friends and pupils
Fled from her withering breath, and Sanzio thus
Was left in solitude; for he alone,
The greatest laborer among them all,
Chose to remain, and suffered not his hands
To pause at their immortal work. And now
Would Benedetta come to him again,
As in those first and sweetest days of all,
Each morning to the work-room, bringing flowers
Wherewith to make it bright.

It long had grown
To seem a simple and most natural thing
Thus to be with him; thrilled her now no more
With something new and strange, a fluttering sense,
Half sweet, half painful, when he kissed her lips,
Or drew her towards him, — ever tenderly,
And well-nigh ever gently. And yet sometimes
A subtle fire burned on his lips: he strained her
With a swift, passionate fierceness to his heart
That made her shrink, and trembling break away
From his encircling arms, while he, without
A single word, but with a strange, dark look,
Turned suddenly from her.

And one dreary night, —
A threatened storm had burst towards fall of eve,
And still the sobbing wind, scarce quieted
From its first fury, moaned about the house, —
She thought she heard a soft, half-stifled sigh
Come through her chamber door, "O Benedetta!"
Startled, with wide eyes straining through the dark,
She sat up listening: silence for a time,
And then again, more softly than before, —
"O Benedetta mine!" She knew the voice,
And fancied it rose up close to the floor.
Sanzio upon his knees! — such image flashed
Swiftly before her, as she trembling pressed
Her cold, clasped hands upon her burning eyes.
Outside the faintest stir, — a gliding step
That crept away as noiseless as a breath
But for the feeble creaking of the stairs, —
Then deepest stillness; so unbroken soon
By any sound save that of the great rain-drops
That now began to fall again, and beat
With gentle patter on the window-pane,
That Benedetta, — burying her face
Deep in the pillows, while a yearning wish
Her mother lived, she were at home once more,
Stole on her aching heart, — wondered ere long
If it could all have been a troubled dream,
Or some poor little nibbling mouse, mayhap,
Have startled her from sleep. And wondering thus,
Lay wide awake until the early dawn
Crept upward in the skies; knew not that 'neath
The same still roof, a burning, storm-tossed soul
Through all the night had wrestled with itself
In a long, bitter struggle, and that he
Who slowly then at length rose from his knees
Cried with white lips, but firm, uplifted brow,
"My God, what sin there was, it is atoned!"

And when she went that morning to the work room,
The eyes that met hers were so frank and clear
That she cast down her own. "What is it, Love?"
He asked, and took her hands, swift to detect
The unwonted shadow on her face. "Methinks
You have not rested well!" "My Sanzio, — ay, —
Something, I scarce know what, — perchance a mouse,
Broke on my sleep, and kept me long awake!"
"A mouse!" he said "How! — But I cannot let
A naughty mouse dim those sweet eyes of mine!
We must have Nina set a trap for him, —
He'll trouble you no more!"

And after this
He ever proved so kind, so gently tender,
Calling her sometimes, Little Sister mine,
That Benedetta's grateful heart went out
With deeper love each day, and clung to him
In undivided confidence; and life
Flowed on in sweetest, cloudless summer peace
To both of them. Save that one other day
He marked a shade on Benedetta's brow,
And when he questioned her, she said at length,
Though with half hesitating words, "I sat
Below, close to the window, and o'erheard
Two men that talked together in the street.
They stopped and pointed to this house, and laughed,
And said ill things of us! Of you, — and me!"
"Pooh, Little Sister, is that all your grief?"
He gayly cried. "Then pray you be consoled!
Ay, let them babble to their hearts' content.
What matters unto you and me, dear Love,
The gossip of such idle tongues? Think you
If the blest Saints and white-winged little Angels,
Or your dear mother, 'mid the joys of heaven,
Look down on us, they shake their heads and frown?
Nay, but I tell you they most kindly smile!"

(*To be continued.*)

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CULTURE AND MUSIC.

[From the London Musical Standard.]

Now that the universities have all closed their doors against candidates for musical degrees who will not or cannot furnish proof of having received at least some part of what is usually described as "a liberal education," doubts are beginning to find utterance as to whether those literary qualifications will be of any further use to a candidate after they have served as the first stepping-stone to the acquisition of the degree. These doubts emanate, for the most part, from the same quarters as the complaints about the utility of musical degrees, and it is only natural that they who attach no importance to such degrees should attempt to cast ridicule upon the educational tests by which those degrees must now be preceded. The people who tell us that the science of acoustics has no connection with the art of music will, of course, contend not only that a musician will be no better in any way because he can translate Xenophon and Horace, work all the problems in the first six books of Euclid, or arrive at a rapid solution of a difficult numerical puzzle by means of an algebraic equation, but that he can be fully equipped for his art without a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint. For, if it means anything at all, this is what is involved in the outcry, long ago raised, and recently revived, against musical degrees. This part of the question, however, lies within very narrow limits. A composer, be he great or small, known or unknown, cannot work without harmony, and if it be contended that genius can dispense with counterpoint, harmony, fugue, etc., we can only say that the genius who *has* dispensed with these requirements has not yet appeared, but, if existent at all, has hitherto wasted his sweetness on the air of some desert unknown to fame. It is absurd in the extreme to talk of writing fugal choruses without a knowledge of fugal rules, or of composing harmonious music without first studying the laws of harmony; and this being so, it is equally absurd to rant against degrees which prove a man's fitness to exercise the calling by which he has elected to live. Every musician who is not a charlatan ought to know the things against which this outcry is raised; the great masters — with the exception of that one wiseacre who strives to show that Handel was not a musician — all knew them; it is impossible to be a musician without knowing them; and a musical degree is a proof to the world that its holder does know them. Less than this a degree cannot be; more than this it does not pretend to be. To sneer at musical degrees seems to us to indicate but little knowledge and less wisdom.

But, on the other aspect of the case, — the advantage of literary culture to a composer, — there is also much to be said. The modern apostles of a musical *agnosia* think apparently that they have made out a grand case when they have triumphantly asked, in a tone which implies that a reply will never be forthcoming, "What the better will a musician be for knowing Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, quadratic equations, or conic sections? Of what use can these thing be to him, either as a composer, executant, or teacher?" Much every way. The advantages of culture to the musician are incalculable; and if the advocates of ignorance could point to a single great musician who was not also an educated man, we should yet contend that education, culture, and acquaintance with other arts, would have widened his views and refined his intellect, and made him to that extent a greater musician than he was. We shall not be astonished at any wild statements which may be made for the purpose of supporting a weak cause; and if it should be alleged that the most brilliant stars in the musical firmament were not cultured men, we should, even after receiving evidence in support of such an assertion — which evidence we venture to think would not be forthcoming — still dare to believe that if they were so great without culture, they would have been far greater with it. We have never heard of musical degrees being despised by those who had by sheer force of intellect obtained them, nor have we yet seen learning or culture decried by those who possessed either.

Culture — the mental discipline which real education ensures — is advantageous in many ways to any one who intends to follow music as a profession. It gives, to begin with, that mental grasp, that grip, that firm hold of a subject, that concentration of mind upon one thing at a time, and that energy of purpose, the absence of which has squandered so many lives, made abortive so many noble resolves, and utterly ruined so much of what would otherwise have been magnificent art-work. The man whose mind has been trained by translating involved Latin sentences, or solving intricate mathematical problems, is accustomed to hard thinking, close reasoning, clear definition, and the tracking out of subtle distinctions; he carries these habits of mind into all his work, and whether he possess a genius for compositiou or not, he can no more help being influenced through life by such a training than he can alter his stature. His music, as well as his whole life, will bear the unmistakable impress of his culture. The entire man is moulded by it, and he could not, even if he wished it, escape from its benign influence.

The actual benefits which a rigid classical and mathematical training confers upon a man, whether he be a genius or not, are many, and among them are these — *power of concentration*, which enables a man to bring his whole soul to bear upon the work in hand; *clearness of mind*, which stamps his mental work, as it were, with the brand of lucid, logical, sequential thought; *reserve power*, which helps him to lay hold of suggestions or inspirations at the moment of their advent even though that may not be a fitting time for their elaboration, and lay them by for future use; and *an exalted standard of perfection*, which, by excluding low aims, effectually prevents him from frittering away his powers upon work which is unworthy of him. Now, if these advantages are bestowed by culture, — which no cultured man will for a moment doubt, — it becomes necessary, in order to avoid confusion of thought, to point out what genius can and cannot do for its possessor. Men of genius, especially musicians, are coming to be looked on from an art point of view much as the apostles of Christianity are too often regarded from a religious point of view, as exalted beings who had pleasures, did work, and lived lives quite beyond the ken of common mortals. These ideas are not healthy, and do grievous injury to art and to religion. Those apostles were "men of like passions with ourselves," who had to live pretty much under the same conditions as other men lived, and do their work amid the ordinary, common relationships of every-day life. The same is true of any one of the great composers. The part which "genius" (as the word is commonly understood) took in the production of any inspired musical work was not nearly so great as most people seem to imagine, while the influence of those qualities of mind which we have indicated as the result of culture, and which are not peculiar to men of genius, was far greater than many are prepared to admit. Genius no doubt originated the divine melodies of Spohr's "Power of Sound," or Beethoven's B-flat Symphony, or Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; but it was not, we think, genius which developed the "form" in which those deathless works are cast, seeing that "good form" is found in many works which do not contain one spark of genius; and it was certainly not genius which enabled these composers to write correctly for the instruments in an orchestra, or to mould their divine thoughts in a shape which should render them intelligible to the ordinary mind. Genius can suggest, in a vague way, — at times a very vague way indeed, — thoughts which are without doubt inspired; but genius alone does not and cannot enable its possessor to benefit the world by his inspiration. It is here that the work of genius ends and that of culture begins; and when details have to be considered, ways and means found out, and practical ends accomplished, unaided genius is powerless, and even inspiration sinks baffled if it cannot fall back upon those mental qualities which only culture can bring to perfection. Men of genius are numerous; and we speak in all earnestness when we say that thousands are the recipients of inspired ideas of whom the world never hears, because they have not received that culture by which alone their genius can be made manifest and their inspiration utilized for the benefit of their fellows. It is inexpressibly painful to think of what the world loses when her men of genius are not also men of culture. Inspiration comes to one and to another, here and there, and genius is born in more men than the world knows of; but it is only when it finds a cultured mind that it thrives and grows. How much good work is lost because men lack concentrative power, clearness of thought, reserve force, and high ideas of perfection! The great masters of music were all inspired men; but they were more than this — they were cultured men, trained thinkers, logical reasoners, systematic workers; their works prove this beyond all controversy. If they were not all trained by means of Latin, Greek, or mathematics, they were trained by means which produced the same results. Had it been otherwise, they could not possibly have left behind them those works which have shed upon their names an undying lustre.

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Whatever position a musician may be called to fill, he will be a better man if he be a cultured man, even though he have no more culture than is implied in the preliminary literary test which is now the indispensable first step to a musical degree at the three universities, — not because so much Latin or Greek will effect certain results, but because the mental effort necessary to attain those languages trains the whole mind, brings a man, so to speak, within his own grasp, subdues his mind to his will, and gives him that self control which is the best preparation for the work of life. If he is to be a cathedral organist, his culture will widen his views, and make his *dicta* on art-matters respected as well as worthy of respect. If he is called to act as a parish organist, he will carry with him into the service of the church a delicacy and refinement which will be of priceless value to sacred art. If he be a conductor, his trained mind will act like magic on those who place themselves under his guidance and obey his bâton. If he is a teacher only, he will be free from that rudeness which too often marks the unlettered musician, and renders him contemptible in the eyes of those who employ him only because there is no other teacher. And if, in any of these positions, he have genius as well as culture, he will be able to bring to bear upon his inspired thoughts a clear, logical, well-trained mind; he will be able to use to advantage those odd minutes which are all that most men can in these days spare for composition, and he will, above all, be saved by his cultured intellect from composing anything "common or unclean," or falling into the deadly snare of writing down to popular taste.

> "Sæpe stilum vertas iterum quæ digna legi sint
> Scripturus, neque te ut miretur turba labores,
> Contentus paucis lectoribus."

Nothing so much as culture will give to an inspired composer that divine satisfaction in his work which will enable him to be "content with few readers," and confident in the verdict of posterity. It is culpable folly to despise culture, and to try to convince musicians that they will be no better for their learning, seeing that no man, whatever his genius, unless he be aided by those powers of mind which culture (and not genius) must develop, can prevent his inspired thoughts from being lost in eternal silence.

IN MEMORIAM: AUGUST KREISSMANN.

ADDRESS BY F. H. UNDERWOOD.

[On Friday evening, June 13th, the Orpheus Musical Society, of Boston, held at its rooms a memorial service in honor of its first conductor, AUGUST KREISSMANN, who died in Germany March 12, 1879. The exercises, which were private, were very impressive, consisting (1) of the singing, by the Orpheus, of the German Grave Song, "Da unten ist Friede." (2.) An address by F. H. Underwood, Esq. (3.) Part-Song: "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh." (4.) Address in German by Dr. B. De Gersdorf. (5.) Agnus Dei, from Cherubini's Mass, for male voices. Mr. Underwood has kindly furnished us the manuscript of his address for publication.]

We are met to do honor to the memory of August Kreissmann. The elder members of the Orpheus Society do not need to be told what manner of man he was. To those who knew him he was more than a name. But new generations press on; the glad and eager eyes of youth look forward and not backward; and after the lapse of a very few years, when the most beloved and honored among us passes away, we come to realize the terrible truth of the Roman poet: *Pulvis et umbra sumus.* We are dust and a shade.

To brighten the fading lineaments of our lamented friend, and to restore for the time the semblance of life to his person and character, it may be allowed briefly to recount something of his history and of his work in the world.

He was born in 1823 in Frankenhausen, Thuringia; probably in humble circumstances. He studied music at Rudolstadt, and had learned to play the bassoon. The Princess Caroline, of Schomberg Lippe, had observed his bright face, his look of intelligence, as well as his proficiency, and, finding that he had also a fine voice, became his patroness.

He went to Bueckeborg, where he soon came into society and was recognized as a rising man. There he studied history and languages, as well as music and harmony. There, too, he found powerful friends in the family of Langerfeldt, two of whom are members of our society to-day.

In 1844 he went to Leipzig and entered the Conservatory, where he remained a diligent student for two years. He next passed two years at Milan for the purpose of perfecting his vocal training. Upon returning to Leipzig he married, and shortly after sailed to America, arriving in New York in 1849.

The Princess Caroline died in 1843, but the Prince, who was himself interested in the young musician, continued the payment of the allowance she had granted him up to the time of his leaving Milan.

The patronage of the great only aided in the development of Kreissmann's artistic nature; it is hardly necessary to say that no culture can create a poetic soul. The sense of beauty, the instinct of grace, the perception of symmetry and fitness, are inborn: and they will manifest themselves, whether in the tones of an orchestral player, in the natural voice and untaught mastery of a singer, in the forms of a sculptor or wood-carver, or in the fine lines and harmonious colors of the painter.

Kreissmann was born an artist, and felt in his soul the overpowering influence of the ideal in art. It was fortunate indeed that he was assisted in his early days; but it was the world's good fortune as much as his own. The Princess was one of the instruments of Providence.

Upon his arrival in New York he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Dr. Lowell Mason, then at the height of his reputation and influence, and through him was introduced to the musical public. He attended musical conventions as a sole singer under Dr. Mason's management, and after a time came to Boston.

Here his true musical life began. Here he became known to those who loved music for music's sake; and he brought with him the freshest and finest songs then known. From him the Boston public first heard the incomparable beauty of Schubert, Franz, and Schumann, the more mundane graces of Abt, and the immortal strains of the "Adelaide" of Beethoven. The classic forms, the perfect accompaniments, — all that makes the typical German song the interpreter of thought and emotion, — were first revealed in any large way to the Boston public by August Kreissmann. It is a trite but significant phrase, but he became the fashion. People who had starved upon the inanities of modern psalmody, who were tired of the forced brilliancy of Italian opera, and were disgusted with the commonplaces of British composers, found in the overflowing fountain of German song the sources of the keenest and most lasting pleasure. Directly or remotely the musical knowledge, feeling, and capacity of every person in this region has been affected in this way.

Before the time I am speaking of we were confined to indigenous music, — much as one speaks of domestic cigars and native wine, — to fragments of opera imperfectly rendered, and to English ballads and glees. I am not depreciating the music of other nations, and I do not consider that Germany, by any means, has the monopoly of vocal art or composition. But it was from Germany that we learned that a song, whether for a single voice or in parts, was a composite idea, — that words and music, thought and form, melody and accompaniment, should be parts of one whole.

Whatever was best in musical society became friendly to Kreissmann. To count the names of his friends is to mention the musical families of Boston. The Chickerings, in particular, were his ardent supporters; and the Dwights, Schlesingers, Dresels, Uphams, Apthorps, Lorings, and many more, were constant and devoted to him.

Here was the sphere of his activity. German by birth and training, he became a Bostonian to his heart's core. He left his native land at maturity, upon completing his studies, and only returned there when disease had totally incapacitated him for labor. It was a second transplanting of a full-grown tree. His own country, therefore, knew but little of him. Boston was his heart's home, and Boston knew him.

He was largely occupied with church music, and sang at first in the Rev. Mr. Coolidge's church, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beech Street, since demolished. Afterwards, for a considerable period, he led the choir at the Rev. Edward E. Hale's church. This situation he resigned on account of ill health. Subsequently he sang at St. Mark's, and later at Brookline. All the time he was engaged in composing or adapting anthems and motets for the services. Though he was not in any sense a *great* composer, his work was marked by an original vein of melody, by refined taste, and religious feeling.

During his season of greatest prosperity he lived at No. 14 Hudson Street, where he gave lessons and entertained his musical friends. Those were his happiest days, — days of active and contented labor, crowned with success, and devoted to dear and enduring friendships. Equally free from penuriousness and prodigality, he lived a life of serene pleasure, cheered by the thought that his modest savings would render his last days comfortable

In this period he had many pupils whose voices and style he formed, and who yet remain with us, glad to acknowledge their obligations to the master.

We are chiefly interested, however, in another sphere of his activity. Within a year after his coming to Boston he began to drill choruses, both mixed and male voices. A society of male singers, called the Liederkranz, was organized, and met for some time at Pfaff's Hotel. Afterwards it was called the Männerchor. Finally, in 1854, all the eligible members were brought together under the name of Orpheus.

You can see them in that most interesting old photograph in the steward's room. There are to be seen in youthful bloom Kreissmann, Weissbein, Langerfeldt, Heidenreich, Housman, Engelhardt, Gems, Isador Eichberg, Esbach, Roeth, Hetzer, Schraubstaedter, whom you will recognize as the fathers of the society. Some are dead, and some are far away. God preserve and long continue with us those that are left!

The Orpheus was the first among societies of the kind in America. Now every city boasts its club, all modeled from their prototype. Kreissmann was leader and first tenor. He arranged

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or composed their music. He was an assiduous and skilful drill-master; and being himself singer as well as conductor he accomplished unexpected results with scanty numbers. He was able and courteous, never swerving from principle, but maintaining his leadership with rare and exquisite tact. All this he did freely, for the love of art; wholly unselfish, because he toiled for the pleasure and improvement of others, and without a thought of reward.

In those days there were no cabals or whisperings; none were absent or tardy; the society was compact as the Greek phalanx. Rehearsals, as well as concerts, found every man in his place, proud of the growing renown of the society, and entirely loyal to its self-sacrificing and energetic leader.

There were not then many skilled and accomplished male singers in Boston, and the formation of the Orpheus was a work requiring patience. Since that time music has been taught in common schools, and the knowledge and practice of the art are widely diffused; and it has been an easier task to form an Apollo or a Boylston chorus. The infancy of the Orpheus was in the day of small things.

When we hear the magnificent concerts of these later and much larger societies, and when we honor, as we ought, the ability, industry, and taste which have called them into being, let us not forget the labors of the pioneer conductor that made these grander successes possible.

"Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors." I confidently, therefore, call upon the members of whatever societies are highest in renown to join with us in doing honor to the memory of August Kreissmann.

Our friend came to this country in his early manhood, but in truth he was always young. With sound physical health and steady nerves, he had more than the usual exuberance of feeling; and this was not expended wholly on his art; his joyous spirit and sunny smile irradiated every circle in which he moved. Hence he was, more than most musicians, a positive force and a controlling influence in the musical world. There are many fine natures that have not the faculty of communication. There are many musicians to whom the laws of harmony and the æsthetics of music are matters of familiar knowledge, who yet preserve a cloistered privacy, and whose powers are known only to a few most intimate friends. However profound these men may be, and however worthy of admiration, they cannot hope to wield any extended influence nor to enjoy any general appreciation. There are distributors of musical as of literary thought, men who interpret the ideas of the great masters, and bring their conceptions within the popular apprehension. These men have something more than the possession of power; their natures are magnetic, and they kindle the hearts of pupils and friends with their own enthusiasm. This, I think, was the supreme quality of our friend Kreissmann. When he stood in his place as conductor, every person within reach felt his commanding influence. Those who looked at his earnest eyes and his strong compelling gestures felt that they *must sing*; and when, after rehearsal, he took his place with the first tenors, his voice sounded like the call of a chieftain to battle. Those who heard him, however, and particularly those who knew him, need not be reminded that the power of the man was not the result of mere animal vigor. He did not revel in noise. He had the finest appreciation of what was lovely, tender, and pathetic; and the strains of his chorus could be as soft as the west wind on a tranquil summer evening.

In this hurried sketch you will observe a man of fine physical powers, with attractive features and presence, with a voice that was noble by nature and refined by art; with a generous, unselfish heart; with singular enthusiasm in his profession, fortunate in every musical undertaking, gathering around him troops of devoted friends, living a pure and simple life, exerting an influence unparalleled before his time, and leaving behind him a memory of love and reverence.

What could I say more? He lived, and he loved. He followed the path of duty and performed his appointed tasks.

It was not necessary for him to have reached the coveted bound of threescore and ten in order to have filled out a perfectly rounded life.

In the summer of 1865 his health began to fail. He tried the effects of medicinal springs, but with little result. The physicians could do nothing for him. He was reluctant to give up, but as the symptoms became more urgent he began to think that a change of climate might be beneficial. At all events a season of rest amid the scenes of the fatherland would be a relief. He had accumulated a modest competency, — so he supposed, — though by what mishaps and mismanagement (not his own) that property was scattered and lost, need not be related here. He went to Germany in 1866, and was for a time, I believe, at Carlsbad, where he obtained temporary relief.

The following year he returned to this country in improved health, though still feeble and a sufferer. The struggle continued for some years between the strong will and the insidious disease. He gave lessons when he could, and strove to be cheerful and to think of himself as getting the better of the enemy. For some time he was one of the corps of the Boston Conservatory. But he was not improving, nor even holding his own. His infirmities increased, and he was sinking almost to helplessness.

In 1873 he went to Germany and settled in the little principality of Gera. He did not know that he had gone to meet his fate. He taught as long as his infirmities would permit, but was compelled finally to desist; and I am afraid we must say that his later days were passed in gloom, if not in actual want. When his condition became known here, friends hastened to send him relief; and plans were in progress which would have placed him in easy circumstances. But death came, and with kindly touch ended his sorrows with his life, and left him in the long repose to which we are all tending.

All we can do is to be silent in the presence of the great mystery, — a mystery as inscrutable now as when the first man obeyed the resistless summons.

We know we shall not again look upon his bright and cheerful face, nor listen to the beloved tones of his voice, nor again clasp his friendly hand.

Affection may picture him in the Elysian fields, joining in the melodies of the immortals; but with our finite faculties we have no ears for the sounds beyond sense. All that remains to us is the noble image which arises in thought's interior sphere at the sound of his name.

He is at rest.

Warte nur, warte nur! balde
Ruhest du auch.

THE SAENGERFEST AT CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1879.

In matters of musical criticism, when circumstances tend for the time to prejudice or bias one, it is doubtless conducive to an impartial opinion that a period of time be permitted to elapse before venturing to express it. While, therefore, the following remarks on the "Sangerfest" (a word which may now be called an Americanism in the vocabulary of Cincinnati journalists) may seem to be somewhat belated, I hope they may yet prove of interest to some of your readers, as they have been postponed with the object of making them more reliable and free from all extraneous influences. It is certainly a pleasant custom to celebrate extraordinary feasts of song, in which hundreds participate, with festivities which assist in creating enthusiasm and make the people more susceptible for the art-repast in store, provided the necessary preparation for the latter is not made impossible by the social pleasures of the former.

When thirty years ago the humble foundation was laid for the "North American Sangerbund," it was certainly not intended that the social features at the biennial feasts should in any way interfere with their artistic success; for the different clauses of the constitution and the by-laws all testify to an earnest desire to make the musical features the chief end and aim of these gatherings. There is a trait in the German character called *Gemüthlichkeit*, — this word alone can express it, — which, when well directed, is a great help toward concentrated action, but when unbridled is inclined to lead to excess. This tendency soon became prominent at the "Sangerfests," and proved a decided drawback to the efforts of those who were interested in carrying out the original object of making them instrumental in furthering the progress of musical art. In Cleveland this was so unpleasantly evident that steps were at once taken to remedy the evil, and, as the sequel proved, with the best success. At the "Sangerfest" in Louisville, a mixed chorus for the first time took part, and the measures instituted to secure attendance on the rehearsals gave it a new musical importance. When Cincinnati was decided upon as the place for holding the next festival it became evident to every one that, in view of the remarkable musical and pecuniary achievements at the May festivals, no effort must be spared to uphold the dignity of the gatherings of the "Sangerbund," by making this one, at least, an artistic success. And it is a pleasant duty to chronicle that this end was gained.

Mr. Carl Barus, who was elected musical director, had nothing undone to insure thorough preparation on the part of the societies attending. So strictly were his injunctions obeyed that a large and influential society of male singers was refused permission to participate, having been found insufficiently prepared. The Reception Concert the usual formalities of transferring the banner of the "Bund" were dispatched as rapidly as possible. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was then performed under the able direction of Mr. Otto Singer, by a chorus of singers from Cincinnati only. It was a promising inauguration of the series of concerts. The choruses, especially of the first part, were sung with spirit and precision. The volume of sound was quite sufficient to produce a powerful effect in the vast hall, while the balance of the parts, and in consequence the tone-color, was very good. The opening chorus was rendered with such spirit and enthusiasm as to put the audience into the happy frame of mind so essential to keep up the energy of the singers and the interest of the listeners. The short dramatic choruses, which form a characteristic feature of the oratorio, were given with intense effect. In the second part there was a perceptible falling off in spirit and accuracy, owing, doubtless, in a great measure to the late hour and the growing restlessness in the audience. The soprano solos were sung by Mme. Otto-Alvsleben, who, at the recommendation of Carl Reinecke, had been engaged to come from Dresden as "prima donna" for this festival. Her voice is phenomenal neither in quality nor quantity, but

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she uses her resources so artistically that nothing appears wanting. Her phrasing is most excellent, evidently the result of long and serious study; her vocalization very good, as was shown in her singing of the brawura aria from *l'Etoile du Nord*, in one of the matinées. In the recitatives her declamation was admirable. Miss Josie Jones-Yorke, one of the alto-soloists of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in London, made the most possible of the little allotted to her in the oratorio. In the arioso, "But the Lord is mindful," she proved herself possessed of a beautiful voice, well-cultivated, and of a thoroughly artistic conception of the music. The impression she made was deepened by her singing for a subsequent matinée. Mr. Bischoff and Mr. Remmertz are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to say that they were fully equal to their parts in the oratorio.

The programme of the second concert contained, as principal numbers, "German Battle Vow and Prayer," by F. Mohring, for bass solo and male chorus; "Easter Morning," F. Hiller, soprano solo and male chorus; and in the second part, "Paradise Lost," by Rohlnstein, for solo voices and mixed chorus. There were about 800 male singers on the stage when Mr. Barus appeared at the conductor's desk. From such a number the audience had a right to expect a grand volume of sound; but when the first chord after the instrumental introduction burst forth, not a few of the thousands of listeners looked at each other in utter astonishment. Such an overwhelming tone-wave had never rolled through the immense hall. The effect was indescribable. Trumpets, trombones, and tubas were completely drowned; the robust, powerful German voices alone were heard. It was repeatedly said by persons qualified to pass judgment that such a male chorus had never been heard before in this country. Mr. Remmertz, in the bass solo, displayed his powerful voice to the best advantage. In the "Easter Morning," Madame Alvsleben sang at a disadvantage when the irresistible power of the male chorus is considered, but, nevertheless, she succeeded in bringing her part into the prominence given it by the composer, and in bringing out the original effect which the peculiar combination of a soprano-solo with male voices produces. Notwithstanding the size of the chorus, the singing was throughout precise and accurate, and in some passages remarkable for the dynamic gradations observed The selections from Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" introduced the "full mixed chorus," made up of societies from Louisville and Indianapolis, in addition to the local singers. Some parts of the composition are commonplace, others very interesting. In all the choruses Rubinstein's peculiar talent for making effects with masses is noticeable. The performance was very satisfactory, and, although after the singing of the male choruses, it was difficult to hold the interest of the audience, it was duly appreciated. The solo parts were in good hands, having been assigned to Miss Heckle, a Cincinnati singer, recently returned from a year's study with Stockhausen in Frankfort, Mr. Bischoff, and Mr. Remmertz.

The musical event of the festival to which every one looked forward with the greatest interest was the performing of Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*. For months this work had been most carefully rehearsed with the chorus; and the orchestra, too, had been carefully prepared for the difficult task which the composer has allotted to it. With a large, well-trained chorus, an orchestra sufficiently numerous to execute the full score without omitting any one of the instruments or substituting one for the other; finally, with eminent soloists, an excellent rendering was to be expected. And the expectations were realized. Verdi's work is one which, if justice is to be done to it, must be spoken of at length. The occasional predominance of the opera composer over the evident desire to preserve the church style in the mass makes it of very unequal merit. The perfect control, however, over all the resources of the solo, chorus, and orchestra, which is shown on every page, must be admired. In many places the scoring is almost audacious, bordering on the very extreme limits of what is beautiful in art, while other passages are treated with the greatest moderation and taste, at the same time with perfect originality; for instance, the "Quid sum miser" with the bassoon accompaniment. But in the space of this letter it is impossible to give even a superficial idea of the character of the work. The difficulties which in the course of the composition are thrown on the soloists, chorus, and orchestra are numerous, and frequently almost impossible. While they were generally successfully surmounted, there were features in the performance which were most admirable. The "Dies Iræ," the weighty bass passage with the syncopations to the other parts of the "Rex tremendæ" were sung with thrilling effect, while the "Sanctus," which the composer calls a "fugue for two choirs" (it is nothing more than a *fugato*), and the closing chorus, likewise a fugue, received a correct and transparent rendering. The soloists were Mme. Otto Alvsleben, Miss Cranch, Mr. Fritsch, and Mr. Whitney. In the solo parts the mass presents the greatest difficulties; not only are the voices constantly employed in their widest compass, but in modulations there is an arbitrariness which makes perfect intonation and the preserving of the pitch extremely uncertain, as, for instance, the solo quartet, à *capella*, "Pie Jesu." It speaks well for the artistic conscientiousness of the soloists that, almost without exception, the ensemble parts were sung faultlessly in every respect; evidently they had been carefully prepared. The excellences of Mme. Alvsleben's singing, her perfect control of the voice, her fine declamation, and her artistic discrimination in producing effects, for which the mass presents such ample opportunity, became more than ever before evident. The mezzo-soprano part, which is really the most important of the solo voices in the mass, was rendered by Miss Cranch in most admirable style. In addition to perfect vocalization and pure intonation in the most difficult intervals, there was a dramatic intensity and genuine feeling pervading her singing, which created a profound impression. The duet "Recordare, Jesu pie," for soprano and mezzo-soprano, marked the climax in the performance of the soloists, and worked up the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The understanding of the two singers in every respect, in breathing, phrasing, dynamic changes, was perfect, and produced a most delightful effect. Mr. Fritsch was at his best. He never sang in Cincinnati to better advantage, although the tenor part is very exacting. Mr. Whitney, in the bass solo, "Confutatis," had occasion to display his beautiful voice and the dignity of his style, while in the ensemble number he, as well as Mr. Fritsch, showed praiseworthy moderation.

I cannot close this short sketch of the evening concerts without making favorable mention of the orchestra. While the nucleus consisted of local musicians, the best available talent was engaged from neighboring cities, and the number swelled to about 110 pieces. Especially noticeable was the size of the string orchestra in comparison to the wind instruments. The effect was most excellent. The brass instruments, even in the loudest passages, never became noplecasantly prominent; the coloring was always subdued by the mass of strings, a feature which made a most favorable impression on me.

Of the three matinées I will not speak in detail, as they offered nothing of special interest. Besides the soloists already mentioned, there appeared on these occasions Miss Friedenheimer, of Louisville; Miss Balatka, daughter of the well-known director, Hans Balatka, now of Chicago; Mr. Andres, with an organ solo; Mr. Carpe, in the E-flat piano concerto of Beethoven; and Mr. Michael Brand as 'cello-soloist, — the last three from Cincinnati. The musical success of the Sangerfest was beyond a doubt highly satisfactory, and will doubtless assist materially in raising the standard of the coming festivals. The next one is to be held in Chicago in 1883. The deficit, which entails on the subscribers of the guarantee fund a loss of twelve per cent. on their subscriptions, will be covered without much difficulty. Mr. Barus, the musical director, and all those connected with the preparing of musical as well as business affairs, can rest satisfied with the result. M.

Cincinnati, July 15.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

X.

The finest shadows of things are seen by painters. Talk about mathematics! They don't develop a person like painting.

You must love a thing in order to go on. L. T. comes down to the sea-side and finds a little atom of a thing, — a new moth. That moth is a success. If people would only sing the little note which they are intended to sing! J—— sings her note. She has such love that I think she will leave after her things that will excite an emotion that some smart things do not. She has individual expression; lives and communes with nature.

It has got to be from your heart's-blood, if it's only two marks on a shingle.

I can feel enough in that apple-tree (sketch) to last three months, but I am too volatile to pass my time so. I see a sunset, a twilight. I can't carry both into that apple-tree; but if I live long enough I may put something into that apple-tree, and do it in five minutes.

A great deal has got to be done materially in order to render things æsthetically.

Very few who paint have any idea of subtle expression. Ingres could not hear Rembrandt. At the time of Rembrandt his contemporaries thought little of him. They thought more of some of his scholars.

Plenty of people admire Jacque; but I would not turn my head to see the best Jacque that ever was put on canvas. I don't like his works. They are masks. There are very few things that fascinate me. Among the pupils' sketches I see things that make me feel that they have a power that is not developed.

A picture is not necessarily complete in itself. When the time comes another person will come, who will take that up and go on farther.

I like Millet's work, and I like that of a baby

I hate conveniences. That's my pet economy. I don't generally have conveniences. Once I was at Berville's shop in Paris, and he wanted me to buy a box of materials for charcoal-drawing. I didn't want it a bit. But he kept pressing it upon me, and at last I took it because I could not hold out any longer. I give you my word, that box was the beginning of all the charcoal-drawing that's been done in America; of my having any class in fact. I took it down into Brittany with me, and liked it very much.

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I had hardly ever used charcoal before; and when I made sketches they were on scraps of paper, and easily lost. This little box kept my things together, and interested me in that way of drawing.

The people who live by accumulated wealth, with which they do nothing, are a set of fools. The community carries them. Every time they die there's a song of angels. If people respected themselves there would be no such class, for they are made such by being bowed down to. It's the *giving* muscles that we ought to use, not the *grasping*. Paralysis means having all the muscles turned in one direction.

I own all the greatness in Europe. I remember the best pictures. They are mine; but I'm willing those old kings should take care of them. If you see a flower, pick it and smell of it; that flower is yours.

The individual is nothing. The men who built the pyramids are dead; but the pyramids stand.

Unconsciousness is superior dignity. Assumption of superiority is the one thing that arouses my indignation. I have a feeling of respect for a certain kind of humility. I believe, with Rousseau, that every one we meet is superior to us in some respect. I can't see the first brutal thing in what is called the brute creation. Every human being has the elements of the animal creation.

There's a call for everything that's fine; but there is n't a market for so much competition.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

HEARING MUSIC ON COMPULSION.

MUSIC is an excellent thing, in *its place*. But too much of a good thing is not good. At all times and seasons, but especially in summer, one hears perforce a never ceasing medley and Babel, or at least a general hum, of instruments and voices, loud blasts of brazen harmony (or discord), or half finished periods and phrases, idle scraps and bits of melody, mere haunting echoes of tunes so popular that they persecute us everywhere and turn the musical sensibilities into a source of torment, — things which we must hear and cannot escape, and yet to which we almost never listen. Now music to which one does not *listen* is of very doubtful benefit. It only distracts and dissipates the mind; it confuses and bewilders, calls the attention off from other things, without commanding any real, full attention to itself. Music, which is merely incidental to something else, to something which makes a more direct appeal, had in most cases better be left out altogether; its presence is impertinent, irrelative to what is going on. Only when it is in itself the main thing, the direct, objective point of interest, does it really speak to us, or do us any good, while in the way of musical culture it is worse than nothing; it begets a habit of listless inattention to that which, if it be of any account, is certainly entitled to a full and careful hearing, — not an involuntary hearing with the ears alone, but a considerate hearing with the mind, and with a yielding up of heart, soul, and imagination to its influence. Musical babble is unedifying. It spoils the appetite for music that means something; tends to bring on musical dyspepsia.

This text comes round with summer. Bands in the streets and gardens and on every steamboat, hand-organ grinders, whistlers of *Pinafore*, keep the air full of melodies that cross each other in all directions, to some of which, could you select, you might listen, in safe seclusion and get the good of them; but such "Stille Sicherheit" is seldom found. We would be choosers both of the what, the how, the when, and the where; — then we can listen; but "on compulsion? No!" Yet on the simple ground of general cheerfulness, we all like this tuneful Babel well enough; no one would have the air emptied of the commingling, crossing sounds; they incite a general disposition to enjoyment, to free, rhythmic, genial life, a good reaction from the old Puritanic narrowness and stiffness. It is all well enough in that sense; only it hardly counts in the sense of musical culture; it does not elevate the taste in music, nor does it prove us to be a musical people. The regular provision, whether municipal or private, of open-air concerts for the people in the cool evenings, on the Common and the smaller parks and squares, is really commendable. To these throng young and old, obedient to the desire to hear and listen to good music of its kind; we doubt not, most of the crowd try to hear, and give their best attention to the music that is offered, though it be merely music by a band, and by a band all of brass, and it may lead to something better.

With the inevitable out-door summer music we have no general; we only take from it the suggestion of our present topic, which is hearing music "on compulsion;" and we wish to speak of certain forms of this, which we think may be capable of remedy. It is not for the first time that we allude to them.

(1.) Here is a recent experience. It is the great annual academic festival at our oldest university, whom so many of us call Alma Mater, and delight to honor. It is a grand sight, — a thousand of her sons, age after age, in long procession winding through the shady grounds, and entering that vast dining-hall, to take their seats at table. Nowhere, probably, can you see such a number of such men assembled at a banquet; in such a gathering the humanity shares the inspiration of the whole. But during the half hour (nearly) which it takes them to get all seated, the band, to whose martial strains they have been marching, having found its way to a high-arched gallery at one end of the resounding hall, continues all the while its loud, ringing, stunning march, with full *fortissimo* of brazen monster tubas and shrill cornets; the terrible *rimbombo* making it impossible for the guests and classmates to converse with one another, or even think, all are so crazed by the numbending, utterly irrelative, tyrannical, oppressive noise. In some such scene, years ago, may Holmes have been moved to pray for "silence, like a poultice, to heal the blows of sound." Such occurrences are common on all such occasions. And though the band, a portion of them, may then take gentler instruments, as violins and 'cellos, to play interludes between the speeches, it is commonly with no plan of any fitting of the music to the word or topic, but all at random, like the music that we hear in theatres between the acts. And this for an audience of educated men, of men of culture and refinement, who have been trained to a sense of fitness and of taste in all things! One would say that such a dinner party would demand either music after a carefully studied programme, fitted to the other exercises and calculated to enhance their meaning and idealize and somewhat perpetuate their influence, or else to be relieved from the presence of the disturber. Harvard has her Musical Professor at last, and her musical classes, her fifty or more earnest students of the theory of music. Is it not time that she begin to treat the music of her festivals as an element of some significance beyond the mere timing of the march to dinner and relaxing the strain of attention to speeches dry or eloquent? Should not her music set a worthy example of selections and performance, classical and tasteful and inspiring? Now it is no better than one hears at a political rally in old Faneuil Hall; indeed, the latter is more relevant to its occasion, since it brushes up old patriotic tunes. This is one way in which we become victims to the music of compulsion.

(2.) But nowhere is the infliction quite so flagrant as in theatres. You go to see and hear a play, a drama humorous or tragic, and you have to hear something else which you don't want, which is simply a bore and a distraction, which breaks the spell of the good acting, and rudely interrupts the continuity of the drama, will not let you talk with your neighbor, or even think the matter over to yourself, but leaves you scatter-brained and with a headache. In this respect a thing like *Pinafore*, which turns it into an opera, and makes the music paramount, the element that chiefly claims attention, is a real blessing; and even to the poorest opera we can grant one virtue, if it had no other, namely, *the silence of the orchestra between the acts*. For the music commonly played while the curtain is down is wholly irrelevant, and even in a vulgar sense, impertinent. It has nothing to do with the play, either preparation or continuation and improvement of its mood and its effect. It is a rude assault upon the ear and sense just when one requires a little rest and silence; it keeps up what seems an endless and relentless repetition of a dance tune or hackneyed sentimental melody; and when the ambitious cornet-solo man begins to caricature the death-song of Edgardo, or to imitate a flute and reed in all sorts of florid variations, it is enough sometimes to drive one to despair. The appeal is to the lowest taste in the audience, and is sure to elicit much clapping of hands, while it fatigues and sickens those of finer culture.

In the best German theatres for the spoken drama, there is no music between the acts, and no orchestra is present, except when pieces like Goethe's *Egmont*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are presented, for which composers of genius, like Beethoven and Mendelssohn, have made music specially adapted to the play, and such as to render the illusion more ideally complete. Without any real interruption of the drama you can relax attention for a moment, and look round or talk with friends, and find yourself fresh for the next installment of the play, with brain not distracted, brayed as in a mortar by coarse, senseless, tedious noise called music. We are sure many persons would go to a good play oftener than they do, were this the practice in our theatres. But if there be music, let it be for music's sake, a thing that claims attention on its own account, and worthy to be listened to as such; not flung at our heads while we are cornered and cannot escape it. In an opera, however light, like *Pinafore*, it cultivates the common taste; we do not think the musical *entr'actes* of the theatre, as a general thing, do that.

(3.) The very diffusion of musical taste and knowledge, so desirable in itself, has this uncomfortable side to it. It compels us, — not absolutely, not directly, but yet practically, through our sympathies, our interest in concert-giving debutants, whose name is legion, through a good-natural disposition to encourage, to recognise and duly appreciate all degrees and kinds of real merit — to attend concert after concert, in season and out of season, and sit through lengthy programmes of all sorts of compositions by all

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the old and new composers, when one had much rather stay at home and make a little music by himself, or find an hour for once to study music, or take a walk or chat with friends, or go to a scientific lecture, or a reading, or a play, — in short, to anything rather than the nine hundred and ninety-ninth concert of a season still protracted into the midsummer heats and dog-days. This compulsion, to be sure, chiefly weighs upon musical editors and critics, who, because they have undertaken to give such notice as they can conveniently of the more significant phases of the advancing cause of music, seem therefore to be held in duty bound to make discriminating (and that means in too many cases flattering) reports on everything that passes in the way of musical publication or performance. The most unsatisfactory aspect of all such expected, and therefore half-compulsory, listening and reporting ("criticising," if you please) is that it uses the poor editor and critic as an involuntary advertising medium! But his is not the only class that suffers; all who have a name in the community for musical enthusiasm, taste, or knowledge, are more or less appealed to in the same way to listen to the new comer, to subscribe to, or at least accept a complimentary invitation to, the complimentary concert of the newly arrived singer or instrumental virtuoso, or the exhibition recital, matinée or concert, of such singing and piano teacher's pupils in their turn. It is a penalty we all pay for our love and taste for music. It has its pleasant and its irksome side. We do not know that there is any remedy to be found for it, or that it would not be surly and unamiable to seek one. We must make up our minds to hear much that we do not wish to hear, much that is good intrinsically, but not good coming in the wrong time, when we can only hear with ears, not listen heart and soul, simply as the consequence of happening to be somewhat musical.

We might pursue the theme indefinitely; but these specifications will suffice to show how Music, often welcomed as a heavenly visitor, may also be a persecuting bore, to none so aggravating as to the victim who is the most truly musical.

The "Ruth Burrage Room." — Mr. B. J. Lang has furnished to the Boston correspondent of the *Music Trade Review* the following interesting description of a little practical scheme, successfully put in practice under his (Mr. Lang's direction), for the benefit of earnest young pianoforte students. We had long been intending to make some account of it ourselves; but since the New York paper has the start of us, we are glad to borrow, hoping that by so doing we may lead some to avail themselves of the opportunity so generously and wisely offered. Mr. Lang writes: —

"In the upper story of Chickering & Son's building, accessible by an elevator, there exists a tastefully furnished room, containing two concert grand piano-fortes and a beautiful mahogany case containing every piece of music that exists for two piano-fortes, two players, and for two piano-fortes, four players (eight hands). Every symphony, concerto, overture, suite, etc., etc., to the extent in value of about three thousand dollars, is there, conveniently bound, with catalogues complete. Under appropriate rules for the convenience of the beneficiaries, this room is absolutely free to all, even without the asking. That this wonderful place is in constant use from morning until night, and has been from the moment it was inaugurated until now (nearly two years), is a matter of course.

"From whence came all this?

"A few years since there died in Boston a lovely girl of twenty-two (a fine pianist herself), a daughter of the Hon. A. A. Burrage, who, on her death-bed, expressed the wish that the little property of which she was possessed should be given, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, to deserving musical students. The before mentioned collection of music was purchased with Miss Ruth Burrage's money. The Messrs. Chickering & Sons allowed Mr. Lang to construct the room, and to retain it free of rent for the purpose, so long as they (the Messrs. Chickering) occupy the building; and, furthermore, do generously supply, free of cost, the two grand piano-fortes.

"Consider what delight one can get from this place. Have you two grand piano-fortes? Have you a hundred and fifty volumes of music for those two piano-fortes? This is a very expensive sort of music, while it is not just what one cares to own year in and year out. This attractive place is called the "Ruth Burrage Room." May this little description lead some generous mortal to carry out the same idea in some other of our musical centres."

The rules attached to the use of the room are simple, and not hampered by red tape:

"This room, with its piano-fortes and library of four-hand and eight-hand music for two piano-fortes, is intended for the use of persons who play such music tolerably well at first sight.

"For the convenience of those who may use it, and the preservation of its valuable contents, the following rules are established:

"1. The hours for the use of the room are from 9 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. only.

"2. The names of all persons using the room must be entered in advance in a book kept for the purpose on the third floor of the building.

"3. One hour or two hours at a time may be engaged by a party of two or four persons, by entry of the names of the party opposite the hour or hours decided; but such entry is never to be made more than seven days before the desired time.

"4. No party is to have the right to engage more than two hours in any one period of seven days.

"5. The same hour or hours, week after week, may be secured by the entry of the names of the party on their arrival each week for the same hour or hours in the following week.

"6. One hour on each of two days may be taken instead of two hours on one day, if preferred.

"7. Parties are to assemble on the lower floor, in order that the elevator may be used once only to reach the room. They are expected to use the stairs in descending.

"8. On reaching the room, umbrellas and clothing should be left on the rack provided for the purpose outside the door.

"9. The best care must be taken of the music; it must never be taken from the room, and never used as a seat, and the corners of the leaves must not be turned up.

"10. The pianos must be carefully treated, and be closed on leaving the room; the music must be returned to its proper place, the book-case locked, and the keys of the case and of the room put into the place assigned for them (unless the party having the next claim to the room stands ready to take them), and the window-shades drawn down.

"Implicit obedience to these rules, or to others hereafter established, is required from all who may avail themselves of the benefits of the room."

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Cincinnati, July 15. — The close of the winter term of the College of Music was preceded by six examinations of the pupils under instruction. Five of these examinations were semi-public, while the sixth took place before a very large invited audience in Music Hall. The numbers consisted in vocal solo and ensemble numbers, and solo selections for the violoncello, violin, and the organ. Space will not permit of any enlarging on all the performances of the different students; of two I will only make mention, that of Miss Funck and of Master Bendix, both pupils of Professor Jacobsohn. The former played the Fantasie-Caprice of Vieuxtemps, not only very smoothly in execution, but in a style which was more that of an artist than of an amateur. Master Bendix, in the first movement of a concerto by Viotti, showed himself very proficient both technically and in point of taste.

The convention of the National Association of Music Teachers, which gathered here on July 1st, was not largely attended. Mr. De Roode, of Lexington, acted as president. The programme was carried out to the letter. The essays read were by Mr. Parsons of New York, "The Relation of Music to Morals;" by Madame Seiler of Philadelphia on the "Physiology of the Voice;" by Mr. Krehbiel of Cincinnati on "The Sacred and Profane Influence in Musical Development;" by Mr. Van Cleve now of Cincinnati, on "Realism in Music;" and by Mr. Mees of this city on "Instrumentation, its Origin and Development." The last paper was illustrated, through the kindness of Mr. Thomas, by his orchestra, in a concert at the Highland House, in which selections from the works of Bach, Handel, Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, and Strauss, were performed in chronological order. At the afternoon session Mme. De Roode Rice of Chicago, gave a piano recital with an excellent programme, and Mr. Sherwood, of Boston, created genuine enthusiasm with his rendering of a long list of classic and modern compositions. M.

The Netherlandish Society for the Promotion of Musical Art celebrated its fiftieth jubilee in Amsterdam, May 23–25. The works performed were: Handel's *Joshua*; a Mass by Verhulst; "Der fliegende Holländer," by Richard Hol; the third part of the oratorio *Bonifacius*, by Nicolai; and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The Next Opera Season. — Mr. J. R. G. Hassard writes home from London to the New York *Tribune*: "Mr. Mapleson's plans for the next season in America are still vague, and I presume that they will be governed by circumstances not altogether within his control. Mme. Gerster will certainly return; I believe there is no doubt that we shall have Campanini, and Galassi also; and you have probably learned that Mapleson has captured from Strakosch no less a prize than Miss Annie Louise Cary. Here is an admirable quartet to begin with; but a double set of singers is needed for a good season, and negotiations with the others are incomplete. Mr. Mapleson informs me that he is making strenuous efforts to secure Nilsson. Nobody believes that he will succeed. Mme. Nilsson is engaged for next winter in Madrid, and I presume that neither she nor the manager is anxious to pay the forfeit of £3000 to which she would become liable by accepting the American engagement. Nilsson and Gerster would do well together, for their special rôles are entirely distinct. Del Puente will doubtless return, and among the less important members of the troupe are Mlle. Ambre and Mlle. Lido. I am sorry to say that there is more or less uncertainty about our enjoying Sig. Arditi's services again this year, for he, too, is wanted at Madrid. Sig. Muzio has made several engagements for Mr. Max Strakosch's next season in the United States, of which, as you know, the dramatic soprano, Teresa Singer, is to be the principal attraction. The tenor is Petrovich, a Russian, who was the first representative of the "King of Lahore" when Massenet's opera was performed in Italy. The baritone, Storti, — Italian, of course, — made a name, I believe, at Milan, where he sang with Mme. Sass in the 'Guarany' of Gomez. Castelmary, the French basso, is not unknown to fame; he has lately been heard in the 'Mefistofele' of Boito. I wish I could add that Sig. Muzio had engaged himself as conductor of the troupe; but there is no such good news. Pantaleoni, the baritone, who sang with the Strakosch company last season, is about to join Mapleson here. Mr. Max Strakosch has just arrived in London, and you will doubtless soon hear of his further arrangements."

From the same letter (London, July 5), we learn: "A German vocalist who has taken a distinguished rank here is Henschel, the bass, distinguished especially as an interpreter of German songs, and remarkable alike for the beauty of his voice and the purity of his method. A man of varied accomplishments, and a favorite in society, he is in general request. He steadily refuses to give lessons, but to this rule he has made a solitary exception in favor of our young countrywoman, Miss Lillian Bailey of Boston, who sang not long ago at one of Dr. Damrosch's concerts in New York. I heard her at a private assembly the other night, with Henschel at the piano, and was charmed and astonished at the progress she has made since she came abroad. Herr Henschel tells me that he intends to visit America in 1880. Miss Thursby is in London, singing frequently at private concerts and universally admired. The reports of her brilliant successes in London and Paris were not in the least exaggerated. She has lately received a letter full of compliments, constituting her a perpetual member of the French Association des Artistes Musiciens, and signed by Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Jules Massenet, Victor Massé, H. Reber, and others well known to the world. She is engaged for the Hereford, Bristol, and Gloucester festivals, after which she will return to America, probably in October. Several managers are in treaty with her for the United States, but she has not yet closed with any of them."

In addition to the promises for orchestral concerts made by the Harvard and Philharmonic organizations, the Euterpe promises this year to give its subscribers a rare treat in the way of chamber music for strings mainly. A series of eight concerts is proposed, and a plan is in contemplation which may give Boston musicians an opportunity to improve the record of this association over that of its initiatory season. The field for the association is one which offers rich attractions for its members, and, with such acknowledged ability at its head, the Euterpe can hardly fail to win a high position among the musical organizations of the city.

Notwithstanding all these attractions, Boston is also to enjoy the presence of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club during a large part of the season. Only two concert trips are contemplated by this organization during the season, one in October and November, the other in April and the late spring, thus affording an opportunity for it again to become a standard feature of the home musical season during December, January, February, and March. Its membership will be made good by the addition of artists of established reputation, whose names will be duly announced, and the long and honorable record of the club will be fully maintained during the coming season.

While the instrumental concert field will be thus richly provided for, the home opera season will be one of the leading features in the attractions of the coming month. The "Ideal" company will fill a month's engagement at the Boston Theatre, beginning late in September, or early in October, and present *Pinafore*, *Fatinitza*, and possibly a third opera during the season. By the withdrawl of Tom Karl, who goes to fill an engagement with the Emma Abbott Company, a change will be made in the Ralph and the Correspondent in the two operas, Mr. W. H. Fessenden assuming both rôles in place of Mr. Karl. Mr. M. W. Whitney

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resumes his place as Captain Corcoran in *Pinafore* and assumes the rôle of the Russian General in *Fatinitza*, materially strengthening the cast of the latter opera. Mr. Frothingham continues as the ideal Deadeye in *Pinafore*, and assumes the rôle of Steipann in *Fatinitza*, again strengthening the cast of the opera. Miss Adelaide Phillips will assume the rôle of Buttercup, as originally planned in the organization of the company, and will assume the dual rôle of Fatinitza and Vladimir, in which she made such a pronounced success upon the first night of the season. It will be seen that all these changes go to strengthen the company in both operas, and a successful season seems to be a certainty. — *Boston Herald.*

The répertoire of the Maretzek opera company for the coming season will include *Czar and Zimmerman*, by Lortzing, which will be called *The Two Peters*, an ingenious and sprightly work, known principally through orchestral arrangements; *Rabuson*, by Giorza; *La Colombe*, of Gounod, which will be called *The Dove;* Grisart's original *Doctor of Alcantara*, the French name of which is *Bonsoir, M. Pantalon; Sleepy Hollow*, the new opera by Max Maretzek himself, and *Fatinitza* to fill in.

Popular Orchestral Concerts. Mr. Listemann's Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, of about thirty of our best musicians, has issued a prospectus, from which it appears that the first venture will consist of five concerts, beginning in the latter part of October, at the Music Hall, their programmes to include the following among other works:

Beethoven: Symphony in F, selections; overture, "Egmont"; overture, "Leonore No. 3."

Schumann: Symphony in D-minor, selections; overture, "Manfred."

Raff: "Lenore Symphony" selections.

Spohr: Overture, "Jessonda."

Mendelssohn: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Wagner: Overture, "Tannhäuser."

Bach: Air and gavotte.

Schubert: Unfinished symphony in B-minor.

Liszt: Preludes; Hungarian rhapsodies; polonaise in E; "Faust" symphony, Gretchen movement.

Mozart: Overture, "Magic Flute."

Weber: Overture, "Oberon;" "Invitation a la Danse."

Saint-Saëns: "Danse Macabre;" "Le Rouet d'Omphale."

Tschaikowski: Andante for string orchestra.

Accomplished vocal and instrumental soloists will contribute to each programme.

Syracuse University. — A Commencement Musical Soirée of the College of Fine Arts was held in the Wieting Opera House on Monday evening, June 23. We presume it was under the direction of our old friend William Schultze, the musical professor of the university. Pupils of the institution, with their teachers and musicians of the place, took part in the following programme: —

Concerto in C, for three Pianos, two Violins, Viola, Violoncello and Bass . . . . *Sebastian Bach.*
Salutaris . . . . *Pocher.*
Pietà Signore (Prayer) . . . . *Stradella.*
Homage to Handel, Grand Duo for two Pianos, *Moscheles.*
Pur Dicesti . . . . *Lotti* (1620).
Sul Campo Della Gloria, from Belisario . . . *Donizetti.*
Capriccio Brillant, for Piano, with Quintet Accompaniment . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Songs: (a) La Violetta, (Romanze) . . . . *Mozart.*
(b) O Lac (Meditation) . . . . . *Niedheimer.*
Hymn, "I come to Thee for rest!" *Otto H. Wenzlawski.*
Vocal Duet, "Vieni" . . . . *Lucci.*
Ave Maria . . . . *Cherubini.*
Rondo Brillant in B, for Piano and Violin . *F. Schubert.*

Organ Recital. — Mr. Charles H. Morse, Professor of Music at Wellesley College, gave a recital on the great organ of the Boston Music Hall, on Saturday, June 14, with the following programme: —

Passacaglia in C minor . . . . *Bach.*
Organ Hymn, "Sancta Maria" . . . . . . *Whiting.*
Bénédiction Nuptiale . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
Sonata in D. Op. 42 (Largo e maestoso, Allegro — Pastorale — Allegro Assai.) . . . . *Guilmant.*
"Air du Dauphin" . . . . *Roeckel-Best.*
Andantino from the Symphony, "The Power of Sound" . . . . *Spohr.*
Overture to "Oberon" . . . . *Weber.*

FOREIGN.

M. Massenet's "Il Re di Lahore."—The following is a portion of an elaborate article in the London *Times* of June 30: —

"Massenet's new opera, the Italian version of which was played for the first time in England at Covent Garden on Saturday night, may be judged from two very different points of view, and the amount of merit granted to it will vary accordingly. If we look in an opera for the emanation of highest dramatic pathos combined with striking originality of melodic invention, and in connection with it of formal development, we most certainly shall be disappointed in Massenet's work. If, on the other hand, we are satisfied with flowing, though not very deep or very new, melodies expressive of the sentiments common to heroes and heroines of the lyrical stage, with admirable musical workmanship aided by gorgeous scenery, — with a work, in short, after the model of the grand opera as established by Meyerbeer and Halévy, the *Roi de Lahore* will command our approval and in parts our admiration. But before speaking in detail of the music it will be necessary to give a brief outline of the story which it serves to illustrate. Nair the heroine, a priestess of Indra, has inspired an unholy passion in Scindia, the all-powerful minister of Alim, King of Lahore, who claims her hand from Timur, the high priest. In the conversation between the two men which ensues it transpires that Scindia suspects Nair of receiving the visits of a stranger in spite of her sacred vows, and when questioned by him, Nair herself confesses her strong but pure love for a youth who, at the sound of the evening prayers, enters the temple nightly through a secret door. Scindia promises secrecy and forgiveness on condition that the girl will follow him as his wife; but this Nair firmly refuses to do, whereat her disappointed lover denounces her to the priests and priestesses, who assemble at the sound of the sacred gong. Death will be her punishment; but before it is inflicted the companion of her guilt must also be discovered, and for that purpose the priestesses intone the evening hymn, at which signal the secret door opens and lets in King Alim himself. The state of affairs is now entirely changed, and Nair from a culprit is converted into a royal bride. Even Timur, the priest, cannot oppose the will of his sovereign, who, to pacify the gods, promises at once to do battle with Mahometan armies invading the kingdom. Thus, among warlike and festive songs, closes the first act, Scindia only vowing secret revenge. In the second act we are in Alim's camp. A battle has been fought, and the King's army is beaten and he himself wounded to death. This opportunity Scindia uses for sowing treason among the fugitive soldiers: who, abandoning their King, proclaim him ruler of Lahore. Only Nair refuses to forsake the unfortunate Alim, and it is not till after his death that by force she is compelled to follow the usurper. In the natural course of things, *Il Re di Lahore* would now be an opera without a hero and a tenor. But such a contingency had to be avoided at any price, and M. Gallet, the liberalist, not satisfied with a single *deus ex machina*, accordingly introduces a whole system of heavenly machinery. When the curtain rises for the third time we are in the heavenly abode of Indra, the supreme god, who is surrounded by minor deities and the spirits of the blessed. The songs and dances of houris and other celestial maidens enliven the scene, which seems to draw inspiration from the Koran rather than from the Vedas. Alim, whose spirit is soon discovered approaching the throne of Indra, alone refuses to take part in the universal joy. Amid the beauties of Paradise he remembers Nair, and his ardent prayer is to be once again united with her. This prayer Indra grants, and in the fourth act Alim, restored to life, is at Lahore to thwart the designs of the treacherous Scindia, who is just on the point of crowning his success by the possession of the unwilling but powerless Nair. A stormy meeting of the rivals ensues, before the assembled people, and Alim is saved from the wrath of the tyrant by the priests, who give him shelter in the temple of Indra. Here, in the fifth and last act, he has a secret meeting with Nair, but their plans of flight are frustrated by the vigilance of Scindia, who enters the temple followed by his soldiers and threatens Alim with second death. Rather than become the tyrant's wife Nair seeks destruction by her own hand, and, according to Indra's decree, her lover joins her in death. In the final tableau the pair are seen ascending to the abode of bliss, while the baffled Scindia, according to the English version of the libretto, "regards them with deep emotion, then prostrates himself, hiding his face in his hands." The weakness of this plot from a dramatic point of view is at once apparent. The characters are little more than shadowy conventionalities, the celestial interlude is obviously introduced for the purpose of scenic display alone, and the air of unreality pervading the whole is intensified when the resuscitated Alim appears among the living people in his own form as if nothing had happened, and continues to act and to suffer exactly as he had wont to do. But perhaps it is unfair to judge by the canons of common sense a libretto which contains at least some effective situations and no end of opportunities for celestial and terrestrial marches, pageants, dances, and other attractions of the operatic stage. That on these the success of the work must to a great extent depend, the management at Covent Garden had fully recognized, and nothing more splendid, and, for the greater part, more tasteful, could be imagined than the way in which the piece is put upon the stage. The dresses throughout are gorgeous, and a perfectly dazzling effect of color and light is produced by the scenery and the grouping of dances and *figuranti* in the third act, where Indra's abode is represented. To sum up, M. Massenet's opera, although not a work of genius proper, is one of more than common merit, and contains all the elements of at least temporary success. The reception it met with augurs well for its immediate future at Covent Garden, a circumstance no doubt largely due to the excellent performance and *mise-en-scène*."

The great novelty of the Rhenish Whitsuntide Festival, held this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, was the performance, under the direction of the composer, of Max Bruch's new cantata of *The Lay of the Bell.* There was a band of 125 and a chorus of 400, so that the cantata was accorded, on the whole, a better chance than it had at its previous performances at Cologne and Berlin. Schiller's fine poem has before now tempted musicians, who have performed their work with more or less success. Zelter, Hurka, Bartels, and Lindpainter have set *The Lay of the Bell* to music, the setting by Romberg has long been popular, and Herr Carl Stör of Wiemar, a few years ago, wrote music intended as an accompaniment to, and in illustration of, the declaimed text of Schiller. Carl Stör's work gained a good deal of success in Germany, and it has also been performed at the popular concerts of Brussels. *The Lay of the Bell* of Max Bruch is, however, of larger dimensions, and is far more ambitious than its predecessors; while a special point has been made by the division of the poem into recitatives for such parts of it as are didactic and philosophical, and into solos and choruses for such portions as are merely descriptive. The opinions of the German critics as to the effect of this division are by no means unanimous. Some of the critics aver that it gives great variety to the *ensemble* without detracting from the unity of the work. Others, like the Cologne *Popular Gazette*, regret that the composer has not treated the declamation in the modern spirit. The paper quoted is, indeed, of the opinion that "the verses of Schiller, which are, according to Moritz Hauptmann, music of themselves, ought not to have been treated with the dryness of the ancient recitative, although it is true that Herr Max Bruch obtains great effects by the contrast which his melodious solos and magnificent choruses afford with these *arid* recitatives." The work is said to be well scored; but some of the critics aver that it is not remarkable from the point of view of originality, and lacks the grandeur and the power of inspiration with which Schiller's poem is so strongly impregnated. At the Rhenish Festival the chief part was undertaken by the bass, Staudig, who shared the honors with the composer-conductor, Herr Max Bruch. — *Boston Courier.*

Handel in Italy. — The first performance in Italy of Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, which took place at Rome on the 30th of May last, is an event of more than ordinary interest in the musical world. The Maestro Mustafà, Director of the Società Musicale Romana, to whom the merit belongs of having been the first to introduce *The Messiah* to Italian amateurs, has now rendered a similar service to his countrymen with regard to the great choral masterpiece just named; and to judge by the comments made on the occasion in the Roman press, there can be no doubt that he has found an audience fully prepared to appreciate the noble music of the great representative of musical Protestantism. The work was most carefully rehearsed, and its production was looked forward to with the keenest interest by the musical public, the performance being attended by the *élite* of the artistic and even the fashionable world. The execution is spoken of as highly finished, the well-trained choir consisting of upwards of 100 singers, and the orchestra numbering sixty performers; the solo portions of the work were rendered by the following artists, namely, Signore Alari and Borghi del Puente (soprano), Ricci de Antonis (alto), Signori Cotogni (tenor), Capelloni and Calzanera (bass.) All the Roman journals refer to the event at some length, giving sketches of the composer's career, and expressing the belief that the introduction of Handel's compositions into Italy will mark an epoch in the musical history of the country. As regards the effect produced upon the audience by the performance, the *Osservatore Romano* remarks as follows: "Every one appeared to be listening with profound attention and reverent wonder to those gigantic choruses, those sweet arias, those imposing fugues with which this classical oratorio of the great German master abounds. At every pause of the performance the universal admiration broke out into long-continued applause, thus doing homage to the celebrated master and bestowing also a well-merited reward upon the Maestro Mustafà, and all those who assisted him in the rendering of the work. Some of the most prominent numbers were re-demanded and had to be repeated." The Italian version of the English words is the joint work of Signori Guido Guidi and Girolamo Caldani. There have been several repetitions since the above first performance, each time before numerous audiences, and the interest taken in the work by the public appears as yet unabated.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has just been created Mus. Bac. by Oxford University, is a very great favorite with the undergraduates of that institution. At the granting of degrees the other day, the chief event was the descent from the upper gallery of an immense pinafore. Then followed from the undergraduates one of the most popular of the Pinafore choruses, which was received with tremendous and general applause, checked, alas! in the bud by a stern proctor.

M. Mermet, author of "Jeanne d'Arc," has, it is said, finished an opera, the words and music of which are both by himself. Its subject is "Bacchus," and its plot deals with the conquest of India by the wine-god: a paraphrase, it has been suggested, of "Drink." The new opera will, however, hardly be of much use to London impresarii, as a leading feature of it is a number of wild beasts. Fancy Signor Fancelli as Bacchus and Madame Nilsson as Hebe singing with the roaring of a lion obligato! — *Figaro.*

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 121.)

The summer still
Stood in its blaze of full-blown glory, proud,
Triumphant, and undimmed, but at that point
Of over-ripeness, when its golden floods
No longer rise and swell and forward press
With eager, joyous life, but seem to pause
Satiate, an instant, — rest content to glass
And contemplate their own imperial pomp
And gorgeous beauty; then insensibly
Glide on towards russet autumn, till they hang
Suspended o'er its edge so close, one hour
May bring its blight; perchance in one night more
All these rich splendors rock to their swift fall.
Now often when the day's fierce heat was spent,
Sanzio and Benedetta wandered off,
Bearing along their simple evening meal,
To some fair garden, or some breezy hill
Shaded by spreading trees. "Let Cousin Anna," —
He often called her so, and ever glanced
At Benedetta with a merry eye, —
"Give us our basket," he would cry; "to-day
We'll run away from her!"
Thus did she glide
In through his door one afternoon, saying,
"Come Sanzio mine, 't is time to go! The sun
Fast rolls his golden chariot towards the sea,
As you have taught me; on these sultry days
It is not well that you should toil so hard!"
But paused, not finding him before his work,
And glancing round perceived him stretched full length
Upon the lion skin, and fast asleep.
Yet was he fairly sleeping? She stole up
And softly knelt beside him, fancying
She saw the faintest shadow of a smile
Hover about his lips, and the fine eyelids
Quiver half imperceptibly. Yet no!
He lay and stirred not, resting like a child;
His cheek upon one hand, the other arm
Thrown careless o'er his breast, that rose and fell
With quiet, long-drawn breathing. By a touch
Light as a gentle breeze, she pushed away
The soft, brown hair fallen o'er his brow, and sat
Gazing most earnestly on that well-known,
Beloved, beauteous face. Was she deceived, —
Or did she mark in truth a change in it?
A change so subtle, that perhaps no glance
Save hers had noted it! Had that grave look
His brow wore ever, deepened into sadness, —
Was there a dim, dark shadow 'neath his eyes,
And round his lips a trace of age, a faint
Untimely line of grief and resignation, —
Had all the joyous life and power of youth
Withered away from him? She could not tell,
But suddenly, yet timidly bent down
And kissed those grave, sweet lips, — the first time thus
All of her own free will and wish. But scarce
Had touched them ere she saw, — too late, alas!
To speedily now draw back again and fly! —
They broke into their wonted, sunny smile,
And his eyes opened, while his clasping arms
Held her an instant thus, close to his heart.
Then with a merry laugh and springing up,
He cried, "And so I fooled you, and you came
To waken me so sweetly! Well, I own
I had grown weary past my wont with work,
And while I waited for your call, dear Love,
Had flung myself down here. But come, in truth
It is full time to go!" The Saints be thanked!
Was Benedetta's fervent, grateful thought,
As she looked questioning up into the eyes
That brightly smiled an answer to her glance, —
Surely I was deceived! Here is no trace
Of what I fancied!
They set out, and hastening
To leave the streets behind, passed through the gates,
And soon gained Sanzio's favorite spot, — a hill
Crowned by two mighty oaks, that cast their shade
Far down the slope, to where tall olive-trees
Mingled the sober silver of their leaves
With clumps of bright-green willows, and near by,
Upon another hill, a towering pine
Reared high its mournful, solitary head
Into the smiling heavens.
"Oh this is good!"
He cried contentedly, and here again
Stretched himself on the ground, — the swelling moss
Close to the foot of the great stems. "Dear heart,
Sit here and be my pillow for a while,
I'm but an idle, lazy boy to-day,
And good for naught, you see!" But when once more
She gently chid, and said he toiled too hard,
He lightly laughed her off.
Thus he lay long,
His head upon her lap, and silently
Gazed up into the specks of stainless blue
That high above shone through the giant crowns,
Or at the fleecy cloudlets floating past
And melting into air, and when a breeze
Stirred in the branches, said, "Hark, Love, I hear
The rushing swell of the eternal sea!"
Or turned and watched a wandering, lighter breath
Kiss Benedetta's faintly tinted cheeks,
And blow the wavy hair upon her brow
To close and closer ringlets, and asked smiling,
"What does he whisper in your ear, that new
Gay lover, hovering round you?" Then at length
He hummed a careless tune.
"Oh, sing me that!
It is a pretty song," she cried; "surely
The same I heard, yet heard but half, the day
I first knocked at your door!"
"I sing?" he asked;
"Methinks 't were better I should hear your voice!"
She shook her head. "I cannot sing," she said.
"O Sweet, have I not oft" — "Nay, Sanzio mine,
I can do naught but twitter like a bird, —
Sing you, I pray!"
So, leaning on his elbow,
He caroled forth in his clear, mellow voice: —

"What were more glorious than the balmy night,
Radiant with moon and star?"
"The rosy morn, dear heart, whose golden beam
Breaks o'er the hills afar!"

"What fairer than the autumn's purple tints,
When summer heats are done?"
"The spring, whose thousand bursting buds proclaim
New life begun!"

"Oh, and what sweeter than old love, that still
Brings back in memory's bliss
The snowy arms that clasped me, the red lips
That once returned my kiss!"

"The hope of new, my soul! — the downcast eye,
The gently heaving breast,
The blushing cheek, and flitting smile, that say
Thou shalt be blest!"

And when he ended and gazed up at her,
She said, but with a gathering pensive shade
On brow and lips, "The song is fair enough, —
And yet so strange! — old love and new, — methinks
That love is ever old and ever new!"

"And so you never knew it, — this old love?"
He questioned as he fixed upon her face
A searching, earnest gaze. "You are well sure
No other's image dwelled in this dear heart
Ere the glad day when it was given to me?"

"O Sanzio mine, how can you ask!" she cried,
And eagerly stretched out her hands to him;
But suddenly, ere he could seize on them,
Drew back, and asked with drooping head, "And you?"

"My little one," he said with gentlest graveness, —
But yet his eye fell, and he ventured not
To touch the hands that she had listlessly
Clasped in her lap, — "our paths lay far apart!
I have been tossed about on many seas, —
My heart and life are not so white as yours!
Ay, I have loved, — you ask, and would the truth, —
Loved, — many others, in the years gone by!"
He turned his face away, and could not see
How the swift blood rushed over cheek and brow,
Then ebbing slowly, left her white, e'en to
The quivering lips. A moment she sat mute,
Then asked again in a low, tremulous voice,
Yet bent an eager glance on him, "And now?"

"Now," he cried out, "Oh, now and evermore,
But you and you alone, my Love, my Saint!"
And fervently seized on her garment's hem,
To press it to his lips. — "I humbly pray
Forgive me, my Madonna, what I sinned
Before I knew the sweetness of your service;
I swear that I will swerve from it no more!"

She gently shook her head, with but the words, —
"Call me not thus, — it is not well! I have
Naught to forgive you, Sanzio!" And a pause
Then fell between them.
"Little one," he said
In lighter tone at length, and looking up, —
"Know you that many friends would have me wed, —
Plot what they call my happiness? A great
And powerful patron, ay, a sainted man,
Is pleased to offer me his brother's child.
In truth I'm much beholden to His Grace,
But fancy this poor bride will have to wait
Her bridegroom long!"
She faintly flushed again,
But made no answer. Something in this silence
Fretted and stung him; he tossed back his hair
With an impatient fling, and struck his foot
Upon the yielding moss. Then with his cheek
Still resting on his hand, he shook his head,
And long lay gazing up into her face,
With puzzled eyes, and wonder in his soul.
Deep down in that young, calmly-throbbing heart,
That lay yet dreaming in unruffled peace,
Like some still lake beneath unclouded skies,
Was there not hid the possibility,
The promise, of fierce, tossing, bitter storms?
Or would she live and bloom and fade away
But like some exquisite, sweetest, half-blown blossom,
That never ripened to full flower or fruit,
Withering in the fair bud? Who might foretell?
She loved him, — ay, he could not question it,
And yet even he had surely found no path
To reach her soul, quicken and wake in her
That slumbering fuller life in all its power!
And thinking it he drew unconsciously
A heavy sigh.
"Nay, Sanzio mine," she said,
"Pray wherefore do you sigh, and shake your head,
And look so strangely at me?" And she turned
Half shyly from his gaze. But suddenly
Her sober eyes lit up. "Oh, see," she cried,
"What a most beauteous flower right here below!"
And springing up ran half-way down the slope.
But in a moment had returned, and now
Bore in her hand a shining, full-blown lily
That trembled on its slender stem; while he,
Seeing her thus amid the sombre trees,
Thought of his Saint, who held the dragon bound.

"Ay, this is passing fair, in truth!" he said,
Taking the flower that she held out to him,
"And what a faint, fine fragrance!"
Sitting near,
She watched him gaze upon it tenderly,
And lose himself with far-off, dreamy eyes,
Deep in the stainless, golden-hearted cup;
Smiling at first; — but gradually the light
Faded from lips and eyes, — a shadow crept
Across the face that darkened more and more,
Until a melancholy, stormy frown
Sat on the brooding brow, and the set lips
Seemed to shut in a bitter wailing cry.
And suddenly he closed his fingers down,
And crushed the lily in his palm.
"O Sanzio, —
Oh, my sweet flower!" she cried, and would have caught
The broken, drooping thing he tossed away.
But startled ceased and stayed her outstretched hand,
As he with a fierce gesture hid his face,
Upon the ground beside him.
"Love, forgive!"
He said then, looking up with calmer brow,
And half arising, — "It is better thus!
Oh, it is well, believe me, — passing well,
For her to perish in her strength and beauty,
Untouched, unchilled by withering blight and frost!
They whom the gods love die in early youth,
Said that old people perished long ago,
And they said wisely! Ay, to be cut off," —
And as he spoke his voice rose more and more, —
"In the first flush of life and love and joy,
In all the fullness of unbroken power,
In the glad morning while the dew is fresh, —
Never to know the burning heat of noon,
The shadows of gray eve, the slow decay
Of dreary autumn, — never to behold
The shining splendors of the world grow dim

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And fade below the sky; — never to feel
The chill of disenchantment in the blood,
The weariness of disappointed hope,
The sickness of the soul, when golden fruit
Turns to pale ashes on the parching tongue, —
The thrill of ecstasy, the living glow
Of thousand sacred fires, fall flat and cold,
The palace of the blood that once throbbed high
Sink to the sluggish heat of feeble age, —
But have the sparkling cup dashed from our lips
Ere its intoxication stales and palls,
Ere we can drain it to the bitter lees. —
O gods, that were rare privilege and grace,
And thus to die were to have lived in truth! "

And as imploring those invisible gods,
Or as once more to drink in thirstily
The last full light of day that faded fast,
He turned his face up towards the shining sun,
With a strange rapture radiant in his eyes.

" And must those shadows come, — to all of us? "
Asked Benedetta, venturing at length
To break the long, deep silence that had fallen
When he concluded.

" So all things proclaim, —
To all of woman born! Ay, and I know,
I feel it here! " and saying it, he pressed
His hand a moment on his heart. " And sometimes " —

" Sometimes? " she questioned eagerly again,
As hesitating he broke off.

" Methinks
Those shadows have begun to fall for me!
Even as the blind can dimly feel the light,
So upon me who see, steals a vague sense
Of coming darkness! "

Yet even while he spoke,
There lingered such a brightness in his face,
That Benedetta, recollecting not
Her fancies as she gazed on his feigned sleep,
Cried out, " O Sanzio mine! Nay, you are like
The proud, rich, golden, ever joyous summer,
In all its glory, teeming with " — And then
Remembering, suddenly paused.

" And you," he said,
And with unutterable tenderness,
Too deep for other fond caress but this,
As in a silent benediction, laid
His hand upon the head that meekly bowed,
As though receiving it, " you, my Beloved,
Are like the dewy spring, the rosy dawn,
That no fierce noon, no scorching summer sun,
Has ever touched, — within whose purest heart
Lie folded countless, infinite promises
Of fragrant blossoms and sweet songs of birds! —
God keep you thus! God keep you thus forever! "
His once again exclaimed most fervently,
And gazed a moment deep into her eyes.

" But here, my Sanzio," Benedetta said,
And passed her hand, as he withdrew his own,
With a light touch across his brow, " here sits
So strange a look, — grave, deep, and sad, — a shade
I would so gladly banish! "

" Would you, Love? "
He gently asked; " press your dear lips here then,
And maybap that will help it! "

She leaned over
And softly kissed his brow, but shook her head;
" No, 'it is there still," she said, " 't is ever there! "

Then as she glanced across the hills, where now
The red sun hovered like a burning spark
That swiftly vanished, — " Hark, methinks I hear
The vesper-bells sound from the cloister, — ay,
'T is time for evening hymns! " and clasped her hands
In a brief prayer, but soon cried cheerily,
As if to break the spell that hung on him,
" And time for us to have our little feast!
Come, Sanzio mine, you've tasted naught since noon,
And must have need of it! "

And from their store
Gracefully brought him, on a spreading leaf,
A downy, deep-red peach, and a rich cluster
Of swelling, pale-green grapes. " No, not for me,"
He said, and gently put her hand aside,
I cannot, Love, — nay, pray look not so grieved,
There is no cause! But take them you, dear heart,
And that will do me good! "

But yet she too
Scarce put one golden berry to her lips,
And sad and silent shut the lid again
O'er their untasted feast, but left the fruit
Upon the hill-side in the moss. " Perchance
Some bird or bee were glad," she said, " to find
This banquet spread for them. "

Then stealing close
To Sanzio's side, she whispered, " And those others, —
Those that you, — did they love you, like as even as I? "

" Ay, — even as you, — yet differently," he said,
But looked not up, nor turned his face to hers,
" Better, — and yet I fancy not so well! "

A look of questioning pain passed o'er her brow,
And her lips parted as to speak once more,
But he, like one who thinks aloud, went on, —
" Ah, yes, I bear a weight of grievous sin,
Most humbly I confess it! Yet I know
That unto me too much shall be forgiven,
For I have loved much, — as the Saviour once
Said unto her who living sinned and fell!
Know that this last great passion of my soul,
Our sweetest, purest love, my Benedetta,
Shall wash my spirit clean of many stains!
Look," he cried suddenly, rising to his feet,
And stretched his arms upwards the wide-spread skies,
Now flooded with a gush of blazing gold, —
" In blinding glory such as this, the Lord
Rose up transfigured from the hill to heaven! "

Silent, for neither spoke, but hand in hand,
They took their homeward way at length; but once
Sanzio said, pointing to the skies again,
Whose radiant flush had faded in gray shadow, —
" Thus passes all the glory of the world! "

(To be continued.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

Among all the arts, music is the only one whose development into a higher, self-sufficient art (according to the manifestations we so far possess of it), belongs entirely to modern times. This fact of history, as well as the fact that this art has unfolded its highest, richest bloom on German soil, appears significant enough, but is not to be entered into here. What even the most prominent, most comprehensively cultivated people of antiquity, the Greeks, may have possessed (we know very little of it), can in no way be compared with that art, whose first germs developed themselves in the so-called dark mediæval times, to grow up, in the course of a few centuries, to that wonderful tree which now, with thousand branches, stands before our astonished gaze, and, like a Christmas tree overshadowing the world, is hung with fruits of every kind.

The many kinds which the totality of this art embraces, when divided according to the reproductive means required to bring its productions into outward manifestation, may be rubricked in three classes: purely vocal, purely instrumental music, and that for whose execution the instrument lent to man by nature (although developed first by culture), must be combined with that invented by him.

Vocal music reached certain high steps of development much earlier than instrumental music, — a phenomenon easily comprehended with a little reflection. Already in the sixteenth century the art of music had climbed up to a summit of perfection, and especially in Italy, where as such it has remained, unreached by later times; other summits formed themselves by the side of that; and there is no question that the art element in later centuries, above all in the German countries, including Austria, has developed itself much more universally and freely; but the outlook one enjoys from that summit is so sublime, so wonderful, that one is glad to return, even from the Dhawalagiris, which have formed themselves later, as well as from the friendly hills and valleys which lie imbedded between them, down the more or less connected mountain chains to that particular one to which he himself belongs.

But in these centuries, — down to the seventeenth, in the beginning of which the proper development of the Opera falls, — music *as art* stood altogether in the service of the church; as all art development in its beginnings is closely connected with the religious cultus, which in one of them, the so-called plastic art, early bore the most perfect and the ripest fruit. The great composers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and even most of those of the seventeenth century, had all devoted their artistic activity mainly to the church. In choral song that epoch shows its peculiar grandeur and beauty. The instrumental music produced in those times will not compare in artistic importance with those grandiose, magnificent creations, although they moved within the limits of a narrow style. Instruments, to be sure, were used in various ways even at that time to accompany the choral song, but mostly without any independent significance (even in Handel's oratorios this is small[1]), and the coöperation of several instruments in a higher musical art work was yet unknown.

Only when music became more emancipated from the church, only when the solo singing of the drama was developed, did instrumental music first begin to put forth its blossoms, destined in due time to ripen to such astonishing fruits.

One single instrument has a literature of earlier date to show, one which still retains its artistic importance, namely, the organ, which properly is not a single instrument, but rather a true pandemonium of pipe instruments combined into an organic whole. It is natural that in those times the organ, among all instruments, should have maintained the greatest artistic importance; for, inasmuch as art stood mostly in the service of the church, it is readily comprehended that the most cultivation was devoted to that instrument for which the church alone afforded room. The organ, too, as an instrument, had already reached a high degree of development, while the *clavier* still lay in the swaddling clothes of infancy; the "piano-forte" of to-day was not then even born; and it received its name from the fact that upon it the tone can be produced in all degrees of strength at pleasure, which was utterly impossible upon the old claviers, or "clavecins;" these permitted a *crescendo* and *decrescendo* quite as little as the organ. The organ and clavier (or piano-forte) are the only instruments which suffice by themselves, alone, to bring a complete musical work of art to a complete outward manifestation. Hence their study is the most rewarding, most important, for musical culture, while their literature is by far the richest in an artistic sense. In the latter respect, to be sure, the clavichord and the more modern piano-forte have far outstripped the organ, — a natural consequence of the whole art development, which (as it happens everywhere and always in the course of time) lost more and more the severe earnestness, the tendency to the solemn and sublime, which characterizes the earlier stages of art, and for which the organ seems to be by far the most appropriate art instrument; a

[1] The writer seems not to have read and weighed what Robert Franz has written about Handel's accompaniments. — Ed.

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natural consequence also of the fact that the piano-forte, after it was once invented and had reached a high development, offered an incomparably wider field of play, admitted of the finest shades of touch, and was available for all modes of expression which the modern art requires; whereas the organ, by its very nature, must remain restricted to a more narrow sphere, the more severe the style in which it is treated, and can never reach the many-sidedness of expression accorded to the piano-forte.

After these introductory remarks, which could not be avoided, I turn now to my special theme, the development of piano-forte music from Sebastian Bach, that grand master of the art, who in himself alone summed up the development of whole centuries, and went immeasurably beyond it, down to Robert Schumann, the most genial representative of the youngest art epoch. This I would characterize in outline, so far as it is practicable within the very narrow limits of a single lecture.

The history of every art shows certain form developments similar to those we recognize in natural history; only that in the former, the process of origination and of resolution passes infinitely more rapidly than in the latter. Certain forms grow up and reach a high point of development; then lose themselves, or resolve themselves into new forms shaped out of the same elements. Within these shifting forms the whole art-tic (indeed the whole human) sum and substance of the feelings and ideas of every epoch,—so far as such may be more or less sharply marked off,—comes to expression; but this, the farther art progresses (in an ascending and descending spiral line!), becomes more and more individualized, whereas in the earlier stages the masters of the art show comparatively slight individual differences, just as in the earlier, simpler stages, the human type exhibits less variety. All the earlier art shows a certain hardness, since it is still wrestling with the material; but finally, when this has become entirely soft and ductile, so as to receive all impressions, it melts away in luxurious delicacy. Imagination as well as feeling in the earlier art epochs appears still fettered by the severe labor which the understanding has to perform, and which chains the whole artistic energy, until at last the collective art material has acquired such softness as to render the moulding of forms mere play to the more gifted artist. Now for the first time the imagination develops its full power and becomes the energizing factor in the plastic processes of art, until finally it acquires supreme control, and in its glowing heat melts all the strictness of form, which nevertheless remains the foundation of all genuine art, in its crucible.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN GERMAN SCHOOLS.

BY DR. W. LANGHANS (OF BERLIN).

"A SCHOOLMASTER must be able to sing, or I will not look at him." Such are the words of Martin Luther, which, together with many another pithy saying of the reformer respecting the necessity of a musical education for the young, have not been spoken unheeded by his own country. It is true that the present age, with its one-sided bias in favor of the development of the purely mental faculties, has little in common with the enthusiasm with which musical art was cultivated in German schools during the sixteenth century, when a Johann Walther (then capellmeister of Frederick the Wise, and musical coadjutor of Luther in his reform of congregational singing) was enjoined, according to the provisions of the Sachsische Schulordnung, "to devote three hours to musical instruction weekly, as well as two hours to the practice of singing." Besides which, "continues the document referred to, "he shall give instruction three times a week, at his own house, to the singers employed in the choir, and finally, during the weeks preceding Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, he shall practice singing with the boys in the school daily at the hour of noon." Compared with this, the musical instruction included in our modern school-system, amounting as it does to no more than two, or, at the most, three lessons during the week, occupies a somewhat subordinate position, and more especially in the higher class public schools, where purely mental training is gaining from year to year greater predominance. But even there the results obtained by the existing musical instruction bear sufficient testimony of an intelligent appreciation of the art, both on the part of the pupils and their teachers. As an example of this may be quoted the well-known Gymnasium "zum grauen Kloster" at Berlin, an institution which in its scientific activity need not shun comparison with any other German grammar-school, and which at the same time assigns a prominent place to the conscientious cultivation of music. Here, more effectively than in any other of the fourteen similar educational establishments of the capital, the ultimate object of vocal instruction is kept in view, namely, to kindle among all the pupils a sense of appreciation of good, serious music, and to develop as far as possible their susceptibilities for melodious, rhythmical, and harmonic relations of vocal compositions. This desired end is sought to be obtained by theoretical instruction and the practicing of standard vocal pieces by both old and new masters; and the high aims for the direction of the institution in question, and the noble results which it has already achieved under the zealous guidance of its musical instructor, Professor Heinrich Bellermann, will be sufficiently apparent from the following extract taken from the Annual Report of the Gymnasium.

In the lowest form (Sexta) the rudiments of harmonic and rhythmical proportions are taught in conjunction with musical notation, while scales, solfeggios, chorals, and easy songs (Volkslieder) are practiced in unison and their structure explained, the entire class either singing together at a convenient pitch, or the altos and sopranos alternately. In the next form (Unter Quinta) the pupils are specially divided into sopranos and altos, with whom chorals, songs, motets, psalms, etc., by different masters (such as Palestrina, Graun, Marcello) are practiced unisono in each division separately. In the two second singing classes proper, easy two-part songs, chorals, and motets are introduced; whereas in the first or choral class compositions for four, five, six, and eight voices, by masters of the sixteenth and following centuries, are being practiced *a capella*, besides other works written with orchestral accompaniments, especially the choruses from Handel's oratorios, which never fail to exercise a stimulating influence upon the pupils. But the principal portion of our time remains devoted to *a capella* singing, so that every singing lesson in which this full chorus is assembled is at least commenced by a four or five-part choral, or a motet written in the severer style. The only instruction book in use is Bellermann's "Anfangsgründe der Musik für den ersten Singunterricht auf Gymnasien und Realschulen" (seventh edition), which is intended for the younger pupils only, as a brief guide in their study of the elementary part of the art, and which contains moreover a number of simple solfeggios and hyma-tunes. The music in use at the Gymnasium is either printed or copied out in separate vocal parts, it not being considered advisable to adopt the compressed score, or rather piano-forte arrangements, given in nearly all the collections of songs and chorals published expressly for school purposes, and by which the clear perception of the melody to be sung by him is unnecessarily rendered more difficult to the pupil.

But neither the excellent method alone, nor the ability of the teachers (Professor Bellermann being assisted in the vocal instruction by another of the staff of masters, Dr. Muller), nor the seventeen hours of teaching during the week, can sufficiently explain the extraordinary success attending the vocal study at the Gymnasium "zum grauen Kloster;" its ultimate reason must be looked for rather in the older artistic traditions associated with this institution, which exercise a direct influence upon all connected with it, including even those who have no immediate sympathy with the cause. For it cannot, unfortunately, be denied that the majority of leading pedagogues in this country, trained as they are in the dominant militarian principles of the age, occupy an indifferent and even hostile position with regard to art-instruction in schools, to the development of which many obstacles are, as a matter of fact, though not avowedly, presented on their part. It is owing to this opposition that, with the exception of the institution referred to, scarcely one of the Berlin State grammar-schools may be said to produce such satisfactory results, vocally, as the ability and zeal of the respective teachers—without exception professional musicians of eminence—would entitle us to expect. On the other hand, a better chance of success is offered wherever the singing-master also takes part in other branches of instruction which are considered more important by the ruling caste of philologians, a combination which is, however, met with in smaller towns only where there is a want of able resident professors. Thus at Torgau, a town of some 10,000 inhabitants, Dr. Otto Taubert, professor of ancient languages, and at the same time vocal instructor of the local Gymnasium, has succeeded in forming a choir among his pupils scarcely inferior to that of the "grauen Kloster" of Berlin, and the occasional special performances of which invariably attract a numerous audience, including visitors from the larger neighboring towns. It is owing to the exertions of this in many ways gifted teacher that the ancient musical glory of Torgau has gained fresh lustre in our day; for it was here where the spirit of Protestantism found its earliest musical expression in the founding of the first municipal "Cantorei-Gesellschaft" (1530), and where, a hundred years later (1627), the then novel art-form, but lately discovered in Italy—namely, modern Opera—was first introduced upon German ground by the production at the Court of the Elector, Johann Georg I., of the Opera "Daphne," fashioned after the Italian model, with the text written by Opitz and the music by Schütz.

The present flourishing condition of singing at the Torgau Gymnasium proves at least this, that the twofold capacity of a teacher placed as it were between art and science, anomalous though such a position be in this age of specialism, is nevertheless not without its distinct advantages, inasmuch as it invests the singing master at a school with an authority which, but for his

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double voice in the council of professors, he would not otherwise possess, and which enables him to resist the elements adverse to his cause existing among the general teaching body. And this leads us to the middle and lower class schools, the "Real" and "Volksschulen," of which the former in some cases, particularly in the larger towns, possess a specially appointed singing-master, while the latter have to shift without. If nevertheless the condition of school-singing is comparatively and on the whole more satisfactory in these than in the higher-class establishments, the reason must be sought for in the fact that the state, which regards art-instruction at the Gymnasia with perfect unconcern, exercises a direct influence upon vocal development in the Volksschule by exacting a certain degree of musical capacity on the part of its teachers as a condition of their appointment. All teachers of elementary schools (Volksschulen) emanate, it should be added, from Government training colleges or seminaries, in which music is taught as an obligatory branch of instruction, embracing not singing only, but also piano-forte, organ, and violin playing, as well as theoretical instruction, comprising harmony, simple counterpoint, and the elements of composition. Not that the future teacher of the Volksschule is expected to impart all his musical knowledge to his pupils; these are merely taught to sing, and as regards the theory of the art it is considered sufficient to make them acquainted with the notes, the intervals, and the rhythmical division. But the musical proficiency obtained in the seminary will not fail to prove of considerable service to the elementary teacher in another direction. A certain familiarity with piano-forte and organ enables him to combine, in the smallest places or in villages, the office of organist with that of schoolmaster. His violin, on the other hand, is of the utmost importance to him in his singing lessons, where the aid of some instrument is indispensable, while in most instances it is difficult to procure a piano-forte — to say nothing of the additional advantage over the latter instrument possessed by the violin in its capacity to produce absolutely true musical intervals, which the mechanism of the keyed instrument is incapable of, and the playing of which, moreover, necessitates the teacher's remaining in one place during the lesson, while with violin in hand he is able to move about the school-room and thus more easily to maintain discipline among the pupils. Taking into consideration, together with the above facts, the circumstance that the obligatory attendance at singing lessons, prescribed by the state on principle for all schools alike, is far more rigorously enforced in the Volksschule than in the Gymnasium, we need not be surprised if, as already stated, the results of the teaching are on the whole more satisfactory at the former branches of our system than at the latter. It should not be overlooked, however, that it is also far more practicable to insist upon the vocal instruction of all pupils in the Volksschule, seeing that compulsory education is only extended to the completion of the age of fourteen, *i. e.*, before the period of the mutation of the voice has commenced, which in the case of the scholars at the Gymnasium causes frequent interruptions of vocal study. Thus in the humblest village-school songs for two voices may constantly be heard, while not unfrequently also three and four-part *Lieder* will be correctly rendered by the children. In this respect Berlin again takes the lead, where in 105 schools more than 80,000 children are being instructed at the expense of Government. Respecting the musical influence of these schools a striking exhibition was presented last year to the public of the capital, on the occasion of the inauguration of the hundredth local elementary school. Among the festive proceedings in connection with the event was included a musical performance instituted and conducted by Rector Th. Krause, one of the few pedagogues who have to the fullest extent acted upon the maxim laid down by Martin Luther which we have placed at the commencement of this article. The performance referred to consisted of the rendering, by part of 1,200 pupils selected from their teachers, of a psalm composed by the conductor, and executed with the utmost purity and precision. The occurrence has attracted public attention to the great merit of Rector Krause, whose exceptional capacity as a musical pedagogue is moreover well known, and the desire is very generally expressed that he should be raised from his position as director of the leading Volksschule of Berlin to an office which would afford adequate scope for the exercise of his eminent talents.

Such an office, however, would have to be specially created, since it does not yet, unfortunately, exist in Germany, namely, that of a "General Inspector of Schools-singing." A certain control is indeed exercised by the Government over musical instruction in public schools, in the first place by the School Council (Schulrath), among the members of which one at least invariably possesses a musical knowledge, and, in the next instance, by the musical instructors of the training colleges who have passed the state examination, and upon whom also devolves the duty of periodically visiting their respective provinces for the purpose of inquiry into the condition of school-singing and reporting thereon to the Government. The latter, moreover, possesses an additional guarantee for the proper carrying out of the existing regulations in favor of vocal instruction at schools in the so-called "Institut für Kirchenmusik." This institution, founded in the year 1822, and connected with the Royal Academy of Arts, has for its object to convey such additional musical instruction to organists, cantors, and other professional musicians, as would enable them to take positions at the higher educational establishments of the country, special preference being given to pupils at the seminaries who have shown manifest interest for the art, and to whom an opportunity is thereby afforded for its more extensive cultivation. Thus the tendency of the institution in question is one of almost ideal excellence; but the sphere of its activity is unfortunately limited to insignificant proportions as long as the subsidy derived by it from the state amounts, as it actually does, to no more than about 9,600 marks (not quite £500), the professors giving their services gratis. In spite, however, of its pecuniary restrictions, upwards of ninety cantors and organists have during the past ten years reaped the benefits offered by the institution; and the great merits of its zealous director, Professor Haupt, have met with at least an indirect recognition on the part of the Conservatories of Vienna and Prague, who, in the reorganization of their respective organ-schools, have adopted the institution conducted by him as a model. Considering, then, that the above-mentioned insignificant sum, together with the moderate salaries paid to the musical teachers at the government seminaries (2,400 to 3,000 marks, besides free residence, their number being 121), make up the sum total of the direct state grants for the purpose of vocal instruction at schools, it seems not unreasonable to anticipate a further extension of government subsidies for the appointment of well-paid inspectors of this branch of national education, whose first duty it would be to remove the manifold defects in the prevailing system, with which the existing supervision has proved itself unable to cope, and to prepare the way for the adoption of a universal method of vocal teaching in German schools (so constantly insisted upon at the periodical meetings of the General Association of German Musicians), which would serve as guidance alike to the teachers of the Volksschule and to the directors of the military choirs established throughout the entire German army. This question, though not as yet taken up by the state, has at least advanced a step nearer to its solution by the recent publication of a work entitled "Tafeln für den Schulgesang-Unterricht" (Tables for Vocal Instruction at Schools), by the Berlin organist Hermann Hauser, the excellence of which for practical purposes may be inferred from the fact that it has already been introduced into 400 schools. Nor have the members of the General Association of German Musicians, nothing daunted by the all but indifferent attitude of the Government, been remiss of late in their zealous advocacy of the cause of reform of school-singing; and it is only a few weeks ago that a pamphlet was issued, at the expense of the Association, from the pen of Albert Tottmann (the leader of the reformatory movement in this direction in Saxony), pointing out in an able and eloquent manner the importance of this branch of popular instruction in its hygienic, psychological, and ethical aspects. The suggestions contained in this pamphlet demand the greater attention, since they are the result, not of abstract theoretical speculation, but of an extensive practical experience, the author having been for years the highly successful vocal professor at one of the leading girls' schools of Leipzig, the periodical musical performances of which bear witness to his great ability as a teacher of singing. His example, in fact, as well as the no less successful activity of Musik-director Alexis Hollander, of the Victoria Girls' School at Berlin, furnish moreover sufficient evidence of the capacity of female youth, provided it be ably instructed, to vie with the male in the production of valuable artistic results.

The southern states of the Empire, though more productive in musical talent than the North, have as yet remained considerably behind the latter in matters of organization and general practical results as regards vocal instruction in schools. Much activity has, however, been displayed of late years, especially in Bavaria, with a view to a general reform of school-singing. In this respect valuable service has been rendered by F. Greil, of Munich, whose admirable collection of Volkslieder was introduced some nine years ago into all Bavarian Government schools. At Munich, obligatory vocal instruction at the elementary schools has only been adopted since 1869. Before that period, however, there existed at every school a so-called "central singing class," which all the pupils were enabled to join upon a small extra payment. Although obligatory singing lessons have now rendered the majority of these institutions superfluous, there still exists at Munich a "Central-Singschule," founded more than fifty years ago, where children from all parts of the town may receive vocal training. At the annual public examinations of this establishment choral compositions for four and more voices by the best masters are sung (with the assistance of the choristers from the Opera for the tenor and bass parts), and the general excellence of the performances furnishes unmistakable evidence of the earnestness and zeal with which the vocal study is conducted. Similar results are to be expected of the Bavarian elementary schools, where Greil's method of teaching, already adopted in principle by the Government, is gradually becoming more generally introduced. This method has much in common with that of the vocal instructor of the Berlin Gymnasium, "zum grauen Kloster," H. Bellermann, of whom men-

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tion has already been made. Grell's system insists upon combining instruction in *speaking* with the singing lesson during the first years of study. The healthy development of the vocal organs being moreover essential for the successful cultivation of the oratorical faculties, singing is to be taught as an art, that is, according to scientific principles, particularly as regards the formation of the voice, the pronunciation of the vowels and consonants, etc.; and this cannot fail to prove, in its turn, a most valuable aid to the pupil in his reading lessons, while facilitating also his study of orthography. Not till after the third or fourth school-year is the pupil allowed to sing from notes, the subsequent course of musical instruction being dependent upon the number of lessons placed at the disposal of the teacher during the week; but, according to Grell's opinion, vocal instruction at the elementary schools should be confined to two-part or at the most three-part singing. A vocal instruction-book from the pen of this excellent musical professor, and wherein his method is more fully expounded, will be published during the present year.

The foregoing observations may suffice to complete our sketch of the condition of musical or more especially vocal instruction in German schools. That the existing organization is, on the whole, a satisfactory one will scarcely be denied. But this well-developed organization lacks as yet a central motive power, and will continue to do so as long as the state fails to recognize the perfect equality of music with purely mental culture as a means of education — above all at the Gymnasia or state grammar-schools, from whence a newly awakened art-appreciation would naturally spread to the elementary schools also. If, therefore, the authorities can be brought to perceive the necessity of elevating the musical faculty at state establishments to the position indicated, or of the preliminary introduction at least of a universal system of vocal teaching under the supervision of able, professionally trained inspectors, Germany will doubtless continue to maintain the great reputation in matters musical which she enjoys outside her boundaries. If not, our neighbors will anticipate us in the adoption of these essential national measures, and will erelong have superseded us in the matter of school-singing. For every nation represents in itself the general type of humanity, upon which — apart, of course, from individual distinctions — the Creator has bestowed his gifts with an impartial hand. And if by chance one of the civilizing nations has remained behind in the development of this or that element of human culture, the reason must be sought for, not indeed in the want of natural ability, but rather in unfavorable outward circumstances. All that is needed, then, is the determination to remove these obstacles and to choose the proper remedies, and it will follow as a matter of course that what has hitherto been neglected will speedily grow into healthy existence; and the results thus obtained will not compare unfavorably with the best achievements of any other nation. — *London Musical Times.*

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XI.

We are so delighted with the idea of Equality in this country that we try to subject Art to it. We try to teach everybody just the same thing. If something grows up above the common, we find it out at once and promptly smash it. Our motto ought to be Equality and Imbecility.

People look at pictures, not to enjoy them, but to find out something clever to say about them. They roll up a great ball of opinions, like a boy's snow-ball, and there is nothing accomplished in it. It is about something, but it is nothing. And everybody admires them on that account.

"Then you think that people's ideas are more liberal in Europe?"

Yes, about Art. When I was a boy of nineteen I sent my picture to the *Salon*. They took it and hung it well, and the older artists said, "Bravo! you're going on well!" That kind of thing does n't happen here. They really love Art there for itself. But here, although there's plenty of ambition, there's little love. If Paganini were to appear, people would listen to him with their mouths open for a few days, and then not care to hear any more. But respect him to give their children some lessons! And when the girls had learned to hold the bow in the right hand and bend the elbow, they would think they knew as much as he.

People like better to be first than second. Have you ever noticed how the wild-geese fly? The leader is always some way ahead. He feels it proper to keep the others at a little distance. And there are plenty of people like him in this country. But they are more apt to be cold in their backs than in front. They can't have too many warm friends behind, but they don't want anybody before them.

What are called weaknesses are often helps to character. Strength, without any weakness at all, is too hard; as hard as diamond or steel. And you don't make an impression with mere hard force. That smashes a hole, which is not what you want.

I believe that the natures of animals, tigers, monkeys, and all, come together in man.

I believe in production, in doers and doing. The poverty of to-day comes from the fact that people leave producing and go to cheating each other. All the result of production is invested in locomotives and in telegraphs. To get them, money is taken from the people and put into the pockets of the corporations.

Taine suggests; Ruskin dogmatizes. Taine does n't pretend to give receipts. The cook-books are full of receipts for making bread, but not one woman in a thousand can make good bread.

"Rousseau's idea of finish!" He had a receipt for it, but he spoilt his whole existence by using that kind of finish. The definition is good, but the picture is spoilt.

It don't take many of Ruskin's "added truths" to make a lie.

Keep all that you feel for your work.

Remember why.

A bird is finished when he can fly.

Memory-sketch every day.

Don't put in too much detail! What's that stuff they put into scalloped oysters?

"Mace?"

Yes, mace. Detail is like that.

It took Coleridge to teach Allston, with his gentle nature, that real criticism should be the insight of a work by its qualities, and not by its faults.

If there's such a thing as Eternity, there's such a thing as Inspiration.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

SINGING CLUBS: REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CECILIA.

The numerous choral and part-song clubs which have sprung up within a few years have become an important phase of the musical activity, and we may say musical culture, — at all events here in Boston. The earliest and simplest organizations of the kind were little social knots of singers, who contented themselves with English glees, and found great delight in Callcott, Bishop, and the several generations of such clever writers. Then it became not uncommon for small circles to meet at one another's houses for the practice of the Mass compositions of Haydn and Mozart; lovers of religious music naturally seeking some such means of escape from the dry, humdrum monotony of the old psalm tune — a type multiplied *in infinitum* by the money-seeking makers of continually new "collections;" for at that time the German chorale, with the wonderful harmony of Bach and others, had not begun to be known here. Then came the part-song clubs, at first confined to our German fellow-citizens, who, under the general names of Liedertafeln, Männerchöre, Mannergesangvereine, or more special titles, such as Orpheus, Arion, etc., made as acquainted with the many beautiful German part-songs, — above all those by Mendelssohn and Weber, — and who sang them with such fervor that all caught the spirit, and the English glees went out of fashion.

No doubt much love of vocal harmony was kindled and spread far and wide by these clubs of German part-song singers. But with persons of refined musical taste the charm of this, too, soon began to pall. In the first place, the four-part harmony of mere male voices of itself was sure to grow monotonous after the first hour of listening, and then the crowding of mere tenor and bass parts within such narrow compass reduced the range of possible variety of composition within such limits that the type became virtually exhausted; within the few ever recurring forms of sentimental love songs, spring songs, war songs, etc., all began to sound alike. With the combination of male and female voices, with the choir of "mixed" voices, the range became incalculably wider, and the repertoire of interesting and inspiring choral music, representing all the individuality of the masters of real creative genius, was not likely to run short.

Now choral societies of mixed voices are the order of the day, and those which have taken the lead among us, like the Cecilia, the Boylston Club, and others that might be named, are unmistakably a great help to the cause of music in an artistic sense. They are strong enough in numbers, and yet sufficiently select in quality of voices, sensitiveness of ear and faculty of reading at sight, to make it possible to bring out really important works by the best masters, and to do them justice. Such things as Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, or his *Manfred* and *Faust* scenes, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Handel's *L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso*, even the Cantatas of Sebastian Bach, the Masses of Palestrina, are but a few of the great works which may be done and have been done in this way. These clubs also, by the nature of their organization, contain a certain guaranty of disinterestedness in what they do for art; they make not merchandise of art; there is no speculating impresario to dictate what they shall or shall not sing; they do not sell tickets, they sing to invited audiences and in a friendly atmosphere; their treasury is kept full

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by subscribing "associate members," and sympathizing volunteers and backers, who delight to "assist" at concerts and rehearsals.

One important element, however, for a long time was wanting to the completeness of such performances, and that was the orchestra. Such works as we have above named do not convey the intention of the composer without that; the orchestral accompaniment is part and parcel of the work, nay, is of the very soul and spirit of the work, with such masters, just as much as the voice parts. In some of the club performances of the last two years this want has been tolerably well supplied, and those singers who once complained of not being able to hear their own voices behind the mass of instruments, have become gradually but surely converted to a faith in orchestral accompaniment. In one or two instances a work has been given first with orchestra with triumphant effect, and then repeated (on grounds of economy) with nothing but pianoforte accompaniment, and the second performance fell so flat that everybody felt that the orchestra must be a *sine quâ non* from this time forward.

Fortunate is the club which has such wise management and guidance, especially such a president, in these questions of selection and performance, as the Cecilia, which has now completed its third year. The annual report of its president, Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike, made at the annual meeting in June last, is so full of good suggestions, worthy of the thoughtful consideration of *all* vocal clubs, that we cannot forbear presenting the entire document to our readers. Particularly must we commend all that he says about orchestral accompaniment, and about the importance of the study of the vocal works of Bach and Handel.

For the third time, contrary to my expectation of last year, I have the honor to present, as President of the Cecilia, the annual report of its affairs.

The active membership has been somewhat larger than in previous years, and the attendance more satisfactory. Few resignations have occurred, and few dismissals for lack of attendance or other causes. The vacancies have been readily filled from the large number of applicants for admission.

The rules regarding constancy and punctuality have been, in accordance with my recommendation of last year, more strictly enforced than before, and the result is very encouraging.

The Club has given six public performances. One programme was presented November 25 and repeated November 29; a second February 7, repeated February 10; a third April 21 without repetition; and a fourth May 8.

In our selections we have followed the course indicated in my last report, and have in the main carried it out. One or two works there mentioned have, it is true, necessarily lain over for another year. Art is long, and time (at least the time of the average concert season) very short indeed.

For our first pair of concerts, given with piano accompaniment, we had an attractive programme, comprising Rheinberger's "Toggenburg" ballad, for the first time in America; a chorus from Liszt's "Prometheus;" a march and chorus from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens;" a quiet and beautiful part-song, by Hiller; one of the Bristol prize-madrigals, in which Mr. Leslie has followed so well the spirit and form of the old madrigalists; four of the Italian canons of Hauptmann, the same which gave so much pleasure two years ago at the Harvard Concerts; Mendelssohn's song, "By Celia's Arbor;" and two piano pieces by way of overtures, — one being an eight-hand arrangement of the Allegro of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, and the other "Les Contrastes" of Moscheles. Tempting as this programme was in promise, in performance it was somehow a disappointment. Much pains had been taken to make it varied and interesting in selection and arrangement. The music had been carefully rehearsed, and was well conducted and sung. The piano pieces were given with great life and effect. Still it is to be feared that both singers and audience felt the evening, as a whole, to be dull and spiritless. The reason is hard to find. One critic suggests that the laudable effort for variety had been a little too obliging. But variety can hardly be overdone where all the components are good and well combined and contrasted, and the quantity not excessive. Another says that the concert needed an orchestra. But none of the vocal pieces were written for an orchestra except the Liszt and Beethoven numbers. So we must fall back upon atmospheric influences, and conclude that the moment was, for some unknown cause, inauspicious. This reflection is the familiar consolation when the best-laid plans go astray, — an experience which often occurs to persons who try to entertain their fellow-mortals, whether by a concert, a ball, or a dinner.

Our second pair of concerts contained but two numbers, each of them of the best: a half of Bach's "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," and the whole of Gade's "Crusaders." For an account of the first performance of this programme with orchestra, the excellence of the choral and orchestral work, and the admirable singing of Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Noyes in the first piece and Miss Gage in the second, with Dr. Langmaid and Dr. Bullard in both, I must refer you to the local critics, the ablest of whom pronounced this the Cecilia's finest concert thus far, in the course of its three seasons. The repetition had to be given, on the score of expense, with accompaniment of piano and organ, and the contrast with the previous evening was depressing, — another occasion to point the moral that it will not answer to divorce works wedded to instruments from their lawful alliance, and a hopeful sign, in that the violence done was felt by every one in the hall.

Of the third programme (the fifth performance of the season), the first half consisted of twenty one numbers from Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso," which were sung, says a pleasant newspaper criticism, "in a way to show the fascinating composition in so favorable a light that none save the most inveterate Handel-hater could have listened to it uncharmed." Handel's orchestral score was, of course, reinforced by Robert Franz's additional accompaniments. For the solos we were indebted to Miss Mary A. Turner, one of the best pupils of Madame Rudersdorff, and to Mr. George L. Osgood, so identified with the cause of good music in Boston, and with the production of this particular work on both sides of the water. In the second part of the concert Miss Welsh repeated, with female chorus, her capital rendering of Rubinstein's "Nixie," this time with its exquisite orchestration; Mr. Wilkie sang "Il mio tesoro" most creditably, and the Club sang the new prize glee, "Humpty-Dumpty," and Gade's lovely "Spring-greeting."

The fourth programme (the sixth performance of the season) presented the entire musical setting by Mendelssohn of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the play itself being read by Mr. George Riddle, the Harvard teacher of elocution. It was scarcely a performance by the Cecilia as a Club; but, if we may believe the unanimous voice of our associates and invited guests, it was one of the most charming entertainments which could possibly be offered. The orchestra, under Mr. Lang's able lead, gave their numbers better than they have ever been given in Boston, the solos by Mrs. Hooper and Miss Gage and the fairy choruses were admirably sung, and Mr. Riddle's reading, in all the various phases of the text, — heroic and sentimental, elfic and comic, — showed him a master of his profession. His sympathy with and adaption to his musical accompaniment were especially noteworthy. And so our third season ended joyously and delightfully, leaving us, I am sure, encouraged and inspired for our future work.

Pardon me a word or two upon a subject which I have already mentioned in previous reports. We have given during the season music by both Bach and Handel. Many of us have doubtless been obliged to justify this course in answer to the inquiries of our friends. The answer is and must be always the same. We sing this music because of its intrinsic worth, — a worth which sounds through and above the figures and fashions in which it is dressed. The figures in vogue in the day of Bach and Handel are strange to us now. The fashion of the dress is past. Perhaps — who can tell? — some day it may come up again. But whether it returns or not, the music which underlies it must always have its word to say to him who has ears to hear. Garrick, a century ago, used to play Hamlet in a laced coat, knee-breeches, and full-bottomed wig; but beneath the formal clothes and wig was still the Hamlet of Shakespeare.

And it is no longer necessary to speak quite so apologetically as awhile ago in defense of this old music. It finds a growing interest among performers and listeners. Music-lovers, not only in Germany, but in England and America, are devoting to it labor and zeal. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir constantly sings cantatas by Handel and Bach. A Bach choir of amateurs was formed three years ago in London, which sings Handel and Palestrina as well. And here in Boston the Boylston Club, among its many notable good deeds of the past year, has responded to an imperative demand for a repetition of Palestrina's beautiful Requiem, and the Handel and Haydn Society has drawn together an immense audience, which sat through a long afternoon and evening, all attentive and many spell-bound, under the immortal strains of the Matthew-Passion of Sebastian Bach. All this is significant of a real awakening interest; for our people do not go to concerts in a spirit of antiquarian curiosity, but to be delighted and edified by that which appeals to the living tastes and sympathies of the present. It shows that these old composers belong to what Carlyle, in the best definition of a classic ever given, calls "that select number whose works belong not wholly to any age or nation, but who, having instructed their own contemporaries, are claimed as instructors by the great family of mankind, and set apart for many centuries from the common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men."

I cannot forget, when venturing to pass judgment upon the musical work of ourselves or of others, that I am only an amateur speaking to amateurs. My criticisms may seem crude and inadequate to those whose very life is music. They may ask what this man can know of the real merits of the questions upon which he presumes to speak. So, perhaps, to such as these, the whole study and performance of a club like ours seems as to us the singing of the public-school children or of a country choir. Let us therefore be modest, and submit ourselves to our spiritual pastors and masters as implicitly as we may. It is good for us to be worshipers even in the outer courts of the temple, and to catch broken glimpses of the mysteries that are passing within. For most, if not all, of us music must be a small part of our weekly occupation. We are busy in our shops or offices or factories or farms. Our life is spent not so much in living as getting means to live. But every man who has any aspirations above the mere drudgery of the world manages to find time in every week for a life somewhat truer and higher than his bread-and-butter earning existence, — one in his books, another in his pictures, another in his church, another in his garden. And it augurs well for the musical progress of the age that so many men and women, and more every year, find satisfaction and delight in devoting the leisure they have won and the culture they have acquired to the pursuit of music, not as an amusement but as an art. We do not hope or expect to become artists; but we do hope and expect to grow day by day in taste, appreciation, and musical feeling.

The Treasurer's report is most satisfactory, and shows the Club still in good financial condition. But the report is a sad one to receive, for he who should have presented it has left us. When our season was nearly over, — but a few weeks ago, — Thomas Franklin Reed set out upon a short voyage in search of health. He found, instead, his death two weeks after landing at Para. Associated with this Club from its commencement, associated with many of us for a much longer period in pursuits of business, or art, or social life; commanding the respect of every one by his fidelity to duty and his executive ability; winning the love of all who knew him by his genial and affectionate nature, — he has left a void not easy to fill.

In accordance with usage, I have to submit at this meeting any suggestions for the future. We shall, of course, follow the same general plan as heretofore, giving as great a number and variety of things, both new and old, as our time and means will allow. We have in our library, untouched, or scarcely touched, the Faust and the Manfred of Schumann, one of the shorter cantatas of Bach, and many part-songs, madrigals, etc. We have also under consideration the Odysseus of Max Bruch, and a repetition of his "Fair Ellen." The detail of the coming season can hardly be stated now, but must be left for future announcement. One point, nevertheless, must be decided speedily. The experience of two years has confirmed us, both active and associate members, in the belief, alluded to in this and previous reports, of the constant, or at least frequent, necessity of an orchestra. An orchestra costs a great deal of money. Shall we meet the demand by raising our assessments, or shall we give admission to a greater number of associate members, and let each member be content with a somewhat smaller number of tickets than during the last two years? This subject I submit to your careful consideration.

In conclusion, I beg to express to you my sincere thanks for the constant support and kindness shown me during my three terms of office, my best wishes for the continued success of the Club, and my full belief that it has before it a long career of usefulness and honor.

THE THEATRICAL "TREMOLO" FIEND.

In speaking, in our last number, of the bore of having to hear so much irrelevant music between the acts of plays in all our theatres, we forgot to mention a still worse infliction, which has grown into a theatrical custom of late years, namely, the uneasy interference of the orchestra all through the play. A year ago we alluded to this vicious, vulgar, unartistic practice, in about the following terms: —

This modern way, particularly in harrowing sensational dramas, though it is no longer confined to these, of setting up a nervous tremolo pianissimo accompaniment in the strings at every entrance of a dark or mysterious personage, or at the approach of any critical moment, or throughout a very sentimental and pathetic scene or passage, is simply an abomination and a nuisance. It is a vulgar trick of effect, reducing tragedy and comedy alike to cheap melodrama. It is not really *music;* it is only a senseless irritation of the nerves, intolerable to any sensitive and refined listener, be he musical or not. Why do they do so? What good end is gained by it? Does it make the tragedy more tragical? the villain of the plot more terrible? the meeting or the parting, however fateful, of the lovers, more heart-rending? No; it only tempts you to ex-

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claim, like Othello: Silence, those dreadful violins! This pestilent accompaniment, this quivering, quaking undertone of nervous dread or mystery, this hysterical tittering tremolo of strings, so utterly uncalled for, only robs the scene of any semblance of reality. If the scene be one to thrill and make us shudder, we don't want the shuddering *done for us* in the orchestra! And while we fight that off and shriek from it, as from the hum of persecuting insects, our sympathies are withdrawn from the play itself. It is as if the people in the pit or gallery should begin to sing, and hum, and whistle; until it is suppressed, you only think of that annoyance, and not of what is passing on the stage. Why strive to turn the play into a *quasi* opera, a thing neither fish, flesh, nor fowl? All these cheap arts of heightening the effect, only enfeeble it, and vulgarize the whole performance. We do not wish to be told when we must thrill with awe, when we must tremble with expectation. These signals are officious and impertinent. If the play itself be not "the thing to catch the conscience of the king," will your cheap advertising dodge of "tremolo" be apt to do it?

— In the opera, of course, the case is different. There music is the chief element of expression; there music is principal, and employs all its means of voices and of instruments to prepare the hearer's mind, and to intensify expression. But this vague, creeping tremolo, these whispered indefinite hints of melody, — mere pale ghosts of music, — really express nothing; nor can we imagine any feeling, any state of mind which they can fitly accompany, unless it may be, possibly, the so-called "stage fright" of young, nervous actors, unaccustomed to the foot-lights.

These soft volunteer accompaniments seem to be a sort of impromptu burlesque Wagnerism; they treat you *ad nauseam* to ever recurring "Leit-motiveo," though of a most impalpable and flimsy texture. We fancy the great Richard would hardly care to see himself so caricatured, his crack invention so abused.

But after all it is a fashion, and, like all fashions, it will pass away. We do not know to what length it has been carried, or whether even Shakespeare is still held sacred. So far as our own limited experience goes, we do not remember to have encountered this tremolo fiend in the murder scene in Macbeth, or where Banquo's ghost rises, or lurking behind the ghost in Hamlet. But the tendency at present seems to be all that way. Heaven save us from the fiend!

SCHOOL OF VOCAL ART IN PHILADELPHIA. — Mme. Emma Seiler, to whose zeal and energy this now flourishing institution — almost a College of Music in itself — owes its origin and its success, writes us at the end of its fourth year as follows: —

. . . "For the first time we had a graduating class of pupils who had passed through the full course of four years, as the school has existed only since 1875. Some of the graduates already have positions in academies in other cities as singing teachers, some will be retained in the school as such, while others of them prefer to remain longer and to go on farther with their studies.

"The number of the pupils this year was again larger than in the previous year, showing an increasing interest in the school on the part of the public.

"During the last year there was added to the other branches of musical studies a class for the Rudiments of Music and Sight-Reading; also an orchestra was formed and taught for the purpose of affording pupils a chance to practice singing in operas and oratorios with orchestral accompaniment. For the next season classes for all instruments have been arranged, and advanced pupils will have the advantage of playing in the orchestra.

"Among the operas performed during the last winter, upon my improved stage, were: *The Water Carrier*, by Cherubini; *The Night in Granada*, *The Elixir of Love*, etc In the oratorio class were studied Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, *The Seven Sleepers*, by Loewe, etc.

"Especially in the weekly concerts of the school could be observed a constant progress of the pupils. The monthly concerts, open for the friends of the school, were more and more favored with appreciative audiences, and many more tickets were asked for than could be granted. Several quartet clubs were formed One of them, 'The American Ladies' Quartette,' is now on a concert tour, and is received everywhere with much applause. Some of these young singers are so far advanced in composition that they compose very pretty original quartets, and harmonize the songs for their own use Some of the pupils had last winter successful operatic engagements, others have reaped praise on the concert stage, while the church choir class has taken a leading place.

"My constant thought and care is to improve the school, notwithstanding the increase of labor it will give to the already great task of faithfully overlooking the work, while engaged in teaching the greater part of the day. But I hope that my strength and health will last until I have raised the school to the ideal I carry in my mind, and till I have educated valuable teachers who can carry on the work when my strength and myself are gone."

MUSIC IN CHICAGO: SEASON OF 1878–1879.

THE Chicago Sunday *Tribune* (July 27) contains the following remarkable exhibit of a year's music-making in that enterprising city, from the pen of Mr. George P. Upton: —

During the season, which commenced June 1, 1878, there have been 347 concerts and 327 representations of opera. The concert programmes include 2919 numbers, representing 542 different composers. The total number of performances, concert and opera, is as follows:

Pinafore representations	162	Schubert Institute	4
Other operas	165	Apollo Club	4
Eddy organ recitals	40	Werrenrath	4
Turner Hall	33	Amy Fay	3
Hershey School	31	Litta	3
Church concerts	22	Pratt Symphony	3
Personal testimonials	21	Chicago Orchestra Symphony	3
Charity concerts	11	Abt Society	3
Tennesseeans	10	Athenæum	3
Musical College	8	Remenyi	3
Beethoven Society	8	Miscellaneous	108
Wilhelmj	6		
Sherwood	5	Total	664
Germania Maennerchor	5		
Kellogg and Cary	4		

THE PROGRAMMES.

For the last six years Mendelssohn's music has been given more frequently than that of any other composer, but in the season of 1878–79 Schumann heads the list with 115 numbers, Chopin is second with 104, Mendelssohn third with 98, and Beethoven fourth with 94. The other prominent composers follow in this order: Liszt, 90; Schubert, 87; Bach (Sebastian), 76; Handel, 46; Mozart, 43; Rubinstein, 40; Meyerbeer, 34; Lecocq, 34; Wagner, Gounod, and Abt, 37 each; Verdi, 36; Weber, 35; Johann Strauss and Dudley Buck, 34 each; Donizetti, 30; Merkel, 29; Franz and Raff, 28 each; Flotow, 27; Suppé and Sullivan, 25 each; Guilmant and Hatton, 22 each; Benedict, 21; Battiste, 19; Rossini, 18; Ambroise Thomas, 17; Pratt, Planquette, and Macfarren, 18 each; Wieniawski and Gottschalk, 15 each; Volckmar, Haydn, and Ernst, 14 each; Vieuxtemps, Koelling, Balfe, and Goldbeck, 13 each; Bach (C.), Cowen, De Beriot, Lemmens, and Kuecken, 12 each; Brahms, Silas, Smart, Kullak, and Wallace, 11 each; Bizet, Campana, Hiller, Pease, and Soedermann, 10 each; Spohr, Saint-Saëns, Randegger, Offenbach, Bellini, Costa, and Blumenthal, 9 each; Auber, Bishop, Gumbert, Field, and Rheinberger, 8 each; Tours, Thiele, Schreiber, Best, Reinecke, Mason, Lachner, Jensen, Hamm, Henselt, Garrett, Faure, and Barnby, 7 each; Boccherini, Conradi, Luzzi, Loeschorn, Molloy, Mercadante, Rosenbecker, Tschaikowsky, and Ulrich, 6 each; Widor, Vogel, Taubert, Schultze, Sponholtz, Ritter, Rink, Resch, Millard, Mills, Masse, Levy, Lux, Lassen, Kreutzer, Kuhnstedt, Hesse, Hoffmann, Hermemann, Gluck, Gade, Gleason, Grieg, Faust, De Lange, Dow, Bilse, Calkin, Braga, Dana, Bradbury, Adam, and Archer, 5 each. In addition to these there have been twenty five represented by four numbers; twenty-nine by three numbers; seventy-one by two numbers; and no less than 286 composers have had but one representation on the programmes of the year.

OPERA SEASONS.

There have been ten opera seasons (exclusive of "Pinafore" seasons), as compared with five last year. The first was the Di Murska season at Haverly's, July 8, 9, and included two performances; the second, the European opera-bouffe season at the New Chicago, Oct. 28–Nov. 2, including eight performances; the third, the Strakosch season at McVicker's, Nov. 11–23, including fourteen performances; the fourth, the Tracy Titus season at McVicker's, Dec. 30–Jan. 4, including seven performances; the fifth, the Hess season at Hooley's, Jan. 6–11, including eight performances; the sixth, the Mapleson season at Haverly's, Jan. 13-25, including fourteen performances; the seventh, the Oates season at Haverly's, Feb. 3–15, including fourteen performances; the eighth, the Strakosch season at McVicker's, March 17–22, including seven performances; the ninth, the Hess season at Hooley's, April 7–12, including eight performances; the tenth, the Aimée season at Haverley's, June 23–29, including nine performances. In addition to these, the Rice party has given two seasons of burlesque opera at McVicker's and Haverly's, and an amateur troupe gave *The Doctor of Alcantara*, May 8, at the West End Opera House. The operas performed have been as follows, including the number of performances: *Don Pasquale*, 1; *Girofle-Girofla*, 9; *Masked Ball*, 2; *Faust*, 5; *Aida*, 1; *Traviata*, 2; *Mignon*, 4; *Lucia*, 4; *Carmen*, 5; *Martha*, 2; *Trovatore*, 3; *Favorita*, 1; *Chimes of Normandy*, 15; *Fra Diavolo*, 1; *Bohemian Girl*, 1; *Maritana*, 1; *Sonnambula*, 2; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 1; *Rigoletto*, 2; *Magic Flute*, 1; *Puritani*, 1; *Huguenots*, 2; *Le Petit Duc* (new), 21; *La Marjolaine*, 1; *La Perichole*, 1; *Der Liebestrank* (new), 1; *Paul and Virginia* (new), 3; *Rose of Castile*, 1; *Doctor of Alcantara*, 1; *Cinderella*, 4; *Mme. Favart* (new), 3; *Les Brigands*, 2; *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, 1; *Grand Duchess*, 1; *Fatinitza* (new), 16; and *Trial by Jury*, 4. In addition to these the following burlesques have been given: *Robinson Crusoe*, 11; *Babes in the Wood*, 12; *Horrors*, 4; *Hiawatha*, 4; *Piff-Paff*, 3; and a burlesque of *Pinafore*, 5.

"PINAFORE."

How deeply seated the "Pinafore" craze has become may be inferred from the following statement. It has been performed 162 times, the various seasons and number of representations in each being as follows:

Boston Pinafore Company	January 27–February 1	8
Amateurs	February 24–March 8	14
Amateurs	March 17–22	7
Duff Troupe	March 24–April 12	23
Pauline Markham	March 31–April 5	9
Amateurs	April 29–May 3	7
Pauline Markham	May 19–24	7
Madrigal Troupe	May 26–June 1	7
Comic Opera Company	May 26–July 5	32
Juvenile Troupe	June 2–14	16
Church Choir Company	June 9–July 26	32
Total		162

FIRST APPEARANCES.

During the season the following first appearances of professional artists have been made in this city. Sopranos: Mrs E. A. Osgood, Catarina Marco, Mlle. Litta, Catharine Lewis, Mme. Sinico, Mlle. Robiati, Marie Stone, Etelka Gerster, Mlle. Lido, Mme. Koelling, Gertrude Franklin, Maria L. Swift, and Florence Ellis. Altos: Mme. Lablache, Laura Joyce, Mme. Galimberti, Florence Rice-Knox. Tenors: Sig. Rosnati, Westberg, Las Zarini, Grazzi, Franceschi, Frapolli, and Gillandi. Basses: Remmerts, Foli, McDonald, Thierry. Baritones: D. V. Bell, Makin, Bragan, Pantaleoni, Moranski, Galassi, and Werrenrath. Pianists: Leila W. Graves, Max Pinner, Walton Perkins, and Max Vogrich. Violinists: Wilhelmj, Remenyi, Zeline Mantey, Kaiser, and Otto A. Schmidt.

IMPORTANT WORKS.

The following important works have been performed during the season:

Symphonies. — For organ, C minor, No. 1 D, No. 2, E minor, No. 3, F minor, No. 4, of Widor, by H. C. Eddy; C minor, No. 5, Beethoven, D minor, No. 8, Schubert, and the "Italian," Mendelssohn, by Pratt's Orchestra; B flat, No. 1, Schumann, op. 11, Burgmuller, "Pastoral," Beethoven, "Battle Symphony," Beethoven, Rosenbecker's Orchestra.

Miscellaneous — *God in Nature*, Schubert, Apollo Club; *Ninety-first Psalm*, Meyerbeer, Apollo Club; *God in the Tempest*, Schubert, Apollo Club; *Phaeton*, Saint-Saens, Chicago Orchestra; *Orpheus*, Liszt, H. C. Eddy; *Walpurgis Nacht*, Mendelssohn, Beethoven Society; *Acis and Galatea*, Handel, Apollo Club; *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, Apollo Club; *Les Preludes*, Liszt, Pratt's Orchestra; *Frithjof*, Bruch, Apollo Club; *Odysseus*, Bruch, Beethoven Society; *Die Trauung*, Piutti, H. C. Eddy; *Fable of the Fairest Melusine*, Hoffmann, Beethoven Society; *Elegie*, Raff, Beethoven Society; *Song of the Spirits*, Hiller, Beethoven Society; *Messiah*, Apollo Club; *Manzoni Requiem*, Beethoven Society.

In addition to these works there have been given 4 concertos, 4 sonatas, 2 preludes and fugues, and 1 trio of Mendelssohn; 3 sonatas, 2 trios, and 2 fugues of Merkel; 4 concertos, 1 toccata, 19 choral preludes, 9 fugues, 1 gavotte, 2 trios, 2 preludes, 1 sarabande, 2 choral fantasies, and 1 adagio of Bach; 1 fugue of Thiele; 1 concerto and 1 fugue of Liszt; 1 concerto, 2 sonatas, 1 fugue, 2 trios, and 2 quintets of Raff. 1 trio of Gleason; 2 sonatas of Rubinstein; 1 quartet and 3 sonatas of Rheinberger; 1 trio and 2 sonatas of Mozart; 1 trio of Haydn; 2 trios of Schubert; 4 sonatas and 1 fugue of De Lange; 2 trios of Ambroise Thomas; 1 trio of Durand; 1 trio of Brull; 1 fugue of Guilmant; 1 fugue of Richter; 1 sonata and 2 fantasies of Lemmens; 1 fugue of Bernard; 1 concerto, 3 fugues, and 2 quartets of Schumann; 1 fugue of Buxterhude; 1 fugue of Krebs; 3 concertos, 15 sonatas, and 3 trios of Beethoven; 1 fugue of Rinck, and several minor compositions in this department of chamber music.

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SUMMARY.

The remarkable progress of music during the past six years may be best appreciated by the following comparative statement:

	Concerts.	Operas.	Numbers.	Composers.
1873–1874	123	69	865	198
1874–1875	184	69	1,456	284
1875–1876	237	79	2,008	300
1876–1877	270	99	2,322	461
1877–1878	298	64	2,618	464
1878–1879	347	327	2,919	542

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCETON, IND., AUG. 6. — As your Chicago correspondent has accepted an engagement to give instruction in a "Normal Music School" during part of the summer vacation, he takes the liberty of sending you a communication in regard to the workings of the school, as well as upon the state of music in this part of the country.

Princeton is one of the oldest towns in this State, having been settled in 1812, and is regarded by its people with no little veneration, not only on account of its age, but because its citizens possess a high degree of culture and a love of refinement, which alone are representatives of the true kind of growth. In matters of education the little city seems progressive, and its schools afford good opportunities for the youth to prepare himself for his battle with the world.

Musically, there has been an attempt at organization, for I find a choral society, numbering some eighty voices, which has had a regular conductor for the past year, and has devoted itself to the study of four-part songs and choruses. The Normal School for the study of music, if rightly conducted, becomes an important factor in the development of the musical talent of the West. For scattered through these smaller towns are numbers of music teachers who have little time, and, in most cases, not money enough, to come to the large cities during the musical season, and keep themselves abreast with the progress of the world. Thus we find a seeming necessity for these different musical elements, — from the large cities and the smaller inland towns, — to mingle with each other, imparting and receiving instruction, as the case may be. Oftentimes misguided talent is given a positive start in the true direction of development, and the seeds of a correct taste planted, which, after a season, bring forth fruit worthy of real art. Choral organization also follows, and a better idea of what class of music is worthy of study is given the singers than they ever had before, until they learn to love the grand choruses of the oratorios, and an incentive is given them to go forward in the direction of true musical progress.

In this present school, there are four instructors, one of whom, Mr. J. P. Weston, comes from Boston. The others, Mr. B. F. Peters, Mr Crosier, and the writer, are from Western cities. We number some seventy-five private pupils, with a larger number in classes, and an evening class of some eighty singers, which engages in the study of oratorio choruses and other choral work.

It is one of the pleasing features to me to observe that whenever good music is given in the song and piano-forte recitals it seems to meet with appreciation and excites interest. The student who had devoted his time to commonplace music seems to find in the works of the old masters a new and wonderful field for study, and is induced to reform his touch that he may, in time, be able to make Mendelssohn's "songs without words" sing under his own fingers; while a sonata of Beethoven will often excite musical interest to such a degree that a long course of technical *Etudes* are undertaken with the aim of reaching the grand music of this master as a reward for the persistent study.

When musical talent is dormant for want of an opportunity to manifest itself, it is the duty of every true musician to give it what aid he can while it is under his influence In regard to vocal music, I think that the American people have more material in good voices than we are yet aware of; for I have been pleased to find that the average voice of the chorus singer in these country places has a native quality which, even with a short training, makes it far from disagreeable. There are far more soprano than alto singers, while the basses far outnumber the tenors; but the average quality of the voices is much richer in tone than one would suppose.

I must mention one young lad who came to us from the far-away farming districts. He had never seen a piano forte until he came to this school, but had given himself what home study he could through the aid of a little portable organ that was in his father's house. I found, to my astonishment, that he could read vocal music at sight, and, more than this, could name any note that was sung to him, having a correct ear for positive pitch. I sang a number of impromptu exercises to him, asking him to name the notes, which he did without any mistake. Upon questioning him, I found that he was fond of music, and that when he learned that our school was to be near to him (a matter of thirty miles), he had taken the trouble to earn the money to enable him to be one of the pupils. Yet his taste for music had led him to do much of the hard work — of learning to read correctly at sight — unaided at home. What a lesson of industry such a picture is, and what an example to many city students, who fritter both their time and opportunity away, refusing to music that sincere and persistent effort that alone will enable talent to ripen with something approaching perfection. The real accomplishments of art and culture must be bought with patient work and conscientious endeavor.

C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ALBERT WEBER, the New York piano manufacturer, who died on the morning of June 30, came to America a poor lad, and by his own indefatigable industry and enterprise gained a high reputation among the piano manufacturers of this country, and amassed a fortune estimated at $500,000. He was born in a small town in Bavaria in 1829. His father was a doctor, and it is not known that either his father or his mother had even ordinary musical taste and talent, but the son played on the organ and on the piano at four years of age. He was almost equally quick in his other studies, and when he was hardly sixteen was graduated at the Gymnasium. It was his aim to be a school teacher. In his seventeenth year he came to America, and finding that music teaching was a lucrative calling, obtained pupils and went to work. Then he conceived the idea of becoming a piano manufacturer. He learned the trade of Mr. Van Wynkle and Mr. Holder, manufacturers of that time, and while working with them continued to give music lessons in the evening.

In 1852 he had saved $1,000, and concluded to start in business for himself, hiring rooms at No. 103 West Broadway. For a few months he had had a room in White Street, where he repaired pianos. His growing establishment was burned to the ground in 1854, the year in which he married a Port Chester lady. He next took a store at No. 165 West Broadway, where he enlarged the business to the production of four or five pianos a week. In 1865 he moved to Broome and Crosby streets, and was soon making six pianos a week. This was then considered a large business, but now the manufactory turns out forty a week. While he was in Broome Street he built, in 1868, the manufactory in Seventh Avenue, which, in 1876, was enlarged to a frontage of 262 feet on Seventeenth Street, and of 104 feet on the avenue. About 400 men are regularly employed, and the yearly product is now between 1,800 and 2,000 instruments. Mr. Weber gave his personal supervision to the manufacture of 14,500 pianos.

He left Broome Street in 1869 for the present spacious warerooms at Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street. Besides being his business headquarters, these rooms were also places of social gathering for musicians and singers, and several reunions were held there. Mr. Weber belonged to the Lotos, Manhattan (Arcadian while it existed), and Palette Clubs, and was also a member of the Liederkranz and Arion Societies.

Mr. Weber always ascribed his first marked success in business to the rivalry which early grew up between him and another firm, and which was carried on to the last, his competitors in business having served papers on him in a suit for alleged infringement of patent only a few weeks ago. He was tireless in his work, frequently giving his time to it from eight in the morning till one o'clock at night, especially before his reputation was fully established. His aim always seemed to be to make the next piano better than the last. The business will go forward as heretofore, with the exception that Albert Weber, the son, assumes the proprietorship.

WE learn that the late lamented Lewis B. Munroe, Dean of the School of Oratory in Boston University, is to be succeeded in that function by his widow, who is a sister of the singer, George L. Osgood, and is said to be fully qualified for the important work.

THE Children's "Pinafore" is still running every evening at the Boston Museum.

A GRAND sacred concert was given Sunday afternoon at Gale's Pond, in Berlin, Mass., by Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff and a number of her young lady pupils. The affair was a benefit entertainment in aid of Edgar Larkin of Hudson, who was the contractor for building Mme. Rudersdorff's barn at Lakeside, which was demolished by the tornado of July 16.

THERE is a talk of Mr. Gye invading the United States in rivalry to his great competitor, Mapleson. Gye has been in America, and, while his main object was to look after Albani's interests, he managed to spy out the land and make notes. His company is intended to include Patti, Albani, Scalchi, Valleria, and Zare Thalberg, but this arrangement will depend a good deal on Patti's engagement in Paris.

FOREIGN.

THE arrangements for the Birmingham Festival are now completed, and it has been settled that the novelties shall be produced as follows: Herr Max Bruch's cantata, "The Lay of the Bell," has been fixed for the first evening programme on August 26; M. Saint-Saëns' "The Lyre and the Harp" will be produced on the following Thursday evening, and Sir Michael Costa's "Date Sonitum" will be given on Friday morning. The artists will be Mesdames Gerster, Sherrington, Patey, and Trebelli, Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Lloyd, Cummings, Maas, Vernon Rigby, Santley, and Henschel, Sir Michael Costa being the conductor. The chief items of the programme of the festival at Hereford are given below, and the leading vocalists will be Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Enriquez; Misses Emma Thursby, Anna Williams, and De Fonblanque Messrs. Cummings, McGuckin, Santley, and Thurley Beale; the Cathedral organist, Mr. Langdon Colborne, being the conductor

THE full programme for the Hereford Festival has not yet been settled, at any rate so far as the daily choral services in the Cathedral and the secular concerts in the Shire Hall are concerned. In the Festival proper, the "Elijah" is fixed for the first day, September 9; on the Wednesday a miscellaneous programme will include Purcell's "Te Deum" in D, the first two parts of Bach's "Christmas" oratorio, Handel's "Esther" overture and "Zadock the Priest," Spohr's 84th Psalm, and the "Pignus Futurae" from Mozart's Litany in B-flat. In the evening, Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm and "Hear my Prayer," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," will be given. On the Thursday the programme will include Sullivan's "The Light of the World," and Haydn's "Imperial Mass;" and on Friday the "Messiah" will be given. The symphonies selected for performance at the Shire Hall are the "Scottish" and the "Eroica;" and the Festival will conclude on September 12 with a chamber concert. A new organ has been erected for these performances by Messrs. Brindley and Foster, of Sheffield, and the orchestra, under Mr. Langdon Colborne, will be led by Mr. H. Weist Hill.

POOR HENRY SMART (we copy from *Figaro* July 12) has not long enjoyed the pension of £100 recently bestowed upon him out of the Civil List. On Sunday night, to the great grief of a wide circle of friends, and to the deep regret of all lovers of genuine music, he passed away at the mature age of sixty-six. Henry Smart came of a truly musical family. His uncle, Sir George Smart, and his father, one of the most respected members of our metropolitan orchestras, must both have imbued him with a taste for music Therefore, although we find him early in life apprenticed to the law, it astonished no one that he threw up his articles and joined a band of honest art-workers who have done much to place our country in the position it now occupies in the musical commonwealth. For Henry Smart was no creature of the hour, content to write for publishers in the false or debased style demanded by the fashion of the moment If his works are not phenomenal, if he attained less celebrity than some of his contemporaries have done, he had the proud satisfaction of knowing that he never deviated from the true principles of high art. Henry Smart's more important compositions, his opera, "The Gnome of Hartzburg," his cantata "Jacob," and his "Bride of Dunkerron," the last written for the Birmingham Festival, are scholarly works; but it is for his church services, his organ pieces, and his songs that he will be chiefly remembered. His morning Service in F, "The Lady of the Sea," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and "Haste, ye Maidens," will live when many of the more ephemeral works of some of his better known contemporaries will be forgotten. As an organist, Henry Smart had few, as an extemporiser, probably no equal in this country.

ACCORDING to *L'Art Musical*, among the new works M. Vaucorbeil has before him, for the Paris Opera, are Gounod's "Le Tribut de Zamora," Massenet's "Herodiade," Ambroise Thomas's "Francesca de Rimini," Salvayre's "Richard III.," Godard's "Une Conjuration de Fiesque," Lalo's "Le Roi de Lys," Diaz's "Benvenuto Cellini," Guiraud's "Le Feu," Reyer's "Sigurd," Massé's "Cleopatre," and Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann." The director is also pledged to revive an opera by Gluck.

LEIPZIG. — The operas performed here during the month of May were: *Boccaccio*, by Suppé, three times; *Norma* twice; Lortzing's *Undine*, twice; and the following once each: Mozart's *Seraglio*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Zauberflöte*, and *Don Juan*; Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*; Verdi's *Trovatore*; Nessler's *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*; Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, all four parts. There were eighteen opera nights.

THE Leipzig *Signale*, in its report of the annual examinations at the Conservatory of Music, speaks of a string Quartet and an Overture by Mr. George W. Chadwick, of Boston, as among the best specimens of original composition offered by the pupils. We translate: "The Quartet by Mr. Chadwick shows, together with natural and healthy invention, an already respectable power of plastic form." . . . . "Of the Overtures, we must pronounce that by Mr. Chadwick, to the American legend of Rip van Winkle, by far the best; it presents fresh subject-matter, well articulated form and structure, and skillful orchestration."

THE Sacred Music Association of Cologne, under the direction of Professor E. Mertke, lately gave a performance of Cherubini's *Requiem*.

A PERFORMANCE of Verdi's *Requiem* has been given in the Scala, Milan, in aid of sufferers from the inundations of the Po and the eruption of Mount Etna. Verdi himself conducted.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 130.)

THE autumn with its falling, russet leaves,
And clouded suns and chilly rains, had come,
And then the winter with brief, dreary days,
And long, dark nights, storm-tossed and starless oft, —
And Benedetta lingered on and on;
Nor she nor Sanzio questioning earnestly
How long, how short, glad life might thus endure,
He well content she never uttered now
The words that first had sometimes startled him,
"I cannot stay here ever, Sanzio mine!"
But when the quickening breath of early spring
Stirred in the air with infinite sweet promise,
She said one day, "My Sanzio, let me go
Back to my home for but a little while!
My heart has hungered long to see once more
The dear old spots I know and love so well,
Where we had passed so many happy years,
Grandam and I, and where she lived and died,
And the good neighbors that were kind to us, —
I pray you, say not no!"

Sanzio looked grieved,
And then, not full of cheer as once before,
But with grave earnestness, he said, "But, Love,
You must come back to me, for you have grown
More than the joy and sunshine of my days;
You are a part of all my deepest life!"

She promised with a willing heart, and went;
Yet tarried two whole weeks, but sent a message:
"The neighbors are most kind and have much work,
That keeps me, but I shall be with you soon.
I love you, and I dream of you all night!"

She came at length, but even then she said,
"I fear me much I must away once more,
Though it is sad to leave you, Sanzio mine!
This is a busy time out in the woods,
And it is surely right that I help those
Who ever proved our friends!"

He made no answer,
And, glancing up, she read in his deep eyes,
The light of that unutterable joy,
Some new, immortal work had kindled there.
Was it but this, perchance, and the swift flush
Of gladness on his brow, at sight of her,
Wherefore she marked not now a strange, deep change
In his beloved features? "Come!" he said,
And led her to the work-room, and before
A fresh, great canvas there.

A group of figures
Upon a hill, and in their midst the Christ,
Who rose, with upturned face and outstretched hands,
Into the heavens that opened in his path,
Floated and borne aloft by waves of light
That streamed about Him, fed as from a spring
From out his form and countenance divine;
Shedding a golden radiance all around, —
So great a glory that the few elect
Who had drawn close about their Master's feet
Shrank back affrighted from the blinding glow,
And hid their faces. Further still below
Other disciples, and with them a woman,
Who, kneeling, pointed to a struggling boy,
Possessed by demons.

Benedetta long
Stood rapt and speechless, and with bated breath,
Gazing upon the Saviour, for she seemed
To see naught else; then suddenly bowed her head,
And, covering up her face, began to weep, —
Not in loud sobs, as Sanzio heard her first,
But with a moaning, low, heart broken sound,
That pierced him to the soul. His own eyes filled,
As tenderly he drew her trembling form
Close to his heart, and gently asked, "My Own,
My Benedetta, — nay, wherefore these tears?"

She could not answer for a moment; then,
Raising her head, said slowly, "Oh, my Sanzio,
It is so passing great and beautiful,
My feeble lips scarce dare to give it praise!
But yet I know not! — when I saw it first
A strange, swift pain seized on my heart, a pang
That would not pass, but sharpened more and more,
Until at length it drew these foolish tears.
Pray you, forgive me, — it is over now!"

And, growing calm, she turned to look again
Upon the wondrous work, yet lifted not
Her eyes this time to the Redeemer's form,
But, pointing to the kneeling woman, asked,
"And who is this?"

His brow contracted darkly;
"It is the face of her," he said, and spoke
Unwillingly, she fancied, "whom I knew, —
It seems to me it was long years ago, —
Ere you had come. And I have put her here,
As one who even on an hour like this,
Filled with the glory of the Lord, breaks in
With the unhallowed, jarring sounds of earth!"

"Yet she is passing fair!" said Benedetta,
And sighed, and then was silent.
"See," he said,
When she prepared at last to bid farewell,
"What I have carved for you, while you were gone;
Take it, dear heart!" and put into her hands
A crucifix of finest ebony,
Hung by a delicate silver chain.

A look,
Long, deep, and tender, thanked him more than words;
She kissed the cross and hid it in her bosom,
And promised she would surely soon return.
And thus they parted.

Sanzio, left alone,
Took up his brush again, resolved to work,
But laid it down ere long, with drooping hands
And a strange, sudden sinking of the heart.
A deep, unutterable weariness,
A sense of bleakest, hopeless desolation,
Crept like a numbness, clogging every limb
With leaden weight, up from his very feet,
And slowly spread itself o'er heart and brain.
Was this, — he thought and shuddered as he felt
An icy stream pour through each shivering vein,
While his brow burned and throbbed, — was this, great God?
The chill of disenchantment in the blood,
Before whose stony eye the ecstasies
Of love itself should wither and grow dumb, —
Within whose poison breath should fade and die
The light and glow of all things beautiful?
The ecstasies of love, — where were they now,
Where all the splendor of those proud creations
The whole wide world applauded? He glanced up
At the great canvas and about the room;
The glory of the Saviour was no more, —
Pale, dim, and colorless, the works he wrought
Seemed blindly to return his gaze. His head
Sank heavily upon his heaving breast.
Oh, wherefore, wherefore, cried his inmost soul,
All this hot toil and effort, — all this straining
Up rugged paths, beneath a burning sun,
With thorn-pricked, bleeding feet, and with the pangs
Of a great thirst no spring could quench? Wherefore
All fret and fever of this fleeting life?
Even they, his noblest works, to whom he gave
All his best heart's-blood, freely, joyfully,
And with it, as he fondly fancied once,
Immortal life, — even they should perish soon,
Crumble into gray dust and barren ashes.
Oh, he had said too well, that ancient king,
All was but emptiness and vanity!

He turned to rest his head upon his arm,
And as he closed his eyes he thought once more, —
Thus passes all the glory of the world!

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 121.)

As the chief representative of the older piano-forte music appears indisputably SEBASTIAN BACH, that altogether extraordinary, wonderful, one might say fabulous, artist and genius, who by his productions — truly giant works — throws into deep shadow almost all that has been done before him and beside him upon German soil; and one may say that whoever has studied his works has fairly taken up into himself the sum and quintessence of all that German art down to his day was able to accomplish. The centre of gravity of Bach's gigantic, phenomenal art activity lies not, to be sure, in his very numerous and extremely pregnant and significant piano and other purely instrumental works (the piano in his time was still a very meagre instrument), but in his Cantatas (mostly for the church, of which he has written more than two hundred), his great Passion-Music (more than one), his Motets, and I may add his Organ compositions, which are unexampled in their grandeur; but even in the former field he stands altogether above all that was produced before and during his day. These works, too, although some things among them appear antiquated (as is also the case with some of the Cantatas), will hold their immeasurable artistic worth so long as there shall be a musical art at all, and the capacity to appreciate and comprehend it.

It will be understood, of course, that even on this field much that was excellent and important had been achieved already before Bach (he had, for example, in the person of an uncle, Christian Bach, a very significant forerunner in the Cantata); for even the greatest genius never can create entirely *ex ovo* an art complete and perfect in itself. Wherever we behold any art at a high stage of progress, we may confidently assume that a long period of development has gone before, even if nothing at all be known to us about it. Thus Shakespeare, for example, as a dramatic poet far surpasses all that has appeared in modern times, even on British soil; yet he had several very remarkable, nay important, predecessors, who, much as he excelled them, and genuine to the inmost core as his incomparable magic works appear, yet were not without influence on his development. But I believe I do not err when I maintain that in case of need one may safely ignore all that was produced before and during Bach's time in piano-forte music (which is our special theme), and yet gain from his works alone a complete idea of the condition of the whole art development of that time, besides something more that is altogether peculiar to Bach's own genius.

We may here and there find some single little form worked out to a more perfect finish, as in the productions bequeathed to us by Domenico Scarlatti, Couperin, and some others; we may compare the "Suites" which we possess by Handel to those by Bach; but one will hardly be able to maintain and prove that Bach's piano works (and here I speak of these alone), taken together, on the whole have been surpassed, or even equaled,

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by any one of his predecessors or contemporaries.

Instrumental music hitherto has developed only two great art forms, namely, the so-called Suite and the Sonata. The Concerto belongs essentially to the latter art form, and is distinguished from it almost solely by the one peculiarity that it usually consists of only *three* movements, whereas most sonatas have four. The so-called Fantasia (by no means a modern invention, but already occurring with Bach, — one needs only to remind himself of that grand example, his "Chromatic Phantasie") shows by its name that in it the composer to a certain degree dispenses with that greater strictness of form, to which otherwise he is more or less bound; indeed, the second part of the Bach Fantasia just named consists of a Fugue of as strict and measured form as the great master has composed. I speak here, first of all and chiefly, only of the larger art forms, in which the artistic development properly completes itself, and pass by for the present the numerous smaller forms, of which I will give special prominence only to the Variation. I could and would also omit discussion of the Fugue, inasmuch as this form is not peculiar to instrumental music, but is also very frequently employed in vocal music. Yet I must consider it expressly, not only because it is one of the highest (as well as the strictest) forms of art, but because precisely in the Fugue has Bach achieved the most incomparable success, — because in it he, and he alone (one might almost say), is a "specialty;" and on this field, to borrow an expression from "world expositious," he stands in a certain manner *hors de concours*, somewhat as Beethoven stands in the symphony, Schubert in the *Lied*, Shakespeare in the modern drama (modern as contrasted with the antique), and Walter Scott in the romance.

The "Suite" is an art form which developed itself in the course of the seventeenth century, perhaps somewhat earlier. One feels almost tempted not to recognize it for an art form in the higher, stricter sense; at all events, in this regard it stands far below the more lately developed "Sonata;" for in fact it consists merely of a succession (a *suite*) of smaller musical pieces, originating mostly from old dances (known by the names, Allemande, Sarabande, Gigue, Lourd, Bourrée, and many more), and naturally retaining their rhythm; but they appear so far idealized through art that for the most part they would have satisfied the real dancing wishes and requirements of our ancestors as little as the sonata-minuets, the art-waltzes, or the Ländlers of our day. But anyhow this first larger, broadly laid out form, although not distinctively an art form, and very far from perfect, shows the original and intimate connection of all instrumental music, as on the one hand with song, so on the other hand with the dance. But those little tone-pictures, of which they used to string together five or six into a quasi-whole, by no means show that artistic mastery of form, that rich and ample build, which distinguishes the larger "movements" of the later sonatas, nor that inner organic connection which characterizes the master-works of the latter kind, particularly those which sprang from the lofty soul of Beethoven. But the greatest disadvantage of the Suite, as compared with the later Sonata, is that all the single movements of which it is made up play in the same key, and so wholly lack the rich variety of modulation which distinguishes our Sonata both as a whole and in the single page. In spite of all this, however, the Bach Suites (as well as those by Handel, which are almost their peers) contain a fullness of most precious pictures. Fugues proper do not occur in them; yet even in them Bach uses the fugued form in many ways, for that was the universal art style of the period. But many pieces are found even here of the most simple structure, of the most graceful melodic charm, of an enchanting and (especially in the Sarabands) deep sentiment, nay, of the most delectable, transporting humor; for, indeed, we may remark this by the way, Bach, next to Beethoven, is the greatest humorist in the realm of music (a side of him which perhaps is the least generally recognized); and he confirms the old truth, that the richest fullness of this quickening and refreshing gift of God is apt to dwell within the most deeply earnest natures, of which we have such an illustrious and far-shining example in the domain of poetry in Shakespeare.

One other art form might be named alongside of the Suite and the Sonata, which, historically, should be inserted between these two, as standing somewhat nearer to the later Sonata; and yet, on the whole, it is to be counted more decidedly with the Suite tribe. I mean the so-called *Partita*, of which we possess several by Bach, and which in grandeur far surpass the Suites. An anthology of the most magnificent tone-pictures might be made up of these alone.

But Bach appears complete in all his greatness, with a mastership never again reached, or approached but from afar, in his celebrated "Thirty Variations," and his still more celebrated fugue-samples under the name of the *Well-tempered Clavichord*, each of the two parts of which contains 24 fugues, introduced by preludes, in all the major and minor keys; this stands unique in the whole literature of musical art. I say properly forbear to add more to the praise of this astonishing double work, inasmuch as I have already done my part towards it in a larger writing, especially devoted to this work, which appeared twelve years ago in book form from the press of Breitkopf & Härtel. Bach as a fugue composer (speaking, of course, always in the general, and without wishing in the least to draw too near to the master creations of earlier or later times) is as unique and in certain respects incomparable (*hors de concours*) as Beethoven in his Sonatas and Symphonies, Schubert in his Songs, and Mozart "whilom" (*bislang*)[1] as an opera composer. And the same mark (of the very highest creative energy) characterizes in like manner each of these corypheuses of music in his own respective field, — this, namely: that every one of their creations appears completely individualized, so that no one of them is like another, either in outward form or spirit, and each (with vanishing exceptions) presents itself as a special, clearly distinct organism. If one wishes to form a conception of what a fullness of the richest, liveliest play of fancy, soul, and feeling this fugue form, so frequently condemned as "dry and dry, can take up into itself, let him gain it, as he can and will if he have any susceptibility, from the study of this imperishable work, — in which, moreover, little as one might expect it, the great humorist not seldom takes up the word. To be sure, this study, in whatever way pursued, has its difficulties, and presupposes a considerable preparation, as well theoretical as practical.

Strictly taken, his *Well-tempered Clavichord* cannot properly be classed with the pianoforte literature, at least in so far as Bach in his conception of it hardly thought of its execution on the "clavichord." Rather do these two-, three-, four-, and five-part fugues seem quite ideally conceived (with the Preludes, which precede them, the case is different, to be sure); they might be executed just as well, and even better, by a stringed instrument, since the strict separation of the single, individual voices (parts), with their strictly polyphonic leading, is well-nigh impossible on the piano; when each voice is assigned to a particular instrument, it comes out more clearly and appreciably; and then the technical execution is subject to no such great difficulty as on the piano, which presupposes, at least in the tied (*legato*) style, a high degree of virtuosity, since it not only requires great fluency, with perfect independence of the several fingers, but in the over-rich polyphony of the movement and the limitations it induces often calls for the most ingenious fingering, to say nothing of the broader and higher artistic conditions implied in a satisfactory rendering. (Already Mozart, led probably by the recognition of this fact, had transcribed some of these fugue pieces for bow instruments; and I have myself followed this example, having, through Breitkopf & Härtel, published eight of them in such an arrangement.)

And just as this fugue work stands universally recognized for something unique and alone in the whole art literature of music, an imperishable monument of a gigantic mind, to which the most complicated tone combinations were an easy play of fancy, so too we may boldly claim as such a unique the above-named set of Variations, in spite of all the great and splendid works which later masters have produced in this form. A large part of these Variations is wrought in polyphonic canon form, this quite in the manner of Bach, through all the intervals, from the prime to the tenth. And with all the astonishing art with which these pictures are executed, at the same time what ease, leaving all this expenditure of art scarcely perceptible! What grace! What overflowing life and spirit! What deep feeling! This work is at the same time one of the most *beautiful* and most euphonious of the wonderful, sublime master. For, we may remark in passing, pure beauty, *sensuous beauty of sound*, is one of the qualities comparatively most seldom found in the otherwise so astonishing, powerful, and in many ways transporting and enchanting creations of this incomparable genius. The indescribably high, inward, and profound enjoyment they afford to listeners who are susceptible is often more of the intellectual, spiritual sort, and such as stirs the inmost soul, rather

[1] Is this an ironical compliment to Wagner? — Ed.

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than such as gratifies the ear with that pure euphony which springs only from the equilibrium of all the art factors; whereas in Bach, generally speaking, the technical element preponderates, though in the most thoroughly inspired form. On the one hand, his delight in the technical, in pure musical forms, on the other, the lofty, mighty sweep of his ideas, rendered him less susceptible to that sensuous euphony which we find so ravishing in the works of his great followers. And his, too, was the stand-point of the whole art culture of that time.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BRAIN IN PIANO PLAYING.

I had not long ago a conversation with my friend, Dr. J. S. Jewell, one of the best informed men regarding mental and nervous action that this country contains. He tells me that the nerves of sense-perception terminate in the cortex (or outer coat) of the brain, every kind of sense-perception having its own group of cells. These groups of cells in different parts of the brain communicate with each other by means of commissural fibres. Ideation (as I understand him) is supposed to be the result of a comparison or reaction of the impressions of one cell or group with another or others, carried on by means of these connecting fibres.

In fœtal life the cortex of the brain is scarcely, if at all, occupied by cells, and in childhood but sparsely so. Every added thought or knowledge signifies the addition of new cells and the connecting fibres necessary to coördinate the ideas composing the knowledge, or to coordinate the motions if the new acquisition is a matter of mechanical skill. Such an addition to the thinking material of the brain is the physical accompaniment of every advance in knowledge, as, for instance, the acquisition of a strange language. This kind of growth goes on with more and more difficulty as the individual advances in life and nutrition falls below current demands. Hence the difficulty of learning when one is old.

Passing with mere mention the corollary that this view makes the mind the stimulant and in fact the creator of the thinking organism, I call attention to the light it throws on certain well-known facts pertaining to piano playing: —

(1.) Technique acquired in childhood is of a much more satisfactory and complete kind than that first obtained after the body has approached maturity. (Because, in childhood, nutrition is ready in large surplus, and there is as yet plenty of spare room in the upper story for finishing off new apartments.)

(2.) So also in regard to the practical mastery of rhythms. Whoever studies Mason's Pianoforte Technics carefully will observe a certain want of correspondence between the chapters on rhythm and the practical exercises among the scales and arpeggios. The defect, if defect it be, happened in consequence of the practical exercises having been first written with a view of including only the most useful forms for practice. But subsequently, in preparing the explanatory chapters on rhythm, I discovered that all *direct* rhythms (*i. e.*, all rhythms arising from the uniform subdivision of the units) could be reduced to twos and threes, and that therefore they must be built up out of twos and threes. For although a smart pupil might well enough leap at once into the very midst of things and play a rhythm of nines and twelves without difficulty, I was constantly finding pupils unable to compute, for example, sixes as two threes, though perfectly able to compute them as three twos. The difficulty evidently is in not being able to compute in threes. It is therefore necessary for them to play for some time in triple measure, counting "one, two, three," and afterwards "one," omitting to *count* the two and three, until the triplet is established as the unit of measurement. Now in this process very curious inabilities appear. For example, this very day I had a pupil unable to play the scale in triplets. After some time in counting one to each tone she became able to play triplets counting only "one" with the first note of each triplet. I then tried to have her play the scale in sixes, but she made it "sixes and sevens" by putting in four in place of the second triplet in about every alternate measure. I then tried to have her play triplets, saying "two" as she struck the first note of each. This she was entirely unable to do, although I directed her to try it, counting "two and a" with each triplet, as well as in figures "*two*, two, three." The two demoralized her completely. Her mathematical instinct seemed to cry out, "Two in three you can't." Now when I get her able to play triplets, counting only "two," I shall carry it on until she can play them counting "three," "four," and so on.

Rhythmic accentuation and the accompanying computation Dr. Jewell thinks is done from the cerebellum. Pupils having difficulty with these rhythmic computations have in general a defective sense of number, and experience similar difficulty in arithmetic and mathematics generally.

Those who have not thought of it will be surprised to observe how much of the climax in great works rests on rhythmic foundations. That is to say, in orchestral works especially one finds that each repetition of the theme brings with it a higher rhythmic motion; so that it is not unusual to find a compound rhythm wherein the leading voice has one tone to a unit, one part of the accompaniment two notes to one of the melody, and another part three or four to one of these. In Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, there is a three times three of this kind, that is, an accompaniment in triplets, and another in triplets to that.

(3.) This also throws light on the process of learning a new piece. Every concert player or advanced teacher knows that a difficult piece is not to be taken up and mastered at a gulp. But it is repeatedly practiced for a while, and then laid aside for a time; and in this way only is it to be brought to thorough finish. Now this signifies, evidently, the fact that a piece containing something essentially *new* requires new cells, or at least new communicating fibres in the brain. These are established more and more completely with each new study of the piece, until finally it is fully mastered and belongs to the common stock of every-day music-thinking.

(4.) This also shows why new ideas are not more readily received, no matter how true they are. Indeed, I am not sure but a false idea is more easily received by the generality. For a lie goes dodging about the brain, helping itself to any line of communication, while poor honest truth has to wait until slow-moving conservatism builds the needed bridge. Folks can't think new thoughts all at once. They have n't the tools. Schumann's music had to wait for a generation to be built with brains to receive it, and Wagner has fared much the same.

And to wind up with an illustrious example, the Lord of Life and Glory has been all these six thousand years or more trying to get up a pattern of human brains in which truth and honesty would always keep the track, while lies and cheating would always go into the ditch.

(5.) Habit has a physical basis.

W. S. B. Mathews.

Chicago, Ill., 1879.

THE SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

[From the Vienna Neue Freie Presse.]

It is *not* raining! This will suffice for every one who knows Salzburg. It is tantamount to reminding him of one of the most beautiful sights on earth. The splendid town, exciting the ecstasy or the rage of all travelers, according as it glints in the sunshine or sulks in eternities of rain, lies to-day stretched out luxuriously under a clear blue sky and a bright sun. At a very early hour I felt impelled to ascend the Capuzinerberg, that enchanting rock, which, as the inscription carved in stone announces, was assigned as a retreat by an undoubtedly rich and probably unhappy archbishop to the "paupero ac felici Cappucino." While wandering about on the hill of the poor and happy Capuchin monk, and reveling in one view after another, I was thinking of anything but the Festival concert. Or at any rate, I thought that we ought to greet thankfully any motive, and consequently the present musical one, which brought so many human beings, with a sense of the beautiful and a longing for freedom, out of their hot workrooms and the "crushing narrowness of the streets," and enable them to drink in, with full draughts and to their hearts' content, the beauties of such a landscape. If, after such a delightful day's work, you feel inclined to gratify yourself and others with some music in the evening, translating, so to speak, into tune the impressions of nature you have enjoyed during the day, all the better. This landscapy-picturesque point of view, whence the Salzburg Musical Festival is beheld as the goal of a musical pleasure trip, is not only the most inviting, but perhaps the only one, for any person writing an account of the proceedings. Quite in keeping with the character of an artist's country outing were, to begin with, the concerts with which some members of the orchestra delighted certain small towns, as they passed through them, so to say, on their pilgrimage hither. Thus, for instance, Schantel, the player on the French horn, and Moser, the harpist, gave a most crowded concert at Waidhofen on the Ybbs, the feat being rendered possible by the existence there of a zealous *Liedertafel*, admirably trained by Friedrich Schiffner.

A critic bound merely to supply the Viennese public with new and interesting musical information respecting this Festival, which includes nothing but well-known compositions executed in the well-known manner, would have finished almost ere he began. He would simply have to copy out the programme, and add in a tone of unclouded satisfaction: "Everything went off without a fault and also without rain." At the first concert on Thursday evening, the members of the Vienna Philharmonic, under Hanns Richter's experienced guidance, performed the overtures to *Die Zauberflöte* and *Manfred*; Schubert's B minor Symphony of two movements; and Beethoven's Seventh. Herr Joseph Hellmesberger (the hereditary prince) played with uncommon elegance and correctness Bach's Violin Concerto, so often — nay, almost exclusively — selected by him. Mme. Clementine Schuch-Proska chose two Mozartean airs, one of which (from *Idomeneo*) moves in a simple and expressive *cantilena*, while the other (that of the Queen of Night) contains the most brilliant specimens of scale and *staccato bravura* in the highest notes. The lady's voice sounded full and fresh through the hall, which possesses excellent acoustic qualities, and her artistic delivery, remarkable for its good taste, elicited a storm of applause. The arrangements in the spacious but somewhat bare *Aula* of the Salzburg Gymnasium were the same as they were two years ago,

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and perfectly satisfactory. The applause could not have been warmer or more prolonged. The attendance, however, especially in the foremost and dearest reserved seats, was unfortunately not so numerous as it should have been on the occasion of such a pleasing event, simply of incalculable value to Salzburg, as the performance of the Philharmonic. That a large portion of the local nobility and of the high clergy should omit to seize the opportunity of proving their sense for art was an especial subject of regret.

The second concert (Friday's) failed, on the whole, to go off so successfully as the first, and could hardly be heard to the end without a considerable feeling of weariness. In the first place, a summer's evening is not favorable to grand concerts; the heat soon becomes oppressive, and the artificial illumination, struggling with the daylight from without, looks dull and gloomy. Of all the pieces in the programme, by far the strongest impression was produced—as on so very many previous occasions—by Beethoven's *Leonore* Overture, No. 3. Coming immediately after this fiery stream of tone, Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos was inevitably too pale. It is pleasing society-music, for the most part conventional in purport, and of a style of virtuosity long since left behind; at any rate, the first movement would have been quite sufficient in so very long a programme. The charming concerted playing of the Brothers Thern could not prevent the work in its entirety from wearying the audience, the more especially, as there was rather a good deal of Mozart played in succession: the Piano-forte Concerto in three movements, Susanna's "Garden Air," which Mme. Schuch-Proska repeated by desire, and the E-flat major Symphony in four movements. To these must be added Beethoven's Violin Concerto, so nearly related in form and expression to the style of Mozart. Herr M. Graun, the *Concertmeister*, exhibited astounding slash and lasting power in two grand cadenzas, but unfortunately often fell foul of pure intonation. During the whole Festival Richard Wagner was represented by only two short pieces: the prelude to the third act of *Die Meistersinger* and Hanns Sachs's monologue, "Was duftet doch der Flieder." Including as they do so many more important and more effective compositions by Wagner among their stock pieces, the members of the Philharmonic might have been expected to make a more appropriate selection. Hanns Sachs's monologue belongs, it is true, to the purest and most characteristic scenes of the opera, but in a concert-room is very unthankful for the vocalist and not very intelligible to an audience unfamiliar with *Die Meistersinger*. Still more unintelligible, when torn out of the opera, must be the short prelude to the third act. But supposing the two pieces to be once set down for the second concert, the prelude ought most undoubtedly to have been given immediately after the monologue, and thus they would have mutually explained and enhanced each other. Why Herr Richter inserted between these two *Meistersinger* fragments an air by Mozart and Beethoven's Violin Concerto is not very clear to us. The singer charged to give the Hanns Sachs monologue was Dr. Emil Kraus, formerly a member of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, and now first baritone at the Cologne Theatre. He acquitted himself of his difficult and not very thankful task in a masterly manner. We found his voice stronger and more ringing, and his style more expressive, than during his Vienna engagement, and the capital is most truly a loser by his secession. He would be a valuable acquisition not merely for the Opera House, but for oratorios and concerts in Vienna.

The third and last concert of the Festival was restricted to the domain of chamber-music, pianoforte compositions, and songs, the orchestra taking no part in it. Two ladies—the Countess Spaur, a virtuoso on the harp, and a Mlle. Brünnicke, a concert-singer from Magdeburg—sent apologies for their absence through indisposition, so Mme. Schuch-Proska reigned even more than on the previous evening as undisputed queen. After giving two well known songs by Schumann and Mendelssohn with pleasing expression, but not over-intelligible style of pronunciation, she was led on, amid continuous applause, by Dr. Kraus, with whom she sang the duet "Reich' mir die Hand, mein Leben," from *Don Juan*. This piece, not included in the programme, and, so to speak, something extempore, was naturally welcomed here above all places with unbounded satisfaction. Dr. Kraus achieved, too, with his songs (Brahms, Robert Franz, and J. Sutter) complete success. The string-quartet was represented by Herren Grün, Karl Hofmann, Zollner, and Giller, of Vienna, and the piano by the Brothers Thern, who executed, in masterly fashion, on two pianos, Schumann's Andante with Variations, Beethoven's Turkish March, and a Waltz by Chopin. This matinée was of a more unpretending and more homely character than the two evening concerts; it seemed, however, to satisfy the audience none the less for that, but, on the contrary, to suit their taste exceptionally well.

A grand musical gathering, with concerts on three days, and festive arrangements of every description, may certainly with perfect justice be entitled a Musical Festival. But the local organ of the "International Mozart Institute" is in error when it claims for that Institute the merit of having been the first "to pave the way for naturalizing in Austria musical festivals such as have long been living realities on the banks of the *Rhine, in Germany*." The Salzburg Festival has neither the character nor the importance of the German meetings. These are carried out by the combined efforts of all the musical resources of an entire province. For instance, all the orchestral and vocal associations of the surrounding country cooperate in the musical festivals of the Lower Rhine, which are held alternately at Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle; every musician or amateur is ready with his voice or his instrument, and the different choral unions, of which the female members, married and unmarried, belong to the best classes, study all through the winter the oratorios chosen for the following Whitsuntide. On this account the German Musical Festivals are important events for the whole population, and a means of national musical education of incalculable values. Here in Salzburg, on the contrary, the cooperation of home-artists and amateurs is entirely wanting; as at the first, so at this second, festival, there appears to have been a certain marked intention to exclude local instrumentalists and singers. As long as the so-called "Way-Paver" does not employ local executants and complete the programmes by grand choral music, we can properly speak only of Philharmonic Concerts given in Salzburg by the best of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, supplemented by two or three soloists. The inhabitants of the Rhenish Provinces take part themselves in the performance, while the Salzburgers listen to others,—that is the difference. When Baron Sterneck succeeds in musically educating the population of Salzburg—nationally, and not internationally—we will willingly call him a "Way-Paver" for Mozart. The "International Mozart Institute" has, on the occasion of this second Musical Festival, issued a report, carefully and malicously prepared by its secretary, Herr Johann Ev. Engl. The report is headed by a biography and portrait of the president of the "International Mozart Institute," Baron Carl von Sterneck, Imperial and Royal Superior Finance Inspector, on the Retired List, for Salzburg. There comes an exhaustive statement of the financial position of the Institute from 1869 to 1879. Two years ago I frankly expressed in these columns certain misgivings caused in my mind by the exceedingly numerous and high-flying—but at the same time obscure—plans of the association. It was therefore with all the greater interest that I took up the last report, which of course shows officially what, after ten years' existence, the "International Mozart Institute" has realized of its lofty plans,—what it has positively effected.

I own that, from the strong tone of self-satisfaction taken by the "Mozart Institute," I expected some important practical results. But though the minute accounts of the Festival-Report afford evidence of astounding and indefatigable zeal on the part of the committee in making the "International Mozart Institute" known and famous throughout, and even beyond the limits of Europe, they leave us in a romantic semi-obscurity as to what we really owe the Institute. We are informed that a fully empowered agent of the Institute undertook two long "canvassing journeys" through Germany; that a second such agent went as far as Paris, London, and Egypt; that "applications were made to the directors of German railways for free traveling in the service of the Institute;" and that "artistically ornamented applications were sent to reigning princes that they would be pleased to subsidize the Institute." Recourse is had to "advertising placards for watering-places, hotels, and railway stations;" "honorary diplomas in artistic envelopes" to Baron Hofmann, Minister of State, to Count Beust, and others; "petitions to the Embassies and Consulates in Germany, Holland, Italy, and America," etc. We may well congratulate the "International Mozart Institute" on the zeal, on the persevering and courageous efforts, of its accredited agents and canvassers, who have already gathered in some fine, ringing crops. The Institute succeeded even in getting up a concert in London, with the cooperation of Mme. Patti. It possesses now a capital of nearly 23,000 florins. But in the financial returns for the last ten years we have not found the slightest hint that as much as a single kreutzer has been expended for "the support of poor musicians." Yet this humane task is, "with the foundation of a Conservatory," set forth as the most important of the many missions of the "International Mozart Institute." We fear that the epithet of "International" will be fatal, and with its beautiful sound everywhere prove prejudicial to the dearest and most necessary national interests of the Institute. As the "appeal" announces, the association is to become a "Schiller Institute" for musicians. But the gentlemen know very well that the Schiller Institute cares only for German poets and authors, and never thinks of assisting also the authors of England, Spain, or any other foreign country. The Schiller Institute confines itself to one object, which it keeps well in view and consistently follows. Nor does it think of organizing prize competitions, or of erecting an International Theatrical Academy at Marbach, simply because Schiller was born there, and because, in addition, the surrounding country is beautiful. The project of establishing in Salzburg (side by side with the already existing public school of music, the Mozarteum) a new and independent Conservatory, an "International" Conservatory in the grand style, is based on a strong self-delusion of the committee, and there is something downright childish about the reason assigned (at page 59 of the pamphlet), that "by its wonderful position, placed by Humboldt on an equality with that of

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Naples and that of Constantinople, and its cheapness, Salzburg offers the Conservatory the most favorable conditions of success." It is only a large town, possessing an opera-house, an active concert system, and a considerable public fond of music, which can attract and retain the elements of a good Conservatory, and offer guarantees for the highest art-education of the young musician. This subject must be mooted again in these columns, because it occupies a first place among the international fancies entertained by the founders of the Salzburg Institute. But there does not seem to be any hurry, and I think I may quietly reserve for future years the continuation of my strictures. EDOUARD HANSLICK. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

A WORD OF WARNING.

THE PERILS OF YOUNG AMERICAN GIRLS IN EUROPEAN CITIES.

[From the American (Paris) Register.]

Two very able letters in the New York *Herald* have recently called attention to the peculiar trials and temptations attendant on the career of a female student of singing in Milan. The accomplished correspondent evidently was well acquainted with the facts of the case, and set them forth in a vivid and affective manner. Yet it does not need a residence in Milan itself to awaken the American dweller in Europe to a sense of the very striking objections that exist to the sojourn of a young American girl, alone and unprotected, in any of the large cities of continental Europe. To send a young girl to any one of those cities to study singing under these conditions is simply to place her on the high road to perdition. She may not journey to that dreadful goal. We are proud to say that there are many brave hearts and pure souls among our young girl students of singing that can encounter unscathed the perils of even so terrible an ordeal. But those perils exist, and, instead of ignoring them, it is the duty of all those who become acquainted with them to point them out and render them visible to the eyes of those who may be called upon to encounter them. Our American girls, possessing the traditional beauty of their nationality, and with their frank, free ways, gained in the one land on earth where innocence is its own safeguard, and the weakness of womanhood is its own best protection, are peculiarly unfitted to cope with the ways and wiles of European cities. An American gentleman, for instance, who was long a student of singing at Milan, once told the writer of these lines that there existed in that city a band of men who made it their business to sit in front of the cafés of that city to watch for the newly arrived American girls, as a hunter watches for the pheasant or the stag that he intends to slay. And these men being, as a rule, handsome, accomplished, and fascinating, they are all the better prepared to hunt down their prey.

Let us imagine the would-be *prima donna* as she comes abroad, alone, unguarded, armed only with her fair face, her fresh, young voice and the inexperience of her twenty years. These years have probably been passed in the tranquil seclusion of some New England town or Western village. She has been the star of the principal church choir, and the reigning musical sensation at all the tea-parties. Her voice is considered equal to that of Nilsson by those who have heard the Swedish songstress, and consequently are well prepared to give an opinion. It is thought a shame that such talent and such gifts should be left undeveloped. Sympathizing friends make up a purse for the young singer, or some one wealthy amateur generously undertakes to defray the expenses of her musical education. She comes to Milan, and without preparation or transition she finds herself at once swept into the whirl of the corrupt, brilliant life of a great European city. Poor, frail, helpless bark, launched rudderless and captainless upon a stormy sea, what wonder is it if disaster and wreck overtake it? And her little store of money is just so much bait to have the pirate crew of impressario and teachers set all sail in pursuit. It is, too, an undeniable fact that the manners and habits of American girls, innocent as their harmless freedoms of speech and manners may be, are such as to repel the best classes of Italian women. The respectable Italian girl, of the middle classes especially, is bred up in almost Oriental seclusion, surpassing in that respect even her French contemporary. She sits in the house knitting stockings or studying her breviary, and she looks with reprehension on the fair-faced, free-mannered foreigners, with their gay attire and coquettish ways. Thus are the new-comers shut out from companionship that might aid them in learning the ways and manners of the stranger land. On the contrary, they are thrown in contact with a fast set, both from England and the United States, who have come to Italy ostensibly to study, but in reality to have "a good time." And the consequences of such association can better be imagined than described.

We repeat that we do not mean to say that there are not many American girls who go to study music in Milan, and who, nevertheless, pass triumphant and unscathed through all the trials and temptations of their career. We can, on the contrary, point with pride to such ornaments to their sex and their chosen profession as Mme. Emma Albani, Miss Thursby, and Miss Abbott. But the fact remains the same as set forth by the Milan correspondent. They are patent to any resident in Europe who is interested in the career of his or her young countrywomen who go to that city to study music.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XII.

WHAT are you doing?

"Trying to draw that tea-pot."

There's a great deal of time wasted in trying.

"But I can't get it right."

Make up your mind that you can't get it right. Don't try to get it so very exact. At the same time you need not try *not to*. You can't do your best when you're trying. You act as if this were your last chance for redemption. Make a joke of it, — a recreation.

It is n't what you *see*, but what you *feel*, that will make your work interesting. You can look at a thing and *see* it, but that's nothing. You can look at something which may give you an emotion. That's *feeling!*

Facts don't amount to anything. Cyclopedias are full of them. It 's an individual's expression of a thing that 's interesting.

Paint as if patting on plaster; here, there, there. Let it lie. Then unite with a clean brush.

You could paint that face in fifteen minutes if you knew what to do, which shows what tremendous margin you can allow your mind without taxing it. If you know the form of that face you can draw it. See how you draw from memory! You don't think of that sonata which you heard yesterday afternoon. We always move one peg along. You can sit and look at that face and learn just as well as if you had charcoal, oil, water-color, varnish, and a frame. A great saving of time and materials. Look at it half an hour every day, and you could paint it. If you gaze at a thing with any kind of thought you get an impression.

Perfect simplicity of expression! In this country only martyrs attain to it. Abraham Lincoln had it. John Brown had it. I saw the latter refuse oysters once at a party, because "he was not hungry." I said to a friend, — and Brown was not celebrated then, not having been hanged! — "There's something remarkable about that man! Did you ever know a man to refuse oysters at a party because he was not hungry?" He did not take champagne because he was "not thirsty." Held the glass as you would hold a doll for a baby. Was not going to gorge himself, — a man with such a destiny and such a work before him!

You *could* draw that spinning-wheel so that it would make you buzz to look at it. It ought to *sing* with the play of light and color. Millet would have done it with the utmost simplicity, but with extreme care. Draw it, in every detail, with perfect accuracy, and then simplify it. Make it look *fat*.

That portrait was painted almost wholly with *terre-verte brulée*, which is so neutral that if you add white you get a tender yellow. It has the ambery quality, like the shadow of gold. Harmonizes with anything. Can work it into everything, it is so tender and sympathetic. You can change it to almost everything.

It takes no longer to make a memory-sketch than to tie up your shoe-strings; and it is just as much an object for you to draw as to put on your shoes.

You keep your hands going, going. If you knew how to paint as you know how to make an 8, you could do it.

I don't believe in the modern French school. The true French masters came in a great wave, which began with Géricault, and ended with Daubigny. All the facile doing of the men of to-day counts not at all, and never will. It is merely a mercantile development. These men might have painted differently. It is this looking after perfection that I tell you not to do. *Do what you do while you do it!* with thumbs & elbows. There's going to be painting that is perfectly simple, — the simple expression of simple forms. To do this a man must be tremendously strong.

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC. By WILLIAM POLE, Mus. Doc., Oxon., etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

THIS handsome duodecimo of 316 pages contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February and March, 1877. It is an attempt to construct a philosophy of music upon the basis of the important discoveries of the profound German physicist Helmholtz, as embodied in his great work "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen," etc. (*The Doctrine of the Perception of Musical Sounds, considered as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music.*) Dr. Pole has evidently a scientific turn of mind, is skeptical of mere tradi-

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tions and conjectures, trusts no idealisms, but follows Helmholtz's critical method of inquiry in getting at the natural facts and laws which underlie the questions and the practices of musical art, being particularly bent on finding the division line between what is dictated by natural laws, and what must be relegated to the vague region of æsthetics. We could wish that he were a little clearer in his definition of æsthetics, and that he had also entered into the possibly fruitful inquiry, whether that also has not its philosophy, its natural laws. Indeed, from the way in which he dismisses several questions, we rather get the impression that he uses the term *æsthetic* as tantamount to arbitrary, and mere matter of shifting taste and custom. Be this as it may, the book is full of valuable suggestion and instruction; and in a singularly clear and readable way presents the history of these inquiries, sums up the results of what others have written, such men as Rameau, Hauptmann, etc., and is really a complete, though brief, survey of all that is essential to an intelligent general idea of that very subtle, complicated art called Music.

He treats the subject under three heads: I. The Material of Music, *i. e.*, musical sounds. II. Elementary Arrangements of the Material, *i. e.*, the selection out of the infinite variety of sounds, and the arrangement into scales of such sounds as may be available for use. III. The Structure of Music, including Melody, Harmony, Counterpoint. In fact, musical composition of whatever form.

Under the first head he enumerates the important works on Acoustics; shows how sound is produced, transmitted, and perceived; what are the special characteristics of musical sounds, their pitch, their strength, their individual character (color, *timbre*), explaining this last from the grand discovery of Helmholtz, his doctrine of "overtones" (harmonics); ending with a very interesting chapter on the theoretical nature of the sounds of all the various kinds of musical instruments, including the various qualities of human voices, matters upon which Helmholtz has shed a vast deal of light. We cannot see how all this portion of the task could have been more satisfactorily executed within such limits.

Part II. treats, of course, of musical intervals and scales; traces the history of the musical scale; inquires into the theoretical nature of the diatonic scale (both the ancient and the modern), and to what extent it is founded on natural laws; discusses the Greek and the Church modes, the modern tonality, and the modern diatonic scale as influenced by harmony; the chromatic and the minor scale, systems of temperament, etc., ending with a chapter on Time, Rhythm, and Musical Form.

In all this there is much that is sound and excellent; but it is just here that we meet with symptoms of what seems to us an undue leaning to the skeptical and empirical way of dealing with the question. We say *the* question, for the true theory of the musical scale is the question whose solution solves all the other questions here involved. Now the author, while he cautions us against the one extreme of supposing the succession of sounds in the scale to be entirely empirical and arbitrary, speaks of the opposite error of "deducing all the notes of the scale from harmonic relations," and seems to find sufficient ground for calling this an error in the fact that scales existed before harmony was known. He admits the *natural* origin of two intervals, the octave and the *fifth*; but declares that the other steps are "irregular," and "were originally settled by artificial means." They may have been originally settled so; practice in most matters precedes theory; instinct gropes its way to uses long before the laws underlying them can be determined. But does this prove that the musical scale — our modern diatonic scale — is not founded in natural laws of sound? What is the beautiful law of "overtones," then, good for? The scale is a trinity; all its tones spring from three roots (to use a term to which Dr. Pole seems to have an unfortunate aversion). Those three roots, or fundamentals, are indispensable to any music; without them no unity, no musical progression, melodic or harmonic, is possible. Every melody must have its central tone, or tonic, or keynote; but melody must move, and its first step must be to some tone, which is either one of its own simplest harmonies, or one of the harmonics of its *fifth* or *dominant*, or of that tone of which it is itself in the same way the fifth, that is, the *subdominant*. Now the first overtones of the tonic give us the *third* and *fifth* of the scale; those of the dominant give the *second* and the *seventh*; the subdominant, with its overtones, gives the *fourth* and the *sixth*. There we have all the tones of the scale. Why is this not a natural origin? All that strikes us as artificial or empirical about it is the limitation of the scale to the conveniences of use. It were easy to imagine a much lengthier scale of many more degrees by taking in the higher overtones. It would facilitate the right understanding of the matter if we would write our scale differently; *i. e.*, if, instead of rising from C to its octave, we should put the keynote in the centre and go from F, subdominant, up to C, then from C up to G dominant. This is music reduced to the simplest practicable system. But the semitones (chromatics, accidentals) have equally a natural origin. For in the first place we must never forget that all melody *implies* harmony. Now, if in passing from the tonic harmony, or centre of rest, into a tone belonging to another root, as the dominant, say G, we conclude to stay there for a while, making that the keynote and centre, then comes in an accidental; the *seventh* must be *sharped*; or if we pay F a visit and abide there, we need a flattened *fourth*, and so on from key to key until we have all the semitones and the chromatic scale. The old Greek scales, or modes, were only gropings after the true ideal scale which is founded in nature. As Goethe saw in a fish only a sheathed man, not having got its legs and arms out, so the Greek scale, lacking the semitones while harmony remained unknown, was only an imperfect, "sheathed" scale, waiting to get its legs and arms out, or its means of freer movement and of modulation. Really its several "modes," Lydian, Dorian, etc., were all one scale, only beginning at different points, and that the same as our diatonic scale, but unavailable for modulation. This may not be a scientific (for we are no scientist), but it does seem to us to be a rational, a natural, a simple explanation of the matter. Of course we can only touch upon one or two of the questions arising in this part of the work.

Part III. is after all the most important, treating as it does of the actual structure of music,—musical art as such. Its chapters on Melody (which it rightly calls the oldest form, but how can he say the "essential basis" of music?); on the history of Harmony, its theoretical rules and systems, its elementary and its compound combinations, or chords, Helmholtz's physical theory of consonances and dissonances; on Harmonic Progressions, etc., are all extremely valuable, although we might still take issue here and there with the empirical spirit to which we have already alluded. For instance, the rule forbidding parallel fifths and octaves in the progression of parts in harmony, which all musicians hold to be so essential, and which is commonly taught among the first things in the treatises on harmony, is here ignored until almost the very end of the book; and then, scarcely regarding the simple and obvious reason for the rule, which is that such *fifths* rudely break off the relations of tonality, he seeks in vain for better reasons. In regard to *octaves* he finds a good enough reason in the fact that these add nothing to the musical statement, — are a sort of musical tautology, we might say. But it is strange that the author cites a series of fifths (triads upon each note of the scale), and asserts that there is no reason in nature why they should not sound agreeably, and that in fact it is all a matter of habit that we do not find them quite as pleasing as any other chord progression! Indeed, it seems to be our author's one to oust nature wherever it is possible, and put the whole responsibility for the rules and practices, the forms and the results, of music upon the shoulders of the æsthetic element, the taste of periods and peoples, and the inventive genius of the composers. And for this he claims justification and ground of pride when he says, near the end of his summing up: "One thing, when well considered, ought to further the acceptance of the [these] "philosophical views; namely, how much they tend to exalt the art of music, and the merits of the great composers. The ordinary belief, that everything that a great musician writes ought to be 'accounted for,' *i. e.*, brought into conformity with some imagined natural rule, is no very complimentary tribute to his genius; it is infinitely more ennobling to believe, as the philosophical theory leads us to believe, that the musical forms are really the outcome of the composer's own art, — the offspring of his prolific imagination." A pleasant thought, indeed, and creditable to the author's sincere musical enthusiasm; but does it prove that science and imagination, any more than science and religion, ever need to quarrel? Law may cover *all* the ground, and still imagination will have "ample room and verge enough." Genius asks no limitary favors in the race.

But it is in his chapter on Counterpoint that our author appears to best advantage, and has our fullest sympathy. He pays a noble tribute to the transcendent worth and beauty of that old art of weaving independent (or rather individual) melodies of the four or more parts into a wondrous web of harmony, which Palestrina, and then Bach and Handel, carried to a pitch of almost divine perfection. And he mourns over the neglect into which this highest style of composition has fallen in our day. Especially would we thank him for the pregnant sentences which he translates from Hauptmann's *Letters to Hauser*, of which we have room at present only for this one:—

"The true meaning of harmony is, that it arises from a combination of melodies sounded simultaneously. This, which was the most important thing in olden times, is now neglected. In good modern writing, the bass is indeed given good relations to the melody, but the middle parts are filled in with rubbish simply to complete the chords. The lifted pedal will then blind the whole into a compact mass, but any organization in it is out of the question. I have nothing to say against all this, but would rather have nothing to do with it.

In conclusion we can only say, that these lectures by Dr. Pole on "The Philosophy of Music" form a book which no intelligent student of music can afford not to read and ponder.

Tanagra Figurines. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

A fascinating subject, very pleasantly and instructively handled. Every lover of art, who has seen those charming little clay figures (twenty-two of them) presented to the Boston Art Museum by T. G. Appleton, Esq., must have felt a keen desire to know more about them, of their date and origin, the age and people that produced, the motive that inspired them, and the

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uses for which they were intended. It is, as the author says, "a singular and hitherto unsuspected branch of Greek art, but newly divulged, and already popularized in Europe," that is here investigated. About one thousand of these figurines have been taken from the two thousand tombs which within the last forty years have been explored in the old fortified town of Tanagra, in Beotia, and distributed through the Museums of the Louvre, of Berlin, and of Great Britain, as well as in private collections. They are the admiration of all who have seen them. Little realistic figures of from six to twelve inches in length, full of grace and beauty, bearing the marks of having been originally colored and even gilded, showing the costume and the arts and manners of their place and time, they speak unmistakably of a period of high development in plastic art. And indeed Tanagra, although Beotian, — a name that has become a byword for what is rustic, dull, and stupid, — stood on the borders of Attica, near Athens, near Thebes and Aulis (!) where the Greeks embarked for the siege of Troy; and these miniature examples of ancient "picto-sculpture" were coeval with the high period of Attic sculpture between three and four centuries before Christ.

It is singular that in all this time Thebes and Athens were in chronic warfare, and Tanagra was frequently their battle ground; but the artistic tin with Athens was none the less strong. Several other things are singular about these little images. One thing is, that nearly all of them are female figures, and draped; only a very few are nude, or semi-nude, or figures of men. Then they are nearly all so realistic; they seem like portraits of actual people of the time, as you might meet them in the streets, in the very costume that they wore, their curious heart-shaped fans, strange parasol-like coverings of the head, their life-like attitudes, their way of folding their scarfs under the dress, etc. In only a few instances is any ideal design apparent, anything mythological, emblematic, or patriotic. These few suggest to the author the question whether possibly they may not all be memorials of some great national religious festival. But the other great trait in common with them all is, that they are nearly all cheerful in expression. "Tanagra figurines are often very pensive, but grief, and all dark passions, are banished from their company. It is strange not to find in the image of death anything kindred to the legends of Niobe and Laocoon, no armor or implements of war where the din of armies resounded so familiarly. Even the Hautress Queen appears with an empty quiver, and Eros, the laughing, winged boy, comes quite disarmed. Search through the entire known list of Tanagra ceramics, and you will not find a note discordant with the expression of peace, gladness, sportiveness, tempered with a mood of pleased attention, or repose." Not all these figures appear as if forming parts of some dramatic combination, either as actors or as spectators in a joyful celebration?"

Whatever the solution of the enigma, we must be thankful to the author — who, we are told, is a Boston lady who has resided much in Paris — for the valuable information and the fine description which she has embodied in this attractive little volume. It contains good photographs of thirteen of the figurines.

HERMANN GOETZ: HIS CANTATA, "NŒNIA."

THE genius of this lamented young German composer seems to be more and more recognized abroad, especially in London. First we heard of him through his comic opera on Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," which we believe Carl Rosa will introduce into his next season's programme. Then came his Symphony in F (posthumous), admired and played repeatedly in Germany and England, and which it is the intention of the Harmonic Musical Association to present in our next season of symphony concerts. This was followed by various works of instrumental chamber music, all mentioned with praise in the London musical journals. More recently a couple of choral works have been produced and published there. The first, a psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," and now "Nœnia," set to a short lament in hexameter and pentameter verses by Schiller, have excited such attention that our own Boylston Club thinks of performing one or both of them next winter. The latter is reviewed in the London *Musical Times* as follows:—

NŒNIA (Poem by Schiller). For Chorus and Orchestra. Composed by HERMANN GOETZ (Op. 10). The English version by the Rev. J. THOUTBECK, M. A. Novello, Ewer & Co.

When, some short while ago, this work was performed at a concert given by an amateur choral society, we dwelt at such length upon its character and merits that very little remains now to be said. We could not, however, refuse a formal review to a thing of so much beauty and worth, while the fact is incontestable by anybody who has seen this music that public attention cannot, in reason, be too persistently demanded for it. Of one thing we are sure, which is that no amateur who heard Goetz's Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," at the initial concert of the London Musical Society, will be too well pleased to see more before us with eager expectation and high hope. The cantata is worthy of the psalm, as the psalm is worthy of any genius vouchsafed to an modern times. Each there are surprising power, masterful knowledge of technical means and effect, and that incomprehensible something which constitutes the quality of genuineness. Alas! that we so early lost this master of music, and did not know what a treasure we possessed in him! We have called to rest from his brief and ill-requited labors. But this, in our art, is the real "old, old story," — one that will probably go on till the end of time.

The cantata sets out, after a lengthened and most attractive orchestral prelude, with the motto of the whole text, "And the Beautiful must Perish," enunciated by the chorus in unaccompanied harmony, and followed by a contrapuntal movement, "What vanishing, what ever-lasting tale?" Here the conspicuous freedom with which Goetz wrote under such conditions is fully asserted, but the music is never open to the charge of being merely scholastic. Like a true master, Goetz ever kept in view the highest function of his art as an expression of feeling, and could subordinate all things to it. The next number is a repetition of the "motto," and then a tenor solo, *quasi recitativo*, followed by another for alto, and another for bass, makes reference to a case from classic lore in which no power could redeem the dead from the grave. One is reminded here of the grace and tender pathos of Mendelssohn illustrated the tragedies of Sophocles; and, indeed, the whole work proves Goetz to have been no stranger to the form and spirit that component music, and to have invested in "Antigone." At the close of the recitatives we have a chorus in C sharp minor, "But forth she came from the sea," which is from first to last instinct with charm. It would be impossible for us to convey in mere words an idea of its rare loveliness here found. One thinks of Mendelssohn at his best when reading these pages, while all the time conscious of an element which only Goetz could have supplied. The chorus is long enough to be short too long. We can afford to linger over such beauty, and even then feel regret that "the beautiful must perish." In due course, the chorus leads direct to a lament of epilogue (also chorus), wherein we find consolation for the evanescence of noble and lovely lives. "Yet a death song upraised by the lips of affection is glorious," we read, adding, "He that is mourn and lose passes mourning to the grave." Here Goetz crowns together his best and most numerous effort, and the result is grand. What earnest, exalted, and expressive music have we here! It is both strong and tender, like all great things in art. Take, for example, the passage, "He that is mean and base," etc., wherein, by the way, we see another reflection of Mendelssohn's spirit. We know but little that is more powerfully true to poetic purport than this, but, indeed, a like observation is applicable to the whole cantata, which should henceforth be a precious possession in the hands of English amateurs. If it be said that we have written a rhapsody instead of a review, our only answer is, that everybody who makes the acquaintance of this work will admit the inevitableness of a rhapsody, and grant the needlessness of a review.

A NEW symphonic composition, *Francesca da Rimini*, by Bazzini, was performed at the thirty-third Popular Concert in Turin.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEFIANCE, O., Aug. 16.—The Musical Institute in session here this summer, under the direction of Prof. H. H. Blakeslee and J. B. Leslie, assisted by Mrs. Ida B. Blakeslee, Mrs. J. B. Leslie, Prof. George A. Andrews, and J. M. Blakeslee, closed on Friday, August 8, with a concert, presenting the following programme: —

PART I.

Von Bree's German Cantata "Saint Cecelia's Day."

PART II.

Violin, De Beriot's 6th Air . . . . . *De Beriot.*
Mr. George Andrews.

Solo, "Spring Flowers" . . . . . *Reinecke.*
Miss Josephine Via Berington.

Violin Obligato.
Mr. George Andrews.

C-minor Concerto (*Beethoven*), with Cadenza . *Reinecke.*
Mrs. Ida Blakeslee.

Orchestral part upon second piano.
Mr. George Andrews.

Vocal Solo, "Waiting" . . . . . *Millard.*
Mrs. F. G. Brown.

Violin Obligato.
Mr. George Andrews.

Piano Duet, "Invitation to the Dance" . . . *Von Weber.*
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Blakeslee.

Chorus, Soldiers' Chorus, "Faust."

For us this was a pretty solid programme; but its admirable execution rendered it very enjoyable.

The Cantata, with a chorus of sixty voices, supported by two pianos, and with Mr. H. H. Blakeslee as director, went off finely from the first to the last note.

Mr. Andrews in his "6th Air" showed himself a thoroughly student, a master of his instrument.

Of course the great count of the evening was the C-minor Concerto with the Cadenza. I feel, however, that it was the first time such a composition has ever been performed in this city; and second, because the selection showed the lady's splendid technique to the best advantage. The Concerto was played in a beautiful and artistic style, and the Cadenza with a steady repose, yet a fire and determination fully worthy of it, while the concluding passage was terrific (!).

The work throughout the entire term has been most satisfactory. The membership in the various classes averaged in voice culture, 40; sight reading and pianoody, 40; harmony, 30; teachers' class, 20; chorus, 65; pupils in private classes, 42. Surely this marks an epoch in our musical history. "The Philharmonics" begin regular practice September 1.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 20. — A new horror has appeared in the musical world. As if amateur and church choir opera companies had not degraded performance and criticism to a sufficiently low level, we must have added to our list of horrors this new one of the "Baby Opera Troupe," brought out under the management of the Assorted *prodigous*, Mr. J. T. Ford, at the South Broad Street Theatre.

The "Baby Troupe" is paid so well that it has been followed by a "Baby Fatinitza," and there is no setting limits just now to the future family of Baby Operas. As long as the public supports by its presence, and the press informs by its criticisms, these crude and unwholesome performances will doubtless continue, for the only question to be answered is, does it pay? All Philadelphia knows how taste in the public, and an ignorance in the critics, which is as inexcusable as lamentable. There may be "millions in it," but there is also a crowd of evils — moral, intellectual, artistic, physical, and educational — which should demand a halt! in such enterprises from our philanthropists, moralists, teachers, and physicians.

Some little flurry has visited our quiet town in these dogs days over the removal of the "Permanent Exhibition" building ordered by the Park Commission. The general verdict with reflecting minds is that the Park Commission has done right. The "Exhibition" has never enjoyed the confidence or sympathy of our public, and has now degenerated into a mean show on Sundays and a doubtful hall on Wednesdays.

Carl Sauty with his military band has had a successful season at the Münzwerker Garden Concerts given nightly, and will continue a few weeks yet.

The festivals of the Swiss, Turners, and Bavarians have given great delight to the participants, but did not develop anything new or interesting enough in music earth-shrinking in this correspondence.

Aimée's Opera Bouffe Company is announced at the North Broad Street Theatre; Alice Oates' troupe at Arch Street Theatre, but no important movements in music have yet been made known publicly. There may be a local orchestra established either by a revived Musical Fund Society, a rejuvenated Germania Society, or perhaps by a grand combination of talent, wealth, and influence. Such is to be the Academy of Music. This latter movement is yet in embryo, but, if it is started, will be attended with a prestige sufficiently powerful to give it a good send-off, and surround its entertainments with success and éclat. More cannot be said at present, as circumstances may change the programme.

The small value of the critiques in our local papers, with a few noble exceptions, has taught the musical portion of the public that they must resort to the journals devoted to it's specialty for a truthful and exhaustive treatment of art sub-

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jects, and hence there is, with us at least, a more generous support of such enterprises. Among professional ladies and gentlemen this class of journals has grown in appreciation, and has become to them a necessity. AMERICUS.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH has completed his arrangements for the fall and winter season of Italian opera in the United States. They promise a series of representations of unusual brilliancy. Mr. Strakosch's *prima donna drammatica* is Mme. Teresa Singer, an artist whose Italian career has been remarkably successful. Mme. Singer's last engagement was fulfilled in Rome, and the dilletanti of the Eternal City — who make up the most critical audience in Italy — were unanimous in their admiration of the latest representative of Norma and Aïda. The soprano of the company is Signorina Bianca Lablache, a young prima donna of American birth, who has won great distinction in Italy, and especially in Naples. Mlle. Litta, the prima donna soprano, whose brilliant début in Paris caused Mr. Strakosch to secure her services for America last year, has been reëngaged for the approaching season. Mlle. Anna de Belocca, a very gifted and beautiful songstress, whose progress in her art has been continuous since her first appearance in London, is the contralto of the company. Mr. Strakosch is quite as well provided for in respect of male artists. Signor Ricardo Petrovich, a performer of European reputation, heads the list of tenors, which includes, besides Signor Baldanza and Signor Lazzarini, two young and promising singers. Signor Storti and Signor Gottschalk are the baritones, Signor Castlemary the *baritono basso*, and Mr. Carl Formes the principal bass. The novelties announced are Boito's *Mefistofele* and Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, and the répertoire is also to be enriched by several of the grand compositions of the old school, which are become almost unfamiliar in the New World, as Mme. Singer is the first dramatic songstress who has been heard there for a good many years. — *London Musical World.*

SINGING is one of the healthiest exercises in which men, women, and children can engage. The *Medical Wochenschrift*, of St. Petersburg, has an article based upon exhaustive researches made by Professor Monassein during the autumn of 1878, when he examined 222 singers ranging between the ages of nine and fifty-three. He laid chief weight upon the growth and absolute circumference of the chest, upon the comparative relation of the latter to the tallness of the subject, and upon the pneumatometric and spirometric condition of the singer. It appears to be an ascertained fact from Dr. Monassein's experiments that the relative, and even the absolute, circumference of chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer. The professor even says that singing may be placed physically as the antithesis of drinking spirituous liquors. The latter hinders, while the former promotes, the development of the chest. While milder forms of catarrh are frequent among singers, bronchial catarrh is exceedingly rare. The mortality of singers from phthisis is unfrequent. Bright's disease, on the contrary, is not unfrequent among them, which is also the case with non-drinkers. Nervous and impatient mortals, whose tempers are set on edge whenever the young woman next door seeks refuge in well-meant but too vehement song, will do well to bear in mind that singing is to be commended as a valuable prophylactic for persons who are phthisically inclined!

THEATRICAL ORCHESTRAS. — The following "remarks" are from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "The lover of dramatic art who likes to think, amid the warmth of this summer weather, that playwrights and managers and actors are hard at work preparing for his entertainment treats which he will richly enjoy when the cold winds of autumn come, and when the air of the city, now tremulous with torrid heat, shall be full of frostiness, experiences a pang as he remembers that all the leaders of the theatrical orchestras also are making toilsome preparations for the season. And not only are these persons hunting among the comic songs and the comic operas for airs which they will work into medleys with dreadful variations, but there is an awful possibility that the men who play the cornet are filling themselves with wind at the sea side, and that the drummers are gathering health in the mountains, or mayhap acquiring new strength of muscle by performing gymnastic evolutions at the Turners' picnic. The editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* recently urged that 'even to the poorest opera we can grant one virtue, if it had no other, namely, the silence between the acts.' It is possible to conceive of a theatrical orchestra which might under certain conditions contribute something to the pleasure of an evening that is spent in a theatre. There might be a collection of skilled musicians who should produce, under good leadership, music which should be so nicely fitted to the sentiment of the drama as to contribute something to its interpretation. It is, however, likely that even such an orchestra would often do more to mar than to help the entertainment. But the ordinary theatrical orchestra is not first-rate in quality, and the music with which it supplies the public is insolently independent of any of the motives of the drama. There are honorable exceptions even in this city, but the practice of managers is to procure the cheapest orchestra that can be had, and to reduce the number of players so far that the leader is compelled first to beat time a little and then to fiddle a little, so as to help to swell the harmony. As a rule, the music supplied by the leader is selected with special reference to the tastes of the third tier. If 'Sweet By-and-By' is popular upon the street, he will serve up 'Sweet By-and-By,' first as a solo for the cornet player with superhuman lungs, then as a duet for the flutes, and then as a theme for the violins; then he will take 'Sweet By-and-By' and ravel it out, and twist it around, and double it up, and frill it with trills, and run it up the scale and down the scale, and bang it out with the cymbals, and rattle it off upon the drums, winding up with a grand crash upon all the instruments. If all the boot-blacks are whistling 'Grandfather's Clock,' he will serve that dismal tune up in more ways than those in which a French cook can dress a dish of hash, and he will troll it out with an obligato of heels from the audience in the gallery. 'Pinafore' hardly reached this country before the leaders of the theatre orchestras dashed at it, disemboweled it, and tooted and twanged and thumped its melodies night after night between the acts of comedies, farces, tragedies, burlesques, extravaganzas, and sentimental dramas; and we venture to say that half of the leaders have been sweltering all the summer with efforts to devise new combinations of those old melodies: to construct new infernal machines to pop and jingle amid the rattle of the music, and to invent contrivances which will persuade the small boy up-stairs to rest a moment from the crunching of the peanut, and to express his delight by a more vehement whistling upon his fingers. The writer of this once went with a highly-gifted musician to a theatre to see a great actress in a great drama. The music between the acts was singularly poor and inapt, and when the musician was asked how he endured it, he said, 'I made up my mind not to listen to it.' Possibly the majority of persons who have musical sense and musical knowledge make an effort to get by the difficulty in the same manner."

FOREIGN.

HANDEL'S WILL AND OTHER RELICS. — The London *Musical Times* of August 1 has the following report of a remarkable auction sale of the "Snoxell Collection," including Handel's will and many Handelian relics: —

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson have recently sold a remarkable collection of curiosities under the above title. At the first day's sale (June 9) they disposed of the miniatures and enamels, more than 200 lots, including a few portraits of deceased musicians. On the second day about 200 lots of paintings and medallions, bronzes, china, etc., were sold. Many of these were interesting to musical amateurs, notably an oil-painting by Wolfgang, representing George Frederic Handel; although the resemblance to other portraits of Handel was not striking, the picture was engraved almost immediately after it was painted, and it was therefore interesting to compare the somewhat scarce engraving with its original. On the third day of the sale nearly 200 lots of "mechanical automata, musical instruments, Handelian relics, clocks and watches, ormolu ornaments, etc.," were brought under the auctioneer's hammer. A more extraordinary collection of articles it would be difficult to find — automaton rope-dancers, musicians, life size performing organists, piping bullfinches, a phœnix pecking her breast and feeding her young with blood, dancing bears, magicians, flying birds, drummer-boys, performing elephants, and "*The original anvil and hammer of the Harmonious Blacksmith from which Handel composed his celebrated air.*" It was somewhat depressing to find this worn-out piece of imposture and monument of enthusiastic ignorance and credulity still in existence, and it was wonderful to note that it sold for £13; but as the purchasers were Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, well known for their clever feats of sleight-of-hand and deception, it is to be hoped they will be able to turn the miserable lump of old iron to profitable account. We would suggest that they should arrange to have Handel's celebrated air performed on the anvil with a trumpet obligato by *Fanfare*. The fourth day's sale included musical instruments, statuary, theatrical dresses, jewelry, etc. The books, music, and engravings were sold on several succeeding days; and finally, on the 21st ult., the autographs and manuscripts were dispersed. Great interest was attached to the last day's sale, as it had been announced that Handel's will, in his own autograph, would be included in the catalogue. It was very generally known that Mr. Snoxell had been for years the possessor of this relic of the great composer, reference having been made to it by M. Schœlcher in his life of Handel; much speculation was therefore rife as to whether the coveted prize would be bought by some of our national trustees, or whether the German Handel Society would secure it, but it was purchased by Mr. W. H. Cummings for £53. How it came to pass that various national and local institutions allowed such an opportunity to slip, it would be vain to inquire. The will is wholly in English, and is entirely in Handel's handwriting, with a fine bold signature, "George Frideric Handel," the date of the document being June, 1750; this is followed by a codicil dated August, 1756, not in Handel's autograph, but the signature, which is his, "George Frederic Handel," as before, at once suggests why he did not write the codicil himself — it is the signature of a *blind man*. A second codicil, signed by Handel, gives color to the supposition that at the date, March, 1757, he had partially recovered his sight; in a third codicil, dated August of the same year, the signature again appears as if written by one quite blind; and a fourth codicil, dictated and signed on the 11th of April, 1759, only three days before he died, is subscribed in a faltering and feeble hand, "G. F. Handel." This last is witnessed by Rudd and Handel's amanuensis, J. Christopher Smith; and it is interesting to note that by this document, made almost in *articulo mortis*, the "Royal Society of Musicians," of which Handel was a member, received a legacy of one thousand pounds, and instructions are given for the expenditure of a sum "not exceeding six hundred pounds," to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The last day's sale included the inventory of Handel's household goods taken immediately after his decease: this curious document was also bought by Mr. Cummings. Handel's watch, with his name engraved on the case, was bought by an anonymous purchaser.

Mr. Snoxell, the late owner of the properties we have enumerated, was an amateur violinist, and was for many years associated with the Sacred Harmonic Society in that capacity. He also essayed to become a composer, but, judging from a published volume of his compositions now lying before us, succeeded but indifferently in his endeavors; for, although fairly free from error, they are wanting in interest, and exhibit no indication of talent.

ON June 26th a new Lohengrin was presented in M. Candidus, the American tenor, who had previously a remarkable success as Florestano, in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. M. Candidus proved himself the best Lohengrin ever seen on the stage in England. He executed high notes with ease and certainty, and without the slightest tendency to *tremolo*; and his phrasing was of the most finished kind. He was warmly applauded, and he must be considered a most valuable addition to Her Majesty's Opera. — *Observer, June 28th.*

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will soon leave London for Italy, returning before the winter sets in. She purposes remaining in Europe for some time, and will probably turn her attention to oratorio.

HERR BITTER, the new German minister of finance, is well known as the author of several valuable works relating to music. In 1865, he published his book entitled, *Joh. Seb. Bach*; in 1866, *Mozart's Don Juan und Gluck's Iphigenia*; in 1869, *Ueber Gervinus, Händel, und Shakespeare*; in 1872, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Oratoriums*; and also in 1872, *Verbesserte Uebersetzung des Don Juan.* From this list it will be perceived that the new minister belongs to the classical school, and is no follower of the music of the future. In 1875, it was he who called into existence the Schleswig-Holstein musical festivals. Herr Bitter is decorated with the Iron Cross and several other orders.

LEIPZIG. — During the recent series of operatic performances given at Leipzig by the company of the Hamburg Stadt-Theatre, much enthusiasm was created by the production of Handel's opera *Almira*, the earliest of the composer's many similar stage works. *Almira* was written at Hamburg in 1704 to German words by Feustking, and was produced on the Hamburg stage (then the leading one in Germany in operatic matters) in the following year. The successful revival of the work in our days is the more noteworthy as testifying to the vitality possessed by a species of music generally regarded as obsolete.

RATISBON. — The general congress of the Cecilia Societies of Germany was held this year at Ratisbon on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of August. The object of these societies is to effect a reform of the music in the Roman Catholic churches, and to bring it back to the more severe style of which Palestrina and his school are types. It is the usage at these German annual meetings to perform some specimen works, both of the more important and minor kind, of the earlier church composers; and as the number of singers is always considerable, and all have been well trained, the effect of *ensemble*, which is one of the great features in these works, is always sure to be well rendered. There were choral services and other performances of church music both in the forenoons and afternoons of the 5th and 6th of August in the Cathedral of Ratisbon, and the Dominican Church and the Church of St. Emmeran. The chief selection of music of the early composers was on the afternoon of the 6th.

PARIS. — M. Halanzier resigned his functions as director of the Paris Grand Opera on the 15th ult., having concluded the performances given under his *régime* with Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* on the previous day, when he took leave of the *personnel* of the establishment. His successor, M. Vaucorbeil, inaugurated his new office by a performance of Halévy's *La Juive*, in the presence of the president of the republic and a crowded audience. M. Grévy, on the occasion in question, had a prolonged interview with the new director, in the course of which he assured him of the lively interest he took in the conduct and prosperity of the leading lyrical stage of France.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 137.)

Again the new young Spring,
With happy, sunlit eyes and golden hair,
With garlands crowned and scattering flowers before him,
Had come into the world and filled the air
With balmy odors, and from out his hand
Let fly his singing birds to build their nests,
And with his joyous voice and smile made glad
Even the gray, old streets. And yet a cloud
Hung darkly o'er the city, every heart
Was grieved and heavy as with coming tears.
For, as upon the wind's invisible wings,
Had the sore news gone forth and swiftly spread, —
Sanzio, the pride of all the land, beloved
Of high and low, lay ill of some hot fever,
So ill, that soon the wise men, hastily called
To learned council, drew their shoulders up,
And gravely shook their heads.
From morn till night
Were his familiar doors besieged by those
Who asked with eager lips for latest news,
And poor old Nina most unwillingly
Must leave at last the care of her sweet boy
To the good sister from the Hill, who came
To tend and soothe and help, while she herself
Answered the questioners, and suffered none
To enter, save perchance a few old friends
And first among them all 't was Baldassar,
Who flew to Sanzio's side, and for an hour
Sat chatting near him, with a cheerful brow,
Concealing 'neath his wonted gayety
A heart that bled at sight of that dear face,
So changed from what he knew it once.
"One thing, —
One thing before you go, my best of friends!"
Said Sanzio as he rose to take his leave,
"Send for my little sister, so," but marking
That a faint smile passed o'er the other's lips
And he drew up his eyebrows, he cried out
In a deep voice quivering with earnestness,
"Nay, Baldassare, pray you doubt it not!
I swear to you even by my soul's salvation,
And as I hope for everlasting life,
She was no more to me than this! — though scarce, —
Perchance if she, — if I, — yet let that pass,
It matters little now, and sinks away
As other earthly things! I tell you, friend,
She is a flower of such fine exquisite mould,
Of such divine simplicity and grace,
Such sacred innocence and purity,
Methinks the breath of passion stained and marred
The heavenly fairness of her virgin heart,
It were a pity and a sin" —
"Sanzio,"
Said Baldassar most gravely, "I believe,
Surely believe you on your simple word,
Without such solemn pledge! Eternal life
Is what men call on in their dying hours" —

"Then is it time for me!" said Sanzio softly.
But Baldassare, heeding not, went on,
"And they, please God, are yet far off for you!"
And then more lightly, "Aye, the hours when we
Give up our sullied souls to some kind priest,
To purify and make them fit for heaven, —
But you have yet full time enough!"
"That hour
Has come for me, friend!" Sanzio said again,
Gentle yet firm. "Wherefore would you deceive me,
E'en were that possible! I am not quite
Unready nor unwilling to depart.
But send for Benedetta, — I would see
Her sweetest face once more! Send for her soon, —
At once, — methinks I have not long to wait!"

"I will ride out to her this very eve,
So with the early morn she may be here."

"Thanks, thanks, my Baldassar! And then, I pray,
Nay, I beseech you, by the generous love
You ever bore me, — by the undoubting faith
Our friendship ever knew, — when I am gone
Watch o'er her you, and have a care of her
To whom the last love of my life was given!
I have no friend but you to whose pure hands
I venture to confide this priceless charge.
This too you promise?"
"Aye, with all my heart!
Yet no, my Sanzio! — You and I will yet
Have many a long, glad ride across the hills!"

Sanzio shook his bowed head. "I nevermore
Shall ride across the hills!" he said unfaltering,
Yet with a shade of sadness in his voice,
Though Baldassare would not be dismayed,
And parted from him with a brave, bright smile.
But when he closed the door and wandered off
Down the long corridor, he suddenly paused
With heavy feet, and covering up his face,
His strong frame shaken by convulsive sobs,
Cried out, "Great God, I fear he speaks the truth!"

The morning came, and with it Benedetta.
As she sped breathless up the well-known stairs,
She met a holy father, and in haste
Received his benediction; then flew on
To Sanzio's chamber.
He lay back, awake
But weary, on the cushions of his couch,
Yet turned his head and mutely greeted her
By a faint, happy smile.
Without a word
She hastened to his side, sank on her knees,
And clasped in hers, and kissed the burning hands
That looked so white and fine. He suffered it,
Still gazing down upon her tenderly,
For one brief moment, then he gently drew
One hand away to lay it on her head,
And said in husky tones, —
"My Benedetta,
My blessed one! Oh you were wisely named!
To me you were in truth a messenger
Sent down from heaven, — the peace and hope and help
Of a life brief in years but long in sin!
Thou purest star that ever smiled on me,
Thou sweetest dream of all my wayward days,
My own, my sister, — more than friend or love, —
Would I could tell thee in a single breath
All thou hast been to me, — what deep content,
What joy untold, I drank from the fresh spring
Of thy dear love!"
And through the whole long day,
Though he spake little more, he fixed on her
Eyes strangely radiant, yet so firm and calm,
That Benedetta, full of trusting hope,
Thought, surely, surely he will soon grow well!
As many times she clasped her hands in prayer.
But when she asked him once, he only said,
"Love, that shall be as the dear Lord decrees, —
He ordereth all, and ordereth all things well;
His will be done!" And thus the anxious hours
Crept slowly by.

(Conclusion in next number.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 139.)

HAVING thus briefly spoken of the Suite, the Partita, the Fugue, and the Variation, I have yet to say a few words about the Sonata and the Concerto, the consideration of which will lead us immediately to the next following art period.

As the name of that earlier form, the Suite, points to a French, so does that of the later Sonata point to an Italian, origin. In fact, the most prominent piano compositions we possess by Italian masters of the Bach period, those of Domenico Scarlatti, are already entitled Sonatas, without bearing the least resemblance in their spirit, style, or whole form and structure, to that art form which since the Haydn-Mozart epoch has become the standard for the idea of the Sonata. They are in great part genial compositions (of only one movement), pervaded mostly by a fiery, nay, a bold and reckless, almost extravagant spirit, too often hurried away into nonsensical musical jokes; yet often, on the other hand, they show a very fine and tender feeling. They form, for that epoch, a striking, even an isolated and remarkable phenomenon, the like of which, at that time, had not come to light on German soil. By their individuality and by the artistic value they possess in single instances, they belong to the little which has kept itself in vogue out of the Italian art productions of this kind.

The name "Sonata" seems at its origin to have had no characteristic signification, but only to have been invented in order, generally, and without designating thereby any precise form, to distinguish instrumental from vocal music. Thus, for example, even with Bach we find very short (though most masterly) compositions — of which I shall speak hereafter — entitled "Symphonies." And so, too, we meet with a not inconsiderable number of Bach's works — important ones — which he has superscribed as Sonatas: six for piano and violin (which might well take the highest place among all), the same number for the violin and the violoncello alone (the first in the highest degree remarkable), several for the organ, also for the flute and viola-di-gamba with piano. But even these Sonatas, although of several movements, distinguish themselves from the Suite only through the smaller number of movements (two Allegros and an Adagio), and through their on the whole more earnest and severe style, while in them the polyphonic, mostly the fugued style, predominates, and the lighter dance form seems to have departed. But in their structure these Sonatas, too, are wholly different from the later art form, while their several movements all have, as in the Suite, the same key.

Of Bach's Concertos, of which we possess some for the piano, as well as for other instruments, — among them the most powerful, at any rate the best known, is perhaps the one in D minor, — we need but repeat in general what has been expressed already.

Hence it only now remains to mention a series of thirty little piano compositions, which Bach has left us under the title of "Inventions" and of "Symphonies," since Bach probably wrote them for the definite end of serving for the instruction of his pupils, as even the aforenamed six Partitas, which in their fully free and purely artistic mould betray not the slightest intention of any use in school, are included under the extremely modest general title of "Pianoforte Practice." Of that series of compositions, the so-called "Inventions" are written purely in two, the "Symphonies" in three parts, mostly in contrapuntal, even fugued, style; the latter particularly (perhaps called "Symphonies" on account of their richer fullness of sound) are true cabinet pieces of fine, soulful work, in-

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spired by all the Muses and the Graces. I simply mention them because they, together with the Partitas and a Concerto known as the "Italian," which contains a most remarkable and wonderful Adagio, to which I shall return again, seem to have been written by Bach with the same express purpose with which later authors have composed their *Etudes*, which, for the most part, wear their pedagogical design quite unmistakably upon their forehead, and in many cases have no further artistic significance.

It is well known that Sebastian Bach, who, taken all in all, so far as the purely musical faculty of form, especially of combination, is concerned (though by no means in this direction alone!), may be called the mightiest tone-master of all times, properly concludes the epoch of the so-called strict, contrapuntal style, which also in Italy was already, in the seventeenth century, approaching its dissolution, and concludes it in the grandest way conceivable. Music, under the influence of the new moral and moral direction of the times, as we have before remarked, was stepping more and more out of the service of the church, and in so far as it still remained within it was losing more and more that lofty earnestness, that serious sentiment, with which the earlier masters were inspired. At the same time the fondness for the play of tone combinations, as such, exhausted itself; and composers strove for greater freedom both of form and movement. Bach himself, with his high, profoundly earnest striving, filled with the very soul of art and of humanity, stood there in his time and upon German ground entirely isolated. Nor, with all the lofty fame which certainly surrounded him during his life, did he by any means acquire the popularity which other composers, far inferior to him, although remarkable, like Telemann and the opera composer Hasse, won. On the whole, we may designate the truly German (*ur-deutsche*) art of Bach as the highest triumph of the Christian spirit, which lived in this exalted genius in all its purity and deep inward beauty.

It is an interesting fact that one of Bach's immediate offspring, one of his numerous sons, all destined and educated by him for art, Philip Emanuel Bach, had a great influence on the change of form which music, particularly instrumental and piano-forte music, underwent. It seems to us, indeed, as if more of the powerful spirit of the great father were transmitted to another of these sons, the unfortunate Friedemann (who was by no means a "Friedensmann," or man of peace), than to the thoroughly gentle, and, so far as I can judge, rather weak Emanuel, — at least, in comparison with the rock-splitting, fiery spirit of Sebastian. Of Friedemann we possess, among other things, some exceedingly attractive, deep-souled so-called "Polonaises;" but under this name we must in no sense think of such music as we know in Chopin's Polonaises. But Emanuel, being of a firmer and more balanced character than his erratic brother, reached a purer ethical, as well as artistical, completeness in himself. While, with happy talent, he struck into a new direction, of which the elements, to be sure, lay all prepared before him (largely through Kuhnau, the predecessor of Sebastian Bach in the Thomas School at Leipzig), he became of great importance to the further development of art, particularly by the fact that through his efforts the youthful genius of Haydn was first inspired. Following the path which he had opened, Haydn developed into the great artist that he was; so that he can be designated as the "father" of the new art period, which embraced, besides himself, Mozart and Beethoven as its chief representatives; although Haydn himself, in his amiable way, so full of filial piety, used to say in his later years, "He [Emanuel] is the father, and we are the — boys." He would not pass himself off for the Emanuel, or Immanuel, of the new art, but claimed this title for the other.

In fact, the amiable "Sonatas" of Emanuel Bach, even to this day valued and respected, in spite of their rococo character, approach essentially the form now in vogue, although this reached its last formal development through Haydn; and then, first through Haydn himself, but finally through Beethoven, the form was filled with an ever higher, freer, and more mighty life.

As in the seventeenth century the "Suite," so in the eighteenth the "Sonata," became the reigning larger art form in instrumental music, and in piano-forte music especially. I do not enter here into a description or a characterization of it, because it is generally well known; it is described at length in numerous theoretical works and treatises (for example, in Dommer's "Musical Lexicon"), and it is not difficult to deduce its characteristics through analysis of actual specimens. Only so much must I here remark: that in this new art form strict contrapuntal work retreats more into the background, and free melodic invention comes more to the front; that the polyphonous gives way to the homophonous style, the contrapuntal to the harmonic treatment; and that the great law of contrast comes in play not only in the working out and richer modulation of the single movements, of which the Sonata commonly counts four, but also in the alternation of keys (of tone related ones). This greater freedom and a much wider field are given to imagination, to the plastic faculty; and now soul and feeling, which *also* demand expression in tones, as well as the more intellectual ideal life, no longer held in check within the narrow limits of the earlier art, can resound and vibrate with full power. The forms as a whole become wider and broader, in detail softer, more flexible, more beautiful; the spirit that pervades the tone-pictures takes an ever freer, bolder flight. In the highest productions of this new art, the purely musical working or shaping is scarcely noticed or considered, although it is not less great, nor has it changed its nature, and it still remains the main thing, at all events the foundation; for now the forms have become altogether an expression of the soul's life, whereas before they claimed validity too much upon their own account. Upon the whole, therefore, in spite of the special excellences which are peculiar to other earlier, more restric ed forms, especially the fugue, the Sonata seems to be the highest, richest, ripest art form which instrumental music so far has developed. And it shows itself in its full splendor in the works of Beethoven, who first, with titanic power, carried on to the end and new art-creation which Haydn had begun. But the reader must bear in mind that, when we speak of Beethoven's Sonata creations, we think first, to be sure, of his piano-forte Sonatas, but that all his Duos, Trios, and Quatuors, even to the Symphonies, belong to the same art kind, inasmuch as their formal build is thoroughly alike in fundamental outlines, and only the different material to which the artist works requires certain special peculiarities of style; so that, for example, a Quartet for string (or bow) instruments, or an orchestral Symphony, will always show, *ceteris paribus*, a richer, stricter polyphony than a solo piano-forte Sonata. Now this Sonata, from that of the piano solo to the Concerto and the Symphony, formed for about a century the focus of the whole activity of art on the domain of instrumental music; and decidedly its greatest representative was Beethoven, about whom the other eminent masters in this kind of art stand naturally grouped.

(To be continued.)

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Sullivan was born in 1844 in London, and inherited his musical taste from his father, who was a teacher of music in Kueller Hall, a training school for band-masters in the army. His precocity may be judged by the fact that when only three years old he was a singer in the Royal Chapel, and at fourteen received the Mendelssohn medal, being the first to be thus honored. He was at first taught by his father, a d afterward pursued his studies at the Royal Academy under John Gloss and Sterndale Bennett, and at the Leipsic Conservatory under Ritz, Hauptmann, and Moscheles. The latter took a great fancy to him, and pronounced him "a lad of great promise," and one who he was "sure would do credit to England." When seventeen years old his music (Op. 1) to Shakespeare's "Tempest," performed at a trial concert, created quite a sensation, and much delighted Prof. Moscheles, who saw in the work a good promise of the fruit of his predictions. In 1862 his "Enchanted Isle" was brought out at Covent Garden, and was received with much favor. His cantata of "Kenilworth" was given at the Birmingham Festival in 1864, and in 1865 a "Te Deum" of his was given to the public. About this time a number of excellent songs and an anthem were published; also a few piano solos, one of which was performed by Mme. Schiller in Boston, in 1874. In 1869 his "Prodigal Son" was performed in Worcester, England, and a selection from it has often been sung in concert by Mr. John F. Winch. "On Shore and Sea" was written for and produced at the International Exhibition, London, 1871, and was sung in Chicago, in 1877, at an Apollo club concert. The "Light of the World" was brought out in Birmingham in 1873, and the Pastoral Symphony and Overture of it have been given in America. His "Miller and his Men" was composed in 1874. He has written many duets and part-songs for male voices, and his compositions of this class are great favorites with concert people everywhere. Of his published works, we

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refer last to his dramatic compositions, which all belong to the school of comic opera. We believe they are all included under the titles of "Thespis," "Il Contrabandista," "Sorcerer," "Box and Cox," "Trial by Jury," and, "H. M. S. Pinafore." The last three are well known, "Box and Cox" being often heard, and "Trial by Jury" has become a general favorite, certainly in this country, having been performed at numerous theatres since it was first given here at the Globe, in 1876, by the Soldene Troupe. In the recent performance of his "In Memoriam" overture by the Paris Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Mr. Sullivan has received a compliment which is said to be the first of the kind ever accorded to a living Englishman by this national institution. The work gave entire satisfaction. "H. M. S. Pinafore" has been more instrumental than all the others in making his name known to the whole world. In fact a sort of lunacy seems to have taken possession of the public in its admiration of this sprightly work. Mr. Sullivan holds two honorable and responsible positions in England: that of Principal of the National School of Music at South Kensington, and Professorship of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. He is a Doctor of Music by virtue of a degree of the Cambridge University, and is highly esteemed, not only as a successful composer, but as a friend and companion. In disposition and character, he is said to be of the most genial and generous kind. We have a somewhat positive assurance that he will visit America in October, and should he do so, he may expect such a welcome from all his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" on this side the salt pond as is — hardly ever — accorded to any but our most distinguished visitors. — *Kunkel's Musical Review.*

MUSICAL CLUBS OF HARVARD: THE PIERIAN SODALITY.

[From The Harvard Book, 1875.]

The musical clubs of Harvard, although they may contribute nothing to the history of music, have always formed a pleasant element in the college social atmosphere, and, on the whole, however frivolous at times, have had a really refining influence among the students. Their record, could it be fully written, would be full of interest. But that is by no means an easy task, nor do the materials for such a narrative, save to a very limited extent, exist. It would be useless to attempt, in this brief space, anything more than a very general sketch.

There doubtless had been musical clubs in college at various times before the most enduring one, the Pierian Sodality, was founded. Evidence of one, at least, we find in a curious little book containing "The Accompts of the Treasurer of the Singing Club of Harvard College," begun November 9, 1786, and continued to May, 1803. How much earlier or later this club may have flourished, we have no means of knowing. The little oblong, leather-bound, well-worn, and yellowed volume, in shape resembling a common psalm-tune book of pocket size, shows from year to year the dues and payments of the several members, all set down in shillings and pence, — pounds seldom figuring, — until the Federal currency comes in, in 1797. From such entries as these, — "3 vols. Worcester Collection, 4th ed., 15 shillings;" "Holden's Music, 8 shillings;" "Harmonia Sacra;" "Harmonia Americana;" "Law's small Collection," etc., — it is clear that the Singing Club mainly, if not exclusively, courted the muse of old New England psalmody; while several mentions of incredibly small sums (£2, or so) spent for a bass-viol, and frequent pence and shillings for strings and bows, intimate that the vocal *consentus* was not altogether without instrumental accompaniment. The writer well remembers one of those old 'cellos standing in the corner under the paternal roof, where it was still cherished in his boyhood's years. Some honored names appear in this old record: in 1786, for instance, President Kirkland, Judge Samuel Putnam; in 1799, Leverett Saltonstall, etc., etc.

Of clubs or bands for instrumental, or "pure," music, we know of none earlier than the most famous and long-lived among them, which still flourishes, The Pierian Sodality, founded in 1808. The secretary's records for the first twenty-four years of its checkered experiences have strangely disappeared. For all that period our only sources of information (though doubtless one who could devote himself with singleness of purpose and with one-ideaed persistency and zeal to such a task, might gather quite a mass of pleasant reminiscences from veteran survivors) are an old MS. volume of music, dating back to the foundation, and a printed catalogue of officers and members down to the class of 1850. From this last it appears that the "founders" were Alpheus Bigelow, Benjamin D. Bartlett, Joseph Eaton, John Gardner and Frederic Kinloch, all of the class of 1810, and all long since enrolled among the *Stelligeri*, as well as their associates of that and several succeeding classes, with the single exception of Nathaniel Deering (oldest surviving Pierian), who still lives in Portland, Me. Among Pierians of 1811 we find the names of Thomas G. Cary, William Powell Mason, and the Rev. Samuel Gilman, author of "Fair Harvard;" of 1812, the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware and Bishop Wainwright; of 1816, William Ware (author of the "Palmyra Letters," "Zenobia," etc.); of 1817, George B. Emerson and General H. K. Oliver, the latter still among the most active and enthusiastic spirits in the musical life of Eastern Massachusetts. But we forbear to single out more names from the rich catalogue.

The writer's personal recollection of the club begins with the year 1827–28. What it had been socially, as a *sodality*, down to that time, appears most creditably from a perusal of the catalogue of names. What it was musically is for the most part matter of conjecture. Probably it varied in form and color, as in degrees of excellence, from year to year; your musical undergraduate is but a bird of passage. The old book of copied music, however, appears to contain the club's essential *répertoire* (at least fair samples of it) from the year 1808 to 1822. A long string of once popular marches comes first (Swiss Guards', Valentine's, Grand Slow March in C, Massachusetts, Dirge in the Oratory (*sic*) of Saul, Cadets' March, March in the Overture of Lodoiska, Buonaparte's March, etc., etc.). These are all written out in regular orchestral score for *Primo* and *Secondo* (doubtless violins), *Oboe*, *Corni*, *primo* and *secondo*, *Tenor*, and *Bassoon*. Some of these scores, however, show above the first and second violins another "primo" and "secondo" (perhaps flutes). Evidently the little band originally took a more orchestral form (with violins) than it had afterwards for many years in the long fluting and serenading, — what we may call the middle — period of the Pierian career. We find also Rondos by Haydn and Pleyel, interspersed among more marches; the Downfall of Paris; waltzes; a Divertimento by Pleyel, with pairs of flutes and clarinets, besides the strings; a portion of Handel's Water Music; airs, like Robin Adair, Yellow-Haired Laddie, Fleuve du Tage, Aria in the Brazen Mask, etc. (These, of the more sentimental kind, occur more frequently as we come further down; doubtless the tender melodies were mingled with many a student's finer dreams — and many a maiden's.) The name of the copyist — possibly in some cases he was also the arranger — is affixed to each piece. Some of these copyists survive, and could, we doubt not, tell us more of the musical complexion and accomplishment of the Pierians of their day.

When the Sodality began to play at college exhibitions, or when the flutes came in, and, with those soft, persuasive instruments, of course the serenading, we are not informed. Both practices were fully in vogue when we first heard the Pierians, in 1827–28 (the days of E. S. Dixwell, and of Winthrop, and the late lamented F. C. Loring), and were kept up, with occasional short interruptions, for many a year afterwards. Shall we forget the scene of Exhibition Day, when the Latin School boy, on the eve of entering college, eager to catch a glimpse beforehand of the promised land, went out to University Hall, and for the first time heard and *saw*, up there in the side (north) gallery, the little group of Pierians, with their ribbons and their medals, and their shining instruments, among them that protruding, long, and lengthening monster, the trombone, wielded with an air of gravity and dignity by one who now ranks among our most distinguished scholars, orators, and statesmen? Had any strains of band or orchestra ever sounded quite so sweet to the expectant Freshman's ears as those? And was not he, too, captivated and converted to the gospel of the college flute, as the transcendent and most eloquent of instruments? Nevertheless within a year or two he chose the reedy clarinet, wherewith to lead a little preparatory club, — the purgatory which half-fledged musicians of his own ilk had to pass through before they could be candidates for the Pierian paradise. This was called the Arionic Society, and if its utmost skill was discord, the struggle of its members for promotion into the higher order was persistent. We think it was founded some years later than the Sodality, for which it was in some sense the noisy nursery; how long it lasted we know not. The Sodality in our day (1830–32), under the presidency of accomplished flutists (Isaac Appleton Jewett, Boott, and Gorham), was comparatively rich in instruments; besides the flutes (first, second, third, and several of each) we had the clarinet, a pair of French horns, violoncello, and part of the time a nondescript bass horn. But with the graduation of the class of 1832 the band was suddenly reduced to a single member, who held all the offices and faithfully performed the duties, meeting and practicing (his flute parts) on the stated evenings, and so keeping the frail deserted shell above the waves, until one by one a little crew had joined him. On such a slender thread did the existence of the proud Sodality once hang! Perhaps more than once, before and since.

Plainly, the club was not at all times in a condition to respond at exhibitions to the *expectatur musica* of the venerable Præses. But the records, from 1832 down, show that to bring themselves into fit condition for that service, and thereby shine in the good graces of the fair ones, as well as of their fellow-students, on that day assembled, was all the time the highest mark of their ambition; and oftentimes they borrowed aid from ex-Pierians, or amateur musicians from without, to eke out the harmony and help them through the task. For the same cause the serenading joys and glories were in like manner intermittent; there was now and then a season when the sum-

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mer nights of Cambridge and vicinity were as full of melodies as Prospero's Island.

We are saved the necessity of entering into nay details of these things by the reminiscences of a Pierian of the class of 1839, which furnish a vivid inside view of the Pierian life during his time. We append it as a representative description equally good for any time in twenty years or more.

In July, 1837, several ex-Pierians passed a pleasant social hour with the actual members of the club after an exhibition. It was at a room in Holworthy, and there and there was the first suggestion made, and the first steps were taken, for the formation of the Harvard Musical Association, which, for a few years, was composed of past and present members of the Sodality; but afterwards the connection was dissolved, and the Association has carried on its separate life in Boston, replenishing its membership from year to year, however, principally from the graduate Pierians. The Harvard Musical Association has always had among its chief objects to promote musical culture in the University; and it is in great measure due to its appeals and influence that the college has, for fifteen years or more, employed a learned and accomplished musical instructor, on whom it has only during this last year conferred the rank of Assistant Professor (now Professor) of Music.

So much of what we have called the middle period of the Pierian history, — the flutin, serenading, exhibition-plying period. We may remark, however, that music has its shifting fashions, and that there was a time (about the year 1844) when a new sentimental brazen siren, under the various forms of cornet-a-piston, post horn, etc., possessed the fancy of the college amateur, and was in vogue for some years, like the flute, between which and the heroic trumpet it was a sort of ambiguous cross; but it has had its day as the "instrument par gentleness." Perhaps it was the germ that culminated in the great monster "Jubilee" of Gilmore!

With the year 1857–58 we may consider the third and present period to have begun. This was the time when violins were reinstated in the place of honor, and when the band was led by players of the violin, among whom was young Robert G. Shaw, heroic martyr of the late war; there was also Crowninshield's 'cello, a double-bass, and a piano-forte to fill out the harmony. Since then the tendency of the club has been more and more toward the character and the proportions of a *band itself* orchestra. And, naturally, the classic instrument ("fiddle" no longer) brought in with it intermittent aspirations for a higher kind of music, though the chief occupation of the club has always been with music light and popular, and of the day. Thus in the record of a meeting in May, 1859, we read as follows: "We had obtained from the library of the Harvard Musical Association of Boston (an aftergrowth of the Pierian Sodality) copies of twelve of Haydn's Grand Symphonies, arranged for piano, two violins, 'cello, and flute; and, after our regular pieces for full orchestra, we proceeded to try these, and became so infatuated by their harmony that we continued playing until one o'clock in the morning."

We believe serenading soon went out altogether; and in the place thereof, the brave little band began to feel its strength sufficiently to venture (with the Glee Club) upon the giving of concerts in Lyceum Hall to crowded audiences of their invited friends; and from that day to this the practice has been continued; more than once have Boston and the neighboring larger towns enjoyed the favor of such concerts.

This period has been also marked by the suspension of the college exhibitions; for a number of years the field of glory has no longer fascinated the young college amateur's imagination. The original motive there remains to the Pierians the concerts, and for an inward and abiding spring (may we not hope?) a sincere zeal for music, and in a somewhat higher sense than heretofore. Probably the band was never in so good a condition, musically, as it was last spring, when it numbered two first and two second violins, one or two violas, two 'cellos, and a double-bass, besides flutes (reduced to the orthodox pair), a clarinet, a trumpet (if we remember rightly), and serviceable heads at the piano in the background.

Their performance, at a concert with the Harvard Glee Club, under their energetic conductor of the year before, now a member of the Law School, was said to be "in point of spirit and precision creditable, although it will cost more experience to keep the wind in exact tune with the strings." Already they have gone so far as to try their powers upon a Haydn Symphony, a Mozart Overture, etc., and with encouraging results; and possibly we have here the germ of what may one day be a proper college orchestra. J. S. D.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH OPERA.

JOHN GAY AND HIS "BEGGAR'S OPERA," THE FORERUNNER OF "PINAFORE."

[From the Springfield Republican.]

THE unexpected and very great success of "Pinafore" is not unprecedented in the history of English opera. The first work of the kind, "The Beggar's Opera," was also a happy combination of wit, melody, and satire, that hit the fancy of mankind and set them to laughing and humming.

This was one hundred and fifty years ago. Walpole, Chesterfield, Pope, Swift, Congreve, Cibber, and others were the great names of the day. Addison was but lately dead, and his brother essayist, Steele, was stricken with paralysis; the second "snuffy drone from the German hive" had just come to the throne, a disreputable, ignorant, passionate Hanoverian; Parliament was corrupt, and Walpole, for a quarter of a century prime minister, "judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to own that he was right;" but under this dissolute, boozing, card-playing government there was peace, plenty, and the three per cents nearly at par. England, torn for half a century by questions of loyalty (how history repeats itself), prerogative, church, religious freedom, and whatever cries of stir and partisanship, was settling into peace, ease, and freedom. Walpole made no pretension to morality, public or private, but he knew that prosperity repressed the rage of faction; he sought no glory abroad, but by moderation and lenity he promoted the happiness of the people at home.

It was the "Merrie England" of song and story. London had not then, like a great sewer, as Thackeray says, drawn all the blood from country life. Gentlemen lived on their own estates, rarely going to town, hated foreigners, and indulged in hearty sports and simple amusements. Travelling was not easy, for the roads were quagmires the greater part of the year, in that rainy climate, and the lonely heaths were infested by bold highwaymen who "took to the road" when fortune frowned at the gaming table; but there was sport enough at home, every large town had its assemblies, race-meetings, cocking mains, and every hamlet its games. There was much sound of junketing and fiddling all over the land; a coarse, hard-riding, loud-bawling people are pretty good drinkers; the opinions of the time are well expressed in a stanza of a song that was sung in the comedy of "The Provoked Wife":—

"What a pother of pots
Have they kept in the state,
About setting our business free!
A bottle has more
Dispensations in store
Than the king and the state can decree."

The court of the first George had been inclined to much junketing, gaming, and riot. The King brought over a train of Germans, male and female, who were determined to get all they could while the game lasted. Italian opera, that had crept in during the reign of Anne, was much patronized. The Prince of Wales, who hated his father almost as much as he afterward detested his own son, like many other inharmonious, quarrelsome people, was devoted to music, and subscribed handsomely to the opera; in this he was followed by people of fashion and by the travelled aristocracy; but the general body of play goers hated the foreign innovation; it was not only the constant subject of the ridicule of wits and jesters, but it was also denounced in the gravest manner by various censors of the public morals.

John Gay, poet and wit, patronized by the powerful duke and duchess of Queensberry, had written charming verses, and some successful "pastorals," idyls of the bucolic sort, in which imaginary shepherd lads and lasses disported themselves as they seem to be doing in china manufactures ceramics. Gay was one of the men that are fortunate in being much beloved; I imagine that he had a sympathetic feeling for others and did not spend his time in talking about himself and his own affairs. Cobb, re-engrossed men grew rich offenders, wear purple and fine linen, but they are not loved and petted as John Gay was. Among his other conquests he had found a soft spot in the cynical, bitter heart of Dean Swift, who, with his usual contempt and scorn of human nature, suggested to Gay that he should write a "pastoral," introducing highwaymen, thieves, informers, and such other rogues as made the population of Newgate prison. Gay took the idea readily and wrote a comedy with songs; unlike the Italian opera it had no recitative, but it was the exact form in which English opera has remained to this day, a combination of singing and speaking; what might more properly have been called at first, ballad comedy.

The production was intended to satirize Italian opera, and it is rather a funny coincidence that the class of people who speak of Sir Joseph Porter as "the Admiral," say that "Pinafore" was written to ridicule Italian Opera. Gay's satire is mostly in the name of the production, "The Beggar's Opera," and in the prologue, spoken by a beggar, which contains a very stupid story of its origin. There was, however, pointed and clever satire upon the ministers of the crown and politicians in general, and the whole thing is a more terrific exposition of the administration of criminal law than Gay intended, or than his audience could understand. Gay's friends were deeply interested in the work and gave him their assistance; Dean Swift wrote the song,—

"When you consume the age;"

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams contributed,—

"Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre;"

The great Lord Chesterfield wrote the song Macheath sings to the air "Lillibullero,"—"The Modes of the Court," while Fortescue, the master of the rolls, wrote the precious production,—

"Gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike."

Dr. Pepusch composed an overture that is good music and set the many songs to popular airs. When all was done, cold water began to come — Dean Swift shook his head about it; Cibber, manager of Drury Lane, refused to produce it;

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Congreve, who was crowned with the lays of a literary success never surpassed, oracularly declared that the piece would succeed greatly or be confoundedly damned. Failing to get inside the charmed circle of Drury Lane, they were compelled to go to Rich, the manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the house then celebrated for pantomime, in which Rich excelled as "Harlequin;" this manager is immortalized in Pope's "Dunciad" as one of the ministers of Dullness, —.

> "Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
> Midst snows of paper and fierce hail of pieces,
> And, proud his mistress' order to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Rich was, like most of the theatrical managers of our times, a vulgar, ignorant showman, ready for anything, and he took up Gay's work because it was powerfully supported. Lincoln's Inn Fields was one of the "Patent" theatres, and enjoyed equal privileges with Drury Lane; it had a fine company of actors, at the head of which was Quin.

At that time to be an actor meant more than it means now. Players were not divided into tragedians, comedians, eccentrics; there were no "one part" men who, making special studies of idiocy, drunkenness, or what not, wandered about year after year until their performances became as dry and perfunctory as those of Sothern or Jefferson; there were no cramping tragedians, patronizing Shakespeare by reciting half a dozen "rôles," until they become hard, cold, and vacant as the benches which the public refuse to fill. The actors of the last century have left a record of scholarship, wit, and accomplishment that we do not parallel. They acted before the same audiences for years, continually studying new parts and cast in a wide range of tragedy, comedy, and farce. If we believe their written lives, the history of literature and the more trivial records of gossip and letters, they filled an important place in social life, and when Garrick died, the gravest and greatest literary authority declared that in the event "the gayety of nations was eclipsed."

Quin was the head of Rich's company, and though easily the second best tragedian of the day, he filled all important parts of comedy, and it was not strange that he should be cast for Captain Macheath. When the first copies of *Pinafore* came to this country there was not a theatrical company in America that could produce it except that of the Boston Museum. I record this to the honor of that management. It was there cast, sung, and acted, without an addition to the company, and the performance was the very best, take it all in all, that the public saw. Mr. Wilson's performance of Sir Joseph was perfect in conception and rendering, and the other performers "acted up" to him. When the piece became a success other managers "faked it up" by taking on people from burlesque troupes, minstrels, church singers, and a heterogeneous lot that could sing but not act, or act but not sing, so that no performance anywhere equaled that at the Museum. Does not this show that the management and company of the Boston Museum is for general theatrical purposes the very best in America? It certainly proves it to me. But we will leave this opera and glide back through the many years to the scenes that heralded the birth of the first.

We left Gay and the actors rehearsing the opera, all doubtful and prophetic of evil. Quin disliked his part; one morning a sweet, fresh voice behind the scene was heard trolling easily the music of Macheath. Quin remarked: "There is a man, Mr. Gay, can do you more justice than I can," and forthwith called in a manly, handsome fellow whom he presented as Tom Walker, an actor whose name is on the scroll of fame connected with the success of Macbeath. Other changes were made, but it was not until the last rehearsal that it was resolved to accompany the songs with the music of "the band," as the orchestra was then called, and as it should now be called.

Probably a curtain never rose on a more uncertain houseful than when the scene of *The Beggar's Opera* was revealed and Hippesley, as Peachum, opened with a song, —

> "Through all the employments of life
> Each neighbor abuses his brother."

The audience remained cold and silent until the grand chorus at the end of the second act, "Let us take to the road," which was taken, scene and music, from the opera of *Rinaldo*, with accompaniment of drums and trumpets. At this the hitherto stolid audience burst into applause that soon became general, and the success of English opera was secured. Among the audience were Pope, the Duke of Argyle, Sir Robert Walpole, and his rival in the king's ministry, Lord Townshend; it was generally thought that the quarrel scene between Peachum and Lockitt, in the play, referred to a row in the ministry between these two statesmen, which went so far that they drew their swords.

It has always seemed strange to me that the success of this play and the remarkable event that it really was should be a feature in the literature of the time. It is mentioned in Swift's letters (who happened to be in Ireland upon its production), and in the notes to the "Dunciad." Cibber's "apology" for his life, the most complete dramatic history ever written, and one of the most entertaining books, says little about it; probably because Cibber was mortified that he had refused it at his theatre. Dibdin's comprehensive "History of the Stage," does not recognize that it was the invention of a new and brilliant entertainment, and Doran in his famous "Annals" is equally obtuse. Victor's Register makes slight mention of it, and Thackeray, in his lecture upon Prior, Gay, and Pope, scarcely alludes to it. None of these writers looked upon it as important that a new form of entertainment had been invented, because until the production of *Pinafore*, English opera has not been important, nor is there a work of the kind between *The Beggar's Opera* and *Pinafore* except Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, that is of consequence.

It happened fortunately that Macklin was present at the first performance; he had also witnessed the rehearsals, he lived seventy years after it, seeing two centuries and almost touching the third (he was born in 1699 and died in 1797); and he is the source of most of the information that we have about the first performance. The success after the first night was unbounded, the town was wild about it; it was acted all over Great Britain, and like *Pinafore* was sung by amateurs and children. I have before me, in a copy of 1728, a cast of "Lilliputians" (Swift was then at the height of his fame), in which the various parts of thieves, highwaymen, prostitutes, etc., that compose the dramatis personæ are taken by young misses! Italian opera, that had borne all down before it, was silenced; the chameleon songs of *The Beggar's Opera* were in all mouths, printed on fans, and the scenes represented upon screens and chintzes.

But the world was not all of a mind; there were sober, decent people like Arbuthnot, the archbishop of Canterbury, and others, who denounced its cynical spirit and coarse brutality. Sir John Fielding declared it was a school for highwaymen, and that the number of them rapidly increased. But the public laughed and vowed that the success had "made Gay rich and Rich gay." On the seventy-second night of the performance, Rich, at the wing, noticed that Walker, as Macheath, was imperfect in his part, and as he came off attacked him: "Sir, I should think your memory ought to be good by this time." "Zounds sir!" cried Tom, "do you expect my memory to last forever!"

The great luck of the performance fell to Miss Fenton, the beautiful Polly; the Duke of Bolton fell in love with her, and in Swift's letters the blessed dean writes: "The Duke of Bolton hath run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred a year upon her during pleasure and two hundred upon disagreement," but disagreement never came, for she lived with the duke twenty-three years, when, the Duchess of Bolton dying, he had the good sense to marry his faithful and beloved mistress, who had borne him several ante-nuptial children. She was a beautiful woman, a fine actress, and a sweet singer; in one of Dr. Warton's notes subjoined to a letter from Dean Swift to Gay, he says she had wit, good sense, a just taste in literature, and was much admired by the first men of the age.

Of course with the changes of manners and customs, *The Beggar's Opera* has become merely a curiosity; it was the origin of English opera, and it gives us a very clear view of the brutality, coarseness, and indecency of manners in the first half of the last century. No audience of our time could endure a single scene of it as it was originally written, yet we coolly look upon scenes that our ancestors would have hooted from the stage: "Autres temps, autres mœurs," — that is all. The plot and story would now be insufferably dull. We have no interest in highwaymen; the people who get away with our money are an unromantic, plodding set whom we trust in a fiduciary capacity.

After Gay's triumph he was more loved and petted than ever, for he was then not only amable and clever but successful and rich. He was self-indulgent and a great eater. Congreve in a letter to Pope says: "As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by, 'I think, therefore I am,' the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, he eats, therefore he is." But ease, eating, drinking, and much petting made an end to John Gay. Few men have been so mourned as he was; for though he wrote *The Beggar's Opera* and "Trivia," he had also written the charming ballads of "'Twas when the seas were roaring," "Black Eyed Susan," and many other sweet and tender things that had the touch of nature in them. They buried him in the abbey, where England has gathered her illustrious dead, and his ashes mingle with those of kings and heroes. On the stone that marks the spot are graven the word lines he ever wrote: —

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it,
> I thought so once, but now I know it."

WILDAIR.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XIII.

In this country it is seldom that we get an artist's best work, because the critics growl to. People will never get their money's worth until they take things for what they are intended.

You will all find among your acquaintances a class of people who consider themselves of vital importance, and whose lives have never proved them to be of any utility to anybody. They are always foremost in their remarks to decry this nod to discourage that. You must judge such

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people's opinions according to the amount of love which they have shown to humanity.

No one who has not devoted his life and soul to the pursuit of art can feel the same exultation in his brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs that an artist does. "*Where the treasure is, there the heart is also.*"

In all our criticisms of art very little attention seems to be paid to what I should call Wit in Painting. I mean the effect produced by rapid, electrical work. When Stuart Newton was invited by an English gentleman to see his collection of pictures, and did not seem much pleased with them, the owner said, "Mr. Newton, at any rate it is a *tolerable* collection?" Stuart Newton replied, "How do you like a tolerable egg?" The argument of a day would not contain the pith of these few words.

By the same process in painting, three lines made by capacity, with conviction, will sometimes produce more effect than a year's painstaking tinkering. Labor is not necessarily effective. It is like damp powder, which kindles slowly, conscientiously, and surely, one grain at a time.

It is the suddenness of the explosion of powder which gives the irresistible power to the cannon-ball. Most men's work is like damp powder, and burns one grain at a time. There is a great smoke and a great smell, and the rock is not blasted.

It bores some people to think that any one can work except through their own long processes; and nothing so irritates a community as to witness rapid success.

Do your own work in your own way. Don't embroider other people's work upon your own, or you make an extinguisher to put out your own light. You can't have *all* the good qualities — the drawing of Raphael and the color of Titian! You may wish to draw like this one and paint like that one, but you can't work better than you know. So you must be content to sing your own song in your own way. Be content with one quality. I know how hard you are going to find it. Corot could not have developed himself in this country. He would have been snubbed and laughed at, and advised to paint like this one and that one, until he would have been pushed out of his own direction.

Why put a line under that eye when there is none? You put it there because you thought it ought to be there. Well, so it ought; but the maker of that cast did n't think so, so you won't have to make it. Let me tell you a secret. Don't tell anybody, but the best way to learn to draw is, *To draw only what you see!*

I lend you these heliotypes and photographs, and ask you to take as much care of them as you would of one of your own handkerchiefs that you had had washed for eight cents.

Don't try to paint better than any one else! Try to have other people paint better than you. That will help *you* to paint. We go on only by being among our superiors.

In preparing grounds to paint on, remember to paint light on dark, cold on warm, warm on cold. You want the struggle of opposites.

Nobody ever lived who begins to be the colorist that Diaz was.

Miss Nilsson has signed an engagement with M. Vaucorbeil, the new Director of the Paris Opera House, for two years, beginning early next spring. She will "create" the part of *Francesca* in M. Ambroise Thomas's forthcoming opera of "Francesca di Rimini," and will possibly also take the principal part in M. Massenet's "Herodias," for which MM. Meilhac and Halevy have supplied the poem.

Dwights Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

SAVE THE MUSIC HALL!

Music, in our great cities, and just now in Boston particularly, stands in need of two things: organization, and liberal endowment on the part of men of means. Organization is one of all events the love and taste for music, and for the higher forms of art — now interests society as never before; it is one of the great topics of the times, as every newspaper of every day will show. At the same time music, like all refining public influences, now meets an enemy more dangerous, more ruthless and destructive than it ever knew before. That enemy is the soulless, grasping, and insatiable spirit of mere money-making business, as represented by a certain restless set of men whose highest ideal of a great city is a vast wilderness of trade, a dead level of mere business streets, one like another, all monotonous, uninteresting, wearisome. No matter for that so long as there is room enough for "business." For "bees'nice is bees'nice," saith the Jew, and that is all their argument. All that there is of picturesque and charming in an old town, all that attracts the feet of travelers towards it, all its historic monuments, all its fine buildings reared in the interests of art and education, all its cheerful, wholesome, and refreshing parks and shady avenues of trees, all that a city prides it self upon and that its children love, all in short, that makes one place different from or better than another, all its individuality, its peculiar character and glory, must be sacrificed, razed to the ground the moment any little knot of avaricious, money-making people take it into their heads that the "interests of trade" require a new street running right through the Music Hall, the Art Museum, the high school, or the venerable church which happens to stand so as to "obstruct" their hankering for an increased valuation upon their private estates. At this moment it is our beautiful and noble Boston Music Hall which is the special object of attack; but the movement, rather say the dark conspiracy, is all part and parcel of a wider and a wilder dream, which contemplates the destruction of the Common, the digging down of Beacon Hill, the robbing Boston of its lungs and breathing spaces, of all its noble institutions and buildings, of all that in any way relieves the vulgar dead monotony of trade. It would be obliterated, all that distinctively and properly is Boston. Probably there are some native-born sons of Boston whose souls are not superior to schemes and dreams like this; but doubtless the strength of all such movements lies in the increase of population from abroad, whereby we have a majority of voters who know not Boston, who feel no interest in its preservation and its honor, and who are only drawn here as to a great market-place where they may earn a livelihood and possibly get rich.

It is true that the narrow limits of this peninsula on which our fathers built are small for the present population and its active industry and trade. But why shall a short man compete in stature with a man that is tall? Why not compete in something else, and something that is better? Why will not Boston be content with being Boston? Why not make the most of our peculiar advantages, cherish the good things we have got, and not try to be Chicago or New York? Is Florence any the less glorious because it is not so vast a city as London? Is Leipzig a less important fact of European civilization than Berlin? But to come to the immediate point.

Cincinnati appears just now to possess both the requirements which music lacks in Boston. She has rich men who give largely of their wealth for the support of music. There music has a music hall on a grand scale given outright to music, and not likely to be floated down into the stock market. It will probably be held in permanence sacred to the cause of music. With that hall for a nucleus and centre, the so called "College of Music" has been successfully organized, and apparently almost the whole musical activity of Cincinnati pivots mainly upon that. This, or some such unitary, comprehensive and consistent organization, is what Boston needs for music. But music, now a more important interest than ever before, lacks the material means for further progress in this large organic sense. Worst of all, and very mortifying, it seems to lack the means of holding what it has got. We have a Music Hall, which we all fondly fancied was to be a permanent possession and stronghold of the musical art in Boston. It was built by those who intended it for that. To be sure it is private property and held in shares; but those who subscribed to its stock originally, did so for music's sake and with no expectation of reaping a pecuniary profit. But alas! the plan was faulty: it should have been a gift to art outright; there was debt incurred to make up the amount required; and so there were plenty of holes through which the Evil One, in the shape of the stock-jobber, could creep in and undermine. Its shares began by little and little to change hands; the sales were quoted in the reports current of the stock-market, with all sorts of fluctuations, and sometimes fictitious, fancy prices. In fact the Music Hall, supposing it to be a sensitive being, with a sort of moral consciousness of its own original design, almost ceased to know itself, it was so handled about in the stock market and "mixed up" with other "bubbles." Once, when speculating outsiders, on a "still bout," were picking up its shares with the hope of controlling the property and converting the building to mercantile purposes, the stock went up for a brief time to a fabulous height, although that hall had never paid a dividend. In that emergency it was saved for music through the generous investment by two of its friends in its stock, to an extent which gave them a controlling interest. Both of these friends are dead, their heir has failed in business, and, although anxious to have the hall preserved, is compelled to act in the interest of creditors to whom the Music Hall, as such, is of no concern compared with the income to be derived from it, whether by selling it to the city for the extension of Hamilton Place, or by any other means. Such is the strong thief the enemy that seeketh to destroy, and such the weakness of the fortress.

How can the Music Hall be saved? The danger is immediate. The thing required is that the controlling interest in its stock should pass into hands that will hold it for music and refuse to sell for any vandal purposes like that now contemplated.

It would seem, then, that the case appeals distinctly to the wealthier friends of music in our city. With them rests the responsibility of the salvation or destruction of the Music Hall. Money alone can save it. Some one true friend of music, or a number of such combined, must purchase the five hundred plus a few more of the one thousand shares of its capital stock, and refuse to sell them for the threatened Hamilton Place extension, or for anything that would divert the Hall from its original and legitimate uses. Cincinnati has her Springer and her other generous donors of the funds for her great music hall and college; has not Boston men as rich, as public spirited, as generous in a thousand ways, and some of them as deeply interested in music as an important element in social culture? Surely her "merchant princes" are proverbial for their

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munificent endowment of all kinds of noble, humane, or artistic institutions. They give most freely to found professorships even in branches of learning and of science which can expect only a handful (comparatively) of students. They give for all the other arts, for art museums, sculpture galleries, schools of art; but unaccountable as it may seem, no one has yet appeared who gives a handsome sum to Music, — music, which interests the whole community, and in its taste for which, in its halls and oratorios and concerts of the highest kind, Boston so prides itself. Yet here we are reduced to the mortifying strait, that we cannot even save what we have built up, not even the place which makes grand music possible among us, for want of money enough to outbid the destroyers! We do not say that it is the best music hall conceivable; or that we do not need one or more new halls in addition to the one we have (all the more now that Tremont Temple has been burned down); but we do need this one, and in the present emergency it is all-important to our musical interests that we "hold the fortress." It would not cost a hundred thousand dollars, perhaps not half that, to secure and hold that larger half of the Music Hall stock which otherwise will join the march of the destroyers. Doubtless there are a dozen men, and more, in this city, who could do this single-handed, men who have some zeal for music. If not, let several men, and generous wealthy women, too, combine to do it. Or, were it not that the danger is so imminent, and time so short, it would seem to be an easy task to raise the required amount in single shares, widely distributed among musical people of moderate means. At all events it should be done; and these mere mercantile and selfish onslaughts upon institutions which are the ornament and pride of our good old city, should be signally rebuked.

And when this is done, when the stock of the Music Hall is once more held by the right sort of people, purely in the interests of music, then at once will vanish all those objectionable features in the administration of the Hall, which have made not a few of our most musical citizens indifferent to its preservation. Then it will no more be desecrated by dog shows, poultry shows, stupid and interminable walking matches, and even brutal and disgusting prize fights; nor will the Hall itself, directly or indirectly, compete with its own customers (musical societies who hire it) in the matter of concert giving. We want the Music Hall kept pure; we want it kept out of the stock-market; we want it held sacred to Art, unpurchasable and unassailable, as much as Harvard University, or Trinity Church, or the Art Museum, or the Capitol.

Questions of other possible and better halls, of other localities, etc., appear to us irrelevant just now. When we have saved what we have got, we may begin to think what more we might have.

These remarks perhaps require apology to many of our readers as being mostly of mere local interest, confined to Boston. But they involve principles with regard to the right organization and endowment of the public music, which are worthy of consideration in all other cities.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUG. 25. — Your Chicago correspondent, in his vacation meanderings, finds himself in this old and wealthy city; and as he has enjoyed the opportunity of familiarizing himself with some of the musical affairs of the place, as well as making the acquaintance of many of the musical people, he takes the liberty of transmitting some of his reflections to the JOURNAL. The musical art often suffers in its progress in a city on account of the want of a concentration of effort on the part of those interested in it; for no matter how earnest are the individual members of the profession, or how eager a number of musical lovers may be for good home music, yet without concerted action for the support of musical enterprises, it is impossible to advance the art to a sure position. It has been said by a wise writer on the subject of education, that to educate a person fully was simply to lift him from "a state of dependence to one which gave him the full power over his faculties and of himself." So it seems to me that every city that pretends to have a love of culture, and desires to advance the arts, must make herself independent of all other places, by supporting within her limits all those artists who can best carry out all enterprises that have this aim in view. In St Louis I find the material for a much greater degree of advancement than is at present indicated. In the other arts much enterprise is manifested, and the Washington University, with its comprehensive views of education, has an art department that is shaping its way toward a self-supporting independence. They have fine collections of pictures, casts, and artistic treasures, while cultivated artists give instruction in all branches of this art. Yearly courses of illustrated lectures are given; and sketch clubs and other enterprises are successfully carried out for the advancement of this branch of culture. It pleased me to learn that Mr. Ives, the gentleman who is the professor of Art at the University, had arranged a number of classical recitals of piano-forte music, which were given before the students of the institution, thus signifying his love of the sister art of music.

The Beethoven Conservatory of Music is the largest institution of a musical character in this city, and it gives instruction to a large number of students. Mr. W. Melnoné, the gentlemanly correspondent of many musical papers, has a music-school that is doing earnest work. Mr. Robert Goldbeck also has an institution of like character under his direction. He is also conductor of a choral organization bearing the name of the "Harmonie Society." The German Musical Club — called the Arion — is one of the largest societies that the city contains. It gives a number of concerts each season. The "Operatic Society" also gave a number of operas during the past season, all the singers being from home talent. Their performances were most highly spoken of. I have had the pleasure of hearing a large number of the home vocalists of this city, and find that it is rich in voices of a good character; and indeed some of the singers have organs that have given them a much wider reputation than comes from simple local fame.

In orchestral matters St. Louis, like Chicago, suffers, and no home organization for symphony concerts exists, although there are a number of good men with whom to form a band, should a well-directed effort be made.

In regard to the public support given to musical enterprises of a home nature I heard much complaint, and was informed that nearly every endeavor made for the advancement of oratorio, or symphony concerts, failed for want of financial aid. Yet it must not be supposed that St. Louis does not contain music-lovers, for a most appreciative audience is often assembled to give welcome to some great artist who may visit the city. Yet it seems to me that the whole matter of its want of activity in music rests mostly upon the fact that it goes outside of itself for its dependence. If the musical profession would organize with the intent of advancing their art, by the formation of societies that could give in an adequate manner symphony, oratorio, and chamber concerts, and collectively try to awaken the public to the realization that the home-talent was in earnest in its endeavors to cultivate a love for good music, I think the city would take a pride in her own, and give them of her wealth to support their undertakings. There might follow the large festivals after a season, and the city would draw from the outside world, and music-lovers would come to pay homage to the shrine of art. The dependent would find their own powers, and use them with a self-satisfying certainty. There are golden opportunities for the earnest lovers of art, if they will only concentrate their endeavors until they are stamped with a true purpose.

St. Louis is the home of Dr. W. T. Harris, the learned editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and his pen has been active for music, in so thoughtful and brilliant a manner as to call the attention of the great minds of the country to new reflections upon this wonderful art. The oneness of the beautiful in all arts, the aim of all culture toward the elevation of the spirit of man to the Infinite in perfection, should so enlist the minds of all earnest thinkers everywhere, that co-operation in endeavor would win that recognition that comes from a cause that is universal in its intent to promote the true and the good. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., SEPT. 3. — I have been silent a long time, mainly because there has been no music here the record of which need take up the valuable space of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL. The summer concerts have had their interest, but mainly for the seeker after hot weather recreation. The programmes, however well given, have all been light, as befits the season.

But I ought not to omit recording the work of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews's Normal School at Evanston, of which I saw a good deal. It is long since I have been in such a thoroughly musical atmosphere. I found there numbers of earnest, thoughtful, enthusiastic teachers and their pupils, who had come to get what could be got out of five weeks of work, under the stimulus of excellent teaching, and of musical companionship; I found also, stimulating lectures, or rather, off-hand talks, by Mr. Mathews and others, and equally stimulating and interesting recitals of the best music, both songs and piano-forte.

There were some twenty of these recitals in all. The song recitals were given by Miss Grace A. Hiltz, of Chicago, a pupil of Mrs. Hershey-Eddy. I subjoin one of her programmes, and must express my hearty approval of the way it was sung. Miss Hiltz has evidently been thoroughly well taught; and though she has still a good deal to learn, she sang much of this programme in a way that left nothing to be desired. Her singing of the Schubert and Franz songs, was especially delightful. But see what a fine programme this is!

1. (a) "On wings of Music" . . . } *Mendelssohn.*
   (b) "Zuleika" . . . . }
   (c) "Song of Spring," Op. 71, No. 2, }
2. Five Songs, from the "Poet's Love" . *Schumann.*
   (a) "'T was in the lovely month of May."
   (b) "Where fall my bitter tear-drops."
   (c) "The Rose and the Lily."
   (d) "When gazing on thy beauteous eyes."
   (e) "A Young Man loves a Maiden."
3. "Blondel's Song" . . . . *Schumann.*
4. Nine Songs . . . . *Franz.*
   (a) "Dance Song in May," Op. 1, No. 6.
   (b) "In Vain," Op. 10, No. 6.
   (c) "Two Faded Roses," Op. 13, No. 1.
   (d) "May Song," Op. 33, No. 3.
   (e) "The Lotus Flower," Op. 1, No. 3.
   (f) "Rosemary," Op. 13, No. 4.
   (g) "Slumber Song," Op. 1, No. 10.
   (h) "Oh tell me is my wandering Love," Op. 40, No. 1.
   (i) "The Woods," Op. 14, No. 3.
5. Five Songs . . . . *Schubert.*
   (a) "Thou art the Rest."
   (b) "Hark! Hark the Lark."
   (c) "Faith in Spring."
   (d) "Barcarolle."
   (e) "Whither."

A good many of the piano recitals were given by Miss Lydia S. Harris, a pupil of Mr. Mathews, and a young lady who will be heard from by and by. Her most satisfactory work to me was her playing of the E minor concerto of Chopin; a difficult work, but done so well that many artists of more pretensions need not have been ashamed to have played it as she did. There were also several pupil recitals, among which, one by a Miss Jones, a pupil of Miss E. W. Scott of Cincinnati, was especially creditable. There was also one by Miss Amy Fay, which I did not hear; one by Miss Bertha Burge, a pupil of Carl Reinecke, and an excellent pianist of the classical school, and one by Mr. Emil Liebling, a pianist, who has great execution. I ought not to omit to mention the vocal teaching and chorus directing of Mr. Wm. B. Chamberlain, a pupil of Mme. Emma Seiler, and a teacher in the Conservatory of Music of Oberlin College. So far as I can judge, his methods are thoroughly scientific, and his work is certainly effective.

Altogether, I am certain this "Normal" did a great deal of good. J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN have the prospect of an abundant supply of Symphony Concerts, Oratorios, etc., during the coming season, according to the following schedule in the *Tribune*: —

Nothing is known as yet of what the principal compositions will consist that the different societies will select, but each announces, as is the wont of such societies, that it has important novelties for production. The concerts will be given at the usual places, the New York Philharmonic at the Academy of Music, the Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society at Steinway Hall, Mr. Carlberg's concerts at Chickering Hall, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic at the Brooklyn Academy. The Philharmonic Societies of New York and Brooklyn will be conducted by Theodore Thomas, the Symphony and Oratorio Societies by Dr. Damrosch, and the Chickering Hall Concerts by Mr. Gotthold Carlberg. The dates of the rehearsals and concerts will be as follows: —

November 6 and 8, Symphony Society.
  13 and 15, Carlberg Concert.
  17 and 18, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.
  21 and 22, New York Philharmonic Society.
  28 and 29, Oratorio Society.
December 4 and 6, Symphony Society.
  11 and 13, Carlberg Concert.
  15 and 16, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.
  19 and 20, New York Philharmonic Society.
  26 and 27, Oratorio Society.
January 8 and 10, Carlberg Concert.
  15 and 17, Symphony Society.
  23 and 24, New York Philharmonic Society.
  29 and 30, Carlberg Concert.
February 6 and 7, Oratorio Society.
  12 and 14, Symphony Society.
  16 and 17, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.
  20 and 21, New York Philharmonic Society.
  26 and 28, Carlberg Society.

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March 11 and 13, Symphony Society.
15 and 16, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.
19 and 20, New York Philharmonic Society.
April 1 and 3, Symphony Society.
8 and 10, Carlberg Concert.
16 and 17, Oratorio Society.
19 and 20, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.
23 and 24, New York Philharmonic Society.

MME. JULIA RIVÉ-KING, assisted by Mme. Anna Drasdil, will give recitals in Boston and other cities this season, commencing in October.

Max Maretzek has selected the 24th of September for the initial performance of his new opera of "Sleepy Hollow" at the Academy of Music, the same date as that of the first concert of the Carlotta Patti Company.

MR. W. R. DEUTSCH, who has just arrived home from Europe, makes known the fact that he has engaged for the ensuing season a musical company composed of twenty-two persons, and styled the "Estudiantina Figaro." The English name will be "The Spanish Students." This company is, in fact, a band made up entirely of guitars and mandolins. The performance that it gives is said to be poetical, delicate, and charming, and also to be extraordinary for the attribute of unanimity. The spectator, in fact, sees these twenty-two musicians, as the poet Wordsworth saw the cattle, when he said "there are forty feeling like one." — *N. Y. Tribune.*

MISS ADDIE CARRINGTON, a Boston lady, who has been singing in Milan with considerable success, was introduced a short time since to an invited audience in Boston at the rooms of Henry F. Miller. The *Transcript* says of her: "Her voice is a clear and powerful soprano, agreeable and uniform in quality. Its upper notes being better developed than those of the lower register, whilst her execution, even in the most trying passages, is exceptionally fine. Her delivery is marked by earnest expression, intense dramatic feeling and distinct utterance, her attack of high notes admirable, and her intonation correct and satisfactory. Although she has yet to demonstrate her ability as a dramatic artiste, enough was shown last evening to prove that she has decided talent in that direction."

A BOSTON VOCALIST, who was especially esteemed and valued here some few years ago on account of her musical ability, as well as for her personal character and worth — we refer to Caliste M. Huntley, now Signora Piccioli, of Milan, — will return next month to her city and home, after a twelve-years' absence. During this period she has acquired a vocal and operatic experience and recognition that are not often so well accorded to our native artists in the profession abroad. Since Miss Huntley (for so we must really recall her in remembrance) left Boston she has sung in opera and concerts, principally in Milan, but also in the chief musical cities and centres of Germany; fulfilled operatic engagements in Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic twice, made successful trips to South America, singing in opera at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, winning in every place the best commendation for her lyric gifts and capabilities of vocal expression. Now, with a longing desire to visit her relatives and former friends, and musical companions and associates, she will return to Boston for a time. So many of our musical *habitues* will recollect her vocal ability in her fine participation in the first Boston performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," under Mr. B. J. Lang's enterprise and directorship; in her subsequent accomplishment of the exacting soprano part in Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," when Mr. J. C. D. Parker first introduced it to musical Boston; and further, in her successes in a more florid and operatic school of vocalism under Signor Bendelari's practiced style and teaching, that there can be no mistake about the pleasurable interest that will be taken by musical people in the lady's presence again in her home city, and among familiar musical scenes. — *Transcript.*

THE New York *Times* says: "New York is not likely to suffer during the coming season from a lack of pianists. In addition to the hosts of aspirants for artistic fame, and the innumerable performers of the second and third rank, whom it will hardly do to name in this connection, we are certain to have ample opportunities to hear Messrs. Franz Rummel, S. B. Mills, Max Pinner Joseffi, Ketten, W. H. Sherwood, Mrs. Julia Rivé-King, and Mme. Teresa Carreno. Miss Anna Mehlig has it in mind to revisit this city, where she formerly won both fame and money, but as yet she has not made any definite arrangement looking to this end. The announcement which has been several times made that Nicolaus Rubinstein was to come to New York in the season of 1880–81 is pronounced, on good authority, to be at least premature. This famous artist cannot leave Moscow, owing to his engagement as director of the concerts of the 'Friends of Music' and at the Moscow Conservatoire."

OUR VOCAL CLUBS. — The *Herald* of last Sunday has the following: —

"The season with the Boylston Club begins on the 19th of this month. The chorus promises to be finer than that of last year, and the concerts, so far as their character has now been determined, not only more interesting, but more important. The first concert will occur on the 14th of November. Its leading feature will be the performance, for the first time here, of Astorga's world-renowned "Stabat Mater." It is very likely that the chief objects of importance in the remaining concerts of the year will be, "By the Waters of Babylon," by the much lamented gifted composer, Hermann Goetz; some one of the more noteworthy psalms of Orlando di Lasso; and, possibly, Max Bruch's new setting of the "Lay of the Bell" New part songs by Rheinberger, Herbeger, Rubinstein, and Raff, will make up the balance of the work Among the novelties of the first concert will be the famous madrigal, in ten parts, by De Pearsall, entitled, 'Sir Patrick Spens,'' a new song for the female chorus by Raff, "Now the day is at last departing," and Schubert's "Nachthelle" for the men.

The Apollo Club will, as usual, present many novelties in the way of compositions for male voices, though the selections are, as yet, undecided upon. The leading work of the year will be the "Œdipus" of Mendelssohn, which will be given complete, with orchestra and reader, for the first time in this country.

"The Cecilia will give but four concerts during the season, but they will each be of an unusually attractive character, even for this society. Some additions to the honorary membership will be made, and the music committee proposes to fully maintain the high standard of excellence reached by the members in their concerts last season."

We may add that the Cecilia sent out orders for the music of Goetz's two cantatas ("By the Waters of Babylon," and "Nænia") some months ago

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THE musical festival at Worcester, Mass., will be held this year on the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th of September. Gounod's "Cecilia Mass" will be given in full, and the "Messiah," besides six smaller choral selections. Henrietta Beebe, Annie Louise Cary, Ida W. Hubbell, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Jennie Sargeant, Theodore Toedt, Alfred Wilkie, W. H. Beckett, Clarence King, D. M. Babcock, and many others appear.

BOSTON'S OPERATIC PROSPECTS are thus presented by the *Herald*: —

The "Home Opera Company" will open the season of this class of attractions with the "Ideal Pinafore," at the Boston Theatre, Monday, Sept. 20. The cast of last season will be presented, with slight variations, Miss Adelaide Phillips assuming the role of Buttercup, and Mr. W. H. Fessenden that of Ralph. Similar changes will be made in the cast of "Fatinitza," which follows in the engagement, and a third opera will be shortly put in rehearsal to be presented during the season. The exceptional success which attended this company's performances last season seems to warrant a belief that it will become a permanent organization, to which the musical public of this city can look for the presentation of standard operas of the lighter and more popular style. It is more than probable that, beginning the musical season in this way, this company will repeat its successes at the close of the Boston Theatre season, when musical entertainments of a light character are so popular.

The Emma Abbott English opera company begin a two weeks' season at the Park Theatre Oct. 20, opening with Masse's "Paul and Virginia," an opera which had a decided success on its production in Paris with Capoul and Mlle. Heilbron in the title roles Here Mr. William Castle will be the Paul, and Miss Abbott the Virginia. An English version of "Carmen" will probably also be produced during the season, with Mrs. Zelda Seguin in the title part, as well as an English version of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The troupe will include Mesdames Abbott, Marie Stone, Seguin, and Pauline Maurel, and Messrs. Tom Karl, Castle, MacDonald, Stoddard, Ryse, and Edward Seguin. Mr. Caryl Florio will be the musical director, and Messrs. Pratt and Morrissey the managers

In the way of grand opera the probabilities point to only one season of two or four weeks, by the Mapleson company, the date being as yet undecided, though the chances are that it will follow the opening season in New York, as last year. Manager Mapleson's plans are as yet rather vaguely outlined, but should he come with even his last year's company he will receive a hearty welcome and profitable patronage from the musical public of this city. A visit from Manager Strakosh is also one of the doubtful matters as yet undecided, though the chances are that Boston will not hear his new organization during their season. The route contemplated for the company now will locate them in the Southern cities during the best part of the season North, after the Christmas holidays, and their dates until Christmas are definitely fixed in the Western cities.

NEW ARRIVALS. — Among the artists who will probably make their appearance here early in the season, we may mention a young Polish violinist, Timothée d'Adamowski, a graduate of the Warsaw Conservatory in 1874, where he took the first prize. During the last few years he has held high rank among the resident musicians in Paris, and his name frequently occurs in programmes of the best concerts there His tastes and style are classical. He is full of youthful fervor, has a thoroughly musical temperament, and a sincere, earnest, winning manner. We have had the pleasure of hearing him in private, when he played the Mendelssohn Concerto, some of the violin solos of Bach, and a very difficult and very interesting Sonata-Duo of Grieg with Mr. Lang. He has a large, rich tone, a remarkable legato, and he plays with fire, with pure intonation, fine execution and expression, entirely free from all the cheap tricks and false sentiment of mere concert virtuosos.

— Mme. Chatterton-Bohrer, a distinguished solo harpist, has been in Boston this week, and will probably appear in concerts here and in New York during the season. She is a daughter of the English composer and harpist, J. B. Chatterton, who succeeded Bochsa as professor of the harp at the Royal Academy, and in 1844 was appointed harpist to the Queen. She has recently been giving concerts in Canada with great success. She is accompanied by her husband, a classical pianist, who is a son of Max Bohrer, the violoncello-virtuoso, who visited this country at least thirty years ago.

— Mme. Persis Bell Campanari, who will be remembered as one of the first and the most brilliant fruits of Mr. Eichberg's violin school, and who used to play the Bach *Chaconne* so well, returns to Boston concert halls as a soprano singer. Sig. Leandro Campanari accompanies his wife, and is open to engagements as solo violinist, coming indorsed by Sir Julius Benedict of London.

FOREIGN.

THE famous "Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel has had numberless stories told of the origin of its name, most of which have been poetical, and all of them more or less false. The following interesting information concerning this well-known air is given by a correspondent of *The London Times*, and would seem on the face of it to be true: "The famous air in No. 5 of the 'Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin,' was originally named 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' by Lintott, a music publisher at Bath, who, on being asked why he so called his edition of the music, replied that his father was a blacksmith, and that it was one of his favorite tunes. In 1820, one hundred years after the piece was first published, a newspaper writer of the time concocted the tale of the blacksmith's shop, and Mr. Richard Clarke was deceived by the fiction. Mr. Clarke went to Edgware, found out the descendant of Powell, the blacksmith, whose shop was near Canons Park, bought the anvil, and satisfied himself that he had verified the newspaper writer's account of an incident in Handel's life. A more absurd delusion never existed. As Schœlcher, Handel's biographer, says, 'the "Harmonious Blacksmith" has been published a thousand times under that title, but Handel himself never called it so; the name is modern.' The air is found in a collection of French songs printed by one Christopher Ballard, in 1565. It is not likely that an English blacksmith ever heard it, and still less probable that Handel, with his love of finery and dignified manners, would have adopted an air heard under the circumstances believed in by Mr. Clarke."

A MUSICAL TREASURE-TROVE. — An authentic portrait of Mozart has just been made accessible to the German public by photographic multiplication. The fortunate possessor is one M. Eckert, a Berlin bandmaster, who received it as a present from his foster-father, Francis Förster, the friend and companion of the poet-soldier, Theodore Körner. Förster had obtained it from Körner's mother, whose sister, Doris Stock, was the artist. The style differs from the usual portraits of the great musician, but is far more striking and effective. The reverse bears two inscriptions. One, "Given to Förster," written by Körner's mother; and the other, "This likeness of Mozart, drawn from life by Doris Stock, in Dresden, 1787, was given to me by Theodore Körner's mother, and by me to Karl Eckert. Berlin, 22 May, 1859. F. Förster." The portrait is in crayons, a half length, in a small oval, and represents Mozart in the dress of the period, with wide collars, frill, and hair brushed back and united in the queue. The features are more finely cut than those of the usual portraits and bust, and bear a slightly hectic stamp. The nose is rather large, and, with the entire lower half of the face, somewhat prominent. The mouth has a peaceful, pleasant expression. But the impressive features are the fine and ample forehead and the enchanting eyes.

MR. HULLAH, in his report to the British Education Department on Music on the Continent, says a very unexpected thing. He is pleased with the system of teaching in Holland, and of some instances in Belgium; but as for Germany, he is of opinion that the instruction given is worse than useless, and its results absolutely nothing In Switzerland, Mr. Hullah says, the natural aptitude for musical instruction seems low, while in Belgium, though taste and inclination both foster the study of music, the schools where it is most appreciated, are not rich enough to obtain the high instruction they deserve. Mr. Hullah is so pleased with the results of musical instruction in Holland, that it is considered probable that he will urge upon the English the adoption of a system modeled on the Dutch.

THE contra-Wagnerian movement, already powerful in Germany, has been invested with fresh force by the proposed Mozartian programme to be set forth by Herr Jauner, of Vienna The whole of Mozart's operas are to be mounted, the Wagnerian artists are dismissed, and Mme. Pauline Lucca, Mme. Schuch-Proska, and Mlle. Bianchi are to be retained in their stead. On the other hand, for the benefit of the tourists, the whole of the "Niebelungen Ring" is to be performed at that Wagnerian stronghold, Munich, between August 23 and 28.

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Concluded from page 145.)

It was the third day now
Since Benedetta had been called, and far
Into the lonely night. The helpful Sister —
Obedient to her cloister's rigid rules,
To hasten back into its walls at eve —
Had long departed; poor old Nina, too,
Gone for an hour to seek much-needed rest,
As Benedetta urged, who sat alone
Near Sanzio's couch.
He moved but rarely, rapt
In peaceful, dreamless slumber, it appeared,
With quiet breath, and placid lip and brow.
The room was silent, and the shaded lamp
Cast but a feeble light, and so at length,
Wearied with much unwonted care and watching,
She laid her head upon her arm, for but
A moment's rest; yet soon unwittingly
The heavy eyelids fell, unconsciousness
Stole over all her senses, and she slept
In peace untroubled. Slept so long and deep,
She heard and saw no more, and heeded not
That time rolled swiftly onward; never knew
That from the city churches far and near
Hour after hour pealed out, and how towards midnight
A gradual change, a fitful restlessness,
Came upon Sanzio, — that he moaned and tossed,
With trembling lips and a contracted brow,
And grasped at things unseen, with feeble hands.
Later a hush fell on him; he lay still,
And in a moment opened large, clear eyes,
That slowly gazing round rested on her;
And suddenly he rose up, and stretching out
His arms to her, called softly, "Benedetta!"
Then he fell back, — his eyes closed, a great light
Passed like a burst of glory o'er his face
And swiftly faded, and a long-drawn sigh
Broke from his lips.
It was the early morning,
Whose ray well-nigh put out the yellow lamp,
When Benedetta woke, startled at last
By a strange, sombre dream. She walked alone
On a long, weary road with aching feet,
Yet ever on before, and leading her
Further and further, flew a snow-white dove,
Until the city towers rose in her sight,
And her guide paused, alighting on a roof.
And looking up she found 't was Sanzio's house,
And the white dove transformed into a raven,
Whose wings o'ershadowed it from top to base.
She started hastily up, and glanced about
The unfamiliar room in vague surprise,
Then flew to Sanzio's side with anxious heart.
He lay,
His arms still half outstretched, yet motionless,
The soft, brown hair clustering about his brow
And drooping on his shoulders, and his face
Turned towards the window, through whose undrawn curtains
The first sweet flush of dawn stole gently in,
Tinting his cheeks with a faint glow of life,
While the closed lips and eyes had caught and kept
A dim reflection of that burst of light
In whose transfiguring glory he had passed;
And on his pallid brow serenest calm,
A full, unutterably deep content
Had quenched the sadness of that yearning look
That once had cast its sober shadow there
Yet something in the peace on that still brow
Awoke a sudden, awful pang of fear
In Benedetta's heart, and she bent down
To kiss the smiling lips.
But as she touched them,
A great, wild cry rang through the silent house,
A cry wherein it seemed unto herself
Her soul leaped from its rended tenement,
And left an empty, crumbling shell behind;
As in a dizzy vision she beheld
A lifeless figure that was not her own,
Fall prostrate over Sanzio's quiet form,
Burying her face upon his breast, unmoved
By any faintest breath or pulse of life,
And twine her arm round his unbending neck,
While a mad gush of tears burst from her eyes.

O Sanzio, Sanzio! Oh, my love, my love!
Oh, even in the night and while I slept,
Must thou go from me, and alone, alone,
Set out upon thy fearful way, my soul!
Were the wild words that rang incessantly
Through swooning heart and brain, that had no thought
For God or life eternal, when once more
Slowly her reeling consciousness returned,
And the lost spirit, coming from afar,
Crept shivering back through every aching sense.
Before her, as she lay with eyes still closed,
Above, below, around on every side,
There rolled and whirled and tossed in mad confusion
A chaos of black, shadowy, shifting clouds,
A night in whose blind darkness naught was clear,
Save that a fierce, intolerable fire,
A piercing anguish, like a living flame,
Was burning up her heart, and that the tears
Whose flood streamed on and on resistlessly,
Were hot and sharp and bitter past endurance,
And seemed to sear the heavy, smarting lids,
Whence they must burst a passage out.
How long
She thus hung over him with quivering frame
And fevered brow, she knew not; but at last,
As though the fountains of her grief were drained,
And in them all her life had flowed away,
Her tears ran dry, and she lay motionless,
Even as the dead himself, but turned her head
And pressed her cheek to his. And gazing now
Upon the troubled waters surging round,
In the dim, far-off distance, she perceived,
A feeble speck of whiteness, more than light;
Yet it grew larger, brighter, drew more near,
Until it swelled into a luminous point,
And then a shining star, that stood quite close
Above her, yet receding into space, —
And suddenly it seemed as though the earth
Had sunk away below her, and she floated
Upward into the air, so gently first
She could not tell when it began, but soon
With softly, swifter motion gradually,
Following the star, which streamed from out its heart
A mild, yet ever deep and deeper radiance,
That all the space around with brightness filled,
Till the star vanished and dissolved at last
In the wide golden glow, and she was borne,
As through a sea of moving, throbbing light,
Vast, measureless, unfathomed, without end,
Without beginning, whose small, countless waves
Lapping each other, spread in beaming circles,
Still gathering fuller glory on their way,
Further and further, till they lost themselves
In purpling, dim infinitudes. And still
Her flight went on and on, she ever rose
Higher and yet higher, till suddenly, close above
And swiftly floating downward, she beheld
A heavenly form, — clad in white, flowing robes,
A golden halo round his head, that shone
Still brightly even through this flood of light, —
Who bent a smiling countenance on her.
Was it the Saviour, — the dear Lord Himself?
She thought, and a great thrill passed through her soul,
Or could it be, — Oh, Heaven, the features changed
And shifted strangely, — Sanzio, Sanzio, mayhap?
And a faint cry of joy sprang to her lips,
As she stretched out her hands.
She saw them seized,
Felt herself folded to a throbbing heart,
And a mute kiss upon her brow, and then
In deep, unutterable ecstasy,
Fainted she closed her eyes, and knew no more
Through long, unconscious hours.
When she awoke
The mellow evening light was in the room,
Her own small chamber, where she lay alone
Upon her couch; yet a deep, peaceful calm
Filled all her senses, and the thought of him,
Of his white, smiling lips, without a pang;
Even the swift tears, that would flow forth again
As that last image rose within her sight,
Seemed sweet and soothing. "Oh, my Love, my Sanzio!"
She whispered, "Aye, I understand thee now,
And what it was in my unconscious heart,
My childish love, that could not satisfy
The deeper needs of thy immortal soul!
But yet thou wilt forgive me where I failed!
I loved thee with what feeble power I knew,
I gave thee all the simple soul I had,
Thou first and only love of all my life!"
And with a joy unspeakable, remembered
How he had told her still, he was made glad
By their dear love, that she had been to him
The brightest dream of all his wayward days.
Remembered, too, those other words of his, —
"He ordereth all, and ordereth all things well,
His will be done!" — and meekly clasped her hands.
But oh, where was he! — thought she then. Wherefore
Have they thus parted us!
In one dark night
Sanzio's sweet bud had burst into full flower,
But what a storm-tossed, broken form was that
Which slowly rose, and with unsteady steps
And outspread hands, like one half-blind, who feels
More than he sees his path, groped her dim way
Out through the door!
Not far from it she came
On the good Sister, who put out her hand,
And kindly said, "You here, my poor, dear child!
I came to see if you were yet awake."

But Benedetta, sinking on her knees,
Cried out, "Oh, mother, sister, friend! take me
To your still home! I have nought left to live for
Save memory and God!"
And raising her,
The Sister fondly clasped the fresh, young life,
So wrung with sorrow, to the aged heart
That long had done with tears. Then silently
Led forward her who bowed her weary head
Upon the friendly shoulder. Yet she asked,
"Will you not come and look upon his face?"
As turning down a corridor, they saw
At its far end a chamber hung in black,
Through whose wide doors streamed a sweet cloud of perfume,
The breath of flowers and incense blent. A throng
Of weeping mourners pressed about the bier,
That stood with roses and dark violets strewn,
And many glimmering tapers set around,
While at its head rose up the last great work,
Whereat the busy hands had paused forever,
Leaving it incomplete, yet shining far
In undimmed glory, — the transfigured Lord.

A quiver passed through Benedetta's frame, —
Oh, now she understood the strange, sharp pang
That seized upon her unsuspecting soul,
When she beheld it first!
"Oh, no," she said,
And shuddering turned away, "He is not there!"
And the new wound began to bleed afresh.

For yet a third time, joyous as of old,
Had come the hope of summer, when two friends
Rode through the gates of the Eternal City.
Another spring, another setting sun,
An eve like that — and yet, great God, how changed!
Was the mute thought of both, and looking back,
One with a passionate gesture stretched his arms
Towards the gray town they speedily left behind,
And cried aloud, "City, where is thy king!"
Then dropped them listless by his side, his head
Sinking upon his breast.
"Nay, Baldassar," —
The other gently asked, and touched his hand;
"Can you not yet forget, — be comforted
Even for a little while?"
"Forget, Giovanni, —
In such an hour as this!" he cried again, —
"Forget, — oh, never, never! All the world
Is darker since he left it!"
Thus they rode
Long in unbroken silence, heedlessly
Suffering their steeds to choose the way, who climbed
Of their free will the gently rising path
Near the gray Cloister on the Hill. Again
The pious women two by two walked forth,
In the last golden light of fading day;
Again their murmured chants rose softly up,
And a sweet bell from somewhere far away
Sent out its faint, vibrating sounds, that died
On the clear air but slowly. Yet those two
Saw naught, nor heard, when suddenly Baldassar
Cried in a hasty whisper, "Hold, look there!"
And putting out his hand, stayed his companion.

They checked their horses. Further up the road,
On a small hillock near a Virgin's shrine,
Sat a young sister, round whose slender form
The rosy evening glow played lovingly.
The long, white veil that framed the beauteous face
And floated round her shoulders, half concealed

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The simple, dark-hued cloister garb; her hands
Lay lightly folded in her lap, and clasped
An ebony crucifix, hung from her girdle
By a fine silver chain. Profound repose,
Yet something of brave, bright, full-flowing life,
And strength unbroken, in her face and form,
She rested motionless, — so still, it seemed
A breath scarce stirred the gently heaving breast, —
With a faint smile on the half-parted lips,
And a soft radiance on the up-turned face,
While a deep light beamed in the eyes she had
Upon the first great, tremulous star, high up
In the flushed heavens above her.

"Benedetta!"

Said Baldassare, in low tones at last,
When he had gazed upon her image long, —
"Madonna — plead and make thy prayers for us!
Forget not on those shining, heavenly heights
Thy pord has gained, that our sore hearts still grope
In pathways full of darkness! Thou, sweet saint,
Surely hast need of mortal aid no more!"
Then added slowly, "She has found the peace
That passeth understanding! Let us go!"
And turning back, they rode away unseen.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 146.)

Haydn and Mozart are names which the world likes to couple with Beethoven, and designate as masters of this "Vienna school." Their piano works indeed contain much that is beautiful and excellent, including some things really significant (for example, the A-minor Sonata, the C-minor Fantasia, the G-minor Quartet, and several of the Concertos of Mozart). But all that these two great masters have created in piano-forte music seems of subordinate importance compared with their extraordinary activity in the whole wide field of music. Especially is this the case with Haydn, who was but a mediocre piano player himself, whereas Mozart can be counted among the most important virtuosos of his time. Moreover, Haydn found the instrument itself, which had not then begun to be very much in fashion, a still more meagre one than that used by his great successor, who came upon the stage of the world and of art some decades later. His chief aim was directed to the orchestra, which owes to him, above all men, its more modern (not the newest!) development. Hence it is easily conceivable that the thin-toned clavichord of that day could not stimulate his artistic fancy to the same degree as the so-called string-Quartet and the orchestral Symphony, in which it unfolded the most splendid blossoms.

On the other hand we must here name, in the period mostly preceding Beethoven, at least *one* master artist, Clementi, who in many of his very numerous Sonatas had already developed the resources of the instrument in a high degree, and who was himself still more of a virtuoso than Mozart, whom he long outlived. In this art form (the Piano Solo Sonata), which he cultivated exclusively, so far as I know, he produced much that is uncommonly fine, charming, lovely, full of soul, including some things quite incomparable in this way. I need only cite the two Sonatas in C, and that in D major (Nos. 40, 53, and 55, in the Breitkopf and Härtel collection of sixty-four Sonatas), as examples, which every piano player ought to have in his repertoire. The fancy of this artist was mostly directed to the graceful, the refined, the tender, and the humorous. But a passionate vein also pulsates in his music, which makes him sometimes aspire to the grandiose and rise to a mightier expression, as in his B-minor Sonata (No. 57), partly, al-o, in the one in G-minor (No. 64), which is superscribed "Didone abbandonata." Several of his Adagios have an enchanting tenderness and thrilling depth of expression. His form is close, precise, so that in this respect his works for the most part may pass for classic models. On the other hand, it must not be concealed that this master is very unequal in his works, and that a great, perhaps the greater, number of his Sonatas seem to be rather weak, sketchy, fugitive productions, incapable of life to-day, besides which those other genuine children of a genial inspiration shine in all the more brilliant light, and deserve to be all the more cherished.

Unquestionably, taken as a whole, the works of Beethoven form the crown of all that has been done, since Bach, in instrumental, and particularly in piano-forte music, above all in this form of art (the Sonata). Beethoven, — that hero of the musical art, whom Hans von Bülow once called, with an expression which sounds extravagant, yet not entirely ill-cho-en, the "incarnate god of music," and to whom Cornelius, the great painter, referred with the admiring words: "That was an artist," a word which in all its plainness from such a mouth meant as much as when the first Napoleon, after an interview with Goethe, exclaimed to those about him: "Voilà un homme!" To characterize the incommensurable greatness which Beethoven's art unfolded before the eyes and ears of the astonished world during the three decades (about) in which he wrought, would here be quite impossible; but fortunately I may spare myself the mere attempt, since it has already been made in countless writings, to which it has been my privilege to contribute here and there a mite in the course of my life. Let it suffice here to say, that, after and with the works of Bach, those of Beethoven must form the principal study of those who wish to gain artistic culture through the study of piano playing, and who feel the impulse to take up into themselves the noblest and the highest which art has produced in this department.

But there is *one* element in this exceeding greatness of Beethoven, which is recognized by nearly all the parties into which the musical world is as much divided as the political; and that is his (comparative) *universality*, — just the same peculiarity that characterizes the greatest poets of modern times: Shakespeare, and the next greatest, Goethe, and that has made this trefoil of genius a true light of a whole age. This (I repeat it, relative) universality, which includes all tones of the human breast, from the most tender to the most powerful and thrilling; which wanders through the whole scale of human feeling, so far as it may reveal itself in tones (and in what art has it revealed itself with more power and depth?); which conjures up before us now a lovely idyl, then again a picture of the boldest humor (Beethoven was master of that in all its shades), only to lift us again to the highest heights and plunge us into the deepest depths of tragedy; which smiles on us with the innocent eyes of childhood, and anon comes roaring in the storm of demoniacal powers and forces (spirits, however, always chained by art!); which now sinks into the soul of the people and sings their simplest melodies, and then again, as in the cycle of songs "To the distant loved one," soars to the sublimest heights of feeling; which in *Fidelio* has sung to us in heavenly tones the song of changeless constancy, as in the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony the song of world-embracing love: this primeval power, which with giant arms has sucked into itself the marrow of the earth, crystallized into tones, and then, in unexampled estrangement from the world, dies away in the ethereal bliss of self-dissolution (so to speak): this marvellous mood, which embraces all positive ideals of humanity (gleaming so clearly through his compositions) with a loving and a reverent fervor, and then again with world-annihilating humor flies away beyond them all: this unexampled and immense Protean power, by the side of which stood an equally gigantic, an exhaustless, purely musical inventive, plastic faculty: this exceeding power and fullness, this harmony between extremest opposites, is what I would lay the chief stress on, in considering, or in merely mentioning, the works of Beethoven.

Of Beethoven's works, taken collectively, the same thing holds that has been said of Shakespeare's, and in general, too, of Goethe's, that no one of his works is like another; each describes its magic circle more or less from a distinct centre. This is the case with nearly all his Sonatas for piano-forte solo, only a few excepted. They stand, collectively, alike from the ideal, the poetic, and from the purely musical stand-point, incomparably high above all that has been created in this field by earlier or later masters. They indicate the highest perfection of this kind of art, to which the Sonata works of Haydn and Mozart, and of course also those of Clementi, are mere preliminary steps, just as Bach's repeatedly mentioned great fugue work (which contains the gist of all creations of the sort) appears the supreme canon of *that* kind of art. And the same is true, also, of all his Duos, Trios, Quatuors, and not less of his Concertos, among which I might designate the Piano Concerto in E-flat, and the Violin Concerto, as the highest ideal of the kind.

The form of the Sonata under Beethoven's hands shows no essential change from that which it received through his great predecessors; only he has given it great expansion through the mighty soul which he breathed into it, so much so that from his first to his last works of this kind it has grown continually, until the ideal contents (*Inhalt*) with which he filled it in some of his last Sonatas, like the gigantic Op. 106, and the entirely unique, sphynx-like *Ninth Symphony*, at last actually overstepped all artistic bounds, — at least in the final movements, which seem already like forerunners of the anarchy, which more recently has broken into the domain of art. I can hat allude to those extensive, broad Adagios, swollen with mightiest respirations; there is but little, at all events, in this whole field of art that can compare with them in soul-full depth and inwardness. Also the Scherzo, which Beethoven for the most part puts in the place of the earlier Minuet, deserves special mention, since this form of expression seems entirely a product of the Beethoven

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genius, in which he really is unapproachable.

And there is still one more form to which Beethoven has given the highest perfection, namely, the Variation. This — both in his greater works, where it appears only as an integral part of a greater whole, and in some independent works of this kind — he has endowed with a richness of invention and treated with a freedom, with which there is little to be compared in the works of his great predecessors (if we except the mighty Variation works of Bach which we have mentioned), a freedom which indeed becomes almost willful in the Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, but which, in the Variations on a theme from the *Sinfonia Eroica*, has produced, perhaps the noblest, the most genial, most brilliant work of this kind, — one which, moreover, seems remarkable on account of its well-nigh "modern" virtuoso treatment of the piano-forte technique.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (1879).

MAX BRUCH'S LAY OF THE BELL.

REVERTING to Herr Max Bruch's *Lay of the Bell*, the question first arises whether the composer was altogether happy in his choice of a theme. We are growing somewhat more critical than heretofore on this matter. At one time anything was thought good enough to be — as Wagner would put it — set to music. Pathos or bathos, an expression of sentiment or a logarithmic table, — all was one to composers content to tack on strains which their nominal subject neither inspired nor befitted. But this deplorable age has passed, and though the faults of our own time are many we have at least come to demand that words used for music shall be such as are adapted for — nay, such as require — musical expression. The perception of such words, however, is a gift which does not appear to be bestowed upon everybody. *Apropos*, there is a very pregnant passage in one of Mendelssohn's letters to his sister. Referring to a composition from her clever pen, the master said: —

"At the beginning of the air alone are the words vigorous and spirited, and from them emanated the whole of your lovely piece of music. The music of the choruses is, of course, good, for it is written by you, but it seems to me . . . . as if it were not necessarily what it is; indeed, as if it might have been differently composed. This arises from the poetry not demanding any particular music. . . . I would advise you to be more cautious in the choice of your words, because, after all, it is not everything in the Bible, even if it suits the theme, that is suggestive of music."

Here we have Wagner's theory on the same subject before Wagner announced it, and here also a true test by which to judge the fitness of a composer's theme. Words must suggest music, and that with such definiteness that the music must be necessarily what it is. Applying this test to Herr Bruch's choice of Schiller's poem, the result is not satisfactory. Beyond question there are many passages in *Das Lied von der Glocke* which ask for musical expression in irresistible accents, but there are many others which do nothing of the kind — passages such as the old Italian composers of operas would have given to "speaking recitative," or which the Germans, leaving them to dialogue, would pass over. What, for instance, is the music demanded by such lines as these? —

"Wie sich schon die Pfeiffen bräunen!
Dieses Stäbchen tauch' ich ein;
Seh'n wir's überglas't erscheinen,
Wird's zum Gusse zeitig sein."

One may hit this verse anywhere without getting a musical ring out of it, and if Herr Bruch's cantata be a dull one it is principally because he had to deal with so many like it, and solemnly brought to bear the whole apparatus of his art, grinding the wind with a vast amount of noise and whirling wheels. When the composer has to do with really musical words he is often happy, but otherwise he simply affords an illustration of the fact that you cannot grow grapes on a thorn-tree, nor pick figs from a thistle. In saying this, I do not lose sight of the fact that Romberg set music to the same poem, and that his work still lives in the enjoyment of wide-spread favor. But Romberg treated the theme in a much simpler fashion than Herr Bruch — an observer of modern custom — could well follow, passing lightly over the unmusical portions of his text, and fastening upon those really lyrical or dramatic. Thus, Romberg had an advantage not enjoyed by Bruch. A composer must now be "intense," or nothing, and roll his eyes in a fine frenzy, even if he set to music the multiplication table.

Herr Bruch is very intense throughout this *Lay of the Bell*. His fires are as lurid as those which dart from the melting furnace, and the poor master-workman is not allowed to say, "Well, we'll now begin the casting," without a degree of "agonizing" which must materially add to the heat of his labors. Vainly do we ask, as the cantata goes on, for some repose. How the repose should come we do not stipulate. Let it be a commonplace duet in thirds and sixths, or a little instrumental episode, with a pretty accompanied melody for the violins. Anything you please, Herr Bruch, to relieve the ear from that ponderous orchestration, and the eye from those gladiatorial strivings. But, no! Herr Bruch thunders away like a general who depends upon his heavy artillery, and there is a great deal of resultant noise, together with much smoke. Herein, however, the composer is but a victim to fashion. Music is nowadays very much an affair of nerves, and everybody knows that stimulants soon lose their effect unless the dose be from time to time increased. So, no doubt, our orchestras will continue to grow, and our composers to devise combinations more and more thrilling, till the nerves can respond no longer, and some one discovers that the real purpose of music is to affect the mind and heart rather than the ganglionic centres whence issue the "creeps."

Let us now see what is good in Herr Bruch's work. In the first place, it shows a knowledge how to produce orchestral effects, even if that knowledge be not always judiciously used. This, however, is a very common merit, because it is more easily acquired now than in the past, when the resources available were smaller. Herr Bruch's scoring is essentially modern, — in other words, a play of color rather than of graceful or striking forms, the color always as brilliant as he can make it. The result diverts the eye in a great measure from aught else, and whether, in a work of the kind, orchestra or voices should have the first place is a question needless to discuss. Nevertheless, the fact that Herr Bruch holds rank as a successful colorist should be mentioned for such credit as it may deserve. It is even more essential to point out that his treatment of lyrical subjects, especially those which are very tender in sentiment, shows real feeling and aptitude. To passion he is seldom equal, but when not required to fathom its depths he commands a large meed of approval. In this *Lay of the Bell*, for instance, we have a chorus, referring to the joy of a child's birth, admirable alike in workmanship and expression. So with a tenor solo and chorus concerning the days of youth and love, and, for the same reason, a trio, "Peace benignant, gentle concord," should be classed among beautiful things, while a largely developed chorus, "Hallowed order," is masterly in construction and suggestive in character. On the level of these efforts Herr Bruch is at his best. Here he writes with true feeling, and reaches our hearts. As a master of melody, he never, perhaps, asserts himself with the fullness to be desired, but his phrases, when spontaneous, lack neither sentiment nor beauty. Having to ascend higher or go lower, he gives us less pleasure. Herr Bruch, as we now see him, is not fit for the "Ercles vein."

Dramatic vigor with him becomes mere empty clamor, while his cry *de profundis* is too often labored and dull. The fire chorus, for example, and that in which the horrors of civil strife are depicted, have no genuine power. The music would serve for anything else requiring noise, and is but an uproar in rhythm. With regard to the composer's treatment of the more profound and solemn portions of his text, it is clear that he does not atone for going out of his depth by elaboration of manner. Herr Bruch seems to have a horror of being simple; yet simplicity would have served his turn better here than any amount of studied effort. When Handel, in his *Messiah*, approached the mystery of Incarnation, he, giant as he was, put the sacred words, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive," into recitative. Herr Bruch, apparently, would have stormed around them with his entire force, and, after all, left them untouched.

Another characteristic of this music is its polyphony. Our composer is not a mere chord monger. He has a fancy for "real parts," and goes on writing them, not only with skill, but with indiscriminateness. In the solos the complexity of the orchestral accompaniment is often a cause of embarrassment, while the more important choruses are rendered needlessly difficult by a movement of parts without apparent object or obvious result. Intricate details are sometimes necessary to the working out of a composer's themes, and then they exist for their own sake, and stand in the first place. But when they are non-essential, or buried beneath other matter, they are superfluous. In music, as elsewhere, everything should have a reason, and for things without reason there can be no defense.

To sum up, Herr Bruch's *Lay of the Bell* is not a success. It has beauties, but they are outweighed by defects; and, as the composer writes in no particular manner, because that alone is his, it seems a pity that he did not live earlier, when lyrical gifts, exercised with simplicity and taste, might have served him well. For the present Herr Bruch has been blown away by his own storm, rent in pieces by his own "intensity." Romberg may sleep in peace. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

MUSICAL CLUBS OF HARVARD: THE PIERIAN SODALITY.

(Continued from page 148.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-PIERIAN.

AMONG all the advertising-boards which met the eye of the student as he ascended the steps of University Hall to evening prayers, notifying the meetings of the different college societies, none so arrested the attention of one of the youth who entered the college in 183–, as that which announced every Monday the rehearsals of the Pierian Sodality. Whatever of intellectual or convivial entertainment "Institute of 1770," "I. O. H.," "Porcellian Club," "Hasty Pudding Club," might promise, this signified to him that, amid the severer pursuits of university

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life, some place would be permitted for the continued cultivation of the cherished art of music. At that time the flute was almost the only instrument played by gentlemen. The violin was held in small repute; so small, indeed, that one which the lad brought with him was very soon laid aside for the more popular instrument, to learn which was an almost indispensable accomplishment. Scarcely a sound but of flutes was heard. From these the gentle murmurings or liquid trills rose from every side of the quadrangle the moment the bell at twelve rang the close of morning study hours. A single piano, at which a graduate, a devoted amateur, rooming in Massachusetts, studied Beethoven's Sonatas, then just beginning to become known, seems now, with its superior character and capabilities, fitly to symbolize the advanced position already occupied by the critic who has ever since held the most influential musical pen in this community. The violin above referred to, and one other, with a violoncello, all by chance in the same class, and all afterwards associated together in the Sodality, were the only stringed instruments known among the students during the whole four years of the writer's college life. There had once been a serpent in the society; but as far back as 1833, no one having been found to play it for several years, it had been exchanged for a French horn. For this how a player was sometimes sought may be seen by the following vote: "Mr. —— was proposed as a member; but, it being stated that he wished to try the French horn before he was proposed and see how he liked it, we agreed to put off voting for him till next meeting, and to keep our old French horn a week longer for him."

On one occasion, in 1833, a double bass-viol was introduced by a gentleman, afterwards a judge, of which it is recorded, "it had a good effect, and was a great addition to the music of the club." There had also been bass-horns. One, spoken of as a "semi-brass monster," was exchanged for a "copper-brass horn," in 1834. Bass was always the prevailing want; and to supply it this instrument was from time to time placed in the hands of almost any one enterprising enough to learn the less than half a dozen notes required for the simple harmonies. But this was not always successful. In one instance, at least, it was dispensed with, because it "did not chord with the flutes." But at the time of the writer's connection with the club all these, double-bass, serpent, French horn, and bass-horn, had disappeared from the scene,[1] and nothing broke the monotony of the flutes excepting a single clarinet, which came in 1836 or 1837, and a trombone which one of the violinists had been forced to take up, the violoncello being not always available. It was not strange, perhaps, that this instrument should have exposed the performer to the charge of disturbing the quiet of his entry in Holworthy by his practice of the airs, with variations, from which he sought to acquire facility in its use; but it certainly betrayed an imperfect knowledge of the trombone in the president, when he gravely, with searching eye, interrogated the offender,—had he not been amusing himself by "blowing it the wrong way?"

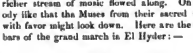
The Pierians held their rehearsals in Number 6 University Hall. The faculty at one time forbade them the use of this room, having ordered the doors of the hall to be closed in the evening on account of some damage done within the building by the "Euphradians." But a remonstrance was sent up and the privilege restored. For unexcused absence a small fine was imposed. To govern the playing cannot have been a difficult task. In 1833 they once made trial of a metronome, which, thought the secretary, "is likely to do us much good in keeping time, when we get used to it." It may be gathered from the records that the musicians, either from love of fun, or under the influence of enthusiasm, would sometimes take liberties with, or go astray from, their notes in a manner which could not be allowed in a well regulated orchestra. Now and then a visitor, perhaps from the "Pierian Glee Club," entertained them with a song; as when "Mr. H—— sang with great applause the beautiful air of 'The Mellow Horn,' accompanied by ——and —— on flutes."

No small pleasure was it after one of these rehearsals to come out under the piazza and give their fellow students a touch of their quality; and then the sudden swell of music floating from in front of University Hall across the silent yard would be echoed back with hearty hand clappings all along the windows of the buildings opposite.

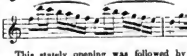
Special delight the Pierians took in their more elaborate serenades. These were not confined to Cambridge, but extended to Watertown, Brookline, Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Boston, etc. Excursions of this sort would, of necessity, be protracted far into the night. Not seldom, indeed, long after daybreak, "the chiding of the sharp-tongued bell" for morning prayers was heard by the returning vagrants, summoning them, just within sight of their longed-for rooms, with tired limbs, to the duties of a new day. For these expeditions even the chill air of March and April was not too harsh; but in the balmy nights of early summer the rural quiet of the old village, not yet dreamed of street-cars and a thickly peopled Dana Hill, with the scarcely less unbroken stillness of Otis, Winthrop, and Chauncy Places, of Franklin Street, of Beacon Street, wherever, in short, dwelt celebrated belles, was interrupted by the delicate strains of the little group of players, who found a sufficient reward in the sound of a window raised, a blind thrown open, or any other indication that the sleepers were alert. The recollection of every one who took part in them will supply him with abundant incidents of these romantic excursions, oftentimes sufficiently amusing; such as the laughing of the tender strains at the wrong house (as when once the leader, not familiar with the arsenal yard, drew up the band before the gunroom instead of the commander's quarters); or upon the ears of the servant-maids when the ladies were away (as when Judge Y's family had not yet come from the party at Judge Z's); the uncontrasting of another company of serenaders (as happened once in Brookline, where the jealous later comers diverted themselves by taking a drive Tilt the carriage and horses of their rivals); the disappointments, fatigues, hopes, exultations numberless; and many a hospitable mansion can tell how it welcomed in to a hastily improvised repast the players that had stolen upon its inmates with such sweet harmony as the night becomes.

But it was upon exhibition days the Pierians sought to achieve their highest honors. The order of exercises on these days usually gave ten or twelve parts to the declamations and three to music, besides the introductory performance while the faculty were taking their seats. July 17, 1839, when, having had a large accession to their stock of tunes, they were ambitious to display them, and managed to introduce an unusual number into the programme, they were charged by the corrector of the proof with making an "innovation;" but, says the secretary, "the audience did not attempt to frown out of countenance the innovation, nor has it come to our ears since that any one thought we played too much."

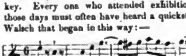
In preparation for the day, the pieces which had been selected by a committee for performance were diligently practiced at extra meetings as well as on the stated evenings, commonly also once just before the day in the organ loft, between twelve and one o'clock, and again in the morning before the hour of beginning the exercises. These were held in the chapel in University Hall; and the dignity of the occasion to all the musicians, especially to him whose distinction it happened to be in the capacity of first flute to lead the band, cannot easily be overrated, at the present moment, when from behind the green curtains of their little gallery the procession, headed by President Quincy in cap and gown, was seen to enter at the southerly door, the line of half a dozen flutes stretching along the front seat struck up the grand march in El Hyder, esteemed the most imposing of all their introductory pieces. From Helicon's harmonious rills no richer stream of music flowed along. On melody like that the Muses from their sacred seats with favor might look down. Here are the first bars of the grand march in El Hyder:—



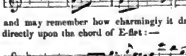
This stately opening was followed by some piece in livelier time (the selections at each playing consisted always of one slow and one quick movement), a waltz, or quickstep, in the same key. Every one who attended exhibitions in those days must often have heard a quickstep by Walsch that began in this way:—



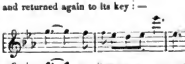
and may remember how charmingly it dropped directly upon the chord of E-flat:—



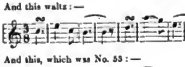
and returned again to its key:—



And this waltz:—



And this, which was No. 55:—



One of these went by the name of Twelfth Waltz; but why twelfth, or whose, who can tell?

In all this the part of third flute was not very exacting. Beyond the sense of fulfilling a duty, there could have been little satisfaction, one

[1] Of the ultimate fate of these instruments the writer has no knowledge; but there remains a tradition of one of the French horns that, after having been for some time missing, it was discovered, on the departure of its last player, in inglorious repose in his coal-closet.

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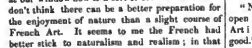
would think, in playing whole pages of bars like this: —



varied only by the change of time or key. It is amusing to recall what elegant and costly flutes, with long extent of silver-keyed magnificence, were put to this seemingly uninteresting though indispensable service; yet *flauto terzo*, beyond a doubt, would look back to these monotonous bars with as true pleasure as *primo*. The violins, it may be mentioned, afterwards helped to supply this "light time," as we called it, with good effect.

The musicians' gallery projected from the northerly wall, high up near the ceiling, and directly over the pulpit where the president took his seat, the platform for the speakers being just below him. The *entrée* to the gallery was a coveted privilege, not alone because the occupants bore so important a part in the services, but also because from between the curtains the eye could range unobserved over the assembled beauty that graced the benches of the hall below, or the pews in the professors' gallery opposite, where were congregated in large numbers, to witness the *debuts* of their young friends, the fashionable dames and damsels of Cambridge and vicinity.

Once there was a narrow escape from a miss in the *presentation*, from the tarrying too long at the wine: "An hour before exhibition we met in the organ-loft to see how it sounded. We were delighted with our playing, and to prove our delight we adjourned to the Fraues' room to pledge each other in a bumper and also to take courage. Whilst we were pleasantly chatting we heard the bell toll for the entrance of the faculty. We ran as hard as we could to get into the loft before they could get in the chapel, but unfortunately they had the shortest distance to go and were already seated when (out of breath) we seized our instruments and began to blow as hard as the state of our lungs permitted; but Madame Discord had already taken possession of our instruments and made us perform horribly. We were in despair, and sneaked off without being seen by the audience. In our first tune we felt a great deal the absence of the first horn. The rest of the playing went off pretty well, and made up, in some degree, for our bad playing."

(To be continued.)

REAL AND IDEAL IN FRENCH ART.

(From a Private Letter.)

ANYTHING more celestial than our sail from Geneva to Vevey, cannot be imagined. The smell of the Indian and orange blossoms that pours in at our window now is a sort of chrism in itself. I don't think there can be a better preparation for the enjoyment of nature than a slight course of French Art. It seems to me the French had better stick to naturalism and realism; in that they are masters. Zola is an epoch making man, and will suffice to counterbalance all the idealists can do for twenty years to come; Cherbuliez cannot touch him. The modern idealists do not seem to feel that idealism must have a real basis; that to be a good idealist, you must be a realist *and something more*. The French idealists swim vaguely in mid-air, and talk only words. They have too little real meaning in them; it is not true idealism, but mere fantastic and sentimentality. Hugo is the latest man who could start from the earth and really soar; the others climb up on a ladder of sentiment; when they have got to the top, they knock it out from beneath themselves, and then down they come. I do not wonder that the realists occupy themselves so much with what is vile. Zola's dirt and squalid misery are human and refreshing after foundationless fine sentiment and aimless enthusiasmosy. Only it must admitted that the realists look at life too much from below, like the sloth, which passes its life on the under-side of branches. Let it seem natural for man to look up, rather than down, even as his face is turned to the sky. If the idealists, who spend so much of their time in the air, would only sometimes look downward, they might do the world good service; but they don't; they still keep their faces turned skyward, and, as Hauff very rightly says, they see — *nothing*.

Of the French heroic painters, David seems to me to be the most pleasing. He is too grand. Eloquent, but he has genuine sincerity and a great deal of elegance; he moreover preserves the importance of his figures, and does not waste his powder on *mise-en-scène*. His pictures have a focus. Of the classic masters, Raphael pleases me less and less, compared with his companions. If Andrea del Sarto had not been bedevilled by his beast of a wife, he would have been able to put Raphael in his pocket! A man who could paint children as he did must have had a good fund of purity in him. W. F. A.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XIII.

(On a Criticism of Millet and French Art.)

ART is not an exotic, and we must receive it through the channels by which it has come to us. America has no opinion — has not gone far enough; has no place in the art-world; is a student and a beginner, and is always handled with the greatest gentleness on account of her youth. If we are going to turn up our noses against nations that have done everything, we go against our advantage. Our acts will be like those of an idiotic monkey, who, because he can't crack a cocoa-nut shell, throws it away. It is dangerous for a young nation to turn anything to ridicule. To develop Art, the first thing is to shut our eyes and not think of it, instead of being so forth-putting, and spending our energy in broiling about.

What rank does America hold in the art-world to-day as art-critic? Before a nation slurs a country like France, it ought to have a reputation. There is no criticism here. There is a good deal of growling and talking against French Art, but nobody takes up the subject and handles it with any intelligence.

One test of an art-criticism is that it shall be valuable anywhere in the world. Nothing should be written against masters without being weighed.

"Now, little boys, look at your books. Don't open your eyes and look over there at French Art! I have seen it, and I know that it is not good."

A man who has studied Art in France and been familiar with the French way of studying it, ought to know something of the subject. I don't believe there is one man capable of earning his living with his brush who hasn't the greatest respect for Art as it is understood in France. It is not absurd for a Frenchman to say anything against American Art, but it is absurd for an American to say anything against French Art.

If we want prums-boxes painted, we can't get them done here. It is so much cheaper for a man to say that he doesn't like Shakespeare or Michel Angelo than it is to write a poem or paint a picture. We have had enough of this kind of talk. We want men capable of making things that will be received in any part of the world.

We don't want our critics to be diminutives of Ruskin. We can tolerate a good deal from Mr. Ruskin, because he gives us so much that is beautiful and interesting; and his knowledge of Nature and his interest in Art are great.

But let us paint our opinion on canvas, and not on the newspapers. It is very easy to avoid painting the way that Millet and Delacroix paint. In fact it would not be very easy to paint as Veronese painted.

William Blake says that the best of the English engravers were not capable of making their first etchings. They were always made and laid in by Frenchmen.

We don't say that the French are Greeks or Venetians; but if ever anybody handled a subject well, it was Jean François Millet.

Now, come! We are a young nation; we are trying to learn something, and we are perfectly aware that, as a people, we are rankly ignorant of Art. Would it not be better to let alone the different "schools" of the past, and go on, striving to learn something, so that we can be able to make a living, than to turn ourselves suddenly into judges of nations more capable than we are?

France *might* wish to be judged by her peers. She ought to have a chance. We assume to be her superiors. Why can't we show our work on canvas, and criticise French Art by making an art so superior to theirs that there'll be a call for it in Spain — or New Zealand?

The only way to arrive anywhere is to be modest. If we ever expect to be anything, we must keep our future open, so that we may learn from what is best. Imagine a freshman instructed, in his first lesson, to turn up his nose at French Art! That will not make a Michel Angelo of him when he comes to be a sophomore. There are a certain number of people in this world who find French Art good for something.

You have given your advice; I'll give mine. If you wish to teach drawing, go straight to France; and, when you've come to be so smart that you can teach *there*, I'll pay your expenses.

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

[Born March 31, 1824; died September 8, 1879.]

WHAT genius is, people have not found out yet. It has been styled a "capacity for taking pains;" but a man without it may take a great deal of pains and not convince us he has it.

It is intensity, a power of coming close to Nature and Life, and its bottom fact is Love.

But whatever it may be, we all feel that William Hunt had it. He did not have it in its usual American form, a gift of invention, or audacious speculation, for he was no Philistine. His was the old consecrated kind of genius, creative only in painting with a sympathetic charm which reached all who cared for what he did. This gift is so rare with the Anglo-Saxon race, and especially in America, that it will be long ere the fullness of our loss will be felt. It is the extinction of a great light; a fervent hand is cold; and the warmth which glowed through so many friends and disciples is like a trodden ember extinguished.

Already many appreciative sketches of the

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master have been published, and more will follow, as friends find the leisure from grief to analyze and describe his powers.

Mournful as we are at such a removal, we must not forget to remember how opportune his life was. He partly created here, and partly found, that longing for artistic culture which is one of the striking facts of our day. He helped when help was most needed; and acting directly as he did upon so many minds, the pain and distress of his loss is felt as those indifferent to art can hardly imagine.

I shall not seek to characterize, now, his genius or his method of work. By what he did, by what he said, by what he wrote, that is largely apprehended. But I would notice one or two points of his career which naturally escape general observation.

From his earliest years his inclination for form showed itself, as soon as the penknife was laid aside, by cutting, in shell-cameo, portraits which were often faithful and beautiful. This led him, when he went abroad with his brothers, to select sculpture as the natural issue of his skill. But whether it be that the marble he invoked chilled his ardent nature, or that something within him was keeping him for other fields, he has left us little of importance in that branch of art. He studied with Pradier, a Genovese, who, more Parisian than any Frenchman, delighted the world with figures whose charm was their graceful naturalness. His chief work is the monument to Molière, where two female figures equaled all that was hoped of his skill, and will carry entwined with the name of Molière his own to future generations.

After a journey to the East, and during the sad days of depression in the cholera-infected air of Paris, the good genius of Mr. Hunt took from his hand the chisel, and placed there the brush. He found in Thomas Couture a manly and simple method for painting, which, with the acquaintance later with the profounder genius of Millet, made the school in which he grew to the noble artist we all admired. Something he had of these two men; but happily also much of his own, without which he could not have influenced as he did. His method was large, suggestive, of great breadth and simplicity. He never was a great colorist, nor would one call Millet such; but they both aimed at character, and attained it.

His temperament was wholly artistic. He saw, he felt, he created. There was the same flash in his touch that there was in his speaking eye, the same emphasis that there was in his cordial and ringing voice. He was all over not only a man, but one different from others, a nature not repeated, copied from none, and one to be found nowhere else.

It has not been remarked, I believe, how much the early habit of modelling from the form has been of use to him through life. He did not think of an object as a flat, as many do, but of something which one can walk round. We feel the same thing in the Sistine figures of Michel Angelo.

His electric temper forbade "niggling." He could not even finish as a more equable nature might have done. He felt this, but he was loyal to his own temperament, and would not accommodate the public with smooth and uninspired work. When he had done, he left a picture. It was done by a jet, and he would not piece the fiery mould with the cold metal of a later hour.

In conclusion, I will merely say that in France, where art is so honored, it is the custom, when a great paintor dies, to collect his works, no possessor of them daring to refuse, in a single exhibition, — a monument and an ovation at the same time, to one of Heaven's choicest gifts, — a noble nature and a genius which continues to inspire, long years after the remorseless grave has seized and made what was perishable its own.

T. G. A.

Nahant, *September* 15, 1879.

These words, from one most competent to write on such a theme, — a theme so rich, so sad, — are better than anything which we could write of our great painter (who also had much music in his nature), whose death is felt so deeply and so widely by all who knew him as an artist of rare genius, and as a genial, cordial, frank, and independent man, — one with whom to love the beautiful was to create, to reproduce, — one whose presence, like his work, was cheering and inspiring.

Happily, "though dead, he yet speaketh," not only through his masterly creations, but in these very columns, through those pregnant, quickening, and frequently original words which sprang from him in the course of his instructions to his pupils, and which one of the most devoted and intelligent of these, Miss Helen M. Knowlton, has so faithfully recorded, and is now contributing to each number of our Journal. These "Talks on Art" took place mostly a few years ago, but they now appear in print for the first time, and they are as fresh as if uttered to-day. Miss Knowlton's stock of notes is not yet exhausted, and the "Talks" will still continue to enrich our columns. Naturally they will be sought and read with a new interest henceforth.

Gladly would we fill a whole number of the paper with the many tender and appreciative tributes which have been paid to the dear friend and noble artist, — the *master*, if we had one, in his art, — in almost every paper that we open. For the present we select the following, which will interest many of our readers who may not have seen it in the *Courier* of September 14.

THE LAST YEAR OF WILLIAM HUNT'S LIFE.

The month of June, 1878, found him at Niagara Falls, painting sketches of great power and even sublimity. The trip was taken as a needed recreation after a long winter's work in the studio. It was his intention, after leaving Niagara, to go to Europe for a short stay; but this plan was given up on the arrival of the commission to paint two large panels for the new Assembly Chamber at Albany. At first, Mr. Hunt seriously objected to undertaking the work. He had not the health and strength, neither had he pursued such a course of study as would enable him to complete so important a work in so short a period of time. He constantly replied, "I am not the man;" but Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer was not to be thwarted in his splendid plan, and Mr. Hunt was at last persuaded to submit his designs to the committee, who received them with enthusiasm. He left Niagara and went to Boston, where he spent the entire summer, studying his compositions for the great panels. Few people are aware of the immense amount of work required for the preliminary study of such large paintings, and most any other artist would have demanded two years for the completion of the work.

It was expected that the staging would be ready for him by the first of September, and he strained every nerve to be able to meet the occasion. People who saw him at that time found him literally "on the heights," in a severe, classical mood. More than one said, "In a year's time he will not be alive."

September 1, 1878, found him with characteristic punctuality, ready to go to Albany, the two compositions painted on large canvases with an effect that he hoped to reproduce in grand size on the somewhat ill-lighted panels of the Assembly Chamber. But a tiresome delay occurred, by which the necessary staging could not be made ready for him until after the middle of October, thus allowing the artist less than sixty working days in which to complete the great work.

Mr. Hunt was earnestly besought not to undertake such a superhuman task: and, for a time, expected to be able only to broadly sketch in the designs, and to leave them curtained during the inauguration. But those who knew him can understand how he threw himself into the work with tremendous energy, tempered by intense thought and keenly critical taste, and would see how impossible it was for him to rest for a moment while the spell was on him. Work went on, sometimes even in the night and Sundays only were given to driving and change of scene. One brief vacation of two or three days saw him in Boston, keenly absorbing Michael Angelo's *Day*, studying the turn and foreshortening of the foot, which caught his eye and seemed to remind him of the foot of the sleeping mother in his own *Flight of Night*, "thirsting," as he said, "for knowledge which he so much needed," feeling how little he knew and how great the work he had undertaken. Never forgetting to express his delight in the work which he enjoyed as only a man can enjoy who possessed so eminently the creative faculty. Never forgetting to speak with delight of his co-workers in Albany, and of the helpfulness of every one concerned. Of the committee he said, "Their applause makes me modestly hopeful of success."

And success came. Even professional enemies and carpers were silenced. No other living man could have done it.

Feeling never so well, never so ready for work, he took no rest after this great exertion, but settled down in his Boston studio, and, in January and February, painted his last portraits — one, fortunately, of himself.

As spring came on, his energy failed, and nervous prostration followed, from which he never recovered. With the best of care he lingered on, month after month, unable to do more than occasionally write some business note, and feeling that he "should never touch a brush again." To him life meant work, and work meant life, and notwithstanding his cheerfulness and apparent hopefulness, there was an underlying current of sorrow at the thought that his work was done.

Whether his drowning was accidental or not may certainly never be known. But enough has not been said of his extremely weak physical condition, with depression so great as to closely border on possible insanity.

Helen M. Knowlton.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

The thirty-third of these famous triennial musical festivals, which took place on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of August, seems to have shown some falling off in interest. A correspondent of the London *Times* complains of three things in which reform has long been needed. He says (1) that "repetition of a few works, masterpieces though they be, appears absolutely unwarrantable;" (2) that, "besides a single Symphony of Beethoven, the splendid body of musicians was independently employed only in the performance of a few of the most familiar overtures, such as are heard at every promenade concert;" and (3) that "the dignity of the festival was not increased by the amount of time granted to the singers for the purpose of mere vocal display." *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, and *Israel in Egypt* were the oratorios, — the first two everybody knows by heart in England. With the former the festival opened on Tuesday morning, and, strange to say, the local critics write about it through several long newspaper columns as if it were something wholly new, giving its whole history from its first production at the same festival in 1846. Yet the sale of tickets this time fell much below that of the festival three years ago. Even *Elijah* is becoming an old story even to John Bull! Or at least he is learning to feel that there can be too much even of a good thing (unless it be of Bach or Beethoven)! The performance seems to have been in all respects satisfactory. The principal solo singers were: Soprano, Mme. Gerster; contralto, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mme. Patey; tenor, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Vernon Rigby; bass, Mr. Santley. Mme. Gerster was heard for the first time in oratorio, at least in the English language. The *Times* says: —

On this account her decided success was all the more remarkable. At the beginning her voice seemed to suffer a little from the effect of nervousness, but too natural in the circumstances, but no trace of this remained as soon as her

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first solo, "What have I to do with thee?" was reached. The beautiful melody, in which the widow of Zarephath implores the prophet's help for her son, was delivered with an impressive simplicity as truly dramatic as it was free from all operatic exaggeration. Although far removed from the bravura style in which Madame Gerster excels, the music is well adapted to her voice, and her declamation also was deserving of high praise, especially if the novelty of the idiom is considered. The same remarks of unreserved commendation apply to the delivery of the soprano air, "Hear ye, Israel," at the commencement of the second part; but, perhaps, even more remarkable than either was the purity of intonation with which the, in that respect, extremely difficult utterances of the Youth, "There is nothing, etc.," were delivered." According to the etiquette obtaining at the sacred concerts, no marks of approval were given by the audience, but the impression produced by Madame Gerster, and, indeed, by most of the other artists, was nevertheless distinctly discernible.

In the evening was given one of the two principal novelties of the festival, Max Bruch's Cantata: "The Lay of the Bell" (Schiller), conducted by himself. In another column we have copied what appears to be a very just criticism of the work, which, though new to Birmingham, was first heard (as Op. 45) in May, 1878, at Cologne. The solos were sung by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Rigby, and Herr Henschel (as Master Founder). The *Musical Standard* says: —

At the first hearing we were convinced of Herr Bruch's complete mastery of the art of writing for the orchestra; his intimacy with the most elaborate contrapuntal resources; his felicity in descriptive writing for voices, for instruments, and for both combined; his genuine and deep appreciation of his subject, and of his determination not to write down to the public, but to endeavor to lift his hearers to the contemplation of 'art pure and simple.' We felt, however, that in the solo parts there is a lack of anything individual or striking, and the solos seemed to us to have been written almost expressly for the purpose of uniting the links of the story; the cantata is also overburdened with recitative. One of our Birmingham contemporaries suggests that Herr Bruch has been over anxious to show that he belonged to the rigidly classical school; we think, rather, that he has sat humbly, though still most effectually, at the feet of Richard Wagner. The brief *Leitmotiv*, with which the *Master Founder* is allied — like that of *Hereward* in Mr. Prout's new cantata — would suggest this, if nothing else did; but the long recitative passages, and the absence of any single solo with a clearly-defined and well-developed subject, suggest still more emphatically the errata *Meister* who, after growing weary of the hardness of heart and persistent unbelief of the old world, is pathetically appealing to the new one. The solos are some of them very beautiful, but they are valuable only because they are links in a strong iron chain, and do not seem to us to be forged of such precious metal that they would be eagerly sought for whether in the chain or alone. This may not be a fault — we do not say that it is, and of course a composer has a perfect right to do what to him seems best; but the solos in "The Lay of the Bell" are not all or nearly all beautiful, in the sense that the adagios of Beethoven's or Mozart's piano sonatas, or the andantes of Spohr's violin concertos, are beautiful. The choruses are broad and grand — those descriptive of the house-burning, and of the rising of the lawless mob, are sublime — at any rate, they had a sublime effect as performed by the Birmingham band and chorus.

The second part of the concert offered a miscellaneous and hackneyed selection: Overtures to *Semiramide* and *Fra Diavolo*; Air, "Nymphes attentives," from Gounod's *Polyeucte* (Mr. Lloyd); Duet from *Il Giuramento* (Miss Williams and Mme. Patey); Air from *The Magic Flute:* "Gli angui d'Inferno" (Mme. Gerster); Air, "Caro mio ben," Giordani (Mme. Patey); "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Miss Williams); Duet from Balfe's *Talismano* (Mme. Gerster and Mr. Lloyd).

Wednesday morning was occupied with Rossini's sensuous and melodious Opera of *Moses in Egypt* metamorphosed into an English Oratorio (!), of which, perhaps, the less said the better here, since we have known it in the same noodlescript form only too well ourselves in times gone by. The singers at Birmingham were Mme. Sherrington, as Anais; Mme. Trebelli, as Zillah; Miss Anna Williams, as Sinais; Mr. Santley, Moses; Herr Henschel, Pharaoh; Mr. Lloyd, Amenophis; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Aaron, and Mr. Bridson, Osiris. The evening concert presented the same vocal solo artists in the following mixed and lengthy programme: —

Symphony, (No. 7)	*Beethoven.*
Song, "Anges du Paradis" (Mireille) .	*Gounod.*
Song, "Che faro" (Orfeo)	*Gluck.*
Trio, "Qual Volutta" (I Lombardi) .	*Verdi.*
Air, "Celeste Aida"	*Verdi.*
Trio, "Tremati, empi, tremate" . . .	*Beethoven.*
Air, "In veder l'amata stanza" (Mignon)	*Thomas.*
Finale, "Ah non credea mirarti" (Sonnambula)	*Bellini.*
Part Song, "The Silent Land" . . .	*A. R. Gaul.*
Overture, Concert overture, in F . . .	*Dr. C. S. Heap.*
Duo, "Ah se di mali miei" (Tancredi)	*Rossini.*
Solo and chorus, "Where the pine-trees wave" (Faust)	*Schumann.*
Air, "Dalla sua pace" (Don Giovanni)	*Mozart.*
Duo, "Canta la Serenata" (Mefistofele)	*Boito.*
Air, "Au bruits des lourds marteaux" (Philémon et Baucis)	*Gounod.*
Song, "Mi tradi" (Don Giovanni) . .	*Mozart.*
Ballad, "My love far away"	*Balfe.*
Duo, "Dove vai?" (Guillaume Tell) .	*Rossini.*
Quartet, "A te o cara" (I Puritani) .	*Bellini.*

The new feature of the programme was the Overture, in F, by Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, who was a "Mendelssohn scholar," at Leipzig. The *Standard* says of it: —

It opens with an introduction of a placid character; con poco allegro, the horns giving out the dominant pianissimo, followed at the last beat in the bar by the strings muted. Some very tasteful polyphonic writing follows, relieved by light passages for the wood wind, while a short figure assigned first to the clarinet and bassoon, then to the flute, oboes, and horns, prepares the ear for the first principal subject, which enters at the twenty-ninth bar, the measure changing to 12 8, the time to allegro grazioso. This theme is very graceful and melodious, and is started by the strings, with coloring passages for the softer wind instruments. Some development follows, and the subject is repeated forte, the trumpets, trombones, and drums entering with fine effect, while contrast is obtained by beautiful, episodical passages, piano. The whole is of a very animated character, which, in preparing the entry for the second theme, gradually subsides into quiet chords for the wind, with strings pizzicato; the first bassoon gives a farewell fragment of the first theme as the strings enter the dominant of the new key (C); the first violins play alone a syncopated passage, ushering in a new theme, equally graceful with the first, which is taken up by the flutes, followed by the strings a third lower; this is followed by a subordinate theme of a different character — a true cantabile — given out by the 'cello and oboe, accompanied with a short figure, which, divided between the first and second violins, is very flowing; the theme is then worked out with much skill, and the first part is brought to a close with a brilliant climax. The thematic development, or free fantasia, as it is generally called, which follows, is very masterly from the musician's stand-point, and most interesting to the listener; the second theme is mostly employed, a very skillful application of the latter portion thereof giving great animation to this part, and the effect is increased by a striking modulation of the remote key of F sharp. The orchestral treatment is throughout exceedingly good. This portion ends with a pedal passage of twelve bars, poco tranquillo, during which parts of the second theme are heard from the bassoon, clarinet, and first violin; after a pause the first theme is resumed, and the proper recapitulation follows; there is varied orchestral treatment, the climax is more extended, and is followed by a coda vivace — really presto — introducing a new motive, which brings the overture to a close in a most spirited and brilliant manner. Dr. Heap, who conducted, met with a hearty round of applause on appearing in the orchestra, and was honored with a recall at the conclusion of the performance.

Handel's *Messiah* formed the crowning height, the Mont Blanc, in the middle of the festival (Thursday morning). The solo artists were Miss Anna Williams and Mme. Sherrington, Mmes. Trebelli and Patey; Mr. Joseph Maas; Herr Henschel and Mr. Santley. It goes without saying that the *Messiah* is always grandly given at Birmingham. We see that some of the critics of the London press complain of being slighted by the management in sending them no tickets for the *Messiah* and *Elijah;* was it not considerate on the part of the management not to put these veteran reporters under any implied obligation to hear and write long, fulsome columns about great works of which they have said their say a hundred times?

The evening programme offered the new Cantata, composed for the festival by Saint-Saëns, sandwiched between several thicknesses of the same sort of miscellany as in the previous evenings, to wit: —

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" . .	*Nicolai.*
Duet, "Pronta io son" ("Don Pasquale")	*Donizetti.*
Song, "Bianca al par" ("Gli Ugonotti")	*Meyerbeer.*
Part Song, "The sea hath its pearls" . .	*Pinsuti.*
Cantata, "The Lyre and the Harp" . .	*Saint-Saëns.*
Overture, "William Tell"	*Rossini.*
Air, "Un aura amorosa" ("Così fan tutte")	*Mozart.*
Duo, "Una remota vaga rimembranza" ("Fliegender Hollånder")	*Wagner.*
Air, "Oh, 't is a glorious sight" ("Oberon")	*Weber.*
Song, "Ombra leggiera" ("Dinorah") .	*Meyerbeer.*
Trio, "Che fate qui Signor" ("Faust") .	*Gounod.*
Air, "La Habanera" ("Carmen") . . .	*Bizet.*
Air, "Die zwei Grenadiere"	*Schumann.*
Duo, "Mille piacer" ("Favorita") . . .	*Donizetti.*
Quintet, "Sento oh Dio" ("Così fan tutte")	*Mozart.*

Of the Cantata by the brilliant Frenchman we have no room to copy a description now, but may do so hereafter.

Friday, the fourth and last day, was after all the great day of the festival, if we measure by the solidity and sterling quality of the selections. These were: in the morning, Cherubini's *Requiem* in C minor, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, separated by Schubert's *Salve Regina* (Op. 47), and the Offertorium, *Date Sonitum*, by Sir Michael Costa, the veteran conductor of these triennial festivals for many years.

"SANZIO." — The beautiful poem, which has occupied the first page of our journal continuously for four months, comes to an end to-day; and we fancy many of our readers, who are lovers of fine poetry, will regret the non-continuance of its fortnightly installments. Its theme is Raphael in the last years of his life, and his "Fornarina," here called Benedetta. The poem is not without historical foundation, although it is mainly the product of the poet's own imagination. It forms a worthy companion piece to "Angelo," which celebrates the love of Michel Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, by the same author, which was published in a beautiful small volume by Houghton, Osgood & Co., about two years ago. We trust that "Stuart Sterne" (whose prose name is Miss Gertrude Bloede, of Brooklyn, N. Y.) will be induced to republish "Sanzio" in the same form. We have received many assurances from appreciative men and women of the sincere pleasure they have found in reading it. Just now, this last instalment, describing the gloom which fell over all Rome on the death of Raphael, may be read here with peculiar interest; its solemn music chimes too well with what we all feel, suddenly bereft of our own noble artist.

LYCEUM BUREAU CONCERTS. — The time was when the "Lyceum" was a sober, useful, New England institution, in all the large and many of the small towns, devoted purely to the instruction and improvement of the people. The best thinkers and men of literature and science were engaged to lecture, not for the sake of exhibiting the men, and gratifying an idle curiosity to see each notoriety in person, but for the sake of the solid, quickening matter which the lecture might contain. Perhaps the practice grew monotonous and needed a new stimulus, an infusion of new life, — "attraction" is what the showmen call it. At all events the Lyceum has fallen into the hands of the showmen, who, under the name of Bureaux, have for some years made it a field for speculation. Not only do they act as lecture brokers, taking commission from the lecturer on the one hand and the audiences on the other, but they have substituted amusement for instruction, personal exhibition for intrinsic worth of matter (or, as the Germans have it, intellect-

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ual *Inhalt*, ideal contents), and sensational "attraction" for wholesome, mental food.

Of late they have gone much further, and not content with reducing the lecture to a mere incidental figure in the programmes, and even then inviting a man to lecture to us not for what he has to tell us, but only to give us a chance to gaze at him, they have undertaken a certain nondescript style of concert-giving. Here, too, it is not music as such, music for its own sake, that is held up to tempt us, but only the array of brilliant galaxies of star performers, virtuosos, famous singers, violinists, or pianists; it is the artists, not the art. What the programmes are is easily imagined.

So the Lyceum has lost its legitimacy as a lecture institution, while it has taken up music in a way not less equivocal, in spite of the many names of famous artists paraded in its advertisements. We doubt whether the lecture business, as now administered, does much good; and we feel sure that the true cause of music, of musical taste and progress among our people, is more put back than forwarded by these sensational and miscellaneous displays of prima donnas out of place.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18. — After a long interval, I am again in the home city, and happy to send a little note, with greeting, to the JOURNAL. September calls the musicians back to their various duties, and activity once more is the happy condition of the musical world. On all sides I hear the pleasing indications of new life and promise; for our musical societies are preparing for the coming season, the music schools are opening, and conductors, teachers, and singers are awakening to fresh and hearty efforts for the art they love. The outlook is good, and I can safely predict more fine music, and a larger number of musical entertainments than we have ever had before in the same length of time.

The Beethoven Society is preparing for its winter's work, and has undertaken the production of the following compositions: Max Bruch's latest work, illustrating Schiller's "The Lay of the Bell;" "Cinderella," by Heinrich Hoffman; "Paradise Lost," by Rubinstein; Parker's "Redemption Hymn;" and Goldmark's "Festival March," from the "Queen of Sheba." All these works will be novelties in Chicago, and as they will be presented with orchestral accompaniments, I think they will prove very interesting and enjoyable. Besides the three large concerts during the season, this society will give monthly reunions, devoted to chamber music, at which we are to have, besides the quartets of the old classic masters, many new things, such as, — a quintet by Scambote; a quartet by Robert Fuchs; and quintets by Raff and Saint-Saëns. Knowing of the hearty efforts of this society to make this season a notable one, we can well look forward to the production of the works selected with the expectation of much pleasure.

The Apollo Club is not one whit behind its sister society, for the chorus membership is complete, and they are hard at work in preparing for the coming season. They will give the *Messiah* at Christmas time, and possibly *The Creation* before. The complete list for the season will not be announced until all their engagements with solo talent are made. It is not unlikely, however, that they will also give a work by Max Bruch, either a repetition of *The Frithjof Saga*, which they gave so finely last year, or a new composition. They will have an orchestral accompaniment at each concert, and from their uniform excellent work in the past, we all anticipate even greater things from them this season.

A new impetus is being given to musical enterprises in our city, from the fact that a large Music Hall will be completed this fall, and fill a need that we have felt quite seriously ever since our great fire. The new hall is centrally located on the corner of State and Randolph streets, on the south side of our city, and from its imposing appearance promises to be a fine building. The hall will hold comfortably some two thousand people. It is to contain a large organ, and will thus be of great service to our choral societies. I am promised an early view of the inside of the hall, and it will be my pleasure to transmit a pen-picture of it to the readers of the JOURNAL.

At Hershey Hall, we are to have a number of organ recitals by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, and also some chamber concerts. This new departure, in the introduction of chamber music, is a step in the right direction; and as the management of the Hershey School have such a pretty little hall at their disposal, I am sure that if this undertaking is wisely carried out, it will fill a want that has been long experienced in our city. Mr. Emil Liebling will shortly give a number of piano-forte recitals, and as I have seen an outline of his programme, I can mention that they include works from the representative composers from the old masters to the new compositions of living men, and are rich in variety as well as excellent in taste.

In regard to Opera, we are promised visits from the Mapleson and the Strakosch companies, while the English troupes, "The Emma Abbott," and the "American Opera Company," will surely come too, as will Opera Bouffe and *Pinafore* companies, *ad infinitum*. The weak point in our musical season seems to be in regard to symphony concerts. As yet the organization that was formed for this end has been unable to agree to any positive plan by which an adequate orchestra may be formed, a conductor engaged, and a programme for the year laid out. Too many different opinions seem to be at variance with one another: and, while no one can be blamed individually, it is a fact that, collectively, the members are at fault, if they are really in earnest in their expressed desire to promote the cause of good music in our city. It is to be hoped, however, that a concerted effort will yet be made to establish an orchestra that shall be able to supply our needs in regard to symphony concerts. With continued and well directed efforts the banner of success may yet gladden the earnest workers, who are yet but struggling for a foothold for what is best in their art.

A new school, called the "Drexall Academy of Musical Art," has come into being during the summer. Mr. James Gill, Mr. Heman Allen, Mr. Von Klenge, Miss Lowell, Miss Carey, and the writer, have its interests at heart. Our hope is to do a good work, and promote a taste for what is beautiful in music among the students intrusted to our direction. From humble beginnings, perhaps, shall arise the foundation of a permanent work. C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN will visit the United States in November, and during his stay here will direct the performance of one or more of his works at a concert by the Handel and Haydn Society, about Thanksgiving time.

WORCESTER, MASS. — The twenty-second Annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association has been the focus of general interest in the "Heart of the Commonwealth" during the five days from Monday to Friday of the week now past; indeed it has attracted thither numerous pilgrims from Boston and more distant places. It opened with a very large attendance, and with every promise of success. We hope to give a full report hereafter.

The following artists and vocal and instrumental organizations were expected to take part: —

Sopranos — Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mrs. H. F. Knowles, Miss Ida W. Hubbell, Mrs H. M. Smith, Miss Edith Abell.

Contraltos — Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburg, Mrs Isabella Palmer Fassett, Mrs. A. W. Porter.

Tenors — Theo. J. Toedt, Alfred Wilkie, A. D. Woodruff, George Ellard, G. J. Parker, G. W. Want.

Baritones and Basses — W. H. Beckett, John F. Winch, D. M. Babcock, Clarence E. Hay, L. H. Chubbuck, W. C. Baird.

The New York Glee Club — A. D. Woodruff, W. C. Baird, George Ellard, G. E. Aiken.

The Schubert Quartette — G. J. Parker, G. W. Want, L. H. Chubbuck, D. M. Babcock.

Senor Dias Albertini, violinist; Miss Lettie Launder, violinist; Herr S. Liebling, pianist; E. B. Perry, pianist.

Eichberg Quartette (Instrumental) — Miss Lillian Chandler, Miss Lettie Launder, Miss Abbie Shepardson, Miss Lillian Shattuck.

The Germania Orchestra — Thirty performers.

Piano and Organ Accompanists — B. D. Allen, E. B. Story, G. W. Sumner.

Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

And this was the order of the concerts: —

Monday afternoon, Sept. 22, — Eichberg Quartette, Mrs. H. F. Knowles, soprano; Mrs. A. W. Porter, contralto; Mr. C. E. Hay, basso; Miss Lettie Launder, solo violinist.

Tuesday afternoon, — Schubert Quartette, Miss Gertrude Franklin, soprano; Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburg, contralto; Messrs. Sumner and Allen, organists.

Wednesday afternoon, — The New York Glee Club, Miss Edith Abell, soprano; Mrs. Isabella Palmer Fassett, contralto; Mr. E. B. Perry, solo pianist.

Wednesday evening, — Grand Chorus of the Festival, New York Glee Club, Miss Henrietta Beebe, soprano; Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburg, contralto; Mr. Alfred Wilkie, tenor; Senor Dias Albertini, solo violinist.

Thursday afternoon, — Gounod's "Messe Solenelle." Grand Chorus, Mrs. H. M. Smith, soprano; Mr. A. Wilkie, tenor; Mr. W. H. Beckett, basso; Germania Orchestra.

Thursday evening, — Grand Chorus, Germania Orchestra; Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Mr. T. J. Toedt, tenor; Mr. W. H. Beckett, basso.

Friday afternoon, — Symphony Concert. Germania Orchestra, Grand Chorus, Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Herr S. Liebling, solo pianist.

Friday evening, — Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah." Grand Chorus; Germania Orchestra; Miss Ida W. Hubbell, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Theo. J. Toedt, tenor; John F. Winch, basso.

NEW YORK. — A correspondent of the *Advertiser* writes: In the way of orchestral music, although it is decided that Theodore Thomas is not dissatisfied with Cincinnati, and will not come back to live in New York, he will come every month to lead the Philharmonic concerts of Brooklyn and of New York, so that our venerable Philharmonic Society, which has steadily been losing ground for the last ten years, may regain, perhaps, something of its old fame. Dr. Damrosch will give six orchestral concerts, and so will Mr. Carlberg. This makes eighteen symphony concerts and eighteen public afternoon rehearsals. The Oratorio Society will give its usual four concerts, besides which our vocal societies will give their usual entertainments.

ABOUT Opera, the London *Figaro* informs us: Lieut.-Col. Mapleson has settled his troupe for the United States as follows: Sopranos, Madame Gerster, Misses Valleria and Ambre; contraltos, Misses Cary and Robiati, and Madame Démeric Lablache; tenors, MM. Campanini and Runcio; basses, MM. Galassi, Del Puente, David, and perhaps, Behrens, and Signor Arditi as conductor. The company will probably be added to before it sails early next month. The chief operas to be performed will be "Lohengrin," "Talismano," and "Aida," the last with duplicates of the scenery and costumes devised for Her Majesty's Theatre by Signor Magnani.

THE performances of the Max Strakosch Italian Opera troupe for the season of 1879–80 will begin on Monday, October 6, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, with Mme. Theresa Singer, Mlles. Bianca Lablanche and Marie Litta, as sopranos; Mlle. Anna de Belocca, contralto; Signori Ricardo, Petrovitch, Boldanza, and Lazzarini, tenors; Signori Enrico Storti and Gottschalk, baritones; and Signori Castlemary and Carl Formes, basses. Engagements have also been made with Miss Lancaster, Mr. W. H. Fills, Signor Strini, and Signorina Arcona. The conductors are to be Mr. S. Behrens and Signor de Novellis. Of the former company Miss Kellogg remains in Europe, Mr. Conly joins Mr. Carl Rosa, and Signor Pantaleoni, Mr. Mapleson.

CINCINNATI. — The fall term of the College of Music, Theodore Thomas, Musical Director, with a Faculty of some thirty teachers, begins October 14. During the season of 1879–80, there will be eight Symphony Concerts, eight public rehearsals of the same, and six Chamber Concerts by the String Quartette of the College. The programmes of the Symphony Concerts, so far as yet completed, are as follows: —

First Concert, Nov. 6, 1879.

Symphony, No. 1, B-flat, Op. 38 . . . . . *Schumann.*
Recitative and Aria, "Faust" . . . . . *Spohr.*
Triple Concerto, Op. 56 . . . . . *Beethoven.*
(For Piano forte, Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra.)
Vocal Number, "Siegfried" . . . . . *Wagner.*
Kayser Marsch . . . . . *Wagner.*
(Orchestra and Chorus.)

Second Concert, Dec. 4, 1879.

Ode, "St. Cecilia's Day" . . . . . *Handel.*
(Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.)
Symphony, No. 5, C minor, Op. 67 . . . . . *Beethoven.*

Third Concert, Dec. 25, 1879.

Oratorio, "Messiah" . . . . . *Handel.*
(Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.)

Fourth Concert, Jan. 8, 1880.

Second Symphony, D major, Op. 73 . . . . . *Brahms.*
(With other works.)

Fifth Concert, Feb. 5, 1880.

Symphony, E-flat . . . . . *Mozart.*
(With other works.)

Sixth Concert, March 4, 1880.

Cantata, { Actus Tragicus, "God's Time is the Best" } *Bach.*
(Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.)
Symphony, No. 4, B-flat, Op. 60 . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Choruses, "Meistersinger von Nurnberg" . . . *Wagner.*

Seventh Concert, March 25, 1880.

Overture, "Anacreon" . . . . . *Cherubini.*
Aria . . . . .
Symphony (Concertante) . . . . . *Mozart.*
(For Violin, Viola, and Orchestra.)
Aria . . . . .
Symphony, No. 3, "Im Walde" ("In the Woods"), Op. 153 . . . . . *Raff.*

Eighth Concert, April 8, 1880.

Symphony . . . . . *Haydn.*
Scenes from "Alceste" . . . . . *Gluck.*
(Solos, Chorus, and Orchestra.)
Symphony, "Landliche Hochzeit" . . . . . *Goldmark.*

THE cathedral at Baltimore has abandoned the exclusive use of the Gregorian music, and will at once return to the modern style. The music of Gregory and Palestrina has formed the entire repertory of the choir for two years, the late Archbishop Bailey having devoted especial attention to its culture.

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BOSTON, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 155.)

Among the piano-forte Sonata composers of this period, next to Beethoven the most noteworthy and influential were Hummel, Cramer, and Field. These were no "geniuses" in comparison with him, but they had very great talents, each provided with his own peculiar excellences. The first named would seem to be the most important of the three; but at the same time, through his fondness for externals, for *effect*, through the introduction of a certain modern *rococo* into the art, through the preponderance of elegant and tasteful phrases in his works, with all the great respect in which he was justly held, he contributed much to the corruption into which the art soon fell after the death of Beethoven, and which may be generally designated as the reign of virtuosity. Hummel himself was a much admired virtuoso, and his works, with all their wealth of musical substance, with all the clever, sterling quality of the work (albeit frequently somewhat prolix in form), are for the most part planned too purposely, too obviously for bringing out the technical facility of the player, to allow one to find a wholly pure artistic pleasure in them. This is the case even with those works which have remained most in vogue to this day, — the great Septet in D-minor, and the two great and still favorite Concertos in A and B-minor. It limits, also, the artistic effect of a work otherwise grandly laid out, like the Sonata in F-sharp minor. On the contrary, perhaps the least obfuscated by this æsthetic shadow (which, perhaps, plays over it from ethical regions) is the very beautiful four-hand Sonata in A-flat, which is laid out almost in the noble contours of a Grecian temple. Nevertheless the above-named genial and tasteful works, to which I might also add the solo Sonatas in D (with a very original scherzo and a splendidly wrought finale), in E-flat and F-minor, the Fantasia in E-flat major, and the Trios in E and E-flat major, maintain their artistic worth to-day, and are not to be underrated. Hummel might almost be called our musical Wieland, with whom he (as court capellmeister in Weimar) breathed the same breath of life. Hummel has also done good service in the composition of a piano-forte school, which, like Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," is still much used for the basis of instruction.

Cramer, likewise, has furnished a series of studies (*Etudes*), the first parts of which happily combine a certain musical value with the technically pedagogic aim, which is less the case with the later parts. In the regard of the present piano-playing generation he lives almost solely through these studies, and it is now scarcely known or thought of any account that we have a whole series of Concertos by this very gifted author. Some of these I am inclined to consider not only equal to those by Hummel, but in many respects superior, although in them, as seems almost unavoidable in this art form, considering its practical destination, there is too luxurious an overgrowth of phrases; but such passage work with him seems to be more inspired than it is apt to be in Hummel's works. Beethoven's genius alone could steer clear of this rock almost entirely. We also possess some very precious sonatas and smaller piano compositions by Cramer, which are about as little known, and which occasionally strike a tone that might almost remind one of Schumann. If the practice were as common in musical as it is in poetical literature, a new edition of this author's works would seem very welcome; but only with careful selection, since among his later works, in which he more and more subserved fashion and the love of money, even more than with Clementi, we find much that is weak and even unenjoyable, hastily written off in self satisfied vanity, or only from mere outward motives.

Finally, John Field, who had the most influence on his contemporaries as an executive virtuoso, shares the same fate with Cramer, in so far as his name appears now almost exclusively in connection with the dainty (so-called) Nocturnes, which he is said to have played so incomparably him-elf, and which alone have reached a new edition. But partly, no doubt owing to the overwhelming impression left by Beethoven's creations, no one any longer speaks of his incomparably more important, and in some instances even genial Sonatas; and so, too, a brilliant work like his E-major Concerto, which delighted Schumann (and my humble self likewise), seems to be pretty much forgotten.

And what I have here remarked of Field may also be said of another contemporary composer, Tomaschek, in whose Sonatas one willing to examine them would find many a precious little treasure, as well as in many of his very numerous smaller compositions (Eclogues, Rhapsodies, etc.), of which only a very small part (and as it seems to me not altogether the most valuable part) has sustained itself above high water-mark, after the deluge in which immeasurably the greater portion even of what is best in musical literature sinks after a certain time.

Of still higher endowment than those just named was C. M. von Weber, although more so on another field, the Opera, in which he actually made an epoch, while as an instrumental composer he occupies no equally prominent position. But his Piano Sonatas, although they do not bear the classical Beethoven stamp, are extremely genial, fascinating, lovely compositions, in which there pulsates the same fiery spirit that pervaded the composer of the *Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*. His genial little tone-poem, "The Invitation to the Dance," has remained to this day a favorite piece of the piano-playing world, and gives, as well as the Sonatas, considerable scope for the modern "bravura," so that an over-varnished arrangement of it, like that by Tausig, seems superfluous, and even to be deprecated.

And still another genius was vouchsafed to the world at this epoch, just on the boundary line between two centuries, a not less astonishing phenomenon in his way than a Sebastian Bach, in original musical genius fully equal to him, although this genius developed itself in a wholly different direction. In the great forms of instrumental music he did not reach the pure perfection of art, which makes his great predecessors the types and models in this kind of art, but yet he shone a wonderfully resplendent meteor. I speak of Franz Schubert, the beloved, in his way incomparable tone-poet, the only one of the immortals who had his physical birthplace in Vienna itself, where they have erected a monument to him first of all, on a spot which could not have been more happily chosen. For his creations seem like a blooming garden full of the most multifarious and odoriferous growth; and now in such a garden this god of songs in effigy is throned, surrounded by Flora's charming children, and amid the cheerful song of birds. If in Beethoven we have, as Bülow said, the "incarnate god of music," so Schubert may be called our "god of songs," Apollo by the side of Jupiter. In fact, when we survey the abundant products of his inexhaustible creative power within so short a span of life, the highest, purest praise must on the whole be always given to his song creations; for on this field he seems peculiarly to have paved the way, and to have outstripped all competition, even of the greatest of his successors, Robert Schumann.[1]

Schubert's imagination was so immeasurably rich (not one of our tone-heroes has possessed a richer), that it could not live out its life in so narrow a bed, comparatively, as song composition offers, but reached out after all the forms of art which he found in practice around him.

But here I must limit myself to a few words about Schubert's piano-forte compositions. They are so numerous and so valuable, that they would suffice almost of themselves alone, to earn for their author (who, it must be remembered, hardly survived the period of youth) the reputation of a strong productivity and to secure for him a brilliant place in the literature of art, — although they almost vanish in the immeasurable, and for those brief ten years hardly conceivable mass of his productions. Among them I will only specify the ten Piano solo Sonatas, the Fantasia in C, the two Trios in E-flat and

[1] Not a word of Robert Franz! — Ed.

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B-flat; and among the four-hand pieces the "Lebensstürme," the *Divertissement Hongroise*, the Marches and Dances, and of his smaller tone-pictures the Impromptus and "Moments Musicales." Almost without exception we meet in nearly all these works the deepest, tenderest feeling, and an exceedingly rich, luxuriant fancy, — a fancy whose exuberance the young tone-poet had hard work to confine within those moderate bounds which the laws of musical form, not the merely conventional ones, require, to awaken in us the impression of that rounded and complete artistic unity which dwells in the works of Beethoven, particularly those of his middle period, in so incomparable a manner, with all their richness of ideas, and all their splendor and their breadth of structure. Most masterly, therefore, because least observed by such æsthetic faults, does Schubert appear in the smaller pictures above named, and in his more rhapsodical compositions, like the *Divertissement Hongroise*, in which last work especially the melodic and rhythmical charm that dwells in the Pasztas strains is carried to a more artistically genial, brilliant, and sonorous pitch than in any other work of the kind, — for even Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, brilliant as they are on the side of technique and high coloring, are not to be compared with it.

But Marches and Dances (I mean the "German Dances" and the "Valses nobles") of such genial invention, and so all alive with the essential rhythmical significance of these forms, are not elsewhere found in the whole literature of music, or at least not too many such. The above named Fantasia in C (a product of his earlier youth), which Liszt adapted to the orchestra, appears as a prototype for that boisterous impetuosity of this highly genial spirit, which often hurried him away through labyrinthine aberrations and to actual monstrosities. But the high worth and charm of the Sonatas and the two Trios rests, on the whole, more upon the beauty of single parts, the flow of melody, which streams through them, and the wonderful (especially harmonic) details of the working out, than on the ? composition" as such, in whose luxuriant loose stratification we miss the firm, compact power of form. I might, as I have called Hummel our musical Wieland, and Beethoven our musical Shakespeare, call Schubert our musical Walter Scott. In these two geniuses we remark a similar almost unlimited fullness of imaginative force, coupled with nearly the same incapacity of severe concentration. The productions of both are characterized by that spring-like, blooming freshness of youth, through which the poet and the musician (for a long time at least!) have been the admiration and delight of youth.

(To be continued.)

[From the London Musical World.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (1879).

"THE LYRE AND THE HARP."

The Lyre and the Harp certainly ranks among M. Saint-Saëns' best works, and, being also his latest, encourages hope of its composer. Hardly could the result have been otherwise, assuming the musician's susceptibility to a poetic theme of unusual beauty. Readers of Victor Hugo require no exposition of his charming poem "La Lyre et la Harpe," but it is needful, for the sake of those unfamiliar with the illustrious author, to explain his argument somewhat in detail. The main idea of the work — that of opposite influences contending for the possession of a human soul — has appeared in many forms and been illustrated by every art. Poet, painter, and musician have dealt with it in one or other of its Protean shapes, but that chosen by Victor Hugo is certainly the most beautiful of all. He supposes a gifted youth, himself a poet, lying passive between the genius of Paganism on the one hand and the genius of Christianity on the other, the first typified by a lyre, the second by a harp. The lyre begins in voluptuous strains. "Sleep and rest," it says, "the Muses have crowned thee." But the harp interposes with a different strain: "Awake, child of misery, dreams are misleading thee. At thy door a suffering brother calls for help." Then the lyre: "A radiant name and immortal memory belong to thee. Fear not the malevolent deities. They are harmless, for the poets created them." And then the harp: "Remember that in sorrow thy mother bore thee, and that God hath traced thy path to the tomb." "Come away from the busy world," once more urges the opposing voice. "Jupiter reigns, so rest thee amid the flowers and in cooleest shades." Sternly responds the harp: "Go forth into the wicked world and tell them of an angry Judge; lift up thy voice above the city's roar." "See," cries the lyre again, "how Jove's eagle flies through the air upon the lightnings, lord of life and death!" But the harp points to the Christian Dove, and when the lyre, in seductive accents, sings, "Give thyself up to love; follow thy every desire," exclaims, "Cleave thou to one pure heart, and be yet both on earth as angels exiled from heaven." Yet again the lyre: "The river of life flows onward to great darkness. Float, then, gayly on its surface;" but the harp answers, "Weep with those who weep, sustain thy brother in affliction, and keep the end in view." All this the poet hears, and, waking from his lethargy, answers, though in trembling accents, to the strains of the Pagan strain with a hymn of Carmel. A theme more suggestive in character or more exalted in its poetic beauty than this composer never chose, while never did musician find words that craved for union with his art more evidently than the sonorous verse of Victor Hugo.

In setting the original poem to music the course of M. Saint-Saëns was clear. First of all, he had the easy task of broadly distinguishing between the representation of the two opposing forces, just as in *Tannhäuser* it was a facile thing for Wagner to place the sensuous strains of the Venusberg against the gravity of the Pilgrims' Hymn. Hence we have throughout an impressive contrast; the serious tones of the organ representing the Christian influence, and a wild, fanciful passage for the orchestra — tremulous strings, with "excursions" for the wind obviously borrowed from Wagner — doing service for the contrary force. I cannot, however, wholly approve the choice which M. Saint-Saëns has made of representative themes, and I contrast them very unfavorably with those which Mendelssohn would have adopted under the same circumstances. Both, as a matter of course, are displayed in the prelude, that for the organ being an unaccompanied melody in E-flat minor, subsequently used for the first utterances of the harp, "Eveille-toi, jenne homme, enfant de la misère." In this there is no special character, and it resembles most of the other themes as regards a want of tuneful charm. The Pagan motive, besides being a plagiarism from *Tannhäuser*, misrepresents the spirit of the faith with which it is here associated. Paganism was not all lewdness and riot, and the forms of it most likely to seduce a son of Apollo would be musically represented in fuller perfection by the chaste and graceful strains of the religious choruses in Gluck's classical operas, or the more serious parts of Mendelssohn's *Antigone* and *Œdipus*. Among the many sins which Wagner has to answer for is his characteristic representation of the atmosphere surrounding the Pagan deities. They were not in all things perfect, I admit, but, at the same time, the gods whom the mighty sages of the elder world revered are symbolized better by the Doric simplicity of Gluck than by the voluptuousness of his successor. It may be added that, when the Christian theme is repeated in the prelude, M. Saint-Saëns awards it contrapuntal treatment, and so far a more complete *traisemblance* is secured; but the counterpoint here, as elsewhere in the work, exaites no very profound admiration. Indeed, it is of an elementary character, and could not possibly have been introduced for its own sake, though for the sake of what else the keenest eyes fail to discern. The opening chorus, "Fils d'Apollon," is by no means without beauty, although the instrumental introduction presents, for no apparent reason, the following dislocating sequence: G major, F minor, E-flat, A-flat minor, G-flat major, then by enharmonic change F-sharp major, and so on to the dominant of E-flat, in which key the voices enter. Why M. Saint-Saëns should thus make a round of visits on a lot of keys before deciding with which to dwell, is one of the mysteries that "higher development" so plentifully offers to a puzzled world. But when the voices enter there is a good deal to admire, the parts moving in simple massive harmony, and the accompaniment having appropriate significance without obtrusiveness. The first utterances of the harp, "Eveille-toi," set as a short solo, reproduces the contrapuntal treatment of the Christian theme, and may be dismissed without further remark; but not so the succeeding chorus of the lyre, "Ton jeune âge est cher à la gloire." Passing over some rudimentary counterpoint, which any half-educated student would recognize as on his own level, it must be said this number is worthy of the classic faith. Its music may be poor, its character, at all events, is appropriate. The next number, "Homme, une femme fut ta mère," is allotted to contralto and bass soli, and made remarkable by a very curious alternation of an *arpeggio* chord of the sixth on B natural, with the dominant seventh chord of the key (E-flat). In other respects it calls for little notice, the voice parts being singularly uninteresting. This, however, is one of the cases in which a mere trick, more curious than beautiful, serves the ingenious composer when he finds a resort to triskery useful. In the next number for soli and chorus, "Chante, Jupiter rigne," the lyre becomes more impassioned, bringing forward its representative theme, and fluttering the orchestra with rapid and suggestive passages. Here, again, M. Saint-Saëns is good enough to become contrapuntal, and when the bass voices announce a well-marked theme in C-sharp minor, "Les immortels du couchant à l'aurore," confiding listeners expect a set fugue, but the facetious author of the *Danse Macabre* loves a sly joke as well as the open laughabilities of skeleton antics, and the anticipated fugue, *secundem artem*, dies away, or, better, is swallowed up in an expansion of the movement with which the fugue has nothing to do. Of this it is only requisite to say, that a two-part episode, "Venus embrasse Mars," is Wagner in pinchbeck, pretty enough in its way, but very shallow. Let me add that the key is D major, and that the last few bars are taken up by tonic, and heard in alternation with

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the second inversion of the chord of C-sharp major. Why, in the name of all that is shocking, why? The harp speaks next through a tenor solo and chorus, "O Dieu par qui tout forfait s'expie." Here M. Saint-Saëns appears to more advantage. The theme of the solo is a real tune, and the accompaniments musicianly, while the brief chorus has a breadth of style which commands instant approval. How our composer treats the reference to Jove's eagle may be imagined. There is strength in his setting of the lines upon the Christian dove, marred though it be by an absurd effort to imitate through a flute the cooing of the innocent bird. Why did not M. Saint-Saëns represent the scream of the eagle also, as Mendelssohn certainly has done in his "Scotch" Symphony? Neglect of this may well be resented by the royal bird. The next number, devoted to Pagan love and arranged for soprano, contralto, and chorus of female voices, is altogether charming, though simplicity itself in point of construction, the voices moving for the most part in thirds and sixths. Nothing could better suit the subject, or so conclusively prove that the highest results in music are independent of elaborate means and phrenetic effort; but the next number for contralto and tenor soli, "L'Amour divin," is perhaps even more beautiful, the charm lying in the orchestra rather than with the voices. True, M. Saint-Saëns here repeats himself a good deal, but not in excess of what his subject will bear. The principal orchestral phrase runs through the entire piece, while combined with it at intervals is another of the most graceful and pleasing character.

This, beyond question, is true music, spontaneous and pure, like the waters that well up from a mountain spring, and its first audience were more than justified in bestowing warm applause. Yet another good number is the flag baritone solo, "Jouis, c'est an fleuve des ombres," an appropriately careless, not to say reckless, strain, conceived in the spirit of "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Violently contrasting with it comes the solemn quartet, "Soutiens ton frère qui chancelle," the last and victorious appeal of the harp to the young poet whom it would conquer to the side of truth. A certain severity marks this concerted piece, as though the composer sought to show that, when the balance is trembling, Christianity can afford to be most exacting. From it we pass to the *finale*, where the threads of the argument are, so to speak, gathered up, and the triumph of the purer faith is confirmed in solemn strains. Now to sum up. The value of M. Saint-Saëns' work does not lie in the texture and quality of his music, which is often flimsy, albeit hiding its flimsiness under the cloak of a free and, to some extent, novel style. But *The Lyre and the Harp* will command attention because it is essentially poetic — seeking first of all to offer music fitted to the words, and leaving the rest to fate. The music of this cantata is not the result of a desire to win popular applause at any cost, otherwise it would have been much more full than it is of cheap claptrap. M. Saint-Saëns has honestly striven to treat his theme as an artist should who is conscious of the dignity of his work, and, though the result be not great, the obvious intention should secure substantial reward. D. T.

AMERICAN girls and young men who may think of coming to Italy to study singing may feel interested to know that before very long there will be a musical academy in Pesaro which will beat Milan and Bologna out of the field. Rossini left all his fortune for this; his widow did the same. The academy will have 100,000 francs a year with which to pay its professors. Moreover, all the copyrights of the illustrious master belong to the academy, and there are several works which have not yet been published. — *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MUSICAL CLUBS OF HARVARD: THE PIERIAN SODALITY.

FROM THE HARVARD BOOK, 1875.

(Concluded from page 157.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-PIERIAN.

But the Pierians, either from lack of numbers or of proficiency, were not always equal to the task. The annual losses were at times repaired with difficulty. Thus, in 1832, at the beginning of the college year, on reëntering the rehearsal-room, they could count but three names on their roll. "Present, G——, P——, R——, sophomores, who are the only members at present composing the Sodality." In July, 1833, it was "voted that as the Sodality cannot be always fully sustained by the undergraduates alone, members of the Law and Divinity Schools may belong to it." But, two months later, they receded from this, finding their ranks once more full. So at another time allusion is found to "the precious trio, the scanty remains of the once renowned," etc. Worse than this was their state when reduced to a single active member, as was the case when Mr. G—— held the meetings regularly alone, not forgetting, it is said, to put up the advertising-board for his own sole notification each week: calling himself to order, and proceeding conscientiously with his solitary rehearsal, practicing upon his flute his accustomed part till the hour of duty was complete, and so striving, not in vain, to keep the sacred flame alive.

And mark what wise forethought was taken, in June, 1839, for the situation of the one member about to be left behind by his fellows, who were all of the senior class, then on the very eve of graduating: "It being announced that there were some funds in the treasury, and that it was expedient for the present members to use them and not bequeath them to our forlorn successor to squander in solitary riot."

When their fortunes were at so low an ebb as this, and to furnish the music at Exhibition was impossible, a half-dozen band-men from the city were sometimes posted in that favorite perch. October 16, 1832, there were to be seen looking down on the astonished spectators "six strange and bearded faces, the owners of which were clad in the uniform of the Boston Brigade Band." "It is said," wrote the secretary, "that President Quincy is obliged to pay them from his own pocket, the Faculty refusing to do it on account of the enormous expense." He is generous, the secretary, in his estimate of the playing of the six stranger professionals, and admits that "the music, although not performed by the Pierians, was attractive and beautiful."

Sometimes the organ alone was depended upon; once, as it is related, with so unexpected a result as to give to a stranger, then attending a Cambridge Exhibition for the first time, the impression that the music proceeded, not from the real instrument which he observed standing in the loft, but from a hand-organ, which, to his great surprise, he fancied had been carried up there and used in its stead.

One extraordinary occasion on which the services of the Pierians were called into requisition is perhaps worth mention for the novel excuse in connection with it which one of the members ventured to offer for non-attendance at a recitation. Towards the close of the senior year, when the time had arrived for the distribution of Commencement parts, and those selected for honors had been notified to attend at the President's study, it was proposed that the class go in procession with the Sodality for musical escort. Accordingly, the "Navy Club" (*Qu. ignavi*), — of which all not included in the President's call were members, as it were, *ex officio*, — forming in advance, the class, preceded by the band, moved, two by two, from in front of Holworthy through the yard, passing out by the great gate near Massachusetts, and over the sidewalk till it halted under the President's windows, having by this time attracted a considerable concourse of the curious townspeople. At the moment of passing Massachusetts one of the Sodality, a Junior, who had not been apprised of the movement, had descended from his room, book in hand, on his way to recitation. Hailed by his brother musicians and inquiring the meaning of the unexpected call to duty, he ran back into the building, dropped his book to snatch up his flute, and hurrying down took his place in the ranks. The sound of the advancing instruments — four flutes, a clarinet, a violin, and trombone, emphasized by a tambourine beaten by a volunteer — penetrated to the President's *sanctum*. As they were approaching, it is related that the President, puzzled at the unusual character of this demonstration, and somewhat apprehensive lest it might imply insubordination, sent down a messenger to observe the temper of the students, who was enabled speedily to bring back report that no signs of disaffection were manifest. And the column, the purpose of the march being accomplished, returned to the starting-point, where, after the customary call and cheering of names, the class dispersed. When the Junior had occasion to present afterwards his excuse for absenting himself from the recitation, with a show of ingenuousness he proceeded to justify himself as having yielded only to an instantaneous impulse to render his assistance with his comrades in carrying out the time-honored custom — "Time-honored custom!" interrupted in his emphatic manner the astonished President, who, with all his advantage of years, had never before heard of the like foolery.

The Sodality was by no means made up always of men of inferior rank in their class: so it was not strange if some one of them should now and then be called to the honor of performing a double part on Exhibition Day. To pay in such a case a passing compliment to his fellows who were watching him from overhead would be but natural. By chance, having been led to repeat from recollection a passage of this description from his oration, a Pierian, thus distinguished, now a well-known city official of the place sometimes called Charlesbridge, consents to submit it, thus rescued from undeserved oblivion. He says, never having seen his manuscript since, he can recall one sentence only of it, which was fixed in in his memory undoubtedly by its allusion to the musical portion of the exercises of the day.

"Utinam amorem scientiæ hos omnes hodie in hanc aulam attraxisse credere possem! Cum vero tot sodales in illis superioribus contemplor, aut ad fores oculis errantibus stantes, fortasse *sodalitatis sermones suaves* voci meæ anteponentes, et hanc orationem prælongam ægre ferentes, qui tamen, me egrediente, has parietes magno plausu concutient, aliqua alia causa eos actos esse non confiteri non possum."

And what one of Sodales or Alumni who may read these felicitous periods, even admitting that the melodies descending from that elevation were more enchanting to the ear than the *oratio in lingua Latina*, will hesitate to declare the applause well bestowed which followed him, modest scholar, orator, first flute, retiring, as he descended from the platform and hastened through the entry to the organ-loft, with flowing robe still about him, "to add his flute part to the *suaves sermones* which were next in order"?

Nor, perhaps, will the orator object to the mention of the anecdote he related on repeating this passage, illustrative of the nice scholarship of that learned professor and punctilious gentleman, Dr. Beck, who, on revising the student's composition as prepared for delivery, finding the words he had

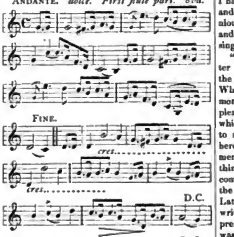
made use of to express the "sweet strains" of the Sodality not altogether the best adapted to convey the meaning intended, suggested these two as more suitable; and so let that graceful phrase, *suaves sermones*, stand to denote the soft discourings of the Pierian Sodality of forty years ago.

One might suppose that during the period alluded to there must have been a remarkable dearth of musical talent. In a class of over sixty, six could play the flute. One other played the 'cello. Four or five sang; as many more, perhaps, could hum a tune correctly. An examination of the list of names in the classes of the two previous years shows that out of them the Sodality or Glee Club could have hardly enlisted a larger number. Eight or ten, therefore, may be judged to be about the average number of such as could in any way be called musical men in each class, say from fifteen to twenty per cent. of the whole.

The entire number of members of the Sodality, drawn from all the classes, at about this period, say, for instance, in 1837, was ten or twelve. Such persons as gave evidence of suitable musical attainments were chosen, in each successive year, to supply the vacancies left with every recurring Commencement Day. Juniors and Seniors in general made up the society, the qualifications of the men in the lower classes not always coming so early into notice, and the want of freedom of association between the more advanced students and the Sophomore and Freshman having a tendency, it may be, to exclude them.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of a sketch like this would be the list of tunes that were played. Pleasant it would be to read again the little slips of music-paper, to handle the forgotten books. A small number only of the airs can be recalled with certainty. The recurring most frequently give them by their number. For instance, October 17, 1839, they played at serenading "69, 53, and 18;" then they moved on and played "18, 55, and 69;" and again, at the next place, "53, 69, 18, and 81;" and finally, "81, 69, 18, and 53."[1] But the copied parts and the books are lost, and the lapse of years has quite effaced from the memory of at least one trio who blew flute and drew bow, as well as recited sids by sid in the same division throughout college life, all the meaning of these numerals, so that they are now no better than an unknown tongue. Some, however, are occasionally named in the records. "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" is mentioned as arranged by Mr. Comer, together with "Spring-time of Year," in 1833: which last, the secretary wrote, "went splendidly, and all were extremely well pleased with it. We played several other tunes in fine style, but the Spring-time seemed to be the universal favorite." Comer was also employed to arrange the "Popular Extravaganza called Jim Crow." There were Roy's Wife, Kinlock of Kinlock, most of the charming "Moore's Melodies," "Oft in the stilly night," "Come rest in this bosom," "Araby's Daughter," "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls," "My lodging is on the cold ground," a name which had not yet given place to "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," still less been quite superseded, as it may now be said to be, by "Fair Harvard," to the first public singing of which at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary in 1836, the undergraduates of that time may take some pride in saying they were among those who listened.

Of the popular airs of the day, such as seemed most readily to lend themselves to adaptation for so scanty an orchestra were selected from time to time to be added to the small *répertoire*. In this way were contributed in the writer's time *Zitti, zitti*, a waltz in C by Mozart, airs from Caliph of Bagdad and from *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, something by Von Weber called the Witches' Dance, Celeste's Dance, and many others. It was even presumed to attempt to compress the Overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro* within those narrow limits. As for Strauss, it is odd to recall that his sun had scarcely yet risen in New England. The Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz is remembered as a sunburst of beauty and brilliancy, after the old-fashioned "Buy a Broom," and Waltz from *William Tell*, which used to do duty in the slow-moving round dances. The Cracovienne and Cachucha in their turn came in a little later, with the Fanny Elsler *furore*. Among these favorite pieces was one which, mentioned in the records by the very indefinite title of Celebrated Air by Haydn, did not at once recur to recollection; but little effort of memory has brought back the following pleasing melody, which is expended as a most fitting conclusion. Scattered Pierians of 183—, do you hear the President's call? — *Expectatur musica!*



S. J.

[1] Oct. 5, 1840, "Selected 144 for the Faculty to march in by."

MARTIN LUTHER AS A MUSICIAN.

The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* recently published two most interesting letters, the discovery of which is due to M. Edouard Fétis. They were addressed by a musician named Jérome De Cockx to his "venerable master, Jean van Stiegen, at Antwerp," and treat of Martin Luther, with whom, at Wittenberg, the Flemish traveler often conversed on musical topics.

Cockx on first entering the house of the celebrated reformer was rather astonished at perceiving, among some diversely arranged pipes, a flute and a guitar. "Here," said Luther to his visitor, "are my two companions. When I am fatigued with writing, when my brain is dull, or when the devil comes to annoy me with his pranks, I take my flute and play some caprice. My ideas are soon refreshed like newly-watered flowers, the devil vanishes, and I return to my work with renewed vigor. Music is a divine revelation; it is the language of angels in heaven, and on the earth that of the prophets of old."

"Luther drank the health of the musicians of our country," continues Cockx, "and especially that of the celebrated master, Josquin, of whom he formed this opinion: 'Josquin governs notes whilst others are governed by them.' And he further says: 'I like not those who do not care for music, that celestial art by which one dissipates the inquietude and troubles of the heart. Sing! sing often! All schoolmasters ought to be musicians, and each preacher should not mount the pulpit, until he has learnt to sol-fa.'"

In his second letter, Cockx refers to an evening spent at an inn, the Aigle Noir, "which resembles our taverns in Antwerp." Luther was there surrounded by his disciples (some of whom had composed "a few canticles, which were not sung, and doubtless, never will be sung in our Catholic Flanders"), all drinking the native wine or beer. "The master drank the latter, and the name was given to it of 'Pope-beer,' from his having said that he was a Fleming and a musician, and that every one showed their friendship for him and drank his health . . . Luther showed his honor for the musical art, for he said, 'Kings and princes ought to encourage music, for it is their duty to protect the liberal arts as well as the sciences . . . Music is a course of discipline and a schoolmistress; it teaches us to be more amiable and sweet, more modest and intelligent. Bad musicians and bad singers contrast greatly with that which is the true art of music, and are to be held in the same relationship as dirt and rubbish have with cleanliness and purity. If we sing, the devil will have less power with us; for, as I have already said, he likes disorder and trouble, and hates music, which is the symbol of harmonious order. Sing, then, with all your hearts and with your best voices, and join with me in singing *Mensch willst du leben.*'

"All the disciples assembled around their master and blended their voices with his, singing the melody he had previously indicated to them. What beautiful singing! What splendid harmony! Never had I listened to music with such pleasure as then. The tears came into my eyes, which the doctor perceiving, held out his hand to me, which I took, though it was that of a heretic. After the termination of the before-mentioned composition, Martin whispered something to those who were near him, and they then commenced another piece, which I knew from the first notes to be a madrigal by Roland de Lattre. It was to please me that this work, written by a compatriot, was executed in my presence; and what a compatriot! One who was the prince of musicians of his time. When these gentlemen were finished, I gave them my best thanks for their courtesy, and also commended them for their fine voices, having rarely heard the like before, even among the vocalists of our cathedral."

". . . I know what opinions posterity will have of Martin Luther concerning his treatment of the Catholic Church, in which he was born and brought up, and which he afterwards deserted, but I think and believe he will be known and long considered a great musician." . . .

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XIV.

If you want a rule for painting, try to represent the color at once, frankly and fully. If you can't do this, put in every object in a *frottée* of local color. If this seems right in any place, put it in solidly. Make it suggest the color, and then paint it with a full brush.

I like your little woman in brocade and satin. You could n't have done it if you had n't painted still-life, — especially mutton-chops! Two years' work on figures would not have done it.

So you used chrome yellow in that sunset. And it's true enough; use chrome when you see chrome. You can't begin to get the vivid color of nature at sunset.

After indicating an eye or a mouth, try, with

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

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a pen, to see how much you know of its form. If you get to making a picture by values, you must work the harder for form.

Your figure has pretty movement and expression, but it lacks firmness, hardness. Too *molle!* You are so afraid of hard lines! You need not make them thin and wiry. Make them broad and full. In drawing a head, make a firm, hard outline. Put a white paper behind, in order to see it. Bear on hard, and in time you will *feel* the hand as if it were your own. You'll feel it in your bones.

Try it on something that you don't care for. Draw, persistently, an outline that is hard and severe. Shading up to it will lose all unnecessary hardness.

You have put too much high-light business on that forehead. You saw the picture that the little fellow made in that position; and, in order to keep it, you must make the face look as if painted with one sweep. Not leave it in parts.

If you think that a form is *round* draw it again and again, until you see the straight lines and angles, and all the forms that run into *that* form. A shoulder into an arm, for instance.

(Sketch of a house.) The *action* of that house is good. Everything in the world has its action.

Put five miles of atmosphere between yourself and the mountain, and do it with *color*; not black.

Have been reading Mrs. Merrifield's book, and it revives recollections of Europe. Everything in this country tends too much towards photographic effect, to giggling and surface-work. Why giggle over anything if you can arrive at a result immediately?

One picture, I remember, by Correggio, has an arm, life-size, painted from shoulder to wrist with one stroke of the brush; and a *full* brush, of course. Coe leg, too, painted from hip to ankle in the same manner.

In charcoal, and in paint, draw with a full brush. Get effects by feeling; and be careful not to destroy what you have thus obtained.

If you wish to work on that head a second time, paint it in gray, keeping it lighter than it is to be when done. When fully dry, paint cool colors into a warm *frottés*. Or you might try Rubens's method.

There have been very few great painters: Velasquez, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese. Titian almost became one. Beautiful color, but he had not the grandeur of the others.

Michael Angelo was second only to the Almighty. "A disappointed man?" Pshaw! *knew* that, when he had his plaster all wet, and he was ready to put those designs on the Sistine ceiling, he was happy as no one else could be happy. The happiness of being almost a Creator.

Look at the Madonna in his Adam touched by Jehovah! All other madonnas seem conscious by the side of this one. She is not even conscious of the Child, but looks far on, into the future.

Michael Angelo's types are of the grandest. You see them now in Italy; in women washing, or in the market-places.

THE London *Figaro* says: "Mr. Carl Rosa, who has started with his provincial company for Dublin, has made a very important engagement for his London season in the person of Herr Anton Schott, first tenor at the Imperial Opera of Hamburg, and who accompanied Dr. Von Bülow to London this summer — I mean this season. Herr Schott will play but two roles, those of Lohengrin and Rienzi, two parts for which his fine stage presence and his histrionic and vocal capabilities seem to be exactly adapted. Mr. Mass, Mr. Rosa's other principal tenor, has been assigned the parts of Rhadames in *Aida* and William in *Mignon*, in both of which he may be expected to show his high talents to advantage."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

FASHION IN MUSIC.

IT might seem to a thinking person to-day as if many art-loving individuals had become so filled with respect for the influence which fashion exerts upon art as really to believe that fashion is well-nigh all-powerful in art matters. One can hardly venture to expatiate upon the beauties of a work of art belonging to a by-gone period, in the presence of some people, without being met with a depreciative shrug of the shoulders, and a "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" The work is after an obsolete fashion, and *ergo* obsolete of itself. If this sort of deduction is sound, one is tempted to believe in the utter frivolity of art, a field where a Haydn can destroy a Bach, a Beethoven annihilate a Haydn, and a Brahms, or Raff, forever erase the footsteps of a Beethoven, just as trousers can rout knee-breeches, or crinolines be put to flight by gored skirts. But is it so? Does the old fashion of a work of art, — say a composition — make the composition itself old-fashioned and obsolete, as mere wearing apparel is after the second season? If it is true, one can say truly that music, or any other art, is something fit for only cobblers and tailors to expend their energies upon, and that men of genius had better take to the exact sciences or political economy. No, it is not so; it is not true. The influence that the art-fashion of any given epoch in the world's history has upon the art of that epoch is strong indeed, but no stronger than the fashion of clothes has upon the man who wears them, if he be not a mere forked instrument whose whole mission in life is to exhibit wearing apparel. We would not underrate the power of dress. To nine tenths of those he met John Sebastian Bach was but a mere perambulating wig, full-skirted coat, knee-breeches and hose; a wholly respectable apparition, but capable of becoming hugely ridiculous in fifty years or so. Yet there was something under that wig and coat which would have been the same under any covering, and which was beyond the power of tailors and barbers to modify. Just so with Bach's music; its external cut was according to the fashion of his day, a fashion now long since gone by, and probably never to be revived again; but the true gist of it — "*das Genie, ich meine den Geist*" — belonged little more especially to his time than to any other. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony could no more touch a hair of the St. Matthew Passion (in an aggressive sense) than it could shunt our globe off from its track. It is one of the glories of art — perhaps its chief glory — that whenever a man draws anything truly great in it, he does it for all time. A great composition is practically eternal, and the changes of fashion leave it unscathed.

It is the poorest of poor arguments to say that if Palestrina only lived now he would write in a very different style from what he actually did. Of course he would; there cannot be the faintest shadow of a doubt of it; it is equally indobitable that, if Homer lived to-day, he would wear trousers. It has nothing to do with the question. No one in his senses wishes Palestrina's or Bach's style to be revived now, even if such a thing were possible. That fashion — as a fashion — is dead as dead can be. But that we forever lose the grandeur, beauty, and soul of Palestrina's works merely because of their peculiar form? We have but one choice left us; we must accept either the form, or lose the works.

Some persons may say, too thoughtlessly, that we can afford to lose the works; that there is enough fine music in the world without them, and music written in a style more in accordance with the present prevailing taste. To this we can never agree. In the first place, the world can in no wise afford to lose anything that is truly great; the human race has need of all its real achievements; it cannot spare one of them. We are by nature insatiable, and need all that we can get that is good, and must keep all that we already have.

In the next place, admitting, for the sake of argument, that more modern or the most modern music is intrinsically as fine, or even finer than that of a more remote period, there is one essential element in the older music that we look for in vain in the compositions of our own day, and which is so priceless that we can in no way afford to lose it; the very fact that it is practically obsolete renders it only the more worthy of being jealously and carefully preserved. We mean the element of truly grand and spontaneous simplicity.

This is no mere external, "fashionable" attribute; it lies at the very heart of the old music. Nowadays no one can be *truly* simple; our life, our thought, our very faith are complex and involved. If an artist — most of all a musician — attempt simplicity to-day, it is either an affectation or an imitation; it is not genuine; it lacks the true ring; its want of spontaneity is transparent as glass. And let us say here, by the way, that we greatly mistrust the truth of a very common criticism upon modern music, that it lacks spontaneity because it is involved, complex in purpose, and often bewildering. It seems to us, on the contrary, that men like Brahms, Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, and others are, as a rule, spontaneous only when they are complex and involved. Complexity of thought is their natural element, and in it they are more or less easily at home; it is when they attempt the simple that they painfully labor, and become affected and mannered. But the straightforward, unaffected simplicity of the old composers is something entirely by itself. Our complexity may be better and higher; that is not the question; the old simplicity is something true and genuine, and, moreover, something that is utterly inimitable, and not to be reproduced. And, be it said emphatically, it is something that we absolutely need, were it only as a foil to ourselves.

As it is wholesome for a man who can only doubt to look upon a man who honestly and wholly believes, and refresh his troubled mind with the assurance that belief of some sort is possible in this world; so is it wholesome for us, whose thought and expression are necessarily complex, to be brought face to face with thought that is essentially simple and complete. It rests us, and gives us fresh

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strength and vigor. The true and beautiful are always inspiring.

The composer to-day who, after listening to a Palestrina *Gloria*, only feels himself inspired to write a piece of vocal counterpoint in one of the old church-modes, cannot have listened to much purpose, and his counterpoint will be but a very uninspiring sham. But the wondrous, simple spirit of the grand old music, so sure of its own purpose, might well inspire him to try to express his own highest ideal in his own spontaneous way; and whether he sets to work upon an opera finale or upon a symphonic poem, he will work with better heart and more fervid inspiration for the hearing of it.

Fashion is great and powerful, but works only surface deep. The man whose heart it reaches has a shallow heart at best, and no one would wish to look up to him as a lawgiver on anything higher than etiquette or clothing. The man whose eye cannot pierce through fashion may be set down as morally purblind, and no safe guide.

Yet let us say this: he who cannot, or will not, go beyond the fashions of his own day, has at least one grain of respectability; he is to a certain extent a man of the time, and reflects honestly much of the true spirit of the age he lives in. But his hapless brother who willingly buries himself under the effete modes and fashions of a by-gone age, simply because they are old; who goes about like an æsthetic dustman, tediously collecting the shot rubbish of centuries, is a man of no age and no time, and reflects the spirit of nothing whatever. If a man must pin his faith to a fashion, let him at least take a living one that has not been worn threadbare.

W. F. A.

CONCERTS.

Redpath Boston Lyceum. — The first concert of this popular course of concerts and lectures took place on Tuesday evening of this week. The Music Hall was full, the audience delighted with all they heard and saw, and the stage end of the hall was richly adorned with flowers and evergreens. The programme, too, was printed with rare taste. It was a miscellaneous concert. There was a small orchestra (the Germania), which, under Carl Zerrahn's direction, accompanied the more important arias nicely and effectively, and played the overture to *Zanetta*, the quaint little Turkish march by Michaelis, which was encored, and selections from Gounod's *Faust*. There were solos on the harp by Mme. Chatterton Bohrer, who has brilliant, tasteful execution, and was well received. There was the inevitable cornet solo also — in this instance a remarkably good one ("Grand Russian Air" with variations), and remarkably well played, both in the expressive singing passages, which were given in a chaste, pure style, and in the fine precision of the rapid florid business.

The rest was all vocal solos and duets. The chief star was Miss Marie Litta, of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company, who has a very pure and flexible soprano voice, of good power, and of a sweet and tender quality, and who sang Bellini's "Qui la voce" in a highly satisfactory and charming manner. She was persistently recalled, and answered with a smaller piece. One such prima donna was enough, one would think, for any concert; but there was another, of almost equal excellence, Mrs. Abbie B. Carrington, — her first appearance in America after studying in Italy. She, too, pleased decidedly by the sweet, true, flexible voice, and the graceful ease and fluency with which she sang the "Shadow Song" in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, and something requiring the same bright play of execution, which she gave for an encore. Another lady, set down as a tenor (!), Mlle. Selvi, sang the "Cantique de Noël," by Adam, in a voice certainly of exceptional depth and fullness, and in even, simple style; she sang in English, and altogether, in spite of the Italian name, seemed like an Englishwoman. Signors Baldanza, who has a smooth, sweet tenor, and Papini, a large man, of the unctuous, free and easy buffo quality (both of them members of the Strakosch troupe), gave the Duet from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* in a felicitous and artistic manner.

We did not wait to get the answer to Miss Litta's conundrum: "Why are Roses red?" a song by Claude Melnotte, for nothing so fags out our listening faculties as a long, miscellaneous series of unconnected solo pieces. And so we lost Sig. Baldanza's Romanza from *Luisa Miller*, "Hear ye Israel," from *Elijah*, which we should like to hear Mrs. Carrington sing, Mme. Bohrer's second harp solo, the Duet from *Don Pasquale*, by Miss Litta and Mme. Selvi, and the *Faust* selections. When the thick of the concert season comes, such entertainments will have to be despatched more briefly, or noticed but occasionally.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club. — A small roomful of musical people were invited last week to Chickering's warerooms, to hear a couple of string Quartets played by the club as newly organized; the places of Messrs. Listemann and Hennig being now supplied by two young artists recently imported. Mr. Heimendal, from Hanover, a youthful looking man, of refined, intelligent and earnest mien, takes the first violin; and Mr. Geise, a Hollander, the violoncello. Mr. Dannreuther still holds the second violin, so that the Quartet has a very youthful aspect, Mr. Ryan looking like the father of the three. The quartets selected were a well-known one by Haydn, in B-flat, and the third (in A) of the three by Schumann. Enough to say that it was some of the best quartet playing we have had in this city. The unity was remarkably perfect, each individual instrument duly loyal to the whole as one. The intonation of the new violinist is singularly pure, his tone fine, and he phrases like a master. The 'Cellist has a very rich tone, and plays with great execution and with feeling. He also played as solos the Aria from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, and a Bach Sarabande and Gavotte to great acceptance. We hope we may hear the Quintette Club, in its rejuvenated condition, at some of the Euterpe Concerts during the season.

Wellesley College. — Last Saturday the 58th concert was given before the young ladies of this institution. The solo performer was Mr. E. B. Perry, the very accomplished pianist, who needs no allowance on the ground of blindness with which he has been afflicted from childhood. He interpreted the following selections: —

Beethoven: Rondo, from Sonata, Op. 53.
Schumann:
(a.) Aufschwung, Op. 12–2.
(b.) Warum? Op. 12–3.
(c.) Traumeswirren, Op. 12–7.
(d.) Nacht-stück, Op. 23.
(e.) Novellette, Op. 21–4, E major.
Henselt: Song of the Gondolier, Op. 13–2.
Von Bülow: Intermezzo, from "Carnival of Milan."
Perry: Nocturne, Op. 6.
Kullak: La Gazelle, Pièce Characteristique.
Chopin:
(a.) Nocturne, F minor, Op. 55.
(b.) Valse, D-flat major, Op. 64–1.
(c.) Berceuse, Op. 57.
(d.) Ballade in A-flat, Op. 47.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

By all accounts the twenty-second Annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association, held in Mechanics' Hall during the five days from Sept. 22 to 26 inclusive, surpassed all the preceding festivals, both in artistic interest and in the remarkable material support rendered by the music lovers of the "Heart" of the old Commonwealth, who eagerly bought up all the tickets even at a premium. These "Festivals" have developed out of the old-fashioned "conventions," or meetings of choristers and others for a week of joint practice in psalmody; they were also markets for the "working off" of some new hymn tune book, or "collection" prepared by the conductor of the convention. Many such conventions, in various parts of the country, still retain this mercantile feature. But in some places, notably in Worcester, they have grown into annual festivals of music of a more important and artistic character. Worcester seems well situated for becoming in some sense the musical Birmingham of New England, at least of Massachusetts. We have already mentioned the somewhat formidable array of vocal and instrumental forces employed in this last and crowning effort. Now we must gather from programmes and reports some brief *résumé* of what was done. The first concert (Monday afternoon) was miscellaneous, and was opened by the four young ladies of the Eichberg String Quartet (Misses Lillian Chandler, Lillian Shattuck, Lettie Launder, and Abbie Shepardson), who played the Andante and Presto from Mendelssohn's Fourth Quartet, followed by a Minuet of Boccherini, and very creditably for such young artists. A *Salve Maria* by Mercadante, for contralto, was sung by Mrs. A. W. Porter. Then the bass aria: "Honor and Arms" from Handel's *Samson*, to which Mr. C. E. Hay, of Boston, is quite adequate. The Prayer and Aria from *Der Freyschütz* (accredited to Bellini on the programme book!) was sung by Mrs. H. F. Knowles. Next came Wieniawski's difficult Polonaise for violin solo, played by Miss Launder; the Aria "Vado ben spesso" by Salvator Rosa, sung by Mr. Hays; two duets by Gade ("Spring's Greeting," and "The Rose on the Heath"), sung by Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Porter, and finally, Mr. Eichberg's *Concertante* for four violins, played by the same four clever pupils of his who opened the concert.

The morning of the second day was devoted to rehearsal of Gounod's *St. Cecilia Mass*, and in the afternoon concert, the following programme was performed, with Mr. B. D. Allen as accompanist: —

Part Song, "The Letter" . . . . . Schubert Quartette (Mr. G. J. Parker, Mr. G. W. Want, Mr. L. H. Chubbuck, Mr. D. M. Babcock).	*Hatton.*
Theme and variations . . . . Miss Gertrude Franklin.	*Rode.*
Song, "Homeward" . . . . Mr. G. F. Parker.	*Abt.*
Organ duo, Symphony, "Hymn of Praise," Mr. G. W. Sumner, Mr. B. D. Allen.	*Mendelssohn.*
Quartet, "The Long Day Closes" . . . . Schubert Quartette.	*Sullivan.*
Song, "Expectancy" . . . . Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburgh.	*D. Buck.*
Song, "Heaven's Chorister" . . . . . . Mr. D. M. Babcock.	*Pinsuti.*
Song, "It was a Dream" . . . . Miss Franklin.	*Cowen.*
Quartet, "Italian Salad" . . . . Schubert Quartette.	*Genée.*

A correspondent of the *Advertiser* says of this concert: —

"The quartet sang very well, earned abundant plaudits, and were twice recalled, giving, after Hatton's bright song, Bishop's glee, 'Sleep, Gentle Lady,' and repeating at the close of the concert a portion of Genée's masterpiece of burlesque. Miss Franklin, who is a new candidate

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for the honors of the concert room, proved to be a skilful executant, with a bright and clear voice, in all respects reflecting credit on her careful training by Mme. La Grange. She sings with taste and a certain amount of feeling, but has not yet acquired the art of expressing sentiment and passion so completely as to conceal the means. It is rather as an executant than as a dramatic singer that she is at present to be rated. For an encore after her first song she gave '*Il primo d'amore*,' by Widor. Mrs. Hardenburgh is well known to Boston audiences under her maiden name, Miss Louise Finch. It is enough to say that her performances showed her familiar characteristics of finish and refined delivery to excellent advantage. Mr. Babcock's sonorous voice and impressive delivery were well suited to Pinsuti's song and to the piece given on a recall, — Mozart's 'Who treads the path of duty.' Mr. Babcock has steadily improved within a year or two."

On Wednesday there were two concerts, afternoon and evening, besides a morning rehearsal of the more difficult choruses in the *Messiah*. The afternoon programme was miscellaneous, and without orchestra, as on the two days before, to wit: —

Glee, "Health to my Dear" . . . . *Spofforth.*
New York Glee Club.
(Mr. A. D. Woodruff, Mr. G. Ellard, Mr. W. C. Baird, Mr. G. E. Aiken.)
Aria, "Lascia ch' io pianga" . . . . . . *Handel.*
Mrs. Isabella Palmer Fassett.
Song, "The Anchor 's Weighed" . . . . . *Braham.*
Mr. George Ellard.
Aria, "At Desio" from "Figaro" . . . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Edith Abell.
Piano solos, Rondo from Sonata, op. 53 . . *Beethoven.*
Gavotte, E minor . . . . *Silas.*
Mr. E. B. Perry.
Part Song, "The Snow-Drop" . . . . . . *Barnby.*
Glee Club.
Song, "The King of Thule" . . . . . . *Liszt.*
Miss Fassett.
Songs, "The Distant Shore" . . . . . . *Sullivan.*
"Jack's Yarn" . . . . *Diehl.*
Mr. W. C. Baird.
Song, "St. Agnes' Eve" . . . . *Sullivan.*
Miss Abell.
Glee, A Franklyn's Dogge . . . . . . *Mackenzie.*
Glee Club.

The New York Glee Club seems to have sustained its old reputation for fine part-singing. Two of its members, Messrs. Woodruff and Ellard, are new, at least they have not yet been heard in Boston. Their tasteful singing of Barnby's delicate song won an encore. Mrs. Fassett, according to the correspondent already quoted, "is a contralto of excellent parts;" her voice "strong, deep, and of a very rich quality," and she made "a decided impression." Miss Abell confirmed the good impression which she made last spring in Boston. Mr. Perry is the blind pianist, of whose sensitive, yet strong and brilliant interpretation of Schumann, we had occasion to speak last summer. He was recalled and gave Schumann's "Traumeswirren."

In the evening, for the first time, the chorus appeared, with Carl Zerrahn as conductor, and for accompaniment the organ (G. W. Sumner), and piano-forte (E. B. Story). The chorus opened and closed the concert, singing, "with great precision and firmness," Sullivan's Anthem: "I will mention the loving-kindnesses," with Mr. Alfred Wilkie as soloist, and a chorus by Calkin: "Rejoice in the Lord." The intervening numbers were these: —

Slumber Song . . . . *Franz.*
Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburgh.
Glee, "Return, my love" . . . . . . *Horsley.*
New York Glee Club.
Violin solo, "Souvenir de Hade" . . . . *Leonhard.*
Señor Albertini.
Glee, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower" . *Stewart.*
Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mrs. Hardenburgh, Messrs. Woodruff, Baird, and Aiken.
Duet, "The laurel and the rose" . . . . *Greil.*
Mr. Woodruff, Mr. Ellard.
Glee, "When shall we three meet again" . *Horsley.*
Miss Beebe, Mrs. Hardenburgh, Mr. Aiken.
Part song, "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free." *Pearsall.*
Glee Club.
Song, "Come live with me" . . . . . *Bishop.*
Miss Beebe.
Violin solo, Andante e Polonaise . . . . *Vieuxtemps.*
Señor Diaz Albertini.
Glee, "A knight there came" . . . . . *Cooke.*
Miss Beebe, Mr. Woodruff, Mr. Ellard, Mr. Aiken.
Duet, "Song of the summer birds" . . . *Rubinstein.*
Miss Beebe, Mrs. Hardenburgh.
Glee, "Humpty Dumpty" . . . . . . *Caldicott.*
Miss Beebe, Mrs. Hardenburgh, Mr. Woodruff, Mr. Aiken.

The Glee Club quartet, this time of mixed voices, and the solo songs by Miss Beebe and Mrs. Hardenburgh, were much admired. Of the violinist, Señor Albertini, we are told: —

His tone is thin and light, but pure and true, and his execution very brilliant. He is a young man, a Cuban by birth, and has not before appeared in America. He can hardly fail to command the popular favor as soon as his merits shall have become more generally known. Albertini is only twenty-two years old. At an early age he displayed great musical talent and skill as a violinist; attracted the attention of Gottschalk while still a child; began studying at Havana in 1865. His whole name is Rafael Diaz Albertini Urioste. Played in New York in private in 1868, and attracted the attention of critics there. In 1871 entered the Paris Conservatory; won there the first "accessit;" then the second prize; then the Medal of Honor in 1875 on graduating in 1875. Has made successful concert tours in Europe and given a series of concerts in Havana. Been decorated with several orders in Spain and elsewhere. After his first piece to-night he was recalled and gave "Chanson de Mignon" by Jules Garcin. After his second piece, being again recalled, he gave "St. Patrick's Day" with variations, by Vieuxtemps. Again recalled, he repeated part of the variations.

So far the performances have all been without orchestra, and the programmes miscellaneous and for the most part light, yet not hackneyed, certainly not vulgar, but on the whole put together with taste, and more select than many of the evening concerts after the oratorios at the great festivals in England. On Thursday afternoon a small yet efficient orchestra, from Boston, was on hand, — an orchestra of thirty members, including among its first violins Mr. Bernhard Listemann, and our old friend Carl Meisel, who has returned from Germany. Gounod's *St. Cecilia Mass*, which high authorities esteem the greatest of his ecclesiastical music, formed the first part of the concert. The solos were taken by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. W. H. Beckett. The *Advertiser* correspondent thus describes it: —

The first movement, *Kyrie*, is an humble and touching prayer; a figure for the violins in the accompaniment is conceived and carried out with a charming grace. The *Gloria* is a piece of genuine, pious enthusiasm — the enthusiasm, that is, of a devotee who, feeling himself filled with the glory of the Most High, utters his praises in a subdued and reverential tone, unaccompanied by an orchestral *fanfare*. There is a charming passage in this movement assigned to the female voices, and accompanied by harps, violins *tremolo* and wind instruments muffled, — an aerial orchestration, so to speak. At the versicles, *Qui tollis*, etc., the music has a character of tender supplication, and at the *Quoniam tu solus* it takes on an air of august and mystical pomp. The [illegible] is, as of right it should be, the most impressive portion of the mass. The mysticism of belief is expressed here in a grave, majestic march by the basses, while the chorus passes in review all the articles of faith. At the *Et Incarnatus* the expression of adoration is admirable. The resurrection, so often treated by composers with an almost fierce energy, is here gently proclaimed by female voices. Then the basses in the *Credo* motive, persistently adhered to, lead us to the *Et vitam venturi seculi*, where the composer in heavenly harmonies lifts a corner of the veil and shows from afar the glories of the celestial Jerusalem. Gounod has written a delightful orchestral interlude for the offertory, the instrumentation of which is in his best style. The *Sanctus* never fails to make a deep impression. The *crescendo* at the close is a magnificent stroke of genius, and very remarkable in the effect produced by the bass drum. Again, in the *Benedictus*, the *Agnus Dei* and *Domine, non sum dignus*, Gounod reasserts his masterly skill in expression. From this hasty and altogether insufficient description there has been omitted all mention of the method of treatment pursued by the composer — the system of division, that is, with solos and concerted movements. The execution of the work was very fine, after making proper allowance for the limited opportunities for rehearsal of chorus and orchestra.

After the Mass, the following selections formed the second part: —

Overture, "Zanetta" . . . . *Auber.*
Orchestra.
Song, "Santa Maria" . . . . *Faure.*
Mr. W. H. Beckett.
Aria, "Gratias agimus tibi" . . . . . . *Guglielmi.*
Mrs. H. M. Smith. Flute obligato.
Song, "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee" . *Hodson.*
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Potpourri, "Faust" . . . . *Gounod.*

The Thursday evening concert, also with chorus and orchestra, had more of "the dignity of a festival occasion" than the preceding miscellaneous concerts. This was the programme: —

Overture, "Tannhäuser" . . . . *Wagner.*
Orchestra.
Aria, from "Masked Ball," . . . . . . *Verdi.*
Mr. W. H. Beckett.
Aria, "Qui la voce" . . . . *Bellini.*
Mrs. Anna Granger Dow.
Cavatina, "Salve dimora," from "Faust" . . *Gounod.*
Mr. T. J. Toedt.
Vintagers' Chorus, from "Loreley" . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Basses and tenors of chorus.
Aria, "Oh, don fatale," from "Don Carlos" . . *Verdi.*
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Song, "I love thee" . . . . *Buck.*
Mr. Beckett.
Song, "What are they to do?" . . . . . *Randegger.*
Mrs. Dow.
Duet, "Si la stanchezza," from "Il Trovatore" *Verdi.*
Miss Cary, Mr. Toedt.
Polonaise, from "Struensee" . . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Orchestra.
Recitative, "Awake, Saturnia," and aria, "Iris, hence away," from "Semele" . . . . . *Handel.*
Miss Cary.
Song, "The Harbor-Bay" . . . . . . *J. F. Barnett.*
Mr. Toedt.
Canon-quartette, from "Fidelio" . . . . *Beethoven.*
Mr. Dow, Miss Cary, Mr. Toedt, Mr. Beckett.
Solo and chorus, "Crowned with the Tempest," from "Ernani" . . . . *Verdi.*
Solo by Mr. Beckett.

Miss Cary's rendering of the noble Aria from Handel's *Semele*, as well as of the very dramatic aria by Verdi; the Quartet from *Fidelio*, the Vintagers' Chorus from the *Loreley*, and the two orchestral pieces, must have been well worth hearing.

Friday (Sept. 26) was the last and great day of the Festival, which appears to have improved both in the matter and the manner of performance, as well as in public interest, as it went on. The seventh concert (afternoon) offered a really interesting programme: —

Overture, "Anacreon" . . . . *Cherubini.*
Orchestra.
Ave Maria, from "Loreley" . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Miss Henrietta Beebe, and chorus of ladies.
Aria, "Cujus Animam," from "Stabat Mater" *Rossini.*
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Symphony, No. 8 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Orchestra.
Duet, "Oh, Flower of the verdant Sea," from "Rebekah" . . . . *Barnby.*
Miss Beebe and Mr. Wilkie.
Piano sonata, op. 7 . . . . *Grieg.*
Mr. S. Liebling.
Aria, "As when the Dove," from "Acis and Galatea" . . . . *Handel.*
Miss Beebe.
Polonaise, from "Struensee" . . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Orchestra.
Aria, "Let us eat and drink," from "The Prodigal Son" . . . . *Sullivan.*
Mr. Wilkie and Chorus.

In the evening the Festival reached its climax in a very creditable performance of Handel's *Messiah*, under the bâton, of course, of Carl Zerrahn, who had made numerous trips to Worcester to drill into unity the four or five hundred voices of the various societies and choirs from all parts of the country. The solo singers were Miss Ida W. Hubbell, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Theo. J. Toedt, and Mr. John F. Winch. We need not to be told how well the Alto and Bass recitatives and arias were sung. For the rest we will again cite the *Advertiser*: —

"Miss Hubbell proved to be a pleasing and well-trained vocalist. Her voice is of a delight-

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ful quality, and her delivery shewed good judgment throughout. She seems to be one of those rare singing birds who are endowed with a strong musical feeling, to which cultivation has only added a finish without a sacrifice of the gift of nature. The declamatory parts in the portions describing the scene in the fields at Bethlehem were given in excellent style, as was also the aria, 'Rejoice greatly.' That she could also express the delicate emotions was satisfactorily shown in her execution of 'Come unto me.' The audience was interested and generous in applause, but no encores were granted. Mr. Toedt confirmed and strengthened the excellent impression made last evening. The opening recitative and aria were sung with a most refined taste, especially in the matter of phrasing. His enunciation deserves eqoal admiration for its distinctness. All of his work, in a word, was done in a most artistic manner. Mr. Sumner's organ accompaniments were judiciously played, and orchestra and chorus reflected the highest credit on Mr. Zerrahn's training. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by an interested and closely attentive audience. The association had never before sung the *Messiah*, though it had been given by the local society which forms the nucleus of the association. Several of the choruses were, however, entirely new to all but a very small proportion of the choir."

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MME. CAPPIANI, the accomplished prima donna and successful vocal teacher, has returned to her numerous pupils, at her rooms in Winter Street. The call for her services is so great in New York that she will teach there on Saturday and Monday every week, and in Boston from Tuesday to Friday inclusive.

Many, too, will welcome the return to our city of Mme. ERMINA RUDERSDORFF, after her great successes in New York. There is room enough for both, and enough for them to do in properly educating young singers for concert, oratorio, and opera.

Mr. William H. Sherwood, the pianist, is in much demand for concerts in New York and elsewhere. In Boston he has removed from his music rooms in West Street to 157 Tremont Street, next door to Chickering's warerooms. — His clever pupil, Mr. H. S. Hanchett, has secured rooms for teaching in the same building.

The first of the five popular concerts by Mr. Listemann's "Philharmonic Orchestra," will be given in the Music Hall, October 25. Here is a list of some of the pieces in the répertoire: —

Beethoven: Symphony in F. Selections.
Overture, "Egmont."
Overture, "Leonore No. 3."
Schumann: Symphony in D minor. Selections.
Overture, "Manfred."
Symphonie in C. Scherzo and Adagio.
"Evening Song." Adapted for orchestra by Raff.
Raff: Leonore Symphony. Selections.
Spohr: Overture, "Jessonda."
Mendelssohn: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream."
Wagner: Overture, "Tannhäuser."
Introduction to Lohengrin.
Bach: Air and Gavotte.
Chaconne. Adapted for orchestra by Saint-Saëns.
Schubert: Unfinished Symphony in B minor.
Liszt: Preludes.
Hungarian Rhapsodies.
Polonaise in E.
"Faust" Symphony, Gretchen movement.
"Tasso." Symphonique Poem.
Mozart: Overture, "Magic Flute."
"A Musical Joke." For strings and two horns.
Zopff: Serenade for wind instruments.
Weber: Overture, "Oberon."
"Invitation a la Danse."
Saint-Saëns: "Danse Macabre."
"Le Rouet d'Omphale."
Tschaikowski: Andante for string orchestra.
Litolff: Overture, "Robespierre."
Volkmann: Serenade for string orchestra.
Dvorak: "Slavonic Dances."
Svendsen: "Carnival in Paris."
Vieuxtemps: Fantasie-Caprice for orchestra.
Johann Strauss, "Waltzes."

ENGLISH OPERA. The season of English opera at the Park Theatre will begin Monday evening, October 13. Miss Emma Abbott is the *prima donna* of the troupe, which also includes Mrs. Seguin and others of repute. An important feature of the season will be the production of Masse's *Paul and Virginia*.

The Globe Theatre will open for the season on Monday night, October 13, with Auber's bright and charming opera of *Crown Diamonds*. The company will include Miss Laura Schirmer, Miss Clara Poole, Mr. Charles R. Adams, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Henry Peakes, and others. Gounod's *Mock Doctor* will probably be produced during the season.

One of the coming musical events that will attract especial attention will be the visit of Carlotta Patti. She will be accompanied by the same artists who have assisted her in New York, two of whom, Mr. Henry Ketten, the Hungarian pianist, and Mr. Ernest De Munck, the violoncellist, are spoken of in terms of high praise. Sig. Ciampi-Cellaj and Mr. L. A. Phelps are also members of the troupe. The former is a baritone of the modern Italian school, and the latter a tenor, who has passed some years in Europe. The concerts will be given in Music Hall on the evenings of October 15 and 17, and the afternoon of October 18. — *Courier*.

The following information concerning the purposes of The Cecilia for the coming season has been published: Four concerts will be given, no one of which will be repeated. The first two concerts will be in Music Hall, and at the first, to be given probably December 22, *Odysseus*, a cantata by Max Bruch, will be sung, with orchestral accompaniment. The second concert will probably be given February 9, and its programme will be made up of one of Bach's shorter cantatas, part-songs, and madrigals, and pieces for solo voices. The remaining concerts of the season will be in April and May. The programmes for these concerts cannot be announced definitely as yet, but one of them will undoubtedly contain Schumann's music to *Manfred* with orchestra, the dialogue being given by a reader. — *Ibid*.

The Albany Musical Association have engaged Tweddle Hall for two nights in the early part of December, the first night for the oratorio of *St. Paul*, and the second for a miscellaneous concert. Miss Fanny Kellogg, Myron W. Whitney, and Wm. H. Fessenden of Boston, and Mrs. Fassett of Albany, are to be the soloists, and the Germania orchestra of Boston, Bernard Listemann leader, will furnish the accompaniment.

NEW YORK. — The concert given by Theodore Thomas last night, on the occasion of the reopening of Steinway Hall, might almost be called a festival. The room was crowded, and a bright and sympathetic audience testified by loud and long applause the popular gratification at Thomas's return. With a fine programme, a noble performance, and a brilliant assemblage of listeners, nothing was lacking to the success of the evening. The old orchestra was there, very little changed in its *personnel*; and when the conductor took his old place at the desk a storm of welcome broke out. The following was the bill: —

Symphony No. 2	*Beethoven.*
Air, from the suite in D	*J. S. Bach.*
Piano-forte Concerto	*Schumann.*
Mr. F. Rummel.	
Slavonic Dance	*Dvorak.*
Siegfried Idyl	*Wagner.*
Fantasia on Hungarian Airs	*Liszt.*
Mr. F. Rummel.	

There was one absolute novelty in this list, namely, the Slavonic Dance, in minuet time, the fourth of a series of eight, by Anton Dvorak. It is a composition of considerable strength and originality, full of pomp and splendor, and betraying the characteristic national taste for a semi-barbaric magnificence. The Siegfried Idyl, fascinating to hear, difficult to execute or interpret, has been played here by Thomas before, but it is little known. Mr. Rummel played the Schumann Concerto with force, freedom, and a fine technique, and made a still more marked impression by his spirited rendering of Liszt's heroic Fantasia, the orchestra in both pieces lending him an admirable support.

The great features of the concert, however, were the Symphony and the Bach Air; the first was enthusiastically applauded after every movement; the second was re-demanded. — *Tribune, Oct. 7.*

Of the orchestral prospects generally, "Delta" writes as follows to the *Transcript*: "The programme of the first concert of the New York Philharmonic comprises Berlioz's 'King Lear' overture, Wagner's 'Ride of the Walkyries,' and 'Siegfried's Death,' the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, and, with the aid of Mr. Franz Rummel, the Tschaikowsky Concerto. The programmes of the Brooklyn society will probably be similar to those in New York, and a larger orchestra than ever before will be employed. It was to the enterprise of the Brooklyn society that the public was indebted last winter for the opportunity of seeing Mr. Thomas as conductor of an orchestra in this vicinity, and it is by the courtesy of the same society, in changing the long-established evenings of its concerts, that Mr. Thomas is now able to appear in New York.

"Mr. Gotthold Carlberg's success with the course of symphony concerts, given at Chickering Hall last season, was so decided as to encourage the management to give another series of six rehearsals and six concerts, beginning in November. A number of orchestral novelties are promised, including Hugo Ulrich's 'Symphonie Triomphale,' Anton Dvorak's 'First Slavonic Rhapsody,' the entire music to the drama 'Struensee,' by Meyerbeer, and Tschaikowsky's latest symphonic work. Mr. Carlberg is an accomplished musician and an excellent conductor, his orchestra, forty-five in number, is a thoroughly competent one, and the concerts will doubtless prove to be, as they were last season, attractive and entertaining.

"Dr. Leopold Damrosch will, as usual, conduct the orchestra of the Symphony Society of New York during the coming season. Six rehearsals and six concerts will be given by the society at Steinway Hall, and it will have the assistance of the chorus of the Oratorio Society, and of the male chorus of the Arion Society, the best of our German musical organizations. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust' will be given during the week, and several new works of interest will also be brought out. The season is sure to be a prosperous one."

The Oratorio Society has already begun its rehearsals and under the charge of Dr. Damrosch, some excellent work may be expected from it at the concerts and public rehearsals to be given during the season. *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* music are among the works to be produced, and it is probable that for the solo parts the aid of Mme. Gerster and of Miss Thursby will be secured. — *Ibid.*

Of pianists and their promises the name is legion, and the catalogue thereof must form a topic by itself another time.

The Salem Oratorio Society will give two concerts the coming season. At the first, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* will be rendered, and at the second, Haydn's *Seasons*.

FOREIGN.

DR. VON BULOW, like a giant refreshed, returned to his work as conductor of the Hanover Opera House last week. The Doctor resolved to give the Hanoverians a taste of his quality, so he offered them the "Tannhäuser," "Don Giovanni," "Der Freischütz," and "Le Prophète" in one week. Furthermore, finding that "Carmen" had for some reason or other been neglected by many German opera houses, he has resolved to give it, it is stated, for the first time in Germany, with Frau Koch as the heroine. Berlioz' "Beatrice and Benedick" will also be given. In November the Doctor will give two recitals at Cologne, and will then have a short concert tour through Germany, afterwards coming to England. — *Figaro, Sept. 13.*

ON Monday Mr. Arthur Sullivan, having returned from his Swiss holiday, appeared at the Promenade Concerts and conducted the C minor symphony of Beethoven. On Thursday he was expected at Hereford to conduct "The Light of the World." Madame Essipoff is still the great attraction of Messrs. Gatti's concerts, where she will be succeeded to-night by Mr. Charles Hallé. The last English programme included a brilliantly written March from the pen of Mr. Duvivier, the prelude from a cantata, "Hagobert," by Mr. Barnett; and a symphony in G minor from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Clarke. The last-named work is a neatly written specimen on the old models, remarkable more for the excellence of the workmanship than for any particular display of individuality. Both Mr. Clarke and Mr. Duvivier conducted their own compositions. The programme on Tuesday included a gavotte in F by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, the "Siege of Rochelle" overture of Balfe, and the "Hebrides" overture of Mendelssohn. On Wednesday the classical programme included the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart and Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, played by Madame Essipoff. — *Figaro, Sept. 13.*

PARIS, Sept. 14. — Gustave Hippolyte Roger, the famous French tenor, is dead at the age of sixty-four.

He was born near Paris, August 27, 1815. He studied at the Conservatoire, and was engaged as a tenor at the Opera Comique from 1838 to 1846, after which he accompanied Jenny Lind to London. Subsequently he appeared in grand opera, but was not as successful in that line as on the comic stage. In Berlin he won favor in "Les Huguenots" and in "La Dame Blanche;" in Munich in "La Juive," and in Hamburg in "Le Prophete," when he sang in German. He was again at the Paris Grand Opera from 1853 to 1859. In the latter year he lost an arm while hunting, and although he subsequently appeared with an artificial arm he never acquired his former popularity. In 1868 he was appointed Professor of Singing at the Paris Conservatoire.

HERR WAGNER announces in the *Bayreuther Blätter* that the first representation of his new opera, "Parsifal," cannot take place in 1880, as he hoped, and that he is dependent on the state of the subscription list in progress before he can resume the "Bühnenfestspiele."

MAD. CLARA SCHUMANN celebrated her sixtieth birthday on the 13th September.

JOACHIM and Brahms have taken advantage of a holiday trip in Transylvania to give concerts together in the principal towns there.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 162.)

AT about the end of the third decade of the present century, those two great geniuses, Beethoven and Schubert, had completed their artistic career. For a full century the musical movement which began with Haydn, from a new point of departure (the free unfolding of the melodic-harmonic style), had its field mostly in south Germany, especially in Austria, and still more especially within the city of Vienna. On the contrary, the two most prominent masters who continued the same movement, and, led by their own genius, strove to turn it into new paths, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Robert Schumann, belong again to the north. They found the art, as generally practiced, shallow and degenerate. Beethoven and Schumann had already suffered under the influence, and Schumann for ten long years waged war against it even with the weapons of the word. The very ascendency of piano-forte music on the one hand, and of Italian opera on the other, as well as the direction taken by the most respected representatives of piano music, with Hummel at their head, conduced to this degeneration. All art threatened to go under in a shallow, empty stringing out of phrases, in a merely sensuous jingle; and virtuosity began, particularly since the appearance of Liszt and Thalberg, to play the first part and to harvest the laurels (and not laurels merely!) which had been much more sparingly bestowed upon the great creative geniuses, to say nothing more.

With all the earnestness of a genuine artistic nature, Mendelssohn set himself against this running wild of art; and he it was, too, who did most to revive the half extinct interest in Sebastian Bach, in many respects the greatest musician of all times. He, as well as his genial and slightly younger contemporary, Schumann, introduced certain new elements into music, which (as Wagner justly maintains) had already completed its great orbit, for every art exhausts itself at last. In the domain of Piano music these new elements are even more decidedly prominent in the productions of Schumann, especially the smaller works, than in those of Mendelssohn.

But before passing to a summary consideration of what these two most prominent representatives of the newest phase of music (with whom in some respects Chopin also should be coupled) have done in art, I will first mention, for the sake of greater completeness, two artists, one of whom, both as composer, and as virtuoso and teacher, exercised through several decades an important influence, namely, Ignaz Moscheles; the other, Ludwig Berger, to be sure, became of no remarkable importance for the general development of art, yet, on the part of the piano-playing world at least, deserves more consideration than seems ever to have fallen to his lot.

Moscheles as a Piano composer, belongs on the whole to the direction in which Hummel led off, and his Concerto in G-minor may be called one of its noblest products. His clever, interesting *Concert phantastique*, on the contrary, breathes a warmer, more impassioned tone than we commonly find in Hummel's compositions, since even those of a pathetic subject seldom deny a certain academic character. The *Etudes* by Moscheles have become favorites on account of their technical utility, and because this book of Studies unites the *utile cum dulci* in a felicitous and tasteful manner; it may be counted among the most excellent and most commendable works of its kind, — a kind which unfortunately through several decades has been altogether too much exploited, and has produced many weeds, among them Czerny's *Etudes*, which, devoid of all musical charm and ideal contents, degrade the young player to a mere rude machine. In the third part of the Moscheles *Etudes*, we remark already that striving after characteristic expression, so-called, which has become so important for the newer and still more the newest phase of art, and which we are accustomed to call "programme music." But on the whole this third part is inferior to the first two, and runs very much into the turgid style.

Of Berger I must be content here with merely mentioning the name, with the fact that of him too we possess some (in part) exceedingly fine Sonatas, and above all an *Etude* work of real genius, which, while it is "very useful for practice," at the same time affords rare artistic enjoyment — musical champagne — such as we get still more sparkling to be sure in these later days.

Less so from Mendelssohn, whose works on the whole bear a far more staid, collected character, than those of Schumann, especially his youthful productions, or those of Chopin, the Pole who was ripened in the Champagne province, whose muse shows now a dreamy, melancholy, gloomily impassioned, now an excessively bold and even a coquettish countenance and in sheer nervous irritability is prone to welter in the sensuous charms of sound.

Mendelssohn, like Moscheles, of Jewish origin, seems of less conspicuous, or "epoch-making" importance for a history of piano-forte music (although he has "made a school" decidedly), inasmuch as it can hardly be said that he has introduced an essentially new element on *this* field of art, although he did develop a certain individuality of style which found imitators on all sides. Moreover, Mendelssohn never concentrated his great artistic energies upon the piano-forte, as Chopin did, who spent nearly his whole force on that, or as Schumann did in his first period. One of his most brilliant firstlings was an orchestral work, the altogether charming, highly genial Overture to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In his admired and famous *Songs without Words*, for the piano-forte, he has indeed in a certain sense given a new form. Yet not unfitly may, for example, the Adagio in Beethoven's C-sharp minor ("Moonlight") Sonata, and Field's Nocturnes, be designated also as *Songs without Words;* in fact the predominance of *Cantilena*, and a more homophonous structure altogether, forms the distinctive characteristic of the more modern instrumental music. Under the influence of song writing, it has already become decidedly prominent in Schubert, just as in the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, compared to those of Bach, the contrapuntal, polyphonous element recedes into the background before the melodic-harmonic, homophonous manner. Mendelssohn, although a very rich mind, yet much inferior in inventive faculty to Beethoven, the incomparable, had formed for himself a quite peculiar phraseology, which, although with ingenious variations, recurs continually in most of his instrumental, at any rate his piano-forte works, whereby they acquire a certain mannerism, — which, by the way, may also be remarked in Mozart (much more than in Haydn), and from which, among all the epochal composers and tone-poets of old or modern times, only Beethoven and Schubert seem to be wholly free.

There also reigns in Mendelssohn's piano music, taken as a whole, a certain sentimental elegiac trait on the one hand, and a nervous passionate excitement on the other, which has become a fundamental feature of all modern art. The plastic repose, the lovely, beatific harmony, in which Haydn's and Mozart's, and for the most part, too, Beethoven's creations glide away like silver swans, or like the eagle, in majestic flight, sailing through the sea of clouds, has vanished out of art. The blooming muse betrays a sickly tendency, and her announcements show at times a great resemblance to feverish dreams. While the triad of the three great masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, can be considered almost as a unity, whose elements have strengthened in a century's development, it may be said that the Melody so firmly founded by these masters has since fallen into an unquiet, wavering condition, and has more and more given way to ingenious but vague restless phrases floating up and down. Music is undergoing the same transformation that we see also in the phases of Painting: drawing steps back, the outlines of the forms melt more and more away, while the element of color presses into the foreground. This change was already prepared, on various sides, through Beethoven, in the works of his last period, and through Schubert, on the one hand, as it was through Hummel and the virtuoso tendency on the other, and it has been

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furthered by the general course of mental, moral, and artistic culture. And it stood out in the most marked manner, both on the positive and the negative side, precisely in the works of Schumann, of whom I have yet to speak somewhat more fully.

Of Mendelssohn's piano-forte works, therefore, I must content myself with remarking that, far as they fall behind the productions of his great overpowering and unapproachable predecessor, Beethoven, still they have in them a rich fullness of fascinating, genial tone-life. I will only name expressly, and wholly by way of example, the Concerto in D-minor; the superb Variations in E-flat; the beautiful Sonata in D for piano and violoncello; the Fugue compositions, not strict in form, to be sure, but full of life and soul, and always to be counted among the noblest products of the muse of tones; and perhaps, also, those very lovely and interesting inventions, the *Lieder ohne Worte*, on account of the important influence they have exerted in more ways than one. But it was the elfin, fairy element which the great artist succeeded in expressing in the most admirable and genial way; hence we find this manner of expression so frequently recurring with him, as it predominated in his surprisingly early and wonderful *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture. In poetry and painting, likewise, at that time, there was a fond reawakening of these phantoms of elves and water nixies; with Mendelssohn they made their triumphant and most brilliant entry into the tone-realm, which possesses just the fittest means of expression for these airy creatures born of human fancy.

(Conclusion in next number.)

HOW ROSSINI WROTE "OTELLO," AS RELATED BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Translated from Figaro, Paris.)

Rossini had just arrived at Naples, already preceded by a great reputation. The first person he met after leaving his carriage was, as might have been expected, the impresario of San Carlo. Barbaja was in front of the *maestro*, arms and heart open, and without giving him time to advance a step or speak a word, said: —

"I come to make you three offers, and I hope you will refuse no one of them."

"I will *listen* to them," replied Rossini, with that delicate smile that you know.

"I offer you my house for yourself and your attendants."

"I accept."

"I offer you my table for yourself and your friends."

"I accept."

"I make you an offer to write for me and my theatre a new opera."

"I don't accept!"

"How? You refuse to work for me?"

"Neither for you nor for anybody. I am not going to write any more music."

"You are mad, my dear sir."

"It is as I have the honor to assure you."

"And what did you come to Naples for?"

"To eat maccaroni and sip ices. It is my delight."

"I will have ices prepared for you by my *limonadier*, who is the first of Toledo; and I myself will cook maccaroni for you that will make your mouth water."

"Diable! that becomes enticing."

"But you will give me an opera in exchange?"

"We will see."

"Take a month, two months, six months, all the time you desire."

"Say six months, then."

"It is understood."

"Let us go to supper."

From that evening the Barbaja palace was placed at the disposition of Rossini. The proprietor completely eclipsed himself; and the celebrated *maestro* was enabled to feel quite at home, in the strictest acceptation of the word. All his friends, or even simple acquaintances that he met in his promenades, he unceremoniously invited to Barbaja's table, to whom Rossini did the honors with perfect ease.

As to Barbaja, faithful to the rôle of cook that he had imposed upon himself, he every day invented some new dish, opened the oldest bottles of wine in his cellar, and treated all the strangers that Rossini brought to his house as if they had been the best friends of his father. Only, toward the end of the repast, in a careless way, and his lips weathed with smiles, he would slip between the fruit and the cheese some allusions to the forthcoming opera, and the brilliant success it must bring. But whatever oratorical precaution the honest impresario made use of to remind his guest of the obligation he had contracted produced no more effect than would the three words at the feast of Belshazzar. These incidental reminders by Barbaja became unpleasant to Rossini, and he finally politely requested him to withdraw in the future from the *dessert!*

Meantime the months rolled away; the libretto had been long time finished, and as yet nothing signified that the *maestro* had set himself at work. To dinners succeeded country parties, — the chase, fishing, horseback riding, etc. Barbaja was in a fury twenty times a day, and bursting with the envy of *éclat*. He controlled himself, however, for nobody had greater faith than himself in the incomparable genius of Rossini.

For five months Barbaja kept silent with exemplary resignation. But the morning of the first day of the sixth month, seeing that there was no more time to lose, he drew the *maestro* aside and held the following conversation with him: —

"Ah, my dear sir, do you know that it only lacks twenty-nine days for the fixed epoch?"

"What epoch?" asked Rossini with the surprise of a man to whom one has addressed an incomprehensible question, intended for another.

"The 30th of May."

"The 30th of May?"

Same pantomime.

"Did you not promise me a new opera to be produced on that date?"

"Ah, did I promise?"

"'Tis all nonsense now to pretend astonishment," cried the impresario, whose patience was at an end. "I have awaited the utmost delay, counting upon your genius and the extreme facility in work with which God has endowed you. Now it is impossible for me to wait longer; I must have my opera."

"Can't some old opera be arranged with a new name?"

"You think that possible? — and the artists expressly engaged to sing in a new opera?"

"You can put them under fine."

"And the public?"

"You can close the theatre."

"And the king?"

"You can hand in your resignation."

"All that is true to a certain point. But if neither the artists, the public, nor the king can keep me to my promise, I have given my word, sir, and Domenico Barbaja has never failed in his word of honor."

"That makes a difference!"

"Then promise me to begin to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, impossible; I have a fishing party at Fusaro."

"Very well," said Barbaja, thrusting his hands in his pockets, "we'll talk no longer about it. I will see what part it remains for me to take."

And he left without another word.

That evening Rossini ate his supper with a good appetite, and doing the honors at the impresario's table as if he had entirely forgotten the discussion of the morning. In withdrawing, he charged his servant to awaken him at daybreak, and to have the boat ready for Fusaro. He then went to his room and slept the sleep of the just.

Next day, the five hundred clocks which the blessed city of Naples possesses struck twelve, and Rossini's servant had not yet made an appearance; the sun darted his rays through the shutters. Rossini awoke with a bound, half rose in bed, rubbed his eyes and rang! — the bell rope remained in his hand.

He called through the window that looked into the court, — not a sound to be heard.

He shook the door of his room; it resisted all his efforts, being walled up on the outside.

Then Rossini, returning to the window, began to shout for help. He had not even the consolation of the response of an echo, the Barbaja palace being the deafest building in the world.

Only one resource remained to him: to jump from the fourth story window; but to the praise of Rossini it must be said that he never for one moment thought to do that.

After the lapse of a full hour, Barbaja showed his cotton cap at a window of the third floor. Rossini, who still stood at his own window, felt like flinging a tile at him; he contented himself, however, in overwhelming him with imprecations.

"Do you wish anything?" sang up the impresario in a wheedling tone.

"I wish to get out of this room at once!"

"You will get out when your opera is done."

"But this is arbitrary imprisonment!"

"Arbitrary if you like it: but I must have my opera."

"I will complain of this to all the artists, and we will see."

"I will put the artists under fine."

"I will inform the public!"

"I will close the theatre."

"I will go even to the king!"

"I will resign my position."

Rossini perceived that he was caught in his own net. Also, as a clever man, he changed his tone and manner, and said in a calm voice: —

"I accept the jokes and will not be angry. But may I know when I am to have my liberty?"

"When the last scene of the opera is in my hands," replied Barbaja, lifting his cap.

"All right; send this evening for the overture."

At night Barbaja promptly received a sheet of music, upon which was written in large letters, "Overture of Otello."

The salon of Barbaja was filled with musical celebrities at the moment when he received the first installment from his prisoner. One of them immediately sat down to the piano to decipher the new *chef d'œuvre*, and concluded that Rossini was not a man, but that, like a god, he created without effort and without work, by the sole power of his will. Barbaja, rendered nearly frantic with joy, tore the sheet from the hands of the admirers and sent it to be copied. The next day he received another installment, on which was written "First Act of Otello." This, like the other, was immediately sent to the copyists, who performed their work with the mute passiveness that Barbaja had accustomed them to.

At the end of three days, the partition of *Otello* had been delivered and copied. The impresario could not calmly abide his happiness. He embraced Rossini, made the most touching

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and sincere excuses for the stratagem he had employed, and begged him to conclude his work by attending the rehearsals. "I will go myself to the artists," replied Rossini lightly, "and hear them sing their rôles. As to the orchestra, I will hear them at my rooms."

"Very well, my dear, make your own arrangements. My presence is not necessary, and I will admire your masterpiece at the general rehearsal. Yet once again, I beg you to pardon the way in which I have behaved."

"Not a word more of that, or *I shall* be angry."

"Then at the general rehearsal?"

"At the general rehearsal."

The day of the general rehearsal finally came: it was the evening prior to this famous 30th of May, which had cost Barbaja so many panics. The singers were at their posts, the musicians took their places in the orchestra, Rossini sat at the piano.

A few elegant ladies and privileged men occupied the proscenium boxes. Barbaja, radiant and triumphant, rubbed his hands, and walked back and forth, whistling. The overture was first played; wild applause shook the arches of San Carlo. Rossini arose and bowed.

"Bravo!" cried Barbaja. "Let us have the cavatina of the tenor."

Rossini resented himself at the piano; everybody was silent; the first violinist raised his bow, and all re-began to play the overture. The same applauses, yet even more enthusiastic if possible, broke forth at its conclusion.

Rossini rose and bowed.

"Bravo! Bravo!" repeated Barbaja; "now let us pass to the cavatina."

The orchestra began for the third time to play the overture.

"Ah, there," cried Barbaja exasperated, "all that is delightful; but we have n't the time to play that from now till to-morrow! Begin the cavatina!"

But despite the injunction of the impresario, the orchestra continued none the less to play the overture. Barbaja threw himself upon the first violinist, and taking him by the collar, shouted in his ear: "Why the devil have you kept playing this for the last hour?"

"Why," he replied with a phlegm that would have done honor to a German, "we play what has been given us."

"But turn over the leaves, imbecile!"

"We turn and turn, and find only the overture."

"How? only the overture!" cried the impresario paling, "it is then an atrocious mystification?"

Rossini rose and bowed.

But Barbaja had fallen motionless in an armchair. The prima donna, the tenor, everybody crowded around him. For a moment it was feared that he was stricken with apoplexy.

Rossini, grieved that his joke had taken so serious a turn, approached him with real anxiety.

But at sight of him, Barbaja bounded like a lion, roaring at him: —

"Away from here, traitor, or you suffer harm."

"Let us see! Let us see!" said Rossini smiling, "if there be no remedy."

"What remedy, villain? To-morrow is the day for the first representation!"

"What if the prima donna should be suddenly ill?" murmured Rossini in a low voice in the impresario's ear.

"Impossible! she would never be willing to draw upon herself the vengeance and sourness of the public."

"You might persuade her a little to it."

"That would be useless. You don't know Colbran."

"I thought you on the best terms with her."

"All the more reason."

"Will you permit me to try?"

"Do whatever you like: but I warn you that it will be lost time."

"Perhaps."

On the following day, the announcement appeared on the doors of the Saint-Charles that the first representation of *Otello* was postponed on account of the indisposition of the prima donna.

Eight days later, *Otello* was given.

Everybody to-day knows this opera: we have nothing to add. Eight days had been enough for Rossini to make Shakespeare's *chef d'œuvre* forgotten.

After the fall of the curtain, Barbaja, weeping with emotion, sought the *maestro* everywhere in order to press him to his heart; but Rossini, yielding doubtlessly to that modesty which is so becoming to success, had hidden himself from the ovation of the crowd.

The next day Domenico Barbaja rang for his prompter, who also filled the rôle of *valet de chambre*, and being full of impatience sent him to present to his guest the felicitations of the previous evening.

The prompter appeared.

"Go and pray Rossini to come down here," he said.

"Rossini is gone away," replied the prompter.

"How! gone away?"

"Left for Bologna at daybreak."

"Without a word to me?"

"Yes, Monsieur! he left you his adieux."

"Then go and ask Colbran if she will allow me to call upon her."

"Colbran?"

"Yes, Colbran! Are you deaf this morning?"

"Excuse me, but Colbran is gone."

"Impossible!"

"They left in the same carriage."

"The wretch! . . . . She has left me to be Rossini's mistress."

"Pardon, sir, she is his *wife*."

"Ah, I am avenged!" said Barbaja with a peculiar smile. M. W. F.

RICHARD WAGNER TO THE NEW WORLD.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet ——

HERR RICHARD WAGNER thinks — and probably some people agree with him — that he has said enough in European hearing about his artistic aims. "The Old World," he tells us, "and especially that part of it included in our new Germany, will hear no more from me directly on this subject." Herr Wagner, however, has considerately exempted the New World from the pains and penalties of his silence, and he has now written, for the *North American Review*, a paper, "The Work and Mission of my Life" which he leads us to believe no European editor could have torn from him with wild horses. Happy America! But why this preference? In the first place, because the Old World is hopeless. Beethoven was a giant, but after him came "the Jew Meyerbeer," with his coarseness and triviality; Mendelssohn, who could do no more than introduce into music a "graceful good society element;" and Schumann, "a tasteful composer of little, spirited, and pleasant songs and pieces for the piano," who took to writing symphonies, oratorios, and operas. Under the auspices of these men, and others like them, "the German intellect degenerated into a complete unproductiveness in art, severing the living and active bonds that bound it to a great national past, and undertaking to create, unaided, an art intended only for 'amateurs' and 'connoisseurs.'" Disgusted at all this, Herr Wagner looks hopefully to America as the place where the German spirit will soon reach "untrammeled development," for in that land the German mind can swell out in freedom, "*unoppressed by the wretched burdens left upon it by a melancholy history.*" This, and much more like it, will please the master's transatlantic readers, and it really sounds very big and grand; but when we call to remembrance that the fullest Wagnerian expansion of the German art-spirit is represented by a drama compounded of gods, giants, dwarfs, talking birds and beasts, a magic ring, a flavor of incest, and a good deal of dreary music, the temptation arises to suggest an expansion of American protective duties in the form of a heavy poll-tax on German immigrants. — *D. T. in London Musical World.*

MUSICAL MATTERS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

BY DR. EDUARD HANSLICK.

ON returning home, after a longish absence, we often find on our writing-table something which has altogether refused to turn up during our journey: materials for a feuilleton. Thus I was welcomed back by a neat pile of new musical works, newspapers, and letters, among which I found a great deal calculated to interest my readers as well as myself. Above all, there were several communications from Paris, where there is never any want of activity in the domain of music.

HISTORICAL BALLETS IN PARIS.

In a letter from a friend I find a description of the fête recently given by Gambetta, as President of the Chamber of Deputies. The newspapers have supplied their readers with plenty of particulars. But one part of it strikes me as sufficiently new and important to have attention again directed to it: I allude to the execution of various *old dances*. Gambetta had dances of the time of the Revolution executed in his salons with the original music and in the costume of the period. The first realization of this original idea, which rises far above mere amusement, I myself witnessed last year in Paris, and still retain a fresh and lively impression of it. The Paris Exhibitions, it must be acknowledged, greatly excelled in one respect all other undertakings of a similar nature; namely, in the extraordinary hospitality and unbounded sociableness displayed towards every visitor. Nowhere else had a foreigner, with good recommendations, a juror, a government commissary, or an exhibitor, enjoyed such ample opportunities for attending brilliant private parties as he enjoyed in Paris. The first dignitaries of the state and of the city, and, above all, the ministers, considered it their duty (a duty utterly ignored in other countries) to do the honors of Paris to foreigners. Almost every week one or other of the ministers gave a brilliant evening party, at which you heard the most celebrated singers and virtuosos. As a proof of the well-nigh unsurpassable richness and variety of the programmes on such occasions in the year 1867, I will mention an evening party given by Marshal Vaillant, Minister of Fine Arts, when a one-act comedy, an old comic operetta, and some unpublished operatic fragments of Meyerbeer's were performed in costume by the leading members of the Théâtre-Français, the Opéra-Comique, and the Grand Opera. It seemed as if the best displays of the kind were exhausted in the palmy year of the Second Empire, and that nothing was left for the gatherings during the Exhibition of 1878. But the French always discover something new. On the 11th June last year, M. Bardoux, Minister of

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Public Instruction, offered his guests an entirely original and charming entertainment, namely, a historical concert in dances. This certainly comes under the category of novel surprises, and should excite emulation in other quarters. But such an idea cannot be carried out so easily, for it requires two persons with whom we do not often meet: a scholar conversant with dances, and a *danseuse* who is also a scholar. The minister found the former in Théodore de Lajarte, a man thoroughly well versed in the history of music, and the latter in Mlle. Laura Fonta, of the Grand Opera. The two between them arranged the whole entertainment in conformity with old choreographic drawings, pictures, and scores. We first witnessed, on a pretty stage at the extreme end of the large apartment, two much talked-of dances of the sixteenth century, the *Pavane* and the *Volte*, executed, in French Court costume of the period, by three female and three male dancers from the Opera. The *Volte* was one of the most popular, if not exactly the most moral, dances. It was requisite that the male dancer should be a strong man, a *cavalier gaillard;* he had to whirl his partner round several times and then lift her high up in the air. Yet the *Volte* was danced at all Court balls, and Queen Margot was celebrated as a famous *Volteuse*. Completely unlike the *Volte*, the *Pavane* was full of ceremonious dignity, and danced by the gentlemen with cloak, sword, and covered head. For the first time in our lives we saw all this, like some old picture vivified, with our own eyes. The whole wound up with the famous "Flower Ballet" from Rameau's *Indes Galantes* (1753). Mademoiselle Fonta and twelve other ladies represented the flowers, round which blustered and sighed two male dancers under the masks of "Boreas and Zephyr." No description can convey, even approximately, a notion of the exceptionally charming picture, so historically true as regards costume, dances, and music. As already mentioned, Théodore de Lajarte, the learned keeper of the archives at the Grand Opera, superintended the musical part, which he had executed by merely five violins and a piano. This accompaniment proved much too small for the dimensions of the large apartment, which was acoustically bad; the music sounded somewhat as though it had come telephonically from Brussels or London.

A HISTORY OF INSTRUMENTATION.

The remark of some one near me that even Lully had employed 24 violins ("Les 24 violons du Roy") was the signal for a conversation on the different handling of the orchestra at different periods, and drew from me an expression of regret at our not yet possessing a *History of Instrumentation*. I remarked that, in the labors of Coussemaker, Fétis, Chrysander, and Ambros, we had merely valuable contributions for such a work, as far as regarded more especially oldish music, but no systematic account, coming down to our own days, of how men used to score at different periods and in different countries and schools. I did not know that a gentleman seated quite near me was then engaged on precisely such a work. His name was Henri Lavoix (Fils), and his book, just published in Paris by F. Didot, is called *Histoire de l'Instrumentation depuis le 16ième siècle jusqu'à nos jours*. The work fills up a gap in the literature of musical history, and is not the first instance of the French anticipating the Germans in musical erudition. Lavoix's *Histoire de l'Instrumentation* supplements and admirably illustrates G. Chouquet's *History of French Opera*, and Lajarte's *Catalogue raisonné* of the Grand Opera, to speak only of works of the most recent date. It contains a mine of information set forth lucidly and pleasingly. It traces the origin of instruments back to the Middle Ages, and follows their development down to the scores of Richard Wagner, while it admirably characterizes the style of instrumentation patronized by various nations and their most eminent composers. If there is anything we miss in the book it is tables with musical examples and diagrams. The later are best found in the richly illustrated new work, *Les Instruments à Archet*, by A. Vidal, and the former in Berlioz. These works have recently been supplemented, too, by an admirable and welcome monograph, *Les Types des Instruments*, published in the *Gazette Musicale* by that thoroughly profound and clever Parisian critic, Jean Weber. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

(To be continued.)

MR. JOSEFFY'S DEBUT IN NEW YORK.

The young Hungarian pianist, Rafael Joseffy, who made at Chickering Hall last night his first appearance in America, achieved an instant and brilliant success. If little has been heard about him here, it is because hitherto he has almost confined his sphere of activity to Vienna, and musical news is longer and more uncertain in reaching us from Vienna than from any other part of the world. Musicians and connoisseurs, however, were not ignorant of his popularity in the Austrian capital; and the concert last night was attended by a throng of accomplished and expectant listeners who watched the performance with the most critical care. In the applause of such an audience an artist finds the best ratification of his title to fame.

To most of the assemblage we presume that Joseffy was a great surprise. When we hear of a phenomenal young pianist, especially of the modern school, we usually think of a "pounder." Joseffy is anything but that. He is brilliant, yet not noisy, dashing without clatter. Neither does he dazzle us with flashes of irregular splendor, or overcome us with outbursts of passion and tempest. His playing, full as it is of light, of life, of glowing color and of strong feeling, is justly measured and exquisitely symmetrical. Indeed, 't is most brilliant when 't is most delicate. It is when Joseffy executes the softest passages of Chopin that we feel surest in declaring him the most dashing of all pianists. His execution is not more remarkable for its facility than for its nicety. There is perhaps no pianist now living whose work is so clean. Every note has its exact value and makes its exact effect. Every phrase is so clear that it shines; and every little embellishment keeps its outlines perfect. Nor is his precision the result of mere mechanical practice. It seems, on the contrary, to be the simplest expression of a poetical nature highly endowed with a sense of the beauty of form and proportion. Coupled with this elegance of execution is a wonderful — we are tempted to say an unparalleled — beauty of touch. By touch we mean the sensuous quality of the tone evoked from the instrument through some indefinable art in striking the key, — an art wholly distinct from that of execution, which has to do with combinations and successions of notes rather than with the timbre of each one. If Joseffy's style was a surprise, his tone was a revelation. Few of us believed that the piano could produce sounds so sweet and so varied. Whenever he pressed the key-board he dropped jewels from his fingers.

He played last night with the assistance of an orchestra sympathetically and adroitly conducted by Dr. Damrosch. His first selection was Chopin's beautiful Concerto in E minor. The opening Allegro was played with extreme elegance and a composure that seemed to give the audience some astonishment. The Romanza was warmer. In the Rondo the blood of the artist coursed still more rapidly, and here we had one of the most remarkable exhibitions of virtuosity on the pianoforte that we can call to mind. It roused a storm of enthusiasm, and the performer was recalled again and again. Next came a group of solo pieces; in Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue* Mr. Joseffy's style did not differ very materially from that of other interpreters; in two of his own transcriptions, or études, based on Boccherini's Minuet and Chopin's Waltz in D-flat, he displayed some of the choicest graces of his execution, although it must be confessed that he added little of value to the themes chosen for embellishment, and that he robbed them of characteristic charms. For a recall he played "La Danza," from Liszt's *Venezia e Napoli*. Lastly, in Liszt's E-flat Concerto, he manifested powers in a more stately vein than the first part of the entertainment had called forth, and so he kept the delight of the audience increasing to the very end.

The last test of an artist is in the ability to interpret the deepest thoughts of the grandest composers. It is in this that Von Bülow is great. What Joseffy may be in this respect cannot be determined from the selections presented last night. — *Tribune*, Oct. 14.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XV.

Your picture is not quiet enough. Things don't keep their place. A picture that 's running around might as well be a mouse. You make too much point of everything. You make everything count. Look! there 's a *whole!* Your picture is not. It is all in parts. Things torment you. Don't hook your eye upon an object and draw it up here just as a lobster catches his food. Don't begin by making exceptions! Begin with your rule. Better have things under-cooked than over-done. Food over-done is not fit to give to a beggar.

Be critical; and keep things where they are. Keep them in the frame. Hang what people say — "That head stands out so well — from the frame!"

Painting is the representation of things that are away from you. You paint what is beyond you. First, the sky; then the distance; next, middle ground; last, foreground, with figures, perhaps. Don't make things too visible! Give people spectacles; but don't spoil your work!

You would all paint better if you did n't think so much of what other people will say about your work. Suggestion is the biggest thing in the world. It is a great deal bigger than a fact. Paint the vague something that you see. Don't try to be smarter than nature.

Distance never lends anything but enchantment. Don't lose your distance! Crack ahead! You 're a little bit too conscientious; I mean about painting. I want to see you get vagueness, distance, the subjections which one thing has to another. Learn to sacrifice one thing to surrounding objects! You see a calf staring over a fence. You paint your calf as he looks to you; but if you paint the sky as you think you see it, without any reference to its relation to the calf, you 'll find your sky stuck fast to his ears, instead of being four thousand miles away. But I'm not going to bother you any more. Yours truly!

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

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Get your mind off of your work for a minute and then go at it like a cataract.

I 've carried that portrait as far as I can carry it safely. I know that I am ambitious; and I know that I should like to go on with it as long as I could see anything to do. But I know that if I did so I should carry it steadily backwards; so I oblige myself to stop where I am. I tried to represent an impression. I have done that; and to go and get other qualities that I should like would be to sacrifice something of the simplicity and dignity of the whole.

If you want to make an impression, you must sacrifice as many details as possible. Keep your figure strong, and undisturbed by little things that hinder, not help, and it will strike the beholder like an apparition. If you are going to paint a ghost, you don't give him sixteen rows of buttons. A great sweep of vague drapery, and a figure in it.

But some people would never be satisfied with that. After a Beethoven Symphony they want a little *Jim Crow* tucked on to the end of it to make it pretty.

Your background is too yellow. It makes you think of paint. Anybody would know that you painted it with yellow-ochre. The best thing you can do is to paint it right out with black and white and cobalt, and paint your yellow tints into that. Don't bury your figures under a tombstone of yellow ochre, so that after a year's time, when they come to light, they look wriggling and distressed, as if they had been buried alive.

You get a thing yellow by painting it of some other color, and then using the yellow only where it is needed. If you are painting a tiara of gold, paint the band solidly with black and white, and then touch in the yellow-ochre, full and frankly, and the tremble of the blue or black will help the color of the gold.

You must "go in" for something! You can't go in for nothing at all.

It isn't always the thing you see that's the best. Put in all the pretty things that please your fancy, and you destroy the simplicity of the whole.

You must n't be so ambitious!

"How can I help it?"

You can't.

"I was told when in Europe, to 'work, work.' So I began to paint early in the morning, almost before light" —

An excellent time to paint — when you can't see color!

"Yes; and I painted all day, sometimes without eating, even working late at night by gaslight. I did that seven years, until I lost my health."

And now for seven years you ought to go out of doors, sit under a pine-tree, and say, "What a fool! What a fool!"

THE Hereford Festival (156th meeting of the three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester) began September 9, with a service, followed by *Elijah*, with Mme. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mmes. Enriquez and Patey, Messrs. McGuckin, W. H. Cummings, and Santley as soloists. Second day, Purcell's *Te Deum*, and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* (parts 1 and 2), with Miss Thursby, Mme. Patey, Mr. Cummings, etc., and Spohr's Psalm: "How lovely are thy dwellings" Third day, Dr. Arthur Sullivan's Oratorio, *The Light of the World* (Miss Thursby, Mme. Patey, Messrs. Cummings and McGuckin for tenors, and Mr. Santley, bass; after which, Haydn's *Imperial Mass*. There were also evening miscellaneous concerts, and a concert of chamber music.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

OUR PLANS.

As with the waning year the musical season grows apace, threatening to be more absorbing and more multifarious than ever, we feel the need of all the room our little sheet affords for doing anything like justice to the musical interests and topics of the day. Our columns, therefore, will be henceforth devoted almost exclusively to musical subjects, although we are not bound always to exclude a brief contribution upon other arts, or even of a purely literary character, — for instance, a short poem now and then, *if very good!* The literary element so far has hardly amounted to enough, in quantity at least, to justify its introduction in a paper like this, while we have wanted all the space it occupied for matters purely musical or in some way related to music. Miss Knowlton's interesting reports of the lamented Wm. M. Hunt's "Talks on Art" will still go on until her stock of notes is exhausted; but beyond this we can make no promises regarding any art but music. We look for more of those readable and instructive articles from Mrs. Ritter, in continuance of the series so charmingly begun with her "Study" on George Sand and Chopin. That was music, poetry, art, nature, all in one! Mr. W. F. Apthorp will still be a frequent contributor, sometimes furnishing, as he has so well done before, an editorial "leader." Nor will any of our valued correspondents and contributors be wanting, while new writers will be coming to the front.

Just now we want more room particularly, — and we intend to take it, — first, for musical intelligence, a summary of events in all parts of the musical world; and secondly, for brief reviews of the more important musical publications. We have still further plans *in petto* to be matured before the expiration of the present year and volume, for enlarging the scope of this journal, so as to make it more fully an exponent of the musical activity that centres here in Boston, while it will keep an outlook upon what is passing elsewhere, and make more full report of it than heretofore.

IS ROBERT FRANZ A FAILURE?

I HAVE been much surprised, since I wrote an article on "Additional Accompaniments to Bach and Handel Scores," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1878, to find a great divergence in opinion on this subject among musicians I have chanced to talk with. I had thought Franz's position in this matter as undisputed among unprejudiced musicians as I now think it unassailable. The opponents of Franz in Germany can be fairly ranked in two classes: those of the first class are not musicians, and those of the second are composers, much of whose work in the same field has been so severely (and to my mind so justly) criticised by Franz and his friends, that their attitude toward him must needs have a polemical character. In the wholly rabid condition of what might be called "musical politics" in Germany, it was humanly unavoidable that such a publication as Franz's notable "Open Letter to Dr. Eduard Hanslick" should estrange from him both Johannes Brahms and Josef Joachim, and their legion of sworn admirers.

But certain private expressions of opinion by musicians who have no manner of personal connection with the quarrel between Franz and Julius Schaeffer, on one side, and the Leipziger Bach-Verein, on the other, have struck me as so well worthy of consideration, from their wholly unpartisan origin, that I would here try to answer at least some of them.

Much stress has been laid upon the undoubted fact that, with the exception of the "St. Matthew-Passion," the Franz scores of Bach Cantatas that have been performed in Boston (the "Magnificat" and the "Christmas Oratorio") made a very unsatisfactory affect. This is certainly *prima facie* evidence against Franz. But it would have been nothing short of miraculous if these Cantatas had made a satisfying effect, given under the conditions they then were given under. I would not be thought for a moment to hint at any incompetency in the musicians (singers and players) who took part in these performances; the difficulty did not lie there in the least. The difficulty lay wholly in either a total want of appreciation, or a total disregard, of the fact that the musical conditions these scores demand are different, *toto cælo*, from those demanded by the works our choral societies habitually produce. It is well known that Bach's Church Cantatas were written for very small vocal masses; even the slightest study of his scores will show that his treatment of orchestral instruments, in respect to their mutual dynamic relations, differed totally from that of composers of a later period. In his style of instrumentation Bach shows little or no regard for that superior power of the strings over the wooden wind which was the basis of orchestration in Mozart's and Haydn's day. In fact, Bach's orchestral scores look much more like chamber-music than they do like what is nowadays considered as orchestral writing. Even in *forte* passages his oboe or flute parts have an importance in the contrapuntal web of the music such as no composer of a later period would have thought of giving them. Each separate voice in Bach's orchestra is as important musically, and should be made so dynamically, as the others. It is very evident that the modern practice of doubling the violin and viola parts, so as to give them the supremacy in the orchestra, cannot give his scores their due effect. Now Franz has scored his "additional accompaniments" wholly in harmony with Bach's style, and the rules that apply to the proper production of a Bach score apply with equal force to the production of Franz's arrangements.

The dynamic relation between orchestra and chorus is also an important matter. It is quite plain that choral compositions in which not only the orchestra as a whole, but every single instrumental part, plays so important a role as in Bach's, will suffer greatly by having the choir so large and powerful as virtually to overbalance the instruments. The true conditions for the proper performance of a Bach Cantata are to have every vocal and instrumental part equally, or very nearly equally, strong. It is almost needless to say that these conditions have never been observed here. Our orchestra has been composed in the same way, and has borne the same relation to the chorus, as in performances of "Elijah," "The Creation," and other works which are scored on a totally different principle. The flutes, oboes, and clarinets have been wholly unable to assert themselves against the strings, and have been, moreover, rendered doubly impotent by their position on the stage, surrounded and deadened as they were by large choral masses, and by having their tone reach the audience filtered through that of the violins and violas, a process which is admirably adapted to give full affect to Beethoven symphonies, but which works much ruin with Bach.

W. F. A.

(To be continued.)

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A CALIFORNIA MUSICAL INVENTION.

THE BOW PIANO AND THE VIOLIN PIANO.

The following history and description of a curious, possibly a valuable musical instrument, which many will remember to have seen at the Philadelphia Exposition, we print for what it is worth. Not having witnessed it ourselves, we cannot judge of its importance. The article, as we received it from a writer in California, who is well informed uponthe subject, is introduced by brief historical accounts of the various bow instruments of the violin family, and of the piano-forte by itself. But this is matter so familiar as to be unessential to an understanding of the new invention, so that, considering the length of the article for our small space, we make bold to omit it, and come to the point at once. We have no doubt of the great ingenuity of the invention, but only time and artists can decide whether it be a real gain to music as an art. Whether it is not better that the violin should be a violin, and the piano a piano, each filling the distinctive sphere in art which it has always done, is a question which will force itself upon our mind. The mechanical invention may be very interesting in itself, but the æsthetic, the artistic question is the one on which the whole matter turns. Whether pianists will compose better music, and perform it better, by having a quasi violin, or viol, or violoncello ingrafted on their Chickering or Steinway "Grand," — that seems to be the question. As a general experience, all such mongrel products of the marriage of instruments of different temperament and genius have proved very unsatisfactory to true artists and musicians. But now hear our correspondent: —

THE BOW PIANO.

The first attempt at making a "bow piano" was made in 1610, when Hans Hayden of Nuernberg in Germany turned out an instrument which he called "Gamba work." This new instrument had a finger-board and was shaped like a piano of that time. It was supplied with gut strings, and by pressure on the keys these strings were thrown against small wooden rollers covered with parchment and rubbed with resin. These rollers, connected by a very narrow belt, were governed by a larger wheel, and a pedal connected with the larger wheel put the whole apparatus in motion and, by means of friction, produced the sounds. Hayden's bow piano was improved upon by Johann Hohlfeld of Berlin in 1757, and his improvement consisted simply in covering the rollers, instead of parchment, with horse-hair also rubbed with resin, against which the strings were pressed by the same means. After Hohlfeld, seven or eight persons made experiments with the view of constructing a bow piano, but no record exists of what they succeeded in perfecting. J. Carl Greiner, one of the best piano-makers of his time, revived the idea of a bow piano, and in the free town of Wetzlar, now belonging to Prussia, in 1782, invented one which had two key-boards, the upper to play the piano and the lower the bow piano. It was three feet eight inches long, one foot eight inches broad, and one foot high.[1]

Greiner was the first who made an endless bow of parchment operating over rollers, the strings being pressed against the bow. It is not known how far it was a success. Carl Greiner, at his death, was succeeded in his business by his cousin Hans Greiner, the father of Frederic and George Greiner, but he was so occupied with the manufacture of piano fortes that he paid no attention to the bow piano. The idea rested from 1782 till 1835, when Frederic and George began to experiment on the bow piano. Many of their experiments were very costly, and at length the brothers came to the conclusion that only by using the natural shape of the violin, viola, violoncello and bass, which had not before been tested, could the sound of the violin be properly imitated by means of four endless horse-hair bows passing over rollers.

The new idea proved the correct one, and the new instrument was pronounced a decided success. This bow piano was arranged in this way: A double bass, a violoncello, a viola, and a violin, were fastened in such a way that one followed the other according to size. These instruments were then surrounded by a frame giving the whole the appearance of a small grand piano, and furnished with gut strings, rendering notes from the lowest bass to the highest treble, at that time intended for but six octaves. The key-board was so arranged that on pressing down the keys a small lever, resting on the hind part of the key and at the same time connected upward with the gut, pressed the string against the bow. Each of the four instruments had its bow made of horse-hair, endless in its action, and passing over two rollers. These four bows were put in action by a fly-wheel connected with the rollers, the fly-wheel being governed by a treadle. Each of the four violins had four bridges, and over these sixteen bridges seventy-three strings passed.

The sound was produced in the same manner as in a piano-forte, namely, by pressing the keys, but on the bow piano the sounds could be prolonged indefinitely by simply continuing the pressure on the keys, an attribute not possessed by the piano-forte. The performer was able, by greater or less pressure on the keys, to regulate the volume of sound and render the notes with more or less expression. On completing the new instrument, the Greiners gave concerts in Wetzlar, their native town, in the neighboring towns, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and at many of the most fashionable bathing-places, where they were received with the greatest favor by the aristocracy and musical authorities. At Frankfort the celebrated composer and musician, Aloys Schmitt, frequently played on it, and expressed himself as highly delighted with the bow piano. He complimented the inventors on the success of their experiments, which had exceeded all expectations. Schmitt recommended the brothers Greiner to Emil Steinkuhler, his most proficient scholar, and the latter, who is now a musical director and composer in Lille in the northern part of France, and received from Louis Napoleon the highest distinction, the "Golden Medal of Merit," played on the instrument very frequently, and spoke of it in unmeasured terms of praise.

In Weisbaden the Duchess of Nassau sent for the inventors to bring the bow piano to her castle. The lady was delighted at the performance of Steinkuhler on this instrument. At Ems, the Queen of Greece heard the bow piano, and expressed great satisfaction. Prince Fürstenberg, an excellent judge and patron of music, was much delighted with it. By an Englishman, George Greiner was induced to take his invention to England, where it proved a great attraction, and was highly approved by the composer, Moscheles. On returning to Germany, Greiner and his brother resumed the manufacture of piano-fortes, and continued it till 1848, when George left for America, leaving the bow piano with his brother in Germany. After some years, George received a letter from his brother stating that the gut-strings getting so dry had lost their elasticity and broke, and that to replace so many strings appeared to him too costly and tedious an undertaking, even for once in two years, for many persons. On hearing this George Greiner took no more pains with the bow piano, but discarding the whole idea turned his attention, while in America, to the invention of a more durable and simple instrument, to solve the question whether there could not be constructed an instrument having steel wire instead of gut-strings, and simple upright-moving horse-hair bows, producing sounds similar to those of other bow instruments.

THE VIOLIN PIANO.

After completing his plans and drawings, G. Greiner left Sacramento, California, in June, 1871, and visited his native town in Germany, and there, with his own hands, made the new "Violin Piano," having steel wires and upright-moving horse-hair bows. During the progress of the work new ideas of improvement so constantly presented themselves that five years passed away before the violin piano reached its present degree of perfection, and was a satisfaction to its inventor. The news of its completion drew crowds of the nobility to his rooms, and he was invited to visit Frankfort-on-the-Main and give there a concert, but he was unable to accept, as the Centennial Exposition was close at hand. In 1876 the new instrument was exposed at the Exhibition in Philadelphia, and a few months after its arrival a part of the roof of the main building fell in, and as it was raining heavily in the night time, the violin piano and quantities of other goods were more or less injured. At the close of the Centennial, the instrument, after being thoroughly overhauled and repaired, was removed the following spring to Chicago, and thence to Sacramento, thus showing satisfactorily that it can stand all fatigues of transportation and any change of climate. At the Exposition the violin piano was constantly the attraction for admiring crowds who seemed never to weary of listening to its notes, and predicted a handsome fortune for the persevering inventor. During the progress of the Centennial Exhibition, six months, all the Eastern papers of any prominence made favorable notice of the violin piano. Emil Seifert — a performer on the violin and a musical critic of established ability, acknowledging that there had been felt for a long time a desire to produce, on the piano, continuous sounds similar to those of the violin — writing to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, thus speaks of the new instrument: —

"George Greiner, of Sacramento, California, exhibits a unique and interesting instrument, of which he is the inventor, that is, a violin piano, or a piano which, in addition to the ordinary tone, gives a prolonged note similar to a violin or a 'cello, and produced by the same means, that is, drawing the bow of horse-hair across the strings. The form is similar to that of a grand piano, but the principle can be introduced in any shaped piano. The stringing consists of ordinary steel piano-strings of seven octaves. Each tone has a string, and each string has an upright violin bow. The bow arrangement is made of a steel frame, between which the violin bows are placed. This frame, with the enclosed bows, is put in motion by a pedal causing a perpendicular movement of the bows. The mechanism of the action is constructed so that a small upright lever fastened in the hind part of the key presses against the bent lever with a small roller, and this against the bow in order to produce the tone. The power of this tone depends upon the pressure upon the keys. Above the strings three wooden forms are suspended, which can be raised or lowered through different pedals. In these form, damping buttons are placed which rest upon certain points of the string, thus originating flageolet-tones. In the first form, by which the dampers touch the centre of the string, the octave in flageolet tone is produced. In the second form the damper touches the third part of the string, and produces the fifth. In the third form the damper touches the fifth part of the string, producing the upper third. The entire three flageolet pedals are governed by the left foot."

In June last, Professor Remenyi, the celebrated Hungarian violinist, visited Sacramento and gave several concerts. While in that city he visited Greiner's rooms for the purpose of seeing and hearing the violin piano. He expressed himself as highly delighted and gratified with the grand and genial idea, and with the beautiful tones produced by the steel wires and violin bows. He sincerely wished that the new instrument would soon be generally introduced.

The violin piano can be used as a solo instrument, like the piano forte. It can be used in churches, in private residences, and as an accompaniment to any kind of musical instrument, and also the human voice, when it gives very general satisfaction. As yet, no composer has written music intended particularly for this instrument, but there is now a large field for such composition. As the violin piano is capable of prolonged sounds, it will be found much easier to produce rich-sounding music for it than for the common piano, the full sound of which is of but momentary duration. The key-board of the violin piano is the same as that of the piano-forte, but the touch of the fingers is entirely different. In the former the player presses on the keys, producing a stronger or softer sound as he may wish, while on the common piano the fingering is a succession of strokes or hammering. The pedal which controls the bow frame of the violin piano can be moved by the performer's foot or by means of a crank governed by another person, or by clock-work if it should not be convenient for him to move the pedal for himself. At first all piano players find it difficult to play on the violin piano for the reason that they are accustomed to strike in a hammering way, whereas the performer on a violin piano must learn to press his fingers on the keys as the violinist does his bow on the strings. The true beauty and perfection of the violin piano can only be shown by a performer who thoroughly understands the instrument. To expect them from others would be as useless as to look for the latent beauties of the genuine Cremona from a novice whose knowledge of the violin causes him to be a welcome visitor at a negro break-down.

The action of the violin piano is much simpler than that of the piano-forte, and can be used a great length of time without requiring any repairing. The friction of the horse-hair on the polished steel wires is so slight that the bows can be used for years without the loss of a single hair, a resin of peculiar composition being used for sharpening the bows. Should circumstances require the insertion of a new bow, it can readily be done, and the same character of sound will be retained; while in the case of the piano-forte, should a new hammer be required, it is difficult to produce the same character. The sound of the violin piano, like the violin itself, improves the longer it is played upon.

From what has been above written concerning it, it will be apparent that there is no reason why the violin piano should not become a leading musical instrument. The attention of manufacturers is called to the fact that the instruments differ so widely that the manufacture of violin pianos will not interfere with that of piano-fortes, and that the general introduction of the former will establish a new and important industry, giving employment to thousands of artisans in factories, which may be carried on in connection with piano-forte establishments. It would be a matter of regret should the violin piano remain longer withheld from the musical world. In the violin piano there is a new and interesting field in which composers who thoroughly understand the instrument may display their genius and ability.

The writer feels satisfied that the violin piano is destined to become a general favorite with all lovers of music, and that should one or more piano-makers purchase the inventor's patent and enter upon the manufacture of violin pianos, they would be well rewarded for their labor and outlay, besides receiving the gratitude of the music-loving public.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., *Sept.* 24. PACIFIC.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

THIS is the season when those little *whorls* of five to seven migratory artists, which go waltzing over our wide country nearly all the year, come down upon the city to engage a little brief attention before the bigger planetary bodies that give concerts, the regular organizations, have got the steam up for their annual revolutions. (There 's mixed metaphor for you!) But many of these little concert companies are like planets, too, in that they are satellites about some central star; one of them actually takes the name of "Pleiades;" whether the "lost Pleiad" is among them we are not informed. In plain prose Boston has been visited of late by various small concert companies, who give us the old miscellaneous sort of

[1] Reference is made to Edward Bernsdorf's "Universal Lexicon of Music" published in Dresden, 1857, page 234.

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solo programmes, strings of solos, each calculated to entrap an encore.

We have had the Carlotta Patti troupe three times, with the great Music Hall hardly half filled. But the humor of applause prevailed with plentiful encoring. Mme. Patti is what she always was, a very brilliant, finished, and in every technical way accomplished vocalist. She can make perfect runs and trills, and she can flash arpeggios, every note distinct and bright, throughout a wide soprano compass; she can execute with the precision of an instrument the most difficult and florid passages; she can hold out a high tone, swelling and diminishing its volume to a marvelous degree, and she is very fond of doing it. In fact she is a complete music box in perfect order. Everybody knows it, and everybody says it; there is but one mind about her; so that our humble opinion can hardly go astray in this. But the singing is without one spark of soul or feeling; the only expression is a certain genial good-naturedness, the same in all she does. The Aria from *Rigoletto*, therefore, and that other bright but soulless Verdi melody, *Ernani, involami*, found the right interpreter in her. Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks" was given with a playful grace. And her Spanish songs, though some of those wild shouts were coarsely overpowering, were given with a dash and freedom, as well as a fine execution, that pleased her audience mightily.

For support Mme. Patti had Sig. Ciampi-Cellai, apparently a Frenchman, of good presence, whose voice is a baritone of good quality, afflicted with *tremolo*. He sang well worn Arias by Verdi, Faure, Mattei, etc., but made no strong impression. The pianist, Mr. Henry Ketten, is remarkable in some respects. There is great decision, certainty, distinctness in his touch, and in his phrasing; every detail comes most clearly out. He has great execution, and great strength, which shows itself as much in his delicate passages as in his frequently too boisterous fortissimos. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, was very effectively rendered. For an encore he played Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's Turkish March, with clock-like precision of time and accent (rightly so), and admirably in all respects. His own little genre compositions ("Margaret at the spinning wheel," "Spanish Serenade," and "Castagnetta") showed a delicate fancy and were exquisitely played. His paraphrase on *Faust*, too, was clever in its way. But we were less pleased with his interpretations of Chopin, particularly the Polonaise in A-flat, in which the heroic temper ran too wild and fierce; it was extremely noisy.

Decidedly the finest artist of the group was the violoncellist, Mr. Ernest De Munck, whose tone, style, feeling, execution, place him among the real masters of his (when so handled) most expressive instrument. He made a fine impression with Piatti's Fantasia on the *Sonnambula*, introducing that ever beautiful "Phantom chorus." Schubert's "Le Desir," also made a capital theme for the instrument, but Servais's variations, in their forced transformations for effect, to show off the player, were not all in keeping with it, as Beethoven's variations always are, however unexpected.

Miss Persis Bell will be remembered here as a strong and healthy Western girl, who became one of the foremost of Mr. Eichberg's violin pupils, playing the Bach *Chaconne*, and works of like calibre, in a way that astonished people. Several years since she went abroad for further study and now comes back married, a well trained singer with a sweet voice, as well as a violinist. Sig. Leandro Campanari, and his wife, Persis Bell Campanari, gave their first concert last Monday evening at Union Hall, before an audience appreciative but far from numerous. The Signor is a young man, of small and delicate mould, with face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," evidently of a sensitive nature, who plays the violin with great purity and sweetness of tone, and a good deal of execution. His tone is not large, and he inclines more to the emotional than to a vigorous, manly style, seeming most in his element in the "Elégie" by Bazzini and the "Sonata" (Heaven save the mark!) by Paganini. Yet there is something poetic in his feeling, which was shown to more advantage in the Andante and Polonaise by Vieuxtemps, of which he played the latter movement with great fire and verve. In the great Schumann Quintet (first movement) with Pianoforte by Mr. Lang, and Messrs. Allen and the brothers Heindl, he led a good performance with spirit and intelligence; so, too, the delightful Quartet by Haydn, in B-flat, Op. 20, No. 2, which closed the entertainment.

Mme. Campanari showed such sustained power and mastery in her violin solo, the *Air brillant* by Vieuxtemps, that we wondered at her seeking a new career as singer. She has a good voice, sweet and full, with a pleasant *timbre* or tone-color, and she sang three little songs by Gounod in a style simple and expressive. But Rossini's "Una voce" is somewhat beyond her power of easy execution; in the high passages her voice seemed strained, and there was a certain pupil-like uncertainty in the whole effort.

Mr. Lang, besides his masterly piano playing in the Schumann Quintet, played the first movement of Rubinstein's Concerto, Op. 45, which is of a highly romantic and Fantasia-like Sonata form, and very interesting, Mr. Fenollosa sketching in the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano.

We trust this artist couple will be heard again, and by a larger audience.

The Redpath Lyceum crowd has enjoyed two more concerts. We can speak only of the last (Tuesday evening, October 21), which certainly was, in one point of view, a remarkable sign of the times, — a sign of progress, if things are what they seem. It was simply a classical Chamber Concert (Violin Quartets, etc.), in the great Music Hall (an unfit place, of course), and actually listened to with respectful silence, and heartily applauded after every number by two thousand people! Such things were never seen six years ago. The managers had announced Mme. Gerster for that evening, but ill health delayed her coming over to this country, and the whole programme had to be changed. It was an original thought to engage an excellent Quintet Club from New York, consisting of Miss Lina Anton, pianist, and the Herren Richter and Van Gelder, violinists, Risch for viola, and Muller, 'cello. Also Miss Matilda Phillipps, the contralto, and Signor Runcio, a fine tenor, one of the new members of Col. Mapleson's opera troupe. The vocal selections, though well sung, were of a hackneyed kind compared to the instrumental, which were: A beautiful String Quartet of Haydn (Op. 64, No. 5 in D); Beethoven's Romanza in F; Violin Solo by Herr Richter; piano solo: a tarantella and the great Toccata and Fugue in D minor by Bach, very creditably rendered by Miss Anton; a slow movement from Rubinstein's Quartet in E-flat (Op. 17, No. 2); the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's Quartet, Op. 12; an Adagio and a *Schlummerlied* (Carl Schubert and F. Ries) for 'cello solo; and three movements of the Schumann Quintet with piano. Verily a bountiful quantity, considering the quality, for the digestion of a great popular audience!

Here our review must pause for want of room. There is more to speak of which occurred that evening.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, OCT. 15. — Our musical season has been somewhat tardy in commencing this year, and although we have had a number of concerts, they were mostly of minor importance. Yet in the near future a number of fine entertainments are coming to us, and as early as next week the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe will visit our city. It will be an honor for me to transmit to the JOURNAL word-echoes of our music, accompanied by such reflections as are called up in the mind by the tone-pictures that will be given in my hearing. In this Western land, where all is activity, and the rush of the money-makers lends an excitement to the scene, our musical circles are often affected by spasmodic influences, sometimes disadvantageous to our steady progress. The love of change and novelty often enters into the public liking to such a degree as to make us seem capricious in our taste. What the public will support most enthusiastically one season will pass without much notice the next, and some new fancy will be the idol of the hour. In matters of home effort this uncertainty of public taste is often a serious hindrance to positive advancement. Many musical organizations have held their own for a short period upon the tidal wave of success, only to find themselves engulfed by the changing currents of public disapprobation, which the breath of a new sensation called into being. In the musical circles, when considered in their widest sense, there is no fixed standard of judgment, but the emotional element of caprice seems to be, to a large extent, the prevailing element. As long as this condition is a fact, so long will there be an uncertainty in regard to the public support given to praiseworthy undertakings for the advancement of art.

During the past season our home organizations had to make every effort to keep themselves financially strong enough to live, and although they offered to the public interesting concerts at which noble works were performed, their success was but that uncertain one that a breath can sweep away. Yet our public gave $58,000 for an opera season of two weeks, which surely indicated that money was plenty enough. As I look out upon the opening season, and watch the active preparations that are being made by our home musical societies for the public's pleasure, I can but wish that they will receive that appreciation and hearty support which they so richly merit. But uncertainty must be made to give way before a steadfast standard of taste on the part of the public, which will support that which is excellent and beautiful because they love it, before our musical enterprises obtain a healthy, life-sustaining existence. To do this, there is but one way, namely, to educate the public musically, until they appreciate what is beautiful by *knowing why* it is so. This education can only become generally operative when the wealthy music-lovers are willing to offer tribute to the art they call beautiful by paying something toward its support. When we see that some of our rich people aid in the advancement of music by helping to support liberally the undertakings of our home societies, then we will realize that the art is taking a positive hold in their regard. Then musical culture will no longer be an affection but a reality.

From these reflections I turn to notice briefly some of the concerts of the month. The first of any note was a Pianoforte recital by Miss E. M. Huntington of New York. She had the assistance of Mrs. C. D. Stacy, Mr. James Gill, and Mr. Frank Baird. The pianoforte selections were "Ende vom Lied," Schumann; Polonaise in A-flat, Chopin; 1st movement of the Concerto in C minor, Raff; "Rhapsodie" No. 10, Liszt; and smaller pieces by Henselt, Rubinstein, and Scharwenka. While the lady's playing indicated study, and showed a fine technique, and in the brilliant numbers there was a splendid display of power, yet the refinement, and sentiment that the musical listener loves to observe was lacking.

On Saturday, October 4, Mr H. Clarence Eddy gave his first organ recital with the following programme: —

Fantasie and Fugue in G minor (Book II., No 4). *Bach* (1685–1750).
"Allegretto" in B-flat . . . . . *Lemmens* (1823–).
Introductions and Variations, Op. 45, . *Merkel* (1827–).
(Theme from Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in E, Op. 109).
Songs: (a) "Es war ein Traum" . } *Lassen* (1813–).
(b) "Du meine Seele" . }
Mr. James Gill.
Organ Symphony in G minor, No. 6, Op. 42, (New) . . . . *C. M. Widor.*
I. Allegro, — II. Adagio, — III. *Intermermezzo*, Allegro, — IV. Allegretto, V. *Finale* . . *Vivace.*
(First time in this country.)
Aria: "O ruddier than the Cherry" (from "Acis and Galatea"). . . . . . . *Handel* (1685–1759).
Mr. James Gill.
"Orpheus," a Symphonic Poem . . . *Liszt* (1811–).
Concert-Satz in E-flat minor . . *Thiele* (1816–1848).

Mr. Eddy was greeted enthusiastically by the audience, and his playing was so artistic as to win for him still greater appreciation. The programme was well arranged to show the ability of the organist. Perhaps the interest may be said to centre in the New "Organ Symphony" of Widor. It is a work of much beauty, although rather long to come late on a programme. It brings out new effects in organ playing, however, and will interest musicians, even if it may not claim public admiration from the first hearing. Mr. James Gill sang the pretty songs of Lassen in an enjoyable manner, and he made a marked success of the Handel Aria. I have never heard the gentleman sing with a better appreciation of the different shades of sentiment than at this recital.

Mr. S. G. Pratt gave a pianoforte recital under the auspices of Park Institute, presenting selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Dupont, and Liszt. He had an appreciative audience which seemed to enjoy his playing very much. Between the numbers came some songs from Schumann, Franz, Schondorf, and one by Mr. Pratt. They were sung by a tenor voice.

At Hershey Hall on Saturday last we had the first Chamber Concert of the season by Mr. Eddy, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Eichheim, assisted by Miss Densmore, soprano. They played the Trio No 6, of Haydn, and the Trio Op. 1, No. 1, of Beethoven. Mr. Lewis played, besides, a Romanze from Op. 27, by Ries; and Miss Densmore sang three songs by Rubinstein and one by Kirchner. As this was the first appearance of these gentlemen in trio playing this season, they were not as fully in sympathy with one another as they will be after more opportunity of practice together. While their performance had many enjoyable points, it was not such as to carry the critical listener beyond the limits of qualified praise.

Mr. Emil Liebling has underlined for a number of "Musical Evenings" to be given by himself and pupils. I attended the first one, and saw the results of his teaching in some intelligent playing by his pupils.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews will shortly give a number of lectures upon musical subjects, illustrated by good pianoforte playing from the works of the representative composers. He has been very successful in this line of work, and is creating and extending musical interests, in a way calculated to advance a love for what is best in art. C. H. B.

BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 21. — Since the beginning of the month we have had several concerts, the Italian Opera has but just departed, and the Peabody Conservatory has opened; so that the season may be said to have fairly commenced.

Important additions are to be made to the Conservatory programme. A chorus is now being formed which will meet once a week during the winter for the cultivation of oratorio music with a view to producing an oratorio in the spring, if practicable. There will also be a series of twenty-three string quartets (weekly) for the special benefit of the members of the chorus. All this will be under the direction of Prof. Fritz Fincke, who has been appointed vocal instructor (for German music, Prof. Baraldi continuing to teach according to the Italian method). Prof. Fincke is from the good little city of Wismar, near Schwerin, the capital of Mecklenburg, and brings with him the most satisfactory credentials from Dr. Laughans, and other eminent foreign authorities. He has been for some years director of three singing societies, two in Wismar, and one in Schwerin, is a good violinist and organist, and has earned some reputation abroad as a critic and lecturer on musical topics. Besides taking charge of the chorus and string quartets, Mr. Fincke will lead the violins in the orchestra. The symphony concerts are to be put on a more reliable footing this winter — pecuniarily. Subscriptions will be taken as usual, but there will be a sufficient appropriation from the Institute to insure a larger orchestra than that of last season. Annual membership tickets are again being sold at the rate of $10, admitting the holder to eight symphony concerts, eight public rehearsals, twenty-three string quartets, the lectures of the director, and to the Peabody chorus if qualified. Certainly a good many privileges for ten dollars!

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Season tickets for the symphony concerts are put at $5, admitting one person to eight concerts and to the public rehearsals; double season tickets, admitting two persons, $8. I doubt very much whether a symphony orchestra can be had anywhere for less than these figures. The programme for these has not yet been decided on, as the orchestra will not begin rehearsing until December.

The Wednesday Club, of which I wrote you last winter, proposes to pay considerable more attention to music hereafter than it has done.

The new hall of the club (which is in a most prosperous condition financially) is almost completed, and it is intended to give a number of small operas and concerts for the benefit of its members. A chorus is also being formed, to consist of one hundred voices, which will soon begin regular weekly practice under the direction of Mr. Fincke.

Of the concerts lately given here that of Miss Katie Cecilia Gaul deserves special mention. This young lady returned to Baltimore, her native city, after an absence of some eight years, which were mainly spent at the Stuttgart Conservatory. She was also under the tuition of Liszt, at Weimar. Her playing shows the careful attention to detail and the fine phrasing for which the Stuttgart school is so celebrated. After giving her concert here Miss Gaul left for New York to give one performance, and then proceeded to Cincinnati, where she has been engaged by Mr. Thomas to play in concert during the coming season.

The Italian opera, under Max Strakosch, gave four performances last week to poor houses, owing, no doubt, to the exceedingly close weather, for the leading characters are very good, and the fact that the everlasting *Trovatore, Lucia*, and *Traviata* were selected should have made it the more popular. The *Aida* performance was the only one which calls for special attention. The troupe is probably the best, as regards the leading performers, that Max Strakosch has ever had. The Misses Singer, and De Belocca, and the Messrs. Petrovich, Storti, and Castelmary each combine, more or less, a good voice with true histrionic instincts. They rendered Verdi's last opera in a manner deserving the highest commendation.

The single concert recently given here by Carlotta Patti was a most inartistic affair throughout, if we except the 'cello playing of Mr. De Munck, the selections for the most part being of the extremely frivolous order.

Last evening your correspondent had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Anton Strelezki, the recently arrived pianist. Piano Recitals are of rare occurrence here. Mr. Strelezki played from memory the following rather lengthy programme, and in a manner to keep the interest alive to the close: —

Toccata and Fugue D minor . . . . . *Bach—Tausig.*
Rondo A minor . . . . *Mozart.*
Giga A major . . . . *Handel.*
Sonata D minor Op. 31, No 2 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Barcarolle, Valse A-flat, Nocturne C-sharp, Ballade, G minor, Etude Op 10, No. 3, Polonaise A-flat . . . . *Chopin.*
Caprice Russe . . . . *Tschaikowski*
Faschingschwank aus Wien . . . . . *Schumann.*
La Reveuse . . . . *Szemelenyi.*
Minuetto . . . . *Schubert.*
Elsa's Brautgang, (Lohengrin) . . . . *Wagner—Liszt.*
Galop . . . . *Rubinstein.*

He is a young man, only twenty-two years of age, of fine healthy *physique*, and his touch is both powerful and subtile. His most satisfactory performances were the Beethoven Sonata, the Nocturne in C-sharp, and the Ballad from Chopin, and the Tschaikowski, Schumann and Wagner selections. The Russian caprice exhibited a fabulous *technique*, and the break-neck speed of the Rubinstein galop was something wonderful to listen to. MUSICUS.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LOCAL.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is really coming, and will conduct a performance of several of his compositions (*The Prodigal Son*, probably *In Memoriam*, and other works) at the first Handel and Haydn Concert for the season, Sunday evening, Nov. 23. Rehearsals have commenced with unusual alacrity, nearly 600 singers in the chorus. — The *Messiah* will be given Dec. 28, and *Israel in Egypt* on Easter Sunday. — Miss Emma Thursby is definitively engaged for the triennial Festival in May.

THE programme of the second Philharmonic Concert (Listemann's Orchestra) will be found among our advertisements.

THE Euterpe has decided to give five Concerts this season: namely, on the third Wednesday of December, January, February, March, and April, as before, in Mechanics Hall. The New York artists of last year are engaged for two of the Concerts and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club for three. The programmes will consist always of two pieces, string Quartets or Quintets, namely three by Beethoven, two by Mozart, and one each by Haydn, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Raff.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY, the Hungarian pianist, famed for the delicacy of his playing, will give three recitals in Horticultural Hall, Oct. 30, 31, and Nov. 1.

MR. STETSON will begin a series of operatic performances at the Globe Theatre, October 27, by a company consisting almost entirely of resident musicians. Auber's *Crown Diamonds* will be given by the following well known singers: Miss Laura Schirmer, Miss Clara Poole, Mr. Charles R. Adams, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Frank Moulton, Mr. Henry G. Peakes, Mr. Clarence E. Hay. There will be a chorus of forty, and Mr. John C. Mullaly will be the musical director.

OPERA. — *Fatinitza* had delighted audiences at the Boston Theatre last week, and this week has been succeeded by a return to *Pinafore*, both by the "Ideal (!) Opera Company," which consists, however, of *real* singers, not shadowy sprites and nixies, to wit: Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss Mary Beebe, Messrs. M. W. Whitney, Fessenden, Barnaby, and others. — The Emma Abbott Company opened at the Park Theatre on Monday evening with Gounod's *Faust*, Miss Abbott as Marguerite, Mrs. Seguin as Siebel, Mr. W. H. Macdonald as Mephisto, A. E Stoddard as Valentine, and Tom Karl as Faust. On Tuesday, the *Bohemian Girl*; Wednesday, *Mignon*; Thursday, Friday, and to-day's matinée, *Paul and Virginia* (first time); this evening, the *Chimes of Normandy.*

FOREIGN.

LONDON. The scheme of the 24th series of Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace is announced. There will be twenty three concerts, eleven before and twelve after Christmas, commencing October 4. Mr. Augustus Manns continues as conductor. Among the important features will be these: —

Beethoven: The nine Symphonies, played in their chronological order (at the last nine Concerts of the Series). The First Movement of an unfinished Violin Concerto.

Haydn: Symphony in E-flat, No. 8 of Salomon Set (first time at these concerts). Symphony in D, "La Chasse," No. 5 of Rieter-Biedermann's New Edition (first time at these concerts).

Mozart: Symphony in C (No. 6). Serenade for Strings, "eine kleine Nachtmusik," composed in 1787 (first time at these concerts). Ballet Music to "Idomeneo" (first time at these concerts).

Schumann: The four Symphonies, played in their chronological order (before Christmas).

Mendelssohn: "Antigone" (with condensed reading), the choral parts to be sung by Leslie's Choir. The concert will be conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, and his celebrated choir will on this occasion sing several of its most favorite unaccompanied pieces. Scotch Symphony. Octet for Strings.

Schubert: A "Schubert Programme" will open the after-Christmas series, on the 31st January, in commemoration of Schubert's birthday.

Wagner: "Faust Overture." "Siegfried-Idyll."

Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Piano-forte Concerto.

Amongst the works which are new to our programmes are the following: —

H. Hofmann: Symphony, "Frithjof."
Raff: "Spring Symphony (No 8, in A).
Liszt: Symphonic Poem, No. 12, "The Ideal" (after Schiller).
Wagner: Scenes from "Die Meistersinger," as arranged for the Concert-room by the composer.
Verdi: Ballet Music, "The Four Seasons" (from I Vespri Siciliani"). Overture to "Aroldo."
Rubinstein: Symphonie Dramatique."
Ponchielli: "Danza delle Ore" (from "La Gioconda").
Mancinelli: Overture and Selection from the Incidental Music to "Cleopatra."
Bazzini: Overture to "King Lear."
Ferani: Concert Overture, No. 1, in C.
Berlioz: Selections from "Roméo et Juliette" and "La Damnation de Faust."
Gounod: "Procession Sacrée" and Selection from the Ballet Music to "Polyeucte."
Delibes: Cortége de Bacchus and Divertissement from the Ballet "Sylvia."
Saint-Saëns: "Le Rouet d'Omphale."
Svendsen: "Carnaval de Paris" and Rhapsodie Norvégienne No. 4.
Dvórak: Slavonian Dances, Second Series.

Among the works of the English School intended to be brought forward are: Prelude and Funeral March from "Ajax," by Sterndale Bennett; Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra, by G. F. Davenport; Scherzo, by A. C. Mackenzie; a Concerto for Piano-forte, by C. H. H. Parry (Pianist, Mr. Dannreuther); and an Instrumental Piece by each of the four composers who have held the Mendelssohn scholarship: Dr. Arthur Sullivan, Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, Mr. William Shakespeare, Mr. Francis Corder.

In addition to the important works enumerated, the programmes will be interspersed with lighter pieces, the special favorites of the Crystal Palace audience, amongst which may be named: —

Funeral March of a Marionette . . . . . . *Gounod.*
Mignon Gavotte . . . . *Ambroise Thomas.*
Minuet for Strings . . . . *Boccherini.*
Air de Ballet and Shepherd Melody . . . . *Schubert.*
Two Minuets (from Serenade No. 1) . . . . *Brahms.*
Dance of Nymphs and Reapers . . . . . *Sullivan.*
Air and Gavotte (Suite in D) . . . . . . *Bach.*
Gavotte for Strings . . . . *Bazzini.*
Largo . . . . *Handel.*
Vorspiel to Third Act, King Manfred . . . . *Reinecke.*
Dance of Persian Slaves (Le Roi de Lahore) . . *Massenet.*

Our brief resumé (Sept. 27) of the Birmingham Festival, was accidentally clipped of its last two lines, and so omitted to mention *Israel in Egypt* as the grand concluding feature of the festival.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER is a person terrifying to the librettist. Roche's description of a day passed with the composer, the former hammering out the words, the latter the music, is very entertaining. Wagner arrived at seven o'clock, and they worked without respite until midday; Roche bent over his desk, writing and erasing; Wagner strode to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, shouting, singing, striking the piano, and constantly bidding poor Roche "Go on! Go on!" An hour or two after noon Roche, hungry and exhausted, let fall his pen, almost fainting. "What 's the matter?" asked the composer. I am hungry." "True; I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack and go on again." Night came and found them still at work. "I was shattered, stupefied," says Roche, "My head burned, my temples throbbed. I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music. He was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our task, walking up and down, striking his infernal piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow, cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever, 'Go on! go on!' while trumpeting in my ears cabalistic words and supernatural music.

GROSS RECEIPTS OF THE THEATRES AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN PARIS FOR —

	1878. francs.	1877. francs.
Opera	3,570,570	3,084,883
Théâtre-Français	2,380,221	1,639,760
Opéra-Comique	1,698,684	1,037,161
Italiens	690,403	560,538
Odéon	641,712	448,238
Lyrique (Gaîté)	1,061,318	1,160,743
Gymnase	743,862	963,330
Vaudeville	1,107,513	986,071
Palais-Royal	945,770	842,518
Variétés	1,712,110	1,030,494
Porte-Saint-Martin	1,621,893	1,062,317
Renaissance	1,556,351	795,937
Châtelet	1,519,881	1,257,630
Historique	709,120	572,820
Bouffes-Parisiens	588,600	451,506
Ambigu	573·481	324,996
Folies-Dramatiques	1,208,524	780,821
Taitbout	29,227	119,448
Athénée	248,178	216,113
Cluny	176,137	183,283
Menus-Plaisirs	113,355	114,525
Château-d'Eau	270,409	251,548
3e Théâtre-Français	179,238	112,300
Fantaisies (Beaumarchais)	143,266	146,068
Folies-Marigny	33,131	26,300
Grand-Théâtre-Parisien	11,909	26,279
Porte-Saint-Denis	6,515	17,167
Folies-Bergères	1,225,638	515,226
Théâtre-Miniature	14.327	28,750
Délassements-Comiques	2,751	—
Nouveautés	613,256	191,653
2 Cirques Franconi	936,914	843,543
Cirque Fernando	193,514	210,119
Cirque Américain	269,225	306,150
Hippodrome	2,403,075	450,569
Théâtre de Belleville	189,423	188,941
" des Batignolles	177,843	161,226
" de Grenelle	87,727	85,749
" des Gobelins	110,305	102,560
" Montmartre	114,518	131,233
" Montparnasse	82,903	73,221
" de la Villette	61,443	11,369
Folies Belleville	30,157	10,038
Théâtre Rossini	4,282	3,086
" Oberkampf	9,676	6,599
" Robert Houdin	73,003	65,048
Panorama (Ch.-El.)	439,415	130,196
Athénéum	13,557	10,510
Sum total	30,658,500	21,655,792

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Concluded from page 170.)

THAT period of intimate union between poetry and music which began with this century, and which now seems near its end, is commonly designated as the "romantic." The opposition of the so-called classical and romantic schools consists in the predominance of the plastic formal element, the measured, even flow of composition and expression in the former, as contrasted with the tendency to vague and shadowy outlines, and a superabundance of emotional expression in the latter. In this sense composers like Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven in his first two periods are classical. On the contrary, the venerable old Bach has in him a strong romantic element, which is most singularly shown, for instance, in the Adagio of his "Italian Concerto." In the works of Beethoven's third period, as in those of Schubert, this spirit of romance reveals its mystical and demoniacal depths on the one hand, while on the other it displays its brilliant richness and variety of color.

Full of this romantic spirit are the little tone-pictures, frequently mere breaths, of Chopin, scion of the chivalrous, ill-fated Polish nation, its most important representative in the musical domain of art. I say "the little" pictures, because in them lies the centre of gravity of his artistic significance; because these smaller forms, which he has chiefly cultivated, were the best adapted to his very one-sided, yet, within narrow limits, truly genial endowment. Thoroughly a son of his fatherland, his brilliant, highly-colored Polonaises and his now bold and fiery, now dreamy, melancholy Mazurkas form the bright side of his wholly idiosyncratic, but often morbidly affected, and immeasurably crisped and curled productions. Yet it would be unjust not to speak also of his Concertos, especially the one in E minor, whose orchestral Introduction is so deeply conceived, and filled with such a noble, serene spirit, that even Beethoven might have written it; as, strange to say, among the works of Beethoven, who otherwise has not the least in common with Chopin, there is at least one piece (not to mention the Adagio of the C-sharp minor Sonata) which might have sprung from Chopin; namely, the very short Adagio of the G-major Concerto, which breathes (I might say) that faint and deathlike spirit which we feel so frequently in Chopin's ethereal tone-pictures, for which *nuance* of mood the French possess the significant expression, *languissant.*

On the other hand there are many other works of this composer which are anything but "ethereal," and which require in the player's hands muscles and cords of iron, together with an exceptional physical elasticity and power of stretching. This is true, for example, of his twelve grand, and for the most part very poetic and inspired, Etudes, which represent tolerably well the very Chimborazo of technical difficulty, and might form the culminating point of a *Gradus ad Parnassum* for to-day. But much as we may lament this fantastical luxuriance of tone-phrasing, and wish to exclude it from the art, on the other hand it cannot be denied that this element (for example in the Concerto above named, which might be called a musical Klingsor) has been handled with an exquisite, enchanting fineness. Like a cascade of pearly champagne foam, these musical waterspouts soar aloft and sink back again into the basin full of gold fishes; the silver moonbeams sparkle and glisten through them; it is the "moonlit magic night" of the romantic into which we gaze, or, rather, which rings out from these tone-images.

But the romanticist *par excellence* is that wonderful artist and tone-poet, Robert Schumann. . . . In his first artist period, which seems in many respects the most remarkable of all, Schumann devoted himself entirely to the composition of piano music and of songs. At the same time it seems characteristic that his genius chose by preference the smaller forms, although often connected together in cycles of several pieces, for the expression of his inmost musical and human life of intellect, imagination, and emotion. We have, to be sure, also out of his first period, two solo Sonatas in F-sharp and G minor, and then a third work (in F minor), which he at first superscribed "Concerto without orchestra," but afterwards as a Sonata, — all three extremely remarkable compositions, in which a boundless genial tone-faculty reveals itself, but partly also, almost more, the wild eruptions of an excited Faust-like spirit, struggling in the maëlstrom of a dark and stormy imagination after some settled form. Especially the F-sharp minor Sonata is a real musical volcano crater, thoroughly pervaded with this demoniacal glow, although from the midst of the flames there sound out now and then most lovely siren voices, as well as sportive shouts of cobolds, especially in the Adagio, and in the middle portion of the Scherzo, with its striking, bold, and grotesque recitative passage.

The *Concert sans Orchestre*, with the wonderfully beautiful and deep-felt variations for a middle part, which certainly shows as little of the style-peculiarity of the Concerto as of the Sonata (hence his wavering in the choice of a title), contains, in its remarkable finale, a piece of such an individual stamp, and such a thoroughly peculiar spirit, that none like it can be found in the whole piano-forte literature, — a magical play of shadows, vanishing away like the fancies of an opium intoxication. But amid the waves and whirlpools of the mightily excited sea of tones, amid the now whispering, now gigantically swelling billows of the strangest harmonies (out of which, indeed, the old Bach peeps), there moves a solemn, measured, deep-felt song, — until at last the demons get the upper hand, and the work, already stormy on the whole, roars itself out in a tornado. Still a fourth larger work of this period, of equal wealth of fancy and of feeling, a Fantasia in C major (dedicated to Liszt), may be particularly mentioned here on account of the significant motto prefixed to it, namely, the verses of Friedrich Schlegel: —

"Durch alle Töne tönet
Im bunten Erdentraume
Ein leiser Ton gezogen
Für den, der heimlich lauschet." [1]

There is also a great work of Variations (in C-sharp minor) which dates from this first period of Schumann's productivity, a work as sombre in its ground tone as those just named, but running out into a triumphant, jubilant finale, in which this form is treated both with genial (but not willful!) freedom, and with exceeding splendor, — a work in its way as grand and noble as the variation works of Bach and Handel, to which we have before alluded. Schumann calls it, to be sure, "Etudes," with the qualifying adjective "Symphoniques;" but he has chosen this title chiefly with regard to the technical (and other!) difficulty of their execution; while the term "symphonie" denotes Schumann's, one may say, orchestral treatment of the piano-forte, which principally through him and Liszt became so universally predominant.

It is also characteristic that Schumann, in this youthful period, felt himself drawn to make a piano-forte transcription of Paganini's violin Etudes, — as ingenious a one as could be expected from so rare and fine a head. It shows the interest which Schumann took at the same time in the technique of playing. In fact the development of technique, under the hands of the great virtuosos at that time, was not without influence on Schumann's art. His imagination would not, perhaps, have run riot in this direction in such an unlimited, unbridled way, had there not been the hands (and heads to correspond) with power to execute such things, — for every composer must desire to have his works transferred from paper into live existence, — therefore it must at least be possible. (For the rest, the process in the history of art is just the reverse; the development of practical virtuosity is called forth by the increased means of art.) In fact, it is Schumann's works of this first period that unfold all the marvelous full play of the modern piano-forte, but, on the whole, in a thoroughly artistic and poetic way.

[1] 'Mid all the chords that vibrate through
Earth's strangely chequered dream,
There runs a note, whose gentle tone
Is heard aright by him alone
Who lists with care extreme.

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These works, whatever else may be objected to them from certain rigorous and well-justified æsthetic standpoints, contain such magical, strange harmonies, that whoever has once been taken by their charm will not so easily and soon get free from it again. But I will also add that it is not altogether without danger to give one's self up without resistance and without reserve to this charm, and that one had better, at least in the presence of tender youth, station himself like a warning (and not a seductive!) Eckart before this — Venusberg, whose grotto, to be sure, is overhung and decked with loveliest roses, but with the deadly nightshade also. The fragrance which rises from these tone-blossoms is so intoxicating, and weaker senses are so benumbed by it, that they too easily lose all sensibility for the chaste, simple beauty, the translucid clearness of the earlier art.

I must naturally content myself here with this general characterization of the Schumann muse, as it appears most pregnantly in the works of his first period, although I have spoken more of their dusky splendor, and hardly at all yet of their more charming side, which they disclose particularly in the smaller, cyclical tone-pictures, like the so-called "David's-Bündler-Dances," the "Novellettes," the singular "Kreisleriana," the "Kinder-Scenen" full of grace; nor have I dwelt upon the sparkling, bold, fantastic humor that surprises us, for example, in the "Carnival Scenes," the "Faschings-Schwank aus Wien," and in Opus 20, which is expressly designated by the title "Humoreske," although occasionally, perhaps, this humor is more startling than it is edifying.

Striking as the juxtaposition may sound, nevertheless it may be said that the old master Bach and this most genial representative of the last completed phase of art, in all other respects so entirely heterogeneous, come close together in this, that these two are the greatest harmonists, as Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are the greatest melodists, that German art has produced, — only that this profound development of the wonderfully rich world of harmony in the two masters proceeds upon a wholly different way, and hence with a wholly different effect. With Bach this superabundant wealth of harmonies (which naturally includes the boldest use of dissonances) appears more secondary in the course of his wonderful contrapuntal involutions, whereas with Schumann it appears as the primary element, determining the forms. Hence, with Bach, it oftener strikes the eye and inner hearing of the score-student than the immediate sense of hearing; but with Schumann it stands out most palpably, and of all the art-elements which blend in the impression, it awakens the most strained attention.

Nor can the fact be overlooked, that this fineness of the harmonic as well as of the rhythmic element reached its extremest limit in Schumann, as did the power of counterpoint in Bach (witness some portions of his abstruse "Art of Fugue"); as did the wonderful command of musical ideas in Beethoven, in the finale of whose Ninth Symphony, as in some of his last Quartets and Sonatas, there is scarcely any fixed and rounded art form perceptible.

And Schumann seems to have felt this himself, for his extremely critical sense for all kinds of art (as one may see in the two volumes of his collected writings) could not have been wanting for his own art. Hence, in his second period, he cultivated the great art forms handed down by the "masters" more assiduously; he reduced the use of technique to a somewhat simpler measure; he emancipated himself more from the control of the piano, and concentrated his superabundant power in the great forms of orchestral and vocal music. — alas! only to overstrain it in the end, and fall *himself* a victim to the demons, with whom he had played so bold a game, and who, above all, in his Manfred music, shot up once more such lurid tongues of flame. . . .

ON ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "MUSIC AND MUSICIANS."[1]

BY F. L. RITTER.

AMONG all recent English publications of writings on musical subjects, I know of none fitter to be placed in the hands of rising artists, and intelligent art-lovers, than those of Schumann, of which one series has lately been published, and a second series will soon appear. Though they were written under the immediate influence of the various artistic events occurring during a period of about ten years, — from 1834 to 1843. — and, be it remembered, for a weekly musical journal, which had to record and to portray the passing events of the musical world for the temporary perusal and benefit of the reader of the day, we meet in them with comparatively little that bears the mark of a tribute paid to the art taste of that time, or that has for us a merely historical importance. To be sure, Schumann established the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, with no mercantile intention of bowing down to the undisciplined taste of blasés audiences, or tickling the unripe judgment of musical groundlings, in order to make his enterprise succeed in a pecuniary way. His purpose was a far nobler one. He started with the honest endeavor to make his paper the organ of the most intelligent minds of the German musical art world, and by this means to exercise a beneficial artistic and æsthetic influence over his readers. The great imperishable musical treasures of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, had to be made known to a public which reveled, knee-deep, in the musical sweetmeats of Italian confectionery. Herz and Hünten reigned supreme in the concert room as well as in the parlor. New æsthetic problems had to be solved and explained. New art principles, as deduced from the immortal works of the great Viennese trio — Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, — had to be expounded and lived up to; in short the paradise of easy-going Philistinism had to be removed and replaced by a new art world, teeming with new, far-reaching ideas. New, vigorous, organic life had to be infused into the body of art; indifference, pedantry, ignorance, had to be exposed in the pillory of ridicule, sarcasm, and honest indignation. The young, eager art world looked out for an intrepid, ideal leader. Schumann stepped into the arena and, *coûte que coûte*, boldly took up the fight for the new cause. Around him a band of young enthusiastic warriors gathered, revolution on their banner, tearing down and scattering to the four winds the old stereotyped fences that easy-going conservatism had built up, in order to hem in the new art spirit awakened especially by that *deaf giant* who, regardless of all theories consecrated by long habit, threatened to crush the carefully nourished butterflies under the weight of his mighty steps.

Music, as an art, was for Schumann, in its entire significance, a subject of the deepest concern; he attributed to it a sacred importance and an ethical function. He considered it as the promoter of the purest and most ideal happiness. He kept, while writing about art and artists, one principle in view, — to contribute with all his understanding and energy to the purification and exaltation of musical art in all its phases. This is the fundamental key to all his articles, this is the motive power of all his criticism. He did not speak of the heroes of musical art, in order to add trivial praise to their recognized greatness, but with a view to foster a clearer understanding of the ideal bearing of their glorious deeds. He did not criticise mediocre works of the musical time-servers, the "one-day butterflies," merely to administer a just rebuke; but, like the broad-minded artist and critic that he was, he endeavored honestly and impartially to recognize the temporary good such deeds may possibly have in store, directing at the same time the attention of the striving artist to the deteriorating influence of that which he considered unworthy of the true musician. Highly instructive in this respect are the papers speaking of the works of Herz, Hünten, Kalkbrenner, Thalberg, and others of this stamp. While recording the dazzling achievements of his great contemporaries, he never was carried away by mere personal admiration, to such an extent as to lose control over his better judgment. Glorying, with all the openness of his generous nature, in the enthusiastic recognition which these achievements received at the hands of an excited public, he was strong enough to preserve his manhood from such exaggerated adulation as we often see exhibited with regard to mere "busy mediocrity," as to success mostly due to smart managerial means and intrigues.

He fearlessly expressed his own opinion, and blamed where he found occasion to blame; but such opinion, such blame, was invariably couched in respectful, and often poetical language. Read, for instance, the papers on Mendelssohn, Heller, Liszt, Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, and Burgmüller. But, of course, having been their equal and in some respects their superior, though too modest an artist to entertain such pretensions — (with what reverence did he not look up to Mendelssohn's mastery over form, to Chopin's originality!) — he was well qualified to appreciate the whole bearing and importance of the deeds and works of these splendid artists. The interest of true art first, and then that of the artist. "I love not the men whose lives are not in unison with their works;" and "If talent of the second rank masters the form it finds and makes use of, we are satisfied; but from talent of the first rank we demand that the form should be enlarged. Genius must bring forth in freedom." And then again: "People say it pleased, or it did not please. As if there were nothing higher than the art of pleasing the public;" for "the artist should be cheerful as a Grecian god, in his intercourse with life and men, but when these dare to approach too near, he should disappear, leaving nothing but clouds behind him."

The paper on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* will show how indignant, nay, how bitter he could become, when, from his lofty idea about art, he sees it used for the gratification of mere personal vanity and selfish ends. With deep indignation he writes, after having assisted at the first performance of the opera at Leipzig: "I agreed at once with Florestan, who, shaking his fist towards the opera, let fall the words: 'In *Il Crociato* I still counted Meyerbeer among musicians; in *Robert Le Diable* I began to have my doubts; in *Les Huguenots* I place him at once among Franconi's circus peo-

[1] Published by W. Reeves, London; Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.

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ple.' I cannot express the aversion which the whole work inspired in us; we turned away from it, — we were weary and inattentive from anger." These are hard words. Although Meyerbeer deserved, in many respects, the scathing rebuke, I think Schumann, in his holy anger, was unable, for the time being, to recognize the really grand and beautiful pages with which this finest of all Meyerbeer's scores abounds. It is, however, very rarely that we find the great artist and critic overstep his customary moderation in judging others, to the degree that borders on injustice. The paper has, however, another and deeper meaning for the unprejudiced reader, — a meaning which reaches farther than mere personal disgust at Meyerbeer's sins against true art. It proves, at the same time, with what high expectations these young German composers looked upon the production of a much praised new opera. They were dissatisfied with existing German operatic matters in general; the then successful German opera composers, ignoring Beethoven, ignoring Weber, wrote in imitation of the Italians and the French. Schumann and his friends had declared a war of extermination upon all art endeavors that clashed with their eminently German views. But in spite of their lofty theories about a real national German opera, the thing would not come forward. Although the "Junge Brausekōpfe" put hands to the plough themselves, there was always something missing to prevent the expected success of their operatic creations. Hence the discouragement, the utter disappointment, with which they gave vent to their feelings, while experiencing the great success of works in which so much ran contrary to their artistic taste and ideal; and still deeper must this displeasure have been, since they had reason to claim the composer of *Les Huguenots* as one of their nation!

Wagner understood the whole situation much better. Out of the great chaos of French-German-Italian modern operatic form, he cut the material for his "Musical Drama," and enriched, intensified it by means of the symphonic conquests of Beethoven's great instrumental works, throwing off, as he went on, step by step, all that appeared to him foreign to his artistic intentions and dramatic aims. He succeeded finally in putting forward his new national German musico-dramatic art-work. He again took up the old German war cry against all operatic elements hailing from Italy or Paris. But, as it is never given to any mortal to please everybody, especially when he is still alive, and so hot-headed an innovator as Wagner proves to be, — who, seeing with the eyes of mere amusement seekers, is so unreasonable as to expect from the opera public any belief and faith in ideal art-principles, a hitherto unheard-of thing in the operatic world? — the German people, and some of the most cultivated classes, fail to recognize the great national importance of Wagner's musico-dramatic achievements. He and his friends meanwhile battle on bravely, confident of future victory.

To the young artist Schumann will ever remain a noble example. Having had many hard struggles to encounter, both from inward and outward causes, in order to penetrate to and conquer that eminence which he subsequently held as an artist and a composer, he never once faltered with regard to the use of the noble means that gained for him his exalted place. Madame Ritter has justly said in the preface to the English edition of the above writings: "It would be difficult to overestimate the value of Schumann's labor as a critic. His influence was not destructive or depressing; it was beneficent and inspiring." In this spirit the papers will still be read and reread, infusing encouragement, hope, and cheerfulness into many an artist's breast, when depressed and weary from the discouraging effects of temporarily unsuccessful battles with the Pharisees and Philistines that pretentiously parade in the temple of art.

It is highly interesting and instructive to follow up the bent and growth of Schumann's genius as shadowed in these writings, which afford a psychological glimpse into the inner workshop of the great artist. At the start the sacred enthusiasm, but not yet purified and intensified by sufficient practical experience, the glowing richness of his poetical nature, still gains supremacy over clear philosophical views. His first papers (like his first works) display almost a tropical richness of imagery, from the entanglement of which it appears at times difficult to extricate the writer's meaning or æsthetic views. It is touching to see him inwardly struggle in order to grasp the æsthetic importance and meaning of the great forms of Bach and Beethoven; this goes hand in hand with his practical attempts to gain mastery over those forms. Schumann, the young critic, was an exacting master to Schumann the young composer. In many of his articles we can understand, between the lines, his happiness when success apparently crowned his arduous endeavors, or the temporary discouragement when the goal of his deepest desires seemed to lie, as it were, beyond his reach.

As the powers of his creative faculties ripen, his critical views become less clothed in poetical metaphor; the æsthetic vista becomes clearer and more definite, the judgment widens, wavering less between the different contrasting views of "Florestan, Eusebius, and master Raro." But arrived at this point in his career as a writer, he laid down his pen, having, for the time being, fulfilled his mission as a musical critic, leaving to other hands the precious duty of carrying out what he so gloriously, and at great sacrifice, had commenced.

Having thus endeavored to point out the general critical bearing and importance of these writings, I shall make it my task in the following numbers to examine, so far as time and space will allow, what were Schumann's (the critic Schumann) æsthetic views regarding the ideal functions of music. Were these views, as here and there expressed, in harmony with his own method of composing, as well as with that of other composers?

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL FORM: FALSE NOTIONS OF ORIGINALITY.

Professor Macfarren, in his "Inaugural Address of the Fifty-Eighth Year (1579–80)" of the Royal Academy of Music, London, gives the following sound advice to young incipient composers.

"It has been the wont of recent criticism to rest very much upon the claim to be considered original, and some remarks upon the performances of even the best among us have been to the purpose that such and such a composition wanted originality. Believe me, there never was so unsound a remark and so uncritical criticism upon the endeavors and upon the achievements of pupils. One may look into the history of art and find upon proof that, whether in our beautiful music or in other manifestations of genius, beginners have wrought in the manner, in the idiom, in the phraseology of their time, and working in its accepted vernacular they have gained control of their own thoughts. Thoughts need manipulation, exercise, development, quite as much as do the fingers of a player or the vocal organs of a singer; and when one has learned to think, when one can dispose of one's thoughts at discretion, then if the mind of the thinker have some individuality itself, have something different from the minds of other men, the means have been attained for the expression of that individuality; but he who in the first instance aims to be unlike his fellows becomes eccentric, angular, peculiar, possibly ugly, but by all means ungenial. And we must be content if we can, as Shakespeare did in English, — begin writing the English of his contemporaries, branching out afterwards into his great individuality; as Mozart did in music, as Beethoven after him, and as others have done of less note than those, begin by writing such phrases, by conducting our musical thoughts in such channels as form the language of those great men who have gone before us; and then when we can conduct our thoughts, our own originality, if we possess it, will come out and will stamp the true musician a genius.

"Of all things resist the persuasion that the great forms of music have been exhausted. Such, believe me, is not the case, — music would cease to demand our respect and our confidence were it so; but we must feel, on the contrary, that art has the strongest likeness to nature in this fact, — that its works are formed upon a traceable plan. The structure of a flower, the development of a fruit, the anatomy of every animal, show consistency and coherence of parts, and reason for every incident of the whole formation having the exact place, the exact function, the exact use that it has; and in musical composition there is just the same necessity for regulation, for order, for adjustment. We look at the works of the great masters, and they seem so completely perfect as they stand, that it must have been impossible for them ever to have been otherwise than as we know them; but with the greatest of musicians the same care has been spent on the elaboration, the construction, the arrangement of their most perfect works that is necessary for the youngest student to apply to his first attempt. In some instances, most especially in the case of Beethoven, there is evidence of the process through which these works have grown into their perfection, for it was his habit to write down from moment to moment, thoughts as they rose in his mind, and again from moment to moment to write down modifications of these thoughts, and from his earliest entrance on the pursuit of art he carried everywhere a note-book, resting or walking. Even at night this book was placed under his pillow, and if, in a restless hour, he was visited by a musical thought, instantly was this written in his book. Mostly it is the habit of a musician to conserve such a thought in his mind till he has rounded it into the rhythmic order in which he chooses to present it; but in this one case we see the whole process, and can as closely trace the formation of the thoughts of Beethoven as we can trace the flower from its seedling, from its first germination in the earth, from its putting out its bud, to its springing into full blossom; and the many, many changes which his thoughts undergo before they reach the form in which we find them, prove that with all his greatness, there was the still greater quality in him of striving ever for improvement. Let us take from that a lesson: let us believe we never can be perfect, but let us aim at improvement, improvement, and improvement. And though we may not produce, either in composition or in performance, a perfection, believe me that true painstaking was never in vain, and the attempt which is accompanied with true heart, with good will, and with a perfect wish for the best, will assuredly make its mark. Yes, it is not too much to say that the works of art which stand before the world for our veneration, for our reverence, for our imitation, it may be, —

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these are the footprints of the Creator. He has put his stamp on the noblest of all his creations — the mind of man, and left his image on the works that man produces; however far from the attainment of the greatest, every smaller thing that we attempt and that we accomplish, with a continual will to make at any rate our nearest approach to perfection, will assuredly tend to elicit for us the confidence of those we meet, and respect for all we do. The matter of originality brings to consideration the freedom which every true artist must feel when he has mastered all those principles, which are not the fetters, but the guides of his imagination, and the same freedom which is exercised in the working of an artist must be exercised by the teachers of artists. No one can conscientiously teach by a prescribed and fixed system."

MALIBRAN.

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music.]

Malibran, Maria Felicita, one of the most distinguished singers the world has ever seen, was born March 24, 1808, at Paris, where her father, Manuel Garcia, had arrived only two months before. When three years old she was taken to Italy, and at the age of five played a child's part in Paër's "Agnese" at the *Fiorentini*, Naples. So precocious was she that, after a few nights of this opera, she actually began to sing the part of *Agnese* in the duet of the second Act, a piece of audacity which was applauded by the public. Two years later, she studied *solfeggi* with Panseron, at Naples; and Hérold, happening to arrive about the same time, gave her her first instruction on the piano. In 1816 Garcia took her to Paris with the rest of his family, and thence to London in the autumn of 1817. Already speaking fluently Spanish, Italian, and French, Maria picked up a tolerable knowledge of English in the two and a half years she spent in London. Not long after, she learned German with the same facility. Here, too, she had good teaching on the piano, and made such rapid progress that, on her return to Paris in 1819, she was able to play J. S. Bach's clavier-works, which were great favorites with her father. In this way she acquired sound taste in music.

At the early age of fifteen she was made by her father to learn singing under his own direction; and, in spite of the fear which his violent temper inspired, she soon showed the individuality and originality of her genius. Two years had barely elapsed when (1824) Garcia allowed her to appear for the first time before a musical club which he had just established. There she produced a great sensation, and her future success was confidently predicted. Two months later Garcia returned to London, where he was engaged as principal tenor; and here he set on foot a singing-class, in which the education of Maria was continued, if not completed. Fétis says that it was in consequence of a sudden indisposition of Mme. Pasta, that the first public appearance of Maria was unexpectedly made; but this account is not the same as that given by Ebers or by Lord Mount-Edgcumbe. The latter relates that, shortly after the repair of the King's Theatre, "the great favorite Pasta arrived for a limited number of nights. About the same time Ronzi fell ill, and totally lost her voice, so that she was obliged to throw up her engagement and return to Italy. Madame Vestris having seceded, and Caradori being unable for some time to perform, it became necessary to engage a young singer, the daughter of the tenor Garcia, who had sung here for several seasons. She was as yet a mere girl, and had never appeared on any public stage; but from the first moment of her appearance she showed evident talents for it both as singer and actress. Her extreme youth, her prettiness, her pleasing voice, and sprightly, easy action, as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, in which part she made her début, gained her general favor; but she was too highly extolled, and injudiciously put forward as a *prima donna*, when she was only a very promising *debutante*, who in time, by study and practice, would in all probability, under the tuition of her father, a good musician, but (to my ears, at least) a most disagreeable singer, rise to eminence in her profession. But in the following year she went with her whole family (all of whom, old and young, are singers *tant bons que mauvais*) to establish an Italian opera in America, where, it is said, she is married, so that she will probably never return to this country, if to Europe." Ebers says, "her voice was a contralto, and managed with great taste." Her début took place June 7, 1825. She was immediately afterwards engaged for the remainder of the season (about six weeks) at £500. On July 23, she sang Felicia in the first performance of Meyerbeer's *Crociato*. At the end of the season, Garcia went, with his daughter, to the provincial festivals, and then embarked for New York. In this new sphere Maria rapidly improved, and acquired confidence, experience, and the habit of the stage. She appeared in *Otello, Romeo, Don Giovanni, Tancredi, Cenerentola*, and in two operas written for her by her father, *L'amante astuto*, and *La Figlia dell' aria*. She had scarcely made her début when the enthusiasm of the public knew no bounds; and, in the midst of her popularity, Garcia gave her in marriage to M. Malibran, an elderly and seemingly wealthy French merchant, in spite of her repugnance to the union. This marriage, celebrated March 25, 1826, was as unhappy as it was ill-assorted; a year had hardly elapsed before the young wife found herself, on Malibran's bankruptcy, free to leave him, and she at once seized the opportunity. In September, 1827, she had returned to France. Preceded by a bright reputation, she began by reaping a harvest of applause in private concerts, followed in January, 1828, by a great and genuine success at Galli's benefit, in *Semiramide*. Her genius for dramatic singing was at once recognized, though her style was marred by a questionable taste in her choice of ornament. This she had, in Paris, the best opportunity of correcting, both by the advice of kindly critics and the example of accomplished singers. Engaged for the season at the Italian opera, she made her début April 8. The public, at first doubting, soon welcomed her as a really great singer, and were particularly struck with wonder and delight at the novelty and originality of her style. In the season of 1829 Malibran made her reappearance in London, where she shared the applause of the public with Sontag, and the same result followed her singing with that artist at Paris, in the autumn. Engaged again at the Italian opera in the same capital in January, 1830, she was paid frs. 1,075 for each representation. This was less than she had received from Laporte in London. For he had given her frs. 13,333.33 a month, an odd sum, unless it meant frs. 40,000 for three months; and she stipulated only to appear twice a week, making each of those appearances cost frs. 1,666.66, or about £66. Though she certainly continued to draw no higher salary at the Paris Opera in 1830 and 1831, and her charge for singing at private concerts in London, 1829, was 25 guineas, yet Mr. Alfred Bunn engaged her, soon after, for nineteen nights at £125 per night, *payable in advance*.

Sontag marrying, and retiring from the stage early in 1830, left Malibran mistress of the field, and henceforth she had no rival, but continued to sing each season in London and Paris with ever-increased *éclat*. In 1830 an attachment sprang up between her and De Bériot: and this ended only with her life. They built in 1831 a handsome villa in a suburb of Brussels, to which they returned after every operatic campaign. In the summer of 1832, a sudden inspiration took this impulsive artist to Italy in the company of Lablache, who happened to pass through Brussels; and an Italian tour was improvised, which was a sort of triumphal progress. Milan, Rome, Naples, and Bologna were visited with equal success.

On her return to Brussels in November, Mme. Malibran gave birth to a daughter, who did not live; she had already a son. In the following spring she came to London, and sang at Drury Lane, in English Opera, receiving frs. 80,000 for 40 representations, with two benefits which produced not less than frs. 50,000. The prices offered to her increased each year to an unprecedented extent. She received at the Opera in London, during May and June 1835, £2,775 for 24 appearances. Sums the like of which had not been heard of before in such cases were paid to her at the provincial festivals in England, and her last engagement at Naples was for frs. 80,000 for 40 nights, with two and a half benefits, while that which she had accepted at Milan from the Duke Visconti, the director of La Scala, was, exclusively of some other profitable conditions, frs. 450,000 for 185 performances, namely 75 in 1835–36, 75 in 1836–37, and 35 in the autumn of 1838.

Having played here in English versions of *Sonnambula* and *Fidelio*, Malibran returned to Naples, where she remained until May, 1834, proceeding then to Bologna, and thence to Milan. She soon came back, however, to London for a flying visit; and was singing at Sinigaglia in July. On the 11th of the next month she went to Lucca, where her horses were taken from her carriage, which was drawn to her hotel by enthusiastic admirers after her last appearance. She next went to Milan, where she signed the above-mentioned *scrittura*, and thence to Naples, where she sang during the Carnival. Here she met with an accident, her carriage being upset at the corner of a street; and she suffered injuries which prevented her from appearing in public for a fortnight. Even then, she made her first appearance with her arm in a sling, which added to the interest of the occasion. From Naples she went, in the same triumphant manner, to Venice, her arrival being announced by fanfares of trumpets. There she was besieged with fresh enthusiasm, which followed her on her return to Paris and London. She returned in August to Lucca, where she played in *Ines di Castro*, written for her by Persiani, and in *Maria Stuarda*.

At this juncture her marriage was annulled by the courts at Paris, and on March 26, 1836, she married De Bériot, with whom she returned immediately to Brussels.

In the following April, once more in London, Mme. Malibran de Bériot had a fall from her horse. She was dragged some distance along the road, and received serious injuries to her head, from which she never entirely recovered; but her wonderful energy enabled her for a time to disregard the consequences of this accident. She returned to Brussels, from whence she went to Aix-la-Chapelle, and gave two concerts there with De Bériot. In September she had come to England again, for the Manchester Festival, — at which her short, brilliant life came to an end. She had arrived, with her husband, after a rapid journey from Paris, on Sunday, September 11, 1836. On the following evening she sang in no less than fourteen pieces. On the Tuesday, though weak and ill, she insisted on singing both morn-

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ing and evening. On Wednesday, the 14th, her state was still more critical, but she contrived to sing the last sacred music in which she ever took part, "Sing ye to the Lord," with thrilling effect; but that same evening her last notes in public were heard, in the Duet, with Mme. Caradori Allan, "Vanne se ulberghi in petto," from *Andronico*. This was received with immense enthusiasm, the last movement was encored, and Malibran actually accomplished the task of repeating it. It was her last effort. While the concert-room still rang with applause, she was fainting in the arms of her friends; and a few moments later she was conveyed to her hotel. Here she died, after nine days of nervous fever, in the prostration which naturally followed upon the serious injuries her brain had received from the accident which had befallen her in the midst of a life of perpetual excitement. She died on Friday, Sept. 23, 1836, about twenty minutes before midnight, under the care of her own doctor, a homœopath, Belluomini, who had declined to act with the two regular physicians who had at first attended her. Two hours after her death, M. Bériot was, with Belluomini, in a carriage on his way to Brussels, to secure the property of his late wife. She was buried on October 1, in the south aisle of the collegiate church, Manchester. She was but twenty-eight years of age when she died. Her remains were soon afterwards removed to Brussels, where they were reinterred in the cemetry of Lacken, where a mausoleum was erected by De Bériot, containing a bust of the great singer by the celebrated sculptor Geefs.

It is difficult to appreciate the charm of a singer whom one has never heard. In the case of Maria Malibran it is exceptionally difficult, for the charm seems to have consisted chiefly in the peculiarity of *timbre* and unusual extent of her voice, in her excitable temperament which prompted her to improvise passages of strange audacity upon the stage, and on her strong musical feeling which kept those improvisations nearly, but not quite, always within the bounds of good taste. Thus her voice was not faultless, either in quality or uniformity, seems certain. It was a contralto, having much of the soprano register superadded, and with an interval of dead notes intervening, to conceal which she used great ingenuity, with almost perfect success. It was, after all, her mind that helped to enslave her audience; without that mental originality, her defective vocal organ would have failed to please where, in fact, it provoked raptures. She was a phenomenal singer; and is one misfortune of the present generation that she died too young for them to hear her.

Many portraits of Malibran have appeared, none very good. A large one, after Hayter, representing her with a harp, as "Desdemona," is usually accounted the best; but it is only indifferent. Another, by R. J. Lane, A. R. A., showing her made up as "Fidalma," and then, afterwards, in a stage-box, in her usual dress, is much better.

Several biographies have appeared of this extraordinary person, with anecdotes of whom it would easy to fill a volume; that which was written by the Comtesse Merlin is little better than a romance. Malibran composed and published many nocturnes, songs, and chansonnettes; some of the unpublished pieces were collected and published by Troupenas at Paris under the name of "Dernières Pensées musicale de Marie-Félicité Garcia de Bériot," in 4to. J. M.

MISS JULIET FENDERSON, whose singing was so well received at the Philharmonic symphony concert, is pursuing her studies with Eugene Thayer. She is receiving numerous engagements, and later in the season will appear in oratorio.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XVI.

"How shall I finish this picture?"
Call it finished.
"But no one would buy it as it is."
Would they buy it any quicker if it were finished?

"Perhaps not. But if anybody talks of buying one of my things the remark is always made, 'I suppose that you intend to finish it more!'"

Just say that the picture is in the market for finish, and that you will finish it to that extent for which the purchaser will pay. If you notice, you will find that the people who want you to "finish" your pictures are not the people who will buy them.

If you are determined to paint, you won't mind what kind of things you use to paint with. I remember when I sketched that ploughing-scene I had only a butter-box for a palette, a brush or two and a palette-knife. For rubbing in a velvet coat sometimes nothing works better than the palm of your hand.

If you have a large surface to paint over, get sash-tools from the paint-shop, and do it at once. I believe that the old painters used these brushes, certainly for skies, backgrounds, and draperies. At any rate they painted broadly and frankly, and they could n't have done it with such brushes as we buy nowadays, — long, flimsy, weak things, or else stiff and unyielding. If you want to know what brushes to use, watch the painters at work on windows and doors.

Be frank and fearless about your work! Get rid of the timidity that makes you fear to hurt your drawing.

"Yes; but"—

Don't say *but!* Swallow the word *but!* Why, how are you going to sketch out of doors if you are going to be so afraid? You'll fear that some one will go by and see you! What if you had something to do right here in Boston? I would sit down opposite the Tremont House if I wished to, — unless the horse-cars were coming.

If you were copying in the Louvre, you'd plant your easel before a Raphael and go to work. What if people do stare? If you're busy you won't know it; and then it has always been done and always will be. Go on as if you were in the desert of Sahara, and only a camel looking at you!

You'll have to make a sacrifice of everything before you can draw. Especially, you're not to mind everything that everybody says. Keep all that you feel for your work.

It is n't by *trying* that you get on. It's by not being afraid! People who question what you are doing will never pay your board. You will have to look at things differently from the way in which you have been in the habit of looking at them. Don't be troubled because I correct you! Correct? What is it to be corrected? Is n't it to be helped? If I get you where you are afraid to say "but" you'll go on well. You have too much conscience. It is the New England habit, and it is always in the way of your drawing fearlessly. Come, put your drawing right up there near the model! Nobody will laugh at it. You are all in the same boat. Consider this your own studio, and do as you please in it!

You can't do good work unless you are physically in order for it. It requires as much strength to paint well as to plough.

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. — The nucleus of the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, enrolled as a separate organization under the direction of Mr. Bernhard Listemann, made its first appearance in the Music Hall on Friday evening, Oct. 24. For so small a band (only 32 instruments — 4 first violins, 2 'cellos and 2 basses), — convenient for popular concerts here, and for mobilization among neighboring towns, — and considering that the programme was rather overweighted with brilliant, noisy, heavy specimens of the modern school of instrumentation (needing, more than the sincere and modest older music, a large orchestra), the new Philharmonics, and their very competent and thorough leader, rendered excellent report of themselves. The fruits of unsparing critical rehearsal were obvious enough in the precision, the clearness, the good light and shade, and telling quality of each and every effort. A larger proportion of strings was of course desirable, particularly in the modern pieces, where Eurus, Boreas, and all the wind gods, are so systematically set loose to scour the plain and swallow up the gentler sounds. Mr. Listemann, considering his nervous temperament, agreeably surprised us by the self-possession and the firm, quiet, but controlling and efficient manner with which he conducted the whole concert. The violins, with Mr. Allen at their head, were prompt and sure in their attack, and phrased with perfect unity, playing with spirit and with delicacy throughout. There were two or three younger new men among the violins, and a new and excellent clarinetist, — for the rest it was the nucleus of one usual orchestra, here kept in constant practice and coöperation for the larger uses when they come. The programme was as follows: —

Overture, "Tannhäuser"	*Wagner.*
Chorusses. Adapted for Orchestra by J. Raff (New)	*Bach.*
"Ma la Sola," from "Beatrice di Tenda." .	*Donizetti.*
Miss Juliet E. Fenderson.	
Concerto for Violin, "Andante and Finale."	*Mendelssohn.*
Timothée d'Adamowski.	
(His first appearance in America.)	
"Tasso," Lamento e Trionfo, Symphonic Poem	*Liszt.*
"Carnival of Paris," Episode (New) . . .	*J. Svendsen.*
"Casta Diva," with Recitative, from "Norma"	*Bellini.*
Miss Juliet E. Fenderson.	
Violin Solos,	
(a.) "Nocturne"	*Chopin.*
(b.) "Hungarian Dance"	*Brahms.*
Timothée d'Adamowski.	
Waltz, "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald"	*J. Strauss.*
Torchlight Dance, No. 1, in B-flat. . . .	*Meyerbeer.*

The *Tannhäuser* Overture has become rather hackneyed, but the first taste of the trim and lively quality of the brave little orchestra was quickening to the sense; and indeed it was refreshing to hear an orchestra after so many months. Of the newer works Liszt's *Tasso* was the most poetic and imposing, in itself and in the presentation; yet we think one such thing enough for any programme. Svendsen's "Carnival" was a wild, outrageous, screaming Witches' Sabbath; an ingenious, audacious, brilliant, and exceedingly difficult specimen of that sort of caricature of art which we could wish, with Dr. Johnson, were impossible. The Strauss Waltz (Stories from the Vienna forest) was in refreshing contrast, and, but for the introduction of the insipid, sentimental eithern, welcome to all ears. The Meyerbeer "Torchlight Dance," with its grotesque, bloated melody on the bass tuba, showed how big a crash can be produced by a

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few instruments. All these things were certainly played well.

But now for gentler and sincerer strains; now for the serene sky and the divine repose of older, truer Art, and more convincing, even with a "still, small voice." First and greatest was the *Chaconne*, — Bach's grandest of all solos for the violin, whose power and charm reside so intrinsically in its musical ideas, and their most genial, masterly development, that the outlines can bear magnifying and coloring through a full orchestral transcription, such as Raff has here successfully made. The power and beauty of the work were admirably brought out, the color contrasts heightened, and the crescendos and great climaxes intensified, but not exaggerated, in the writing and the rendering. Every phrase and motive, and all the polyphonic interweaving, was distinct and fine. The only thing which we could question was the somewhat too fast tempo of the middle portion, where the development becomes exciting, and the individual instruments have so much melodic work to do each in its own way. It gave an impression of uneasy, anxious effort to keep in. For the solo violinist such quickening of the pulse at times is natural and not offensive; but the orchestral body needs a steadier movement. The piece was closely listened to and heartily enjoyed.

Next, the two movements from the Mendelssohn Concerto, in which the principal violin was nicely and judiciously accompanied. Mr. Adamowski, the young Pole of whom we have before spoken, won the general sympathy by his very presence, and his sincere, modest, graceful manner and bearing. His playing at once approved itself by its pure intonation, its fine, clear phrasing, as well as breadth of style, intelligent conception, depth of feeling, and well-nigh faultless execution. There was nothing meretricious about it; no false ornament nor affectation; it was all simple, genuine, and manly. His tone is not of the largest, but yet powerful and searching. He is too young to have developed into a *great* violinist, but the promise is excellent; and indeed his whole appearance and performance was most interesting. The audience could not refrain from open applause in the midst of each movement. Being recalled he played a graceful Serenade by Haydn, with good pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. C. L. Capen. The Chopin Nocturne was exquisitely played, and the Hungarian Dance was given with great fire and freedom.

Miss Fenderson has a rich and large soprano voice, which seems to be well trained, although there is a slight tendency to the *tremolo*. Her singing is good, though not particularly sympathetic. We should prefer to hear her in more interesting selections. The recitative preceding "Casta Diva" was the most impressive thing she did.

Herr Rafael Joseffy, the young Hungarian "piano virtuoso" (virtuoso in the best sense), after setting New York wild with musical enthusiasm, came last week to us, — came and played and conquered. With this difference: here no discordant sounds were mingled in the general chorus of delight; there some jealous croaks, were heard, promptly rebuked of course. The three concerts were given on Thursday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, in Horticultural Hall, a room of the right size for the best effect of the piano-forte. On the first evening Joseffy was accompanied in two pieces by a very small but select orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. This was the programme: —

Overture, "Prometheus"	*Beethoven.*
Concerto (E minor)	*Chopin.*
Herr Joseffy and Orchestra.	
Allegro from the "Italian Symphony"	*Mendelssohn.*
Piano Solo:	
a. Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge	*J. S. Bach.*
b. Menuett, Transcribed by R. Joseffy	*Boccherini.*
c. Etude on Chopin's Valse (D-flat)	*R. Joseffy.*
Herr Joseffy.	
Hungarian Fantasie	*Liszt.*
Herr Joseffy and Orchestra.	

The two purely orchestral selections were nicely suited to the occasion, and were played with spirit and refinement, as was also the long and pregnant introduction to the Chopin Concerto. A very few bars sufficed to convince the audience of the marvelous *touch* of the pianist, as well as of a perfect *technique*, felt in the simplest passages and phrases quite as palpably as afterwards in the most elaborate and difficult ornamental development and bravura. Indeed, we dare not say that we have ever heard in any artist (Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Essipoff, included) a more near approach to absolute perfection in every element of technique and of execution. The evenness and ease of all the runs and arpeggios; the commanding, penetrating power, always expressively graduated and shaded; the positive intensity (so different from "pounding") with which significant single tones were struck and made to vibrate through, and through the listener; the singularly soft and velvety *pianissimos*, never blurred nor muffled, and with the finest discrimination of all degrees and shades between *pianissimo* and *piano*; on the other hand, decided strength and power, wherever required, whether sustained and broad, or startling and electric; the *staccato* and *legato* alike perfect; and the faultless style, proportion, unity throughout, — all the qualities, in short, of the peerless executant were felt in this, as in every one of his performances.

And the interpreter satisfied no less than the executant. He plays with soul and feeling, with a fine intelligence, making execution, technique, subordinate to the expression of the composer's meaning, the perfected means to an ideal and artistic end. When have we had all the power and beauty of that Concerto so brought out? Alike in the broad and noble Allegro, the soulful, exquisite Romanza, and the brilliant Rondo, flashing like diamonds in the sunlight? The only detail which we could have wished otherwise, was the startling force and splendor given to the concluding cadence by the Tausig double octaves in place of the simpler original; such *tours de force* are always questionable, at least unnecessary.

But, to our mind, his most remarkable performance was that of the Chromatic Fantasie und Fugue of Bach; especially the Fantasie, which we never before have heard when it was kept so all alive, from beginning to end, through all its free fantastic coruscations of arpeggios and runs, its dainty parenthetic bits of flowering arabesque, and its great breadths of rich and massive chords. The Fugue, so prepared, followed in the most clear and delicate, poetic style. The naive, pretty Boccherini melody was marvelously transfigured, decked out and bejeweled in Joseffy's most subtle and ingenious transcription, where the artist reveled in the full, free play of inexhaustible embellishment. And the sensuous delight and wonder which this excited was enhanced with an almost dizzy crescendo in his Etude on the Chopin Waltz; that was virtuosity carried to a white heat. We are about tired of Hungarian Fantasies and Rhapsodies, and we do not think Liszt's orchestra improves them; but there can be no doubt that this was a most brilliant, characteristic, vivid illustration of those well-worn national melodies, songs, and dances, with all the local color that could be desired.

That concert was a fresh sensation and surprise, even to old concert-goers. The result of it was the general feeling that here is a man who unites *all* the qualities of a complete pianist, with no weakness, no flaw anywhere. He can do whatever he pleases with his instrument (in this case a wonderfully sweet, sonorous Chickering), and his true musical instinct, his cultured taste, prompt him to do good things, and not waste such faculties on trash.

The second concert was without orchestra, and consisted wholly of piano solos, namely these: —

(1) Sonate. — Op. 53, C major	*Beethoven.*
(2) *a.* Fuga A minor / *b.* Bourrée	*J. S. Bach.*
c. Gavotte	*Padre Martini.*
d. Vogel als Prophet (Bird as a Prophet), Novellette No. 2, D major	*Schumann.*
e. Moment Musical, A-flat major	*Schubert.*
f. Auf dem Wasser zu singen (To sing on the water)	*Schubert — Liszt.*
(3) *a.* Etudes, Op. 10 (C-sharp minor, E major G-flat major)	*Chopin.*
b. Nocturne	"
c. Valse, E minor	"
d. Tanzarabeske, No. 2	*Joseffy.*
e. Spinnerlied (Flying Dutchman)	*Wagner — Liszt.*
(4) Tarantella Venezia e Napoli	*Liszt.*

Only the greatest artists have given us so fine a rendering of that Beethoven sonata, which has been the stalking-horse for so many concert virtuosos. On this first hearing there was something a little strange to us in his conception and his treatment of it which we could not define to our own mind. Throughout we doubted whether Joseffy had the breadth, the depth, and the intensity of nature which fits one to be peculiarly an exponent of Beethoven's music. His rendering did not lack force or manliness, and yet it was the feminine side of the giant which seemed mostly to come out. All the *finesse* of the composition — and there is a great deal of it, particularly in the Rondo with its breathless, fiery speed, and almost fairy fancy — he exhibited in a clearer light and finer outline than we ever heard before. In those most trying passages for the fingers, where groups of twofold rhythm in the one hand struggle against those that are threefold in the other, each was heard with a distinctness without any scrambling, the like of which we cannot recall. And where the theme is kept up in the upper octave, supported by a continuous trill in the same hand, while the left hand rushes up and down in rapid scales (*staccato*, too), all the three parts asserted themselves at once most bravely and with equal vividness. The Prestissimo, too, of the Finale, was surpassingly quick and perfect. Some, no doubt, wondered at so much *pianissimo* in so bold and fiery a Sonata; and so did we somewhat, until, having become at home more with his manner, when he repeated it in the matinée of the next day, we could accept his rendering and yield ourselves up to it with much less reserve. Some day we hope to hear him play some more, a good deal more, of Beethoven.

The Fugue and Bourrée of Bach, with florid themes, and woven into a most delicate and subtle tissue, were most exquisitely given; could we only always hear Bach's things played as these were, and that Chromatic Fantasie, any audience would fall in love with them! The quaint Gavotte by Martini was delightful both in matter and in manner. Schumann's little Bird reverie could not have been more exquisitely and feelingly expressed; and the *Novellette*, a work of more pretension, was an eloquent interpretation. But what could be more delicious than Joseffy's rendering of the two Schubert pieces, particularly the *Barcarole*, which is one of Liszt's happiest transcriptions?

We have not room to dwell on the admirable and characteristic rendering of the Chopin pieces. The remainder of the programme might all come under the rubric of the "arabesque," as well as

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the artist's own florid and extremely ornamental setting of some familiar Viennese dance tunes of the "Blue Danube" order. Surely, light fingers never flaw more deftly through all the labyrinthine intricacies of such fairy frost-work. The *Spinnerlied* and *Tarantella* were, perhaps, too much of the same order to come all together. But that is a vein in which Joseffy seems to be supreme, and be can play upon the senses of an audience with it as long as his fancy listeth and the impulse lasts. We might call it musical lace work; we examine a few specimens of fine lace and feel that we have seen all there is or can be of it; with all its endless variation, it is essentially the same thing to the end of the chapter. But the ladies find it otherwise! And so they did with these tone-arabesques.

This second programme was essentially repeated in the matinée of Saturday, on which we suspend comment for the present, to allow a chance for afterthoughts and the supplying of any omissions in this hasty record of impressions.

IS ROBERT FRANZ A FAILURE?

II.

It has been said of Franz's "additional accompaniments" to Bach and Handel arias that they overload the original compositions with counterpoint, or, as I have heard it expressed, "you cannot see the simply beautiful melody for the contrapuntal dust which surrounds it." This is indeed a grave charge, and requires to be gravely met. I will attempt to answer it, together with the very self-evident proposition that "what Franz has added is not Bach." The gaps in Bach's scores absolutely need filling up in some way; this is admitted on all hands, and may be considered a settled fact. Leaving aside, for the moment, the question whether this filling up is to be done on the organ or by orchestral instruments (a matter of quite secondary importance), it may be said that only two ways of writing the "additional accompaniments" have been suggested. The first, or Franz, method is to write these "accompaniments" in a pure polyphonic style, working out contrapuntal figures that are to be found in the original parts, so as to make the Bach score and the added parts blend into an organic whole. The second, or anti-Franz, method is to fill out the gaps with the simplest plain harmony, thus throwing the original parts into the strongest possible relief. This second plan has one (to me questionable) advantage: it leaves the listener in no doubt as what notes Bach actually wrote, and what has been added by modern hands. Bach's freely flowing parts, full of musical vitality as they are, stand out against the neutral harmonic background with unmistakable distinctness. But I fail to see what is gained by this, beyond satisfying a mere historico-archæological curiosity in the listener. It does not give him any more of Bach than the other method does (for the original parts are preserved intact in both), and gives it him accompanied in a way that we know both by tradition and by internal evidence to be diametrically opposed to Bach's style; for all accounts unite in telling us that Bach himself was in the habit of treating all figured basses polyphonically, and often in a very elaborate contrapuntal style. It is evident to the meanest capacity that no man can count upon the wholly inconsiderable chance of filling out the composer's figured, or unfigured basses, *exactly as Bach himself would*; such a thing is not to be thought of, and no one ever claimed that Franz has done it. But he has made such an exhaustive study of Bach's manner, his native genius has been so fructified by long appropinquity with Bach's works, that it may be fairly claimed for him that his additions are as near an approximation to Bach's style as we can look for to-day. This is so true that persons more anxious to obtain unquestioned authenticity than musical beauty have even *reproached* him with writing "additional accompaniments" that blend so nicely with the original parts, that the listener cannot tell which is Franz and which is Bach. That is indeed a *reproach* with a vengeance. Tell me till doomsday that a Franz-Bach score is not Bach, pure and simple, and I readily admit it; but I answer that by far the greater number of Bach scores, filled out in mere plain harmony, are not Bach either, and, what is worse, they are not even in Bach's style — nay (speaking from my own personal musical convictions), they are not in any respectable style at all. As for "Bach pure and simple," it is an article that in very many cases is not to be had for the asking, and we must content ourselves with a substitute. Let those individuals who are bent upon putting salt upon the tail of every note that came from Bach's pen, and pocketing it without fear of its pedigree being counterfeited, follow performances score in hand, and pick out what they find to be genuine.

But is this, after all, the right spirit to listen to great music in? Is music a thing to be enjoyed only after its authentic date and parentage has been settled — just like a collection of old coins? I think far otherwise.

As for "contrapuntal dust obscuring a beautiful melody," take any of the most elaborate of Franz's arrangements, say for instance, the tenor air "Der Glaube ist das Pfand der Liebe" in the Cantata "Wer da glaubet und getauft wird." Listening to it with even the dullest ears I cannot find that the melody is obscured in a single instance. Take the original parts, adding an accompaniment of mere chords, and you have the beautiful melody in absolute rags against a background that only serves to make its scant dress the more visible. I ask any musician to say frankly whether he can conceive of a great composer's really intending such another discrepancy in character between a melody and bass on the one hand, and the accompanying voices on the other. Is it possible that Bach, who has never *written out* anything in this mongrel style, can have wished it to be applied to a large number of his most glorious inspirations? Speaking in terms of four-part writing, and imagining Bach's original parts to be sentient beings (that is truly no great stretch of fancy), what must be the state of mind of a treble or bass part at finding a dull modern tenor or alto refuse to follow its most beautiful suggestions, and torpidly hang around its neck, as it were, doing just enough to prevent actual cacophony! A leading voice wishes to be followed, and followed willingly and intelligently; Bach's parts sketch out designs for the others to execute; they do not ask merely for support, they cry aloud for active coöperation; they do not say to the accompaniment (in the old technical sense of the term), "Take us upon your shoulders that we may the better disport ourselves in the eyes of men," but rather, "Come, take your own active part in the work we are seeking to accomplish; we cannot do it alone, but must have genial and skillful help from you; as you share in the work, so shall you share in the reward."

In a word, — and this no unprejudiced person has yet denied, — Franz has developed the incomplete scores of Bach into something that can stand forth as a coherent and finely organized whole; every fibre in them is alive, and all parts work together by the same means to a common end. But the "greatest possible neutrality" school, with their plain harmonic filling out, have in no wise done this; their "accompaniments" do not blend with the original parts, they do not form an organic whole, but merely give us two incongruous parallel entities, which agree with each other only well enough to prevent actual mutual excoriation — and not always that.

W. F. A.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, OCT. 29. — Our musical season may be said to be fairly open, for we are now having two weeks of Italian Opera from the Strakosch Company. I have attended a number of performances, and heard all the new artists several times. The opening night gave us *Faust* with the following cast: —

Mlle. La Blanche	as	Marguerite.
Miss Lancaster	as	Siebel.
Miss Arcone	as	Marta.
Signor Lazarini	as	Faust.
Signor Storti	as	Valentine.
Monsieur Castelmary	as	Mephistopheles.

Mlle. La Blanche (Miss Davenport) is a graceful young lady, with a good idea of acting; and her stage presence is always suggestive of the character that she may be representing, thus showing that she has given faithful study to the ideal of her rôles. Her voice is not large, but of the light soprano character; sweet and sympathetic in the high notes, although her lower tones are rather weak and uneven. She acted the part of Marguerite much better than she sang it. Yet portions of her music were given very effectively, and considering her limited experience she may take courage for the future from her effort. To color the various notes of the voice so that they may adequately manifest the emotions of the character is the aim of true art. Our fair débutante gave more expression to her acting than to her singing. There was sympathy in the voice, it is true, but the joyous ring of the happy maiden was not there, nor did her sorrow in the later scenes of the opera receive adequate vocal representation. In the jewel song particularly, one felt her inability to give it with that joyous and sparkling tone which so well expresses the merry-hearted maiden. The trill which opens the song was very poorly executed. Signor Storti, who took the small rôle of Valentine, is a baritone with an expressive voice of much power; and he sings well, while his acting was the best I have seen of the part. M. Castelmary made the rôle of Mephisto the central figure in the opera. His acting stamps him as a fine artist, while his telling voice is used with a skill that indicates purpose and conception. He is one of the best artists in the company. Signor Lazarini made a very weak Faust. Miss Lancaster made but little of Siebel's music. The chorus is one of the worst I ever had the misfortune to hear. I can imagine nothing more frightful than their appearance and — I must not say singing, for their discordant voices have no approach to anything musical. They come upon the stage and interrupt the music of the opera as a terrible nightmare destroys the lovely picture of sweet fancy's fairest dream, even by the spectre of its own hideousness.

Tuesday evening gave us the time-worn *Il Trovatore*, which was only made notable by the first appearance of the dramatic prima donna, Mlle Singer.

I regret that I cannot follow the critics of our daily press, and become enthusiastic over the vocal and dramatic abilities of Mlle. Singer. She has a very large voice, extremely powerful in its carrying quality, and she may rightly claim the name of a dramatic prima donna. Yet she has a very uncomfortable *tremolo*, which she uses all the time, even in the *mezza voce*. In the chest notes her voice can exhibit great power, but the character of the sound is not strictly musical. In the ensemble singing she can be heard above chorus and orchestra with a volume of tone that is astonishing to an audience, and completely awakens their enthusiasm. Her appearance on the stage is stately, and her acting dramatic, while she may be said to belong to the emotional school. The constant use of the *tremolo* causes her intonation to be at times uncertain, and she falls from the key occasionally. As Leonora she had plenty of opportunity to show the emotional characteristic of her voice, and she improved it so successfully as to win applause. In the trio at the end of the first act her voice manifested its full power, and the people seemed to be delighted. To me it was a passion made so intense as to be beyond the limit of control, and if the term *ranting* may be applied to singing, it would perhaps stand in place. Yet I would not say that she had but poor abilities, for her Aida, which I saw later, stamped her as an artist of more than ordinary accomplishments. In the approach to the circle of the great artists of the world she as yet stands at the doorway, hindered, perhaps, by some of the faults I have named.

Mlle. de Belocca is a pretty little lady, with a rich mezzo-soprano voice, which she uses with smoothness and grace. Her acting was not dramatic enough for the rôle of Azucena, nor her voice large enough to suit the full requirements of the part. Yet her tones were sweet and agreeable, particularly in the middle part of the voice. It is not a contralto voice, nor fitted for such a rôle as that of the gipsy. Sig. Petrovich proved himself to be a tenor with a good healthy voice of the *robusto* order. He took the high C in the "di

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quella pira" with a ringing tone that was pure and telling, and won thereby the admiration of the audience. In acting he is only mediocre, and his singing cannot be regarded as strictly artistic, although it has many excellent qualities. Sig. Storti, as the Count, did some very fine singing. His style is good, and his voice smooth and rich. He won his way into favor at once, and his acting and singing show him to be one of the most talented members of the company.

Wednesday evening I listened to *Mignon*, Mlle. La Blanche taking the title rôle. Miss Litta was Filina, M. Castelmary, Lotario, and Sig Lazarini, Guglielmo. The part of Mignon contains music which is too low to suit Mlle. La Blanche's voice; and, although she acted well, and looked the character, the music was too trying for a voice of that kind. She was in sympathy with her rôle, however, and did her best to produce a picture of the impulsive child-woman that Goethe painted in such warm colors. Miss Litta sang the music of the Filina part with fine execution, but she has not the *abandon* necessary to give the character that dash and grace that should mark its representation. M. Castelmary's make-up in the part of Lotario was artistic in the extreme, and his acting and singing was the best we have ever had in this rôle. He gave a manly dignity to the character, and his scenes with Mignon were very expressive, and highly enjoyable. He had that sympathy that draws others into its circle, and he won the audience by the power of his art.

Thursday gave us *Aida*. To say that Mlle. Singer acted the rôle of Aida finely is only a just record. Her conception was intelligent and marked with a dignity of bearing fitting the character. The rôle of Aida is one particularly adapted to her voice, and as it gives full scope for the use of her emotional and dramatic powers it is not surprising that she makes it one of her very best parts. In the concerted music in the first act her voice was heard above the orchestra, chorus, and other parts, with a power of tone thrilling in its immense volume. In the scene in which she pictures her love for Radames, and at the same time her fear for her father's safety in his encounter with the Egyptian hosts, the various emotions of a perplexed mind, and a troubled heart, were given such truthful manifestations as to stamp them with the appearance of reality. In the duet with Amneris, where she discloses her love for Radames, she was also very expressive. She used the *mezza voce* with pleasing contrast to her larger tones. In the last scene she also sang and acted very effectively. The great fault in her singing is the constant use of the *tremolo*. It mars her best efforts, and gives a coloring to the voice not always agreeable to listen to. Passion of an intense character, and great volume of voice she has, and her conception of character is worthy of an artist; but her method of singing will not win her the highest appreciation. Mlle. de Belocca sang Amneris agreeably, but her voice was not dramatic nor large enough to give to the character its best representation. Still she sings well. After Miss Cary where shall we find an Amneris? Sig. Petrovich sang the part of Radames with much power, and although he is not great, was not a weak point in the cast. Sig. Storti and M. Castelmary gave their rôles with the finish of accomplished artists. Commendation can go no further.

Friday evening Miss Litta sang *Lucia*. She was greeted with a large and enthusiastic house. She executed her music with much brilliancy, and in the mad scene won great applause for her fine singing. In action she has improved very much since last year. Saturday we had *Traviata*, with Mlle. La Blanche. I missed the performance, but learn that the young lady made her best effort of the week. A number of concerts demand attention, also some mention of Mlle. Singer as Norma, but my letter has already run beyond the proper limit, and these must wait until another time.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 31. — Since I wrote you last, there have been two concerts worthy of record. The first on Oct. 14, was given by Wilhelmj, in connection with Bach's orchestra. The programme was as follows: —

Overture, Euryanthe . . . . . . *C. M. von Weber.*
Vorspiel, Lohengrin . . . . *Wagner.*
Concerto for Violin (with a Cadence by Wilhelmj), with Orchestra Acc. . . . . *Beethoven.*
Mr. Wilhelmj.
Scene and Aria, Freischuetz, ... *Weber.*
Mme. Jenny Valley.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14 . . . . *Liszt.*
Overture, Mignon . . . . *Thomas.*
{ a. Andante and Intermezzo, Solo for Violin with Orchestra . . . . *Vogrich.*
{ b. Largo, Solo for Violin with Organ Acc. *Handel.*
Mr. Wilhelmj.
Bridal Song, From the Symphony "Laendliche Hochzeit" . . . . *Goldmark.*
Air, Hongroise . . . . *Ernst.*
Mr. Wilhelmj.
Turkish Patrol . . . . *Michaelis.*

I have nothing to add to the numerous commendations of the great violinist. Unfortunately, he omitted the Handel *Largo*. The orchestra accompanied badly, but in the other numbers surpassed itself. Mme. Valley's method is poor, and her style very unsatisfactory.

The Musical Society gave *The Creation* last night. Mr. Eugene Luening being conductor. The soloists were Mr. Franz Remmertz, who sang admirably, but sometimes oversentimentalized his part; Mr. Chas. Knorr, who has excellent points and is on the whole acceptable in spite of a bad or rather imperfect school; Miss Jennie Jerzykiewicz, a young singer fresh from seven years of study in Germany, with a light, pure, clear, well-trained voice and good style; and Miss Susie Macaulay, also a young soprano with considerable French and Italian training, with a light voice, somewhat nasal in quality, especially below and on certain vowels, but on the whole a very desirable singer. The chorus deserves high praise, and Mr. Luening is to be congratulated on the very marked success of his work.

J. C. F.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE score of the overture to "Rip van Winkle," by Mr. George W. Chadwick (of Lawrence, Mass.), a student at the Conservatorium in Leipzig, which won the palm there among all the compositions offered at the annual examination, or *Haupt-Prüfung*, in June last, is now in the hands of the Concert Committee of the Harvard Musical Association, and probably will be performed in the first Symphony Concert (Dec. 11). The programme of that concert also includes the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, the Overture to *Rosamunde*, by Schubert, the "Marche de Nuit" from Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* (first time), and a Concerto not yet decided on.

— The plans of the Euterpe are now completed. The programmes for the five concerts in Mechanic's Hall are as follows: —

Dec. 10. — Quartet, E-flat, *Haydn*; Quintet, Op. 29, *Beethoven*.

Jan. 14. — Quartet, C major, *Mozart*; Quartet, Op. 192, No. 2, *Raff*.

Feb. 11. — Quartet, Op. 74, *Beethoven*; Quartet, Op. 41, No 3, *Schumann*.

March 10. — Quartet, Op. 132, *Beethoven*; Quartet, Op. 44, No. 1, *Mendelssohn*.

April 14 — Quartet, E-flat, *Cherubini*; Quintet, G minor, *Mozart*.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will open the season. The New York Philharmonic Club will play in the last two concerts.

— Ernst Perabo has returned, after a second residence in Leipzig, not in such good health as his many friends had hoped to see him. He receives his pupils at No. 10 Derne St. The *Gazette* says: "While abroad, Mr. Perabo was not idle, as is evidenced by the music published by him in Leipzig. Among these are 'Drei Studien,' for piano, brilliant and interesting works of a high order of merit, thoughtful and musicianly in treatment, and of value to students from both an artistic and technical point of view. The second study is dedicated to Professor Wentzel, of the Leipzig Conservatory, and the third to Professor Ernst Friedrich Richter. Among the other works are a series of short pieces under the title of 'After School,' the first five of which have appeared here, but the sixth, consisting of five more, under the title 'A Picnic,' are now printed for the first time. They are all charming and dainty in idea, and gracefully treated. These and the others of Mr. Perabo's foreign publications can be had of Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt."

— Our noble Boston Music Hall is not yet out of danger. We stated several weeks ago that the only hope of safety lay in the purchase by its friends of the controlling interest in its stock, now held by one man and for the benefit of that man's creditors. Two parties have been competing for the possession of those 560 shares, but with opposite motives. The first party seek to buy on speculation, and would play into the hands of the would-be destroyers. But the present owner declined to close with them, provided the friends of the Hall would subscribe for all his shares at a fixed price, greatly above par, within a reasonable time. Such friends were not wanting, and, to our certain knowledge, on Saturday, Oct. 25, the subscription for the 560 shares was fully made up by gentlemen who wish to save the building for a Music Hall. Yet when the amount was formally offered, it appeared that some new sinister influence had been at work, so strong as to induce the present holder to recede from his proposal, though he may yet relent. And there it now hangs trembling in the balance. The friends who so readily agreed to take the stock knew that they were paying much *too high* a price for it; but they only wished to save the Hall; they acted from a generous sentiment, for the good of music, and for the honor of old Boston, and not from a hope of dividends, or from a willingness to speculate upon the chance of its destruction. Should the property become theirs, the interests and uses of the Hall could be in no better hands.

— The season tickets for the Handel and Haydn Society's Concerts are in good demand. — Subscription papers for the eight Harvard Symphony Concerts may be found at the Music Hall, at Chickering's, and at Ditson's, Prüfer's, and Schmidt's music stores, until Dec. 1. The orchestra will have for its nucleus the Philharmonic Orchestra of Mr. Listemann, and it will be as much larger, and the rehearsals as frequent and as thorough, as the number of subscribers will permit. The same with regard to solo talent, vocal and instrumental. The sooner the subscription lists are filled, the stronger will the committee be for carrying out their scheme of first-class concerts.

— There is to be a series of five classical concerts in Sanders Theatre, (Cambridge), this season, under the direction of Professor J. K. Paine. The entire number will be given by the Boston Philharmonic Club, with Mr. Listemann conductor, and a symphony will be produced at each concert. Among the pieces performed will be Beethoven's Symphonies in C minor and in F, Weber's overture to "Oberon," and "Invitation a la Danse;" Mozart in E minor, Goetz's new symphony, a work by Saint Saëns, and compositions by Bach, Schumann, and Wagner. Papers are open for subscription.

— The Boylston Club will give a concert in Music Hall, November 14, when Astorga's *Stabat Mater* will be produced and Mr. Adamowsky will play.

— Mr. John A. Preston will give a series of four piano recitals at Winchester, beginning November 24, assisted by Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Wulf Fries, and others.

— Grau's opera bouffe troupe will begin a season of two weeks at the Boston Theatre, next Monday evening, with *La Fille de Mme. Angot*. Other operas of the week will be *La Grande Duchesse*, *Giroflé Girofla*, and *La Perichole*. The company includes singers of great repute, among them being Mlle. Paola Marie, Mlle. Angele, and M. Victor Capoul.

— Vocal clubs will be glad to know that a new and superior reprint of the beautiful Psalm of Goetz: "By the waters of Babylon," will presently be published, by Carl Prüfer, in West Street.

NEW YORK. — First let us offer heartily the right hand of fellowship to the new *Musical Review*, of which Messrs. A. MacMartin, Gustav Kobbé, and J. C. Rodrigues are the editors and proprietors. We congratulate New York on now having a respectable and high-toned journal devoted to the art of music, and not trading on the interests of mere music trade, relying for support and sympathy more on quality than overwhelming quantity of matter. The founders of the new *Review* clearly have a high and worthy aim. They seek to promote the art of music as such, and to educate and raise the public taste. Their writing so far shows knowledge and ability, and a gentlemanly style and spirit. The paper is very handsomely printed, in convenient form, each weekly number consisting of twenty pages, and it has decidedly a look of refinement. We understand that there is capital in the enterprise, ensuring independence, and enabling the proprietors to employ good contributors. Three numbers have appeared, richly stocked with matter well worth reading. Its articles about Joseffy are almost exhaustive, reproducing criticisms from other sources, and showing also that the "fledgling" *Review* can strike a hard blow, if need be, in the way that it exposes the motive of certain disparaging criticisms on this admirable pianist; for instance: "Mr. Joseffy plays at Chickering Hall, and not at another hall; Mr. Joseffy's orchestra is led by Dr. Damrosch, and not by another conductor; Mr. Joseffy's success hurts the aspirations of another clever and ambitious pianist who happens to be in the salary roll of another piano house. All these influences united work against Mr. Joseffy. In short, all this apparently artistic turmoil is nothing but a mean, petty war of the managers of a hall, the manufacturers of a piano, and the employers of a pianist, against the employers of another pianist and managers of another hall." To all which we say, Amen!

— The Mapleson Opera season is progressing feebly at the Academy of Music, bringing out old, threadbare operas like *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, to begin with, followed by *Faust* and *Carmen*. Gerster comes not, and is not expected. And now it is said that Di Murska and Marie Roze are not to join the troupe, as was expected, after Christmas; but, as Mme. Trebelli-Bettini's London engagement expires then, she may perhaps come over here in January. The *Musical Review* (Oct. 30) says: —

"Even including the performance of Bizet's *Carmen* on Monday night, Mr. Mapleson's season has brought forth nothing of importance so far. Pretty much as it was at the beginning of the season last year, when Miss Hauk and *Carmen* were made to do duty for the absent Gerster, the subscribers are forced to wait for whatever may be forthcoming as a compensation for the high prices Mr. Mapleson exacts from those who desire the privilege of attending the performances at the Academy of Music. So far their compensation has been meagre. The small army of nobodies in the operatic world brought hither will not be likely to satisfy the average opera-goers, who above all things crave for an operatic star of the first magnitude. At present they are enjoying an opera season at Nilsson prices with half a dozen débutantes in place of a prima donna."

— It is rumored that the Chickering Hall series of Symphony Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Gotthold Carlberg, will not be continued this season.

— The first concert of the Symphony Society, Dr. L. Damrosch, conductor, takes place this evening at Steinway Hall. The programme includes Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; Volkmann's, "To the Night," for alto solo (Miss Drasdil) and orchestra (new); Raff's "Walpurgis Night," for orchestra; "A Faust Overture," Wagner; Schubert's "Home Sickness," Miss Drasdil; and Liszt's "Festival Sounds" (first time).

CINCINNATI. — The College Orchestral Concerts promise a financial success, over eight hundred seats being subscribed for on the first day of the sale. So it *used to be* in Boston.

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BOSTON, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

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MUSICAL MATTERS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

BY DR. EDUARD HANSLICK.

II.

LISZT ON CHOPIN.

A NEW edition of Liszt's book, *Chopin,* has been published in Leipsic by Breitkopf and Hartel. Not only is its language French, but its getting-up as well, — magnificent large type on milk white paper. That German publishers can produce such volumes *à la* Firmin Didot, we knew long ago; but we do not know why they so seldom and so exceptionally *will* do so. One relishes a book twice as much when it is handsome and well printed. As a rule, German books resemble savory food served up in coarse earthenware dishes upon a table without a cloth; the readers of Breitkopf and Härtel's new edition eat off silver. The fare itself — known and appreciated for twenty years — contains no new ingredients, but has remained unaltered. It is with sincere pleasure that we have glanced once more through this book of a clever and amiable man. It is perhaps not given to everybody to go through it conscientiously line for line; for this, one must be something of a visionary, or, best of all, a woman. Liszt so loves himself at times in poetic descriptions and reflections, and strays so far from his theme, Chopin, that we almost grow alarmed lest he should not find his way back. As a master of the art of modulation, he does so, however, most agreeably; after long lyric fancies about love, the fair sex, art, Polish and French women, etc., he always returns to Chopin, who, both as artist and as man, was especially dear to him. It is a question whether anybody unacquainted with Liszt's literary style would ever guess by whom the book was written. From the numerous picturesque descriptions, such, for instance, as the exceedingly exact and neat accounts of Polish dances and national costumes, the reader might suppose the author to be a painter. To judge, however, by the diffuse philosophical arguments and poetic fancies, he should be a poet, a lyricist steeped in reflection. A musician is the last person we should suppose him to be. Even in a purely material sense, the musical element occupies the smallest amount of space in the book, though the latter is written by one distinguished musician on another. Even when characterizing Chopin's compositions and playing, Liszt nearly always employs pictorial and poetic means. He renounces every musical sign, and in the whole volume, extending over 300 pages, does not introduce the shortest example in musical notation. Thus he has pursued the same method as in his famous book, *Des Bohémiens et de leur Musique en Hongrie.* Our readers will recollect the work and the commotion it excited in Hungary. The assertion first put forth by Liszt, and supported with a degree of plausibility which bordered on proof, that Hungarian national music was derived from the Gypsies, kindled against him a violent feeling of bitterness, though that feeling was wisely soon suppressed. It was in this book that I first felt struck by the intellectually sensitive manner, reminding one of Lamartine, in which Liszt paraphrases, so to speak, his theme. Such magnificent rhetorical fireworks, however, seemed to me provided at the expense of the information which we expect in a book concerning the subject of which that book is supposed to treat. Liszt was then — exactly twenty years ago — kind enough to embody in a letter his views as to this part of my criticism. His words strike me as having an important bearing on all his literary labors, and shall, therefore, be rescued from oblivion. The principal portion, translated from the German, runs thus: "The scientific side of my subject was in my eyes of subordinate importance; for that I should scarcely have taken up my pen. An artist, and, if you choose, a poet, I wanted to see and describe nothing of my subject but its poetical and psychological side. I required from language that it should paint — with less fire and charm, it is true, but on that account with more precision than music — the impressions which, untouched by learning and polemics, come from the heart and speak to the imagination. Descriptive poetic prose is not very usual in Germany, and I can, therefore, understand that, from the title of my book, people expected rather a lecture or an essay than a *poem in prose.* But what a small circle of readers would take an interest in the little which can be asserted with certainty on this topic! On the other hand, the expression of the most delicate and most profound feelings, whenever they are capable of animating an entire art, is attractive enough for a wider circle, which embraces not musicians alone, but all persons who are susceptible to music." On this principle, Liszt gives us in his *Chopin,* also, a *poème en prose* rather than a book on music, properly so called. Yet no one will listen without profiting largely to what this celebrated, this always well-bred and amiable man, has to say. The warmth of heart which invariably pierces through Liszt's writings invests them with a kind of sacred charm far excelling all grace of style. Liszt is ever full of love for his subject, whether he be writing about Chopin, about R. Wagner, or about Robert Franz. Fired with enthusiasm, he leads us all round their works, as in a garden, from flower to flower, and, should he happen to come across a bed that is faded, or has run wild, he does not mention it upbraidingly, but in a tone of excuse. He only can love who knows how to spare.

A WAGNERIAN ATTACK ON SCHUMANN.

There could not exist, probably, a more glaring contrast to Liszt's loving description of Chopin than the estimate of Robert Schumann in the latest number of Richard Wagner's *Bayreuther Blätter.* No one, we suppose, is deceived as to the person from whom the abusive article, signed, "Joseph Rubinstein," really emanated. A man who has favored the public with nine volumes of *Collected Writings* possesses a dangerous claim to be recognized by his style. In matter and form the article is exclusively Wagnerian; Joseph Rubinstein, the pianist, who, in a not very creditable manner, introduces himself to the public as whipping-boy, has probably at most had nothing to do with the matter but to beat up the pianoforte examples as the game for which the hunter so yearned. Who does not at once recognize Wagner's style, that knotted mass of creeping, poisonous, verbal serpents, so indefatigably darting out their tongues in garrulous hate? Yes, the style is recognizable and clearly marked: "*Es steht ihm an der Stirn geschrieben, Dass er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.*"[1]

It is really the most laughable thing imaginable that the same Richard Wagner, who not long since publicly declared once more that he *despised* journalism, should himself publish a journal, and one which stands out as a remarkably black spot in the history of the press. As we know, his custom in these *Bayreuther Blätter* is to indulge partly in adoration of himself and partly in depreciation of others. What position ought to be taken up towards the columns filled with most stinking self-praise is something which must be determined by every one according to his individual taste and sense of smell. But the case, I think, is different with respect to Wagner's journalistic efforts, running parallel with those columns, to befoul the Ideals of the German people, and render despicable and ridiculous Brahms one day and Schumann the next. These are not things on which we can be silent.

The Bayreuth article comprises two heads. In the first place, an enumeration of the faults of every conceivable kind, which are said to disfigure Schumann's compositions, and then an earnest warning to public and artists to have as little to do as possible with the said compositions, "which distort taste and feeling." We will not go into the various details with which the writer of the article finds fault in Schumann; if only because we would not encourage even the shadow of an opinion that no criticism must be pronounced on great artists, but that all they do should simply be admired. On the contrary, the opinion we hold is that musical criticism and musical history are generally much too panegyrical towards great composers, and by no means analyze such men as Bach, Handel, Gluck, and Beethoven, with the unprejudiced freedom employed by our best literary historians in estimating Schiller or Goethe. We would not defend the feeling of toothless reverence which glorifies indiscriminately all the worst, as well as the best, which Schumann has written, and thus merely betrays the fact that it does not understand the best. "The critics are always at perfect liberty to direct my attention to my faults," wrote Grillparzer in his diary; "but, be it observed, *hat in hand.*" This outward respect, so intentionally outraged in the Bayreuth article, is the very least a genius of Schumann's rank has a right to demand from his critics. But we owe him much more than this. One of the noblest and most highly-gifted composers of whom Germany can boast, Robert Schumann reigns in the heart of every one who has any heart for music. The German nation looks on him as its most precious possession, and he alone who recognizes and feels all the worth of that possession has a right to judge severely any little details in it. By indulging only in censure, and, moreover, sneering censure, towards Schumann, the author of the Bayreuth article betrays himself, and shows that envy and jealousy have deprived him of his last remnant of critical power. Wagner rejects not only Schumann's weaker compositions, but actually the four Symphonies, the Pianoforte Quar-

1 Which may be rendered: —
"Yes, on his forehead is it written:
With love for none was he e'er smitten."

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tet, the *Manfred* overture — they are all "made up by arranging side by side almost uninterrupted rows simply of *cobbler's patches*." "We find everywhere in them," we are told, "the same business with separate shreds and patches, which are pulled and stretched in all kinds of ways but to no purpose; the attempt to change them into *thoughts* is not successful." The B major Symphony, with its spring-like freshness, belongs, Wagner assures us, in style to "ballet music," while he calls the gracefulness of its themes "childish *nothingness*."

But what offends the reader more painfully than aught else is that not only Schumann's ability, but his character as an artist, his purity and honor, are audaciously assailed. It is asserted that Schumann, who drew everything up from the depths of his own soul, was not "true." His "everlasting beating about ought," we are told, "to have procured for him at least the *nimbus* of exemplary intention and endeavor." Schumann deceived the world as to the fundamental deficiences of his music by means of devices with dazzled and piquant touches, which he does not hesitate to employ with the necessary profusion." Pursuing the contrary course to Franz Schubert, who was "thoroughly honorable," Schumann, by certain "little expedients, gave himself a false appearance of profundity and primitive originality." The virtuoso style of the pianoforte compositions too, in Schumann's case, "become something thoroughly false and external," etc., etc.

And why, we inquire, does Wagner now consider it necessary to make this spiteful attack on a composer whose works have only just succeeded in fighting their way to merited appreciation, after their creator has been lying in his grave for twenty years? Let every one listen! Because it is owing to a partiality for Schumann's works that "the names of Haydn and of Mozart are slow found but seldom adorning our concert programmes"! This tender care for Haydn and Mozart is in Wagner's mouth a piece of ridiculous hypocrisy, and the assertion based upon it as absurd as would be the attempt to prevent the numerous performances of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* because they kept back the operas of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven. What is new and full of vitality will always exercise its right side by side with what is classical and old, and men of progress should defend and not combat this right. But Wagner claims this right, the right of actual existence, exclusively for himself alone. The conclusion of the article — a most unmistakable specimen, by the way, of Wagner's most characteristic style — betrays in a passing ebullition the real ground of the attack on Schumann. Here is this remarkable piece of writing: "Thus we have found that even in the outward domain of our art it was not given to Schumann to be *naïf* and true, and we conclude with the wish that as many as possible may withdraw as speedily as possible from any intercourse with, and any influence of, an author who, according to what has been shown above, cannot fail to exert an injurious and distorting effect on taste and feeling, which is precisely what we, *who are hoping for a new revelation of the true spirit of art*, cannot be too anxious to preserve pure and undefiled." By this imminent new revelation, in Bayreuth, of the true spirit of art, nothing else is, of course, meant than Wagner's *Parsifal*, about the success of which we, in our turn, jump in from the horrible book, "cannot be too anxious." No! no new revelations of Wagner's will succeed in replacing the old revelations of Schumann! Not more seldom, but more frequently and more devoutly than before, shall we listen to them; for, if one thing was still wanting to complete the light thrown on Schumann, it was the sulphurous flesh of excommunication hurled at him from Bayreuth. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

THE "ORIGIN OF ENGLISH OPERA."

THE above is the title of an article which I find copied in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL, and which proves to be an account of Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

Now I have lying before me a copy of that play, "the third edition, to which is added the overture in score, and the music prefixed to each song. London: . . . . MDCCXXXII."

The songs are fifty-eight in number, not one of which has music composed for it; *all* were written to the popular melodies of that day. Was this an "Opera"?

Well, we do live and learn!

I had supposed that the masques of the day of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., were somewhat of the nature of opera; that Davenant's (died 1668) entertainments "in Stilo recitative" — Siege of Rhodes, etc. — were really English operas, at least as the term was then understood; and that works of Locke, Banister, Purcell, and their contemporaries, would even now be called by that title — not to mention Addison's "Rosamond," unfortunately set to music by a man with little talent and less genius, — Clayton. But if the "Beggar's Opera" was "the origin of English opera," it is clear that my suppositions were wuful mistakes! A. W. T.

LOWELL MASON.

BY A. W. THAYER.

LOWELL MASON, Doctor of Music, was born at the scattered hamlet of Medfield, some eighteen miles southwest of Boston, in Massachusetts, January 8, 1792, and died at Orange, in New Jersey, August 11, 1872.

The population of New England was then small; there were no cities, and very few places which in Europe would have been termed villages, and the people were distributed over wide spaces. Temptations to vice and idleness were reduced to their lowest terms, and the boys, rarely enjoying the advantages of schooling more than two or three months in the winter, had abundant leisure to devote to their favorite pursuits. The number of men of that generation, in the main self-taught, who became eminent in all walks of life is astonishing. Mason's passion was music. His small means were devoted to the purchase of instruments and of the instruction books then in vogue, and his genius and perseverance, unaided by teachers, conquered their difficulties. He has recorded of himself that "he spent twenty years of his life in doing nothing save playing upon all manner of musical instruments that came within his reach;" but they were years, as I prove, well spent in preparing him for the great work of his life — the purification and reformation of music in the churches, and the introduction of singing and reading of music as a regular branch of study in the public schools. The local tradition of a village a few miles from Medfield records his appearance as a visitor in the evening "singing school," when about twenty years of age, enchanting the young people by his beauty and the tones of his violoncello.

At sixteen the youth was leader of the choir in the local church, and a teacher of singing classes. He even undertook the instruction of a band. At the first meeting appeared instruments entirely new to him; on the pretext of putting them in order and tune he retained them in his hands, and at the next weekly meeting he had mastered them sufficiently to meet the demands upon him as instructor.

A short digression is here necessary. At the period of the American Revolution it may be almost literally said that there was neither popular poetry nor music in the English colonies, save psalmody and psalm tunes. Watts's psalms and hymns, sent in manuscript to the president of Harvard College, had in great measure superseded Ainsworth, Sternhold and Hopkins, the Bay Psalm Book, and Tate and Brady, and had been published in Boston, one edition of a part of them by Dr. Franklin in Philadelphia; but the melodies, so far as the present writer has been able to discover, had remained unchanged. Some of them, like the "Old Hundredth," were worthy of their place in public worship, but their constant use, without harmonies, and with no organ to support them, had deprived them of all life and interest. It was at that period that a few tunes of lively rhythms and imitations, a sort of poor glee, with texts from the psalm books, were brought to Boston from England. The oldest known to the writer give the name Stephenson as composer. To sing them, choirs possessed of a certain amount of training were necessary; and, where choirs in the New England churches did not already exist, they were soon formed and, in evening singing-classes, taught to sing in parts. The tunes of Tansur, A. Williams, J. Arnold, and other English composers were learned, but the glee tunes became the universal favorites; and William Billings of Boston, a natural genius with no education, and others, made them models (1770–1810) of a host of similar compositions. These men neither had, nor could have, any knowledge of the principles of musical composition, and, of course, offended every canon of criticism. Recent American writers have greatly exaggerated both the extent to which this class of tunes was used and their evil effects upon the dignity and solemnity of public worship; but true it is that they became a serious evil, and one which it seemed hardly possible to eradicate. As early as 1810–12 the large choir of Park Street Church, in Boston, out of which grew the Handel and Haydn Society of that city, had set its face and example against the so-called "fuging tunes," while the Episcopal churches, in which organs are usually found, had never, it seems, used them. But isolated choirs in cities could produce no widespread and lasting effect; a man of skill, knowledge, and judgment was needed, one who should take up the work as a vocation, a mission. Young Mason was to be the man, than whom no person living could have less foreseen the fact.

In 1812, at twenty years of age, he accepted a position in a bank at Savannah in the State of Georgia, where he immediately turned his musical knowledge to advantage in leading and instructing choirs. It was his good fortune to find there one thoroughly instructed musician, with whom he studied harmony and the art of composition. This man was F. L. Abel, a member of the well-known family of that name. Mason found himself constantly impeded and embarrassed in his public musical labors by the want of a collection of psalm tunes in accordance with his taste and judgment; and this led him, with the aid of Abel, to form a manuscript collection for his own use. The basis of this collection was the *Sacred Melodies* of William Gardiner — or, rather, its distinguishing feature, besides its correctly figured bass, was a large selection from the exquisite melodies which Gardiner had extracted from the instrumental works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and their contemporaries, and adapted to English psalms and hymns.[1] The best classes

[1] One of the writer's cherished autographs is a leaf from Mr. Mason's original MS. containing the violoncello solo in

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of the psalm tunes then in vogue in England were well represented; and the few excursions beyond the limits of good taste are excusable in a young man, and were introduced more for choir-practice than for use in the church. There was no printing office in that part of the United States of a capacity to produce a collection of music, and in 1821 Mr. Mason visited Boston, in hope of finding a publisher there. There were so many collections already before the public, that no one would venture to print it, although its author demanded nothing for the copyright, but such a supply as he needed for use in Savannah. Negotiations were then opened with the Directors of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, now in the sixth year of its existence, and already famous in New England for its oratorio performances, especially of *The Messiah* and *Creation*. But it must not be forgotten that the population of Boston was then under 45,000, and the people in the neighboring towns — within concert-going distance — were less than two thirds that number. The society was necessarily small, and, though established in the only city of the United States in which it could have lived, its income was limited, and the question presented, whether it would be prudent to assume the risk of the undertaking. It was at length decided in favor of the (then) bold course. It was agreed that, if Dr. G. K. Jackson, the organist of the society, an Englishman thoroughly educated in the solid English school, should be able, after a complete and thorough examination, to give a certificate of his full approval of the work, the society would print and publish it as its own work, and (as it stated) would assume all costs and divide any profits equally with the compiler. Mr. Mason gave the writer an amusing account of his interviews with Dr. Jackson. The doctor, sipping from a bottle of gin, sat and listened to the tunes in regular succession, sometimes interrupting with criticisms and suggestions, which the young man soon found he might adopt or not according to his own judgment, since at the next meeting they were all forgotten by Jackson. Some pieces by the doctor himself were introduced, and the result was a certificate, closing with the words: "It is much the best book of the kind I have seen published in this country, and I do not hesitate to give it my most decided approbation."

Thus, with a similar document from F. L. Abel, occupy a page of the original edition. The society took good care to add to the value of the Doctor's eulogium, by dedicating the work to him. "As a testimony of the high estimation in which he is held for his exquisite taste, profound knowledge, and unrivaled skill in the art and science of music." And so in 1821 (with date 1822) appeared the Boston Handel and Haydn Society collection of church music, etc., copyrighted by Joseph Lewis, secretary of the society. It was a matter of policy for all who were pecuniarily concerned, that the book should come before the public as being actually the work of the society, and its preface, to those who know its real history, excites more and there a smile; for instance, the audacious statement (unless Mr. Mason in Savannah might be considered as an important part of the association in Boston) that "the society have for some time been engaged, with much labor and at considerable expense, in collecting materials for the present work." Again, speaking of the adaptations of melodies from the great masters to the purposes of psalmody, we read: "These works are among the materials to which the Handel and Haydn Society have had access, and they have exercised their best judgment in making such selections from them as would most enrich the present work. They consider themselves as peculiarly fortunate in having had, for the accomplishment of their purpose, the assistance of Mr. Lowell Mason, one of their members now resident in Savannah, whose taste and science have well fitted him for the employment, and whose zeal for the improvement of church music has led him to undertake an important part in selecting, arranging, and harmonizing the several compositions."

The new book was introduced into the then universal New England evening "singing schools," and so into the choirs. The first edition was sold off with profit during the first year, and constantly enlarged editions, both in matter and number, to the tenth or eleventh followed in the course of the next dozen years.

It was the profits of this book which enabled the Handel and Haydn Society to tide over the period of its youth, and establish itself as one of the distinguishing institutions of Boston, as it still remains; it was the effect of this book which began the generation of a new, healthy, and purer taste in music throughout New England; moreover it attracted attention to Mr. Mason, and the perfection of the Savannah choir, cultivated upon it, becoming known in Boston, a formal invitation was extended to him by "a large committee, consisting of different denominations of Christians," to return to Boston and "take a general charge of music in churches there." The invitation was accepted, and in 1827, at the age of thirty-five, he established himself there.

(*Concluded in next number.*)

ON ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "MUSIC AND MUSICIANS."[1]

BY F. L. RITTER.

(Continued from page 179.)

THE representatives of music's æsthetic meaning may be divided into two classes: those who assign to music no other æsthetic powers and functions than those of producing a certain degree of formal beauty, as produced by means of a clever arrangement of musical (measured) sounds into pleasing melodies and harmonies, this latter element, however, being admitted only as a subordinate, and often importunate, servant of the melody; and those who assign to music, as one of its most important æsthetic qualities, the ideal function of expressing emotions and feelings often of such decided character as may be pointed out to the hearer by means of the more exact words of the poet. Among the first class we meet those critics who stand, in general, towards the practice of music, as amateurs, and who endeavor to get at music's æsthetic meaning by an abstract method of analysis; but for want of sufficient practical experience as composers, they are able to grasp only one part of the phenomena embodied in the musical art-work. Among the second class we find the composers, and the indirect representative critics, who consider the musical art-work in its complexity and amplitude. *Rhythm, Melody,* and *Harmony*, the three fundamental elements of every composition, each one possessing, at certain moments, an independent æsthetic characteristic meaning, consequently are of equal importance in the composer; or, as Schumann said, "Music resembles chess. The Queen (melody) has the most power, but the King (harmony) turns the scale;" and, we may add, the men (rhythm) direct the meaning of the steps (moves) of the first two.

There was a time when J. J. Rousseau found occasion to say: "*Le musicien lit peu.*" But that time has long gone by; the musician of to-day not only reads much, but he also takes up the pen, and, like a well-armed warrior, fights battles in the interest of his art. He is no more satisfied with mere technical knowledge (harmony, counterpoint) regarding composition, nor with the traditional empirical *on-dits* about the æsthetic life of art. He courageously looks around him in the world of poetry, art, and science, and endeavors to investigate, philosophically, the intimate connection of his special art with the other arts, and with life in general. For who is better fitted to talk about the inner ideal life of music than he whose heart has felt most deeply the divine vitality of music's creations? The dry scientist may satisfy his curiosity by counting and fixing the vibrations of the different sounds of the tone element, in order to be able to prove, mathematically, that music does not express anything beyond the mere production of beautifully arranged tones. The musically one-sided philosopher may see in those melodies and harmonies nothing but pleasing tone-forms, void of all ideal meaning; the mystic life of the tone-element may appear to him a fiction, and not well fitted for any rational use. To the creative musician this tone element, in its mysterious richness and complexity, will ever remain the symbol of ideal life in its varied aspects, and the establishment of this fact will receive its fullest recognition at the hands of those only who are able to bring in aid of their philosophical investigation, not alone a method of abstract analysis, but also the inestimable advantage of the practical experience of the composer. Hence the vain attempts of former, musically-uneducated philosophers to assign music its true place among the family of arts. To Leibnitz and Kant it was nothing but an agreeable combination of measured sounds. Hegel assigned to it the expression of mere outward, formal beauty. Voltaire said, sarcastically, that "that which was not fit to be spoken was good enough to be sung."[1] Others confined themselves to the mere mention of the existence of music, but avoided penetrating into its mysterious æsthetic life. But the greater number of philosophers, ignoring the fact that the work of the composer is just as much the product of the mental powers as that of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the poet, spoke disparagingly of the tone-art and its disciples. "*Sonnte, que me veux-tu,*" exclaimed many, but, lacking the right musical understanding and thorough education, they were unable to catch the satisfactory answer.

On the other hand, the musician who formerly exercised the functions of a critic, the ferocious knight of the abstract theoretical rules, was satisfied to examine a musical composition in order to see whether it sinned against the almighty "thorough bass;" the discovery of a fault against musical grammar, as he understood it, was sufficient to condemn the work and its author. Thus the poet-composer stood between two fires. Carl Maria von Weber, not satisfied with the existing situation, took up the pen a d furnished some good material from the point of view of the creative composer. Though he committed the sin of recommending his master, Abt Vogler's corrections of some of Bach's harmonized chorals, his writings on music were, on the whole, a step forward. Fred. Rochlitz, the refined and genial editor of the once influential *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, spoke many an encouraging word in the interest of a truer appreciation of musical art and artists. His work, *Für Freunde der Tonkunst*, contains many valuable papers that touch upon important æsthetic questions regarding music. The fantastic and highly original E. Th. A. Hoffmann wrote pages glowing with enthusiastic appreciation of the deep art-spirit, as revealed in the creations

[1] This is attributed also to Beaumarchais.

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of Ritter Gluck, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and in Beethoven's instrumental works. He found in those compositions more than merely agreeable melodies, more than thorough bass and counterpoint can teach.

The spiritual and enthusiastic Marx founded his *Berliner Musik Zeitung*, and fought bravely in the interest of a worthier recognition of music's nobler æsthetic functions, in the sense of expressing definite emotions and feelings. In his "Compositionslehre," "Die Malerei der Tonkunst," "Die Musik des 19ten Jahrhunderts," and other important works, he prepared many a useful stone towards the erection of a truer æsthetic foundation. Schumann and his "Davidsbündler" took up the cudgel and fought the Philistines on all sides. Berlioz, in France, swung a brave pen, and from his standpoint insisted upon the recognition of music's power to express more than mere vague emotions. Dr. Ambros, in his excellent (though, unfortunately, unfinished) "History of Music," in *Die Grenzen der Musik und Poësie*, as well as in many other publications on musical art, spoke many a powerful word in the interest of the same cause. Otto Jahn, though not a musician by profession, but a man well acquainted, theoretically and practically, with the whole breadth of musical art, — he composed and published Lieder, — furnished, in his "Mozart," some highly valuable contributions. To these, and many more departed writers and artists, as well as to those still in the harness, may be attributed, in more than one sense, the great change that has taken place during the last forty or fifty years regarding a truer appreciation of music's æsthetic nature. Philosophers can no more afford to devote to musical art a few passing remarks only, or to pass it over in utter silence, not knowing how to get at its sublime vitality.

Thus, the musicians, considering the short time since they stepped into the arena of musico-philosophical criticism, have reason to be satisfied with the good results so far obtained. The flimsy warnings of philosophical friends, that the creative powers may be impaired by the exercise of critical powers,—"science will drive poetry out," we are told, — will be accepted no longer. The experience of the modern musician is, that the more broadly his mind is developed, the richer the experience of human life which surrounds him, the deeper and more universal his understanding and enjoyment of art will be. But supposing, for a moment even, that the above assertions were true, then the answer of the musicians would be: Since you one-sided (musically) critics have tried for a long time in vain to lift the veil from the mystery of music's æsthetic meaning and function; and since your philosophical pirouettes, everlastingly describing the same figure executed upon one leg, do not bring us one step nearer to the solution of the question, — without the material help of the musician, the creator of the work, let us, for the time being, sacrifice a few symphonies and operas, stored away in our minds, and let us help you to pull the heavily laden cart out of the swamp. You anxiously consult physiology, you fervently tap at the door of psychology, but neither of these sciences have lent you much help as yet. Your endeavors to explain the creator's (composer's) work by throwing doubt upon the nature of the means he employs, in order to fashion his works according to the ideal as pictured in his imagination, will remain unsuccessful indeed! You have so far pulled too long on the wrong end of the rope; change your tactics, become composers for a time, merely for the useful experience of the thing, and surely a more harmonious understanding will be the result of that change. The horizon once freed from confusing mists, musical art will live a still grander and less hampered existence. When this, by the musician so much wished, for, happier situation of art-life has been brought about, he will thoughtfully return again to his scores, and, instead of finding in the philosophical critic a continual opponent, — a natural enemy as it were, everlastingly bent on misunderstanding the composer's aims, on discovering by means of a false method of criticism imagined faults, or busy breaking the tiles on the roof of the composer's art-temple, to see whether there is anything inside fit for rational use, — composer and art critic will walk hand in hand in mutual sympathy and understanding. Is this a mere illusion? By no means. Look at the æsthetic treatment of the other arts. The fundamental æsthetic laws are universally understood and accepted (I mean by the connoisseur); here and there, in some minor points only, there may, as there always will, exist differences of opinion.

To be sure the material of music is more subtle than that of the other arts; its true philosophical appreciation offers the mind greater difficulties, not insurmountable, however, in the end. Thus far a comprehensive system of musical æsthetics, resting on invariable foundations, has not been written, either by the musician or by the philosopher. We are still cutting stones for such a sound foundation. But in order to accomplish the task successfully the philosopher must become more of a musician, and the musician more of a philosopher.

Many encouraging signs of the approach of such a wished-for epoch are already appearing on the horizon of modern musical culture; and musical art, in more than one respect, will be the gainer by it. Musical criticism, now exercised to a large — too large — extent by half-educated musical amateurs, will then be raised to a nobler, a more dignified, position. Where we now experience confusion and uncertainty of æsthetico-critical views, — where servile favoritism frequently drives sterling merit into the background, — where the historical knowledge and memory of every newly appointed critic does not reach farther than yesterday, — where fashion foolishly attempts to dictate laws in matters of art, — where the acquirement of the indispensable knowledge of the laws of composition in its entire meaning is most desired and least to be found, — where serious art principles are often pooh-poohed for want of faith and want of intellectual penetration, we shall have true criticism. All these drawbacks, which now weigh so heavily upon the healthy development of musical art, will disappear as chaff disappears before the wind. That the golden age of critical justice will then arrive is, of course, not to be expected. But it will be more satisfactory to cross one's sword with a peer than to receive a dagger blow in the back from a poltroon. There always will remain important questions to be solved, which will afford occasion enough for men not to be all of the same opinion about art and artists.

(*To be continued.*)

ASTORGA, AND HIS STABAT MATER.[1]

EMANUELE, BARON D'ASTORGA, born at Palermo, 1681; died at the Schloss Randnitz, in 1736. . . .

We know too little of his history to satisfy our curiosity; but what we do know has a singularly tragic interest. When the curtain of the past is lifted, and we are permitted to look upon so much of the drama of his life as history has preserved, our eyes are met, at the first, with a terrible sight, that of a son compelled to witness the execution of his own father. That father, the Marchese Capece da Roffrano, unsuccessful in an insurrection against the contemptible tyranny of Philip Fifth of Spain, was condemned with many other Sicilian nobles to the scaffold, that son, the young Astorga, was led to the place of execution, and there bound and so held by the headsman's servants that he was forced to look upon the quivering corpse of his father. With senses paralyzed by the awful scene, he lingered long around the spot, and his pale, grief-laden face was exciting in his countrymen a bitterer resentment than any which their political troubles had aroused, when the Countess Ursini, more a friend to him and the world than she knew, was moved with pity and sent him to the Convent of Astorga in Spain. There, in the seclusion of the cloister, bereft of home, fortune, and even of family name, Music found him and claimed him for her own, and gave him a name and a patent of nobility beyond the reach of earthly power to affect.

A few years later, on leaving this retreat and entering into the world, he obtained, by the influence of his protectress, the title of Baron d'Astorga. The unfortunate end of a romantic attachment which he formed while on a diplomatic mission at the Court of Parma, sent him to Vienna. There his pale, handsome face, his mild, quiet, and aristocratic bearing added to the attention which his rare musical gifts attracted, and made him the idol of a society which he adorned. Several years were passed in a romantic life of travel, in the course of which he visited England, where he composed for the "Society of Antient Musick," London, in 1713, his world-renowned "Stabat Mater."

This work is almost an autobiography. Through it all the influence of that great sorrow which overshadowed his youth is seen and felt; and if at times, through the rifts in the cloud which rested on the spirit of the master, the sunshine comes in, the golden light is always tempered with a tint of sadness. This music is the expression of a soul that had come out of great tribulation and was consecrated to Art by such a real, great grief that not even the anticipations of the glory of Paradise could suppress the echo of his early sadness. The serious, quiet, and unaffected delivery of his pure musical thought, the truthfulness with which his musical utterance expresses the story of the famous hymn, the graceful and original melody of the voices, the freedom from sentimentality, and the almost cloister-like reserve and tenderness which breathes through his measures stamp the work before us as that of a pure, truthful, and devout child of art. Such music is not every-day music, but it is music for all time, and, from the intellectual straining after effect which pervades and poisons the literature and the art of the present day, to such we turn with a grateful feeling of relief. In such music as Astorga's, God and Art speak to us alike, calling us to come and renew our strength at the fountain of perpetual youth. W. N. E.

[1] From the Programme of the Boylston Club, Nov. 14, 1879.

VOCAL CLUBS. — Every true lover of music must watch with pleasure the rapid spread of Choral Societies, at the public concerts of which we have the results of the labor of many months, cheerfully given by the members, not only for their individual gratification, but as we can testify from our own experience, really with an abstract desire to make known those works which are passed over by ordinary concert-givers, who are necessarily compelled to consult commercial rather than artistic value in the selection of their programmes. But with every hope that such institutions may continue to flourish and increase, we should be glad if by their side well-organized private societies for the cultivation of

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either vocal or instrumental music could be more extensively formed. Thibaut, in his excellent work on "Purity in Musical Art," after eloquently advocating the establishment of these delightful social unions, especially dwells upon the necessity of guarding against the intrusion of that frivolity which too often creeps into such gatherings. "The first and most essential condition for such a society," he says, "is that the members are judiciously chosen, that genuine lovers of art combine together, that care is taken to secure an equal distribution of voices, and to nourish to the full the love and enjoyment of true art. Consequently an evening devoted to singing must take precedence of all ordinary eating and drinking engagements, and all the members must feel that an association that requires their united efforts to form and maintain must not be at the mercy of other ordinary pleasures, especially as, while in other gatherings the absence of one is not much felt, here the absence of a single voice may quite possibly bring the whole thing to a dead lock, and this even in choruses, where a single efficient voice may be an indispensable support to the rest." These words cannot be too much taken to heart; and as we have now so many competent musical amateurs, and the means for collecting a library are placed within easy reach, there can be no reason why such societies should languish for want of members or for material to carry on their good work. — *London Musical Times.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB gave the first concert of its seventh season in the Music Hall, on Friday evening, November 14. Of course the hall was crowded with its enthusiastic guests, unwilling to lose a note of the fine singing. The programme was as follows: —

Stabat Mater	*Astorga.*
Mixed chorus, solos and organ.	
Christmas Carol	*Osgood.*
Mixed chorus.	
The Gondolier, Op. 28	*Schubert.*
Male chorus.	
"The Mountains are Cold"	*Brahms.*
Italian Barcarole, Op. 44	*Brahms.*
Female chorus.	
Violin solos, Romanza	*Joachim.*
Scherzo	*Spohr.*
Timothée d'Adamowski.	
The Forest Mill, Op. 96, No. 2	*Nessler.*
Male chorus.	
"Day is at Last Departing," Op. 184, No. 1	*Raff.*
Female chorus.	
"The Long Day Closes"	*Sullivan.*
Male chorus.	
May Dew, Op. 95, No. 1	*Rheinberger.*
Mixed chorus.	
The Forget-me-not, Op. 533, No. 1	*Abt.*
Male chorus.	
Glee, "Hark! how the Birds"	*Gaber.*
Mixed chorus.	

Earnest lovers of the best in art may be truly grateful to this Club for consecrating a good half of its hours of practice, as it has done for several years, to the study of some solid, serious, noble work by some great old master, of whom we knew too little, if we were not wholly ignorant, before. In this spirit the Club had already mastered, for the benefit and culture of true friends of music, the *Requiem* by Palestrina, an eight-part Motet by Bach, a *Requiem* by Cherubini, and other works of high import. And now we have to thank the conductor, Mr. Osgood, and his faithful choir, for a first hearing of this famous, though so little known, great work, the *Stabat Mater*, by Emanuel Astorga. The strange, sad story of the man, born in Sicily, in 1681 — four years before the birth of Bach and Handel — was translated in this Journal, from Riehl's "Musikalische Characterkopfe," thirteen years ago. From this and other sources the former president of the Boylston Club, Mr. W. N. Eayrs, compiled the sketch so thoughtfully and chastely written, of which we have copied the greater part on another page. Riehl closed his essay (1853) with these words: "Admirers of Astorga have, within a few years, had his noblest work, the *Stabat Mater*, engraved, not for the sake of gain, but to gratify their own enthusiasm enough to kindle something of the same in others. No publisher's name appears on the title page of the score; it is only decorated by a simple cross;" and then he adds, sarcastically: "It is the cross, to which the ideal tone-poesy of the olden time has been nailed by modern music-makers!"

The score, as it then existed, with only a string quartet accompaniment, to be filled out at discretion by some one at the organ — who in fact had to supply nearly all the accompaniment to the solo numbers, — was hardly suited for performance by choral societies. Robert Franz, in 1864, gave it more nearly a complete orchestral instrumentation, representing the organ part by two clarinets and two bassoons, performing the pious task in the same reverent spirit, and with the same taste and judgment that he has shown in his additional accompaniments to scores of Bach and Handel. He also condensed the orchestral parts in a piano-forte accompaniment, well suited to the organ, as appeared in the judicious and effective manner in which Mr. G. W. Sumner played it on the great organ of our Music Hall.

The whole work (lasting an hour) is in a most serious, tender, noble vein; learned, contrapuntal, full of feeling, full of meaning and of beauty. It was written out of the inmost heart and spirit of the composer, who was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." But simply as music, as an inspired art-creation, it is a masterpiece, which should be heard more than once to be appreciated, although it made a deep impression on a very large proportion of the audience. An instrumental prelude of some length, of mournful character, with expressive polyphonic interweaving of melodic parts, leads in the opening chorus: *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, etc., which unfolds with marvelous richness and impressiveness. It is grief made musical, without the slightest taint of sentimental commonplace. At the words, *Pertransivit gladius*, could we not all feel, as Riehl says, how "the basses stalk on demoniacally in chromatic passages against the billowy upper voices, cutting as with a sword of sharpness into their melodic web?" "Few composers, he adds, "so send the martyr feeling through the bone and marrow of the hearer, as the otherwise so mild Astorga. This is the sword that went through the young man's soul on the place of execution, when it severed his father's life; and, perhaps, he has here unconsciously set the history of his own agony in notes." This chorus was extremely well sung, the voices blending in rare euphony.

No. 2, covering the two stanzas: *O! quam tristis*, etc., is a beautiful Terzet for soprano, alto, and bass, in which the voices have a tenderness, a spiritual melodic grace, worthy of Bach himself. The accompaniment, too, is highly interesting, the basses moving in a majestic figure of their own. The three singers, Mrs. J. W. Weston, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, and Mr. Clarence E. Hay, proved themselves equal to the truly musical, expressive rendering of their parts.

3. A double duet, first of soprano and alto, followed by tenor and bass, in a somewhat livelier tempo (poco Andante, 3-8 measure), and for the first time in the major (E-flat), continues the hymn through four more stanzas (*Quis est homo*, and *Pro peccatis*). The two female voices seem to sustain and comfort one another in unconsciously ornate, sweet, sympathetic phrases. Here the contralto of Miss Welsh was heard in music well adapted to her. The tenor and bass proceed each in solo for some time, and then unite. The bass part has a flowing movement, which was given with great evenness and rich volume by Mr. Hay; and Mr. Fessenden's sweet tenor voice and refined style appeared to excellent advantage.

4. Then follows an Alla Breve chorus, *Eia Mater*, which is perhaps the dryest portion of the work, yet dignified and rich in contrapuntal harmony. The (mezzo) soprano aria (No. 5), *Sancta Mater*, has an intense dramatic pathos, which came out well in the rich and sympathetic voice of Mrs. Weston. No. 6, duet, *Fac me tecum*, for alto and tenor, calls for no special remark.

7. Chorus. The sombre hue of the work as a whole is momentarily enlivened by the *tempo giusto* and full major harmony upon the words: *Virgo virginum præclara*, which yields, however, in the next sentence, to a sad minor motive at *fac me tecum plangere*, with which it alternates. This is one of the most beautiful of the choruses.

8. The bass aria, *Fac me plagis* (in B flat major, Andantino, 3-8), is a noble melody, a calm and cheerful aspiration for a share in the agonies and triumph of the cross. It includes the *Inflammatus*, which it treats in the same temperate and even style, sincere and deep in feeling, getting up no great exciting conflagration, as Rossini does in his most brilliant soprano aria on the same text. Truly is it said that this *Stabat Mater* is not "sensuous" music! It is quiet, chaste, and mostly sombre; but it is sincere and deep, and in its very abstinence from strong, outward color contrasts, in its reliance on the expressive power of fine-felt, subtle counterpoint, and pure thematic development, is it not refreshing to ears continually assaulted by the sensational "effects," the clamorous appeals, of recent "musical reformers?"

9. The *Requiem* closes with a long, elaborate and varied chorus, in which a solemn Adagio introduces a lively imitative Allegro movement. It includes the words *Quando corpus morietur*, and the *Paradisi gloriam*, which are such striking features in Rossini's music, but does not treat them in any exceptional way; the general musical drift of the chorus as a whole is not changed to take advantage of these tempting words. *Paradisi gloriam*, strange to say, echoes in the minor the very strains just before sung in the major to the words *palmam victoriæ*. Riehl says: "Is it not the soul steeped in sorrow, consecrated to Art by the depth of misfortune, which even in the glory of Paradise cannot suppress an echo of yearning sadness?" The *Amen* continues the same minor movement to great length, bringing the great work to a peaceful close through a beautiful harmonic cadence, ending with the ecclesiastical major third of the tonic.

Again we thank the Boylston Club for giving us a hearing of this noble work, so well interpreted on the part of solo singers, chorus and organist. The latter showed great discrimination in the choice of stops, sometimes reproducing the sound of violins quite palpably. If anything was wanting it was now and then a greater weight of bass. In the singing the only defect noticeable was a want of uniformity in the pronunciation of the Latin text.

The part-songs were fresh and choice selections in the main. We could have wished, however, that their number had been more limited; however beautiful, and however finely sung, after

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listening for two hours attention will flag, and the songs begin to sound all alike. But the singing of most of them was as nearly perfect as we can well imagine. In sweet, pure quality of voices, in the balance of parts, in execution, phrasing, light and shade, etc., the Club surpassed itself. Nothing could be more delicate, more sweet and musical than the sopranos in the female part-songs. That Italian Barcarole, with "Fidelin" for a refrain, was indeed a dainty bit. Mr. Osgood's Christmas Carol, too, was a complete success and had to be repeated. Mr. Adamowski played his violin solos wi h all the unaffected grace and purity of style which he has shown before, and, in answer to a warm recall, performed his own transcription of a Chopin Nocturne in E-flat.

Philharmonic Orchestra. There was a considerably larger audience at the second concert (Nov. 7). The programme was as follows: —

Overture, Leonore, No. 3, Op. 72 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
"Le Rouet d'Omphale." Symphonique Poem, Op. 31 . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
Concert-Stück, in F-minor, for Piano, Op. 79 . . . . *C. M. v. Weber.*
Miss Henrietta Maurer.
Songs: Widmung . . . . *Schumann.*
Gretchen and Spinnrade . . . . . *Schubert.*
Miss May Bryant.
"Leonore," Symphonie, in F. (two movements) . . *Raff.*
Polonaise, No. 2, in E (adapted for orchestra by Carl Muller-Berghaus) . . . . *Liszt.*
Piano Solo, "Valse de Concert" . *Joseph Wieniawski.*
Miss Henrietta Maurer.
Fantasie, "Caprice" . . . . *Vieuxtemps.*
Scotch Songs, with accompaniment of piano, violin and violoncello, Op. 108, Nos. 7 and 17 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Miss May Bryant, Messrs. H. Strauchauer, C. N. Allen, and Wulf Fries
Two Slavonic Dances, Op. 42 . . . . . . *Anton Dvorak.*
No. 5, Allegro vivace. No. 6, Allegretto scherzando.

Here was the same preponderance of "new-school" music as before. But the concert opened with the noblest of Overtures, which was remarkably well rendered for so small an orchestra, four first violins, and other strings in proportion, being quite inadequate to the great crescendo near the end. Saint-Saëns's queer and pretty fancy of a spinning-wheel Symphony, with Hercules for spinner, was executed to a charm; this fantastic trifle had evidently had an exceptional amount of critical rehearsal spent upon it, and it tickled the listening sense so that a smile lit every face. As for Raff's *Leonore* Symphony, we could accept two parts as better than the whole, but we should hardly choose the March for one of them; it is catching, but too tediously spun out. The arrangement of Liszt's showy Polonaise was a dazzling display of instrumentation, full of color contrasts and striking effects, which were most skillfully and vividly brought out, — but is such a thing really worth the pains? The *Fantasie-Caprice* by Vieuxtemps is a more natural and flowing sort of music; it was well instrumented, but it seemed very lengthy at that late stage of the programme, — much more so than it does in Vieuxtemps' own solo violin performance. The two Sclavonic Dances, though not particularly original, were graceful, bright, and characteristic. In all, the orchestra shows more and more the benefit of Mr. Listemann's thorough training and his sensitive and firm control.

Miss Henrietta Maurer, who appears very young, with prepossessing girlish ways, has been studying for a number of years at the Conservatory in Moscow, under the direction of Nicolas Rubinstein. Her performance in Weber's brilliant, well-worn show-piece, was highly creditable in the main; her execution was clear and fluent, and yet in parts somewhat constrained and pupil-like, and lacking force. There was more freedom and more charm in her rendering of Wieniawski's Waltz, and more particularly of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations. She won the sympathy of her audience, however, from the first.

Miss May Bryant has much to recommend her as a singer; a rich and sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice; judicious method, and a tasteful style. Schumann's impassioned "Du meine Seele" seemed too much for her, nervous as she was, to begin with; it should be sung by a tenor, and perhaps we shall never again hear sung with so much real fire and abandon as our lamented Kreissmann used to sing it. Nor was her "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" a marked success. We enjoyed her much more in the two Scotch ballads "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," and "Faithful Johnnie" with Beethoven's beautiful accompaniments; the latter was particularly charming, though there was no need of singing so many verses, and both ballads would have sounded better in a smaller room.

Mr. Henry G. Hanchett commenced a series of Recitals, on Tuesday evening, October 21, at his Studio, No. 157 Tremont St. The invited company quite filled the room. Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen sang. The programme was interesting, to-wit: —

Sonate, Op. 53, in C major . . . . *Beethoven.*
Recitativo, Giunse Alfin il Momento }
Aria, Deh Vieni. } . . . . *Mozart.*
Mrs. Allen.
Toccata in D-flat Op. 31, No. 2 . . . . . . *Mayer.*
Etude in F, Op. 23, No. 1 }
Barcarolle in G major. } . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Waldesrauschen . . . . *Liszt.*
Oh that we two were maying . . . . *Gounod.*
Nuit d'Etoiles . . . . *Widor.*
Dame Nightingale . . . . *Taubert*
Mrs. Allen.
Fantasiestucke, Op. 1 . . . . *Schaeffer.*
No. 1. Allegro, E-flat minor.
No. 2. Adagio molto, E-flat major.
Berceuse, D flat major }
Polonaise, A-flat major, Op. 53 } . . . . . *Chopin.*

We were obliged to lose all but the last three numbers; but we had a peculiar pleasure in hearing once more those genial little pieces by Schaeffer, which years ago were introduced to us in Mr. Dresel's concerts. These, and the Chopin pieces following, Mr. Hanchett rendered *con amore*, the only fault being a certain lack of repose and evenness of style.

For Thursday evening, November 13, Mr. Hanchett had announced a second Recital, with another Beethoven Sonata, and selections from Chopin, Rubinstein, Weber (Rondo Brilliant), Raff, and Liszt. But the illness, for the week preceding, of the concert-giver prevented his playing more than a small portion of the programme. Of what he did give, we found the "Eclogues" by Raff, Op. 106 (a form invented, we believe, by Thomaschek), rather interesting. The singer also, Mme. Cappiani, was disabled; so that the weather seemed to have the lion's share in the fulfillment of the programme. Rubinstein's A minor Sonata for piano and violin is promised for a future recital.

Mr. Edward B. Perry, the blind pianist, gave a Recital of Piano Music, on the 12th inst., at Mr. Junius W. Hill's room in Tremont St. Unfortunately we could not avail ourselves of the tempting invitation of so choice a programme as the following, with so artistic an interpreter as Mr. Perry: —

(1.) *a.* Aufschwung, Op. 12, No. 2 }
b. Warum? Op. 12, No. 3 }
c. Traumeswirren, Op. 12, No. 7 } . . . *Schumann.*
d. Nachtstueck, from Op. 23, }
e. Novellette, Op. 21, No. 4. }
(2.) Sonata in B-flat minor, Op. 35 . . . . . *Chopin.*
Grave — Doppio movimento — Scherzo — Marcia Funebre — Presto.
(3.) *a.* La Gondola, Op. 13, No. 2 . . . . . *Henselt.*
b. Intermezzo, from "Carnival of Milan," *Von Bülow.*
c. Why? . . . . *E. B. Perry.*
d. La Gazelle. Pièce caracteristique . *Kullak.*
(4.) *a.* Berceuse, Op. 57 }
b. Ballade, Op. 47 } . . . . *Chopin.*

Boston Conservatory. The matinée, under the direction of Julius Eichberg, November 4, at Wesleyan Hall, offered some things too rarely heard, which we were sorry to lose. This was the programme: —

(1) Trio in E flat. — Op. 100 . . . . *Schubert.*
Messrs. Herm. P. Chelius, Albert Van Raalte, and Wulf Fries.
(2) Song. — "Al desio," from "Marriage of Figaro." . . . . *Mozart.*
Mrs. Chas. Lewis.
(3) *a.* March funèbre . . . . *Chopin.*
b. La Fileuse . . . . *Raff.*
c. Nocturne in G minor . . . . *Chopin.*
d. Elsa's Brautzug . . . . . . *Wagner — Liszt.*
e. Nocturne in D flat. }
f. Polonaise in C sharp minor. } . . . . *Chopin.*
Mr. Herm. P. Chelius.
(4) Song. — "Above in her chamber" (with Violin obligato.) . . . . *Eichberg.*
Mrs Chas. Lewis.
(5) Quatre Grandes Marches. — Op. 74 . . . *Schumann.*
Allegro, Moderato, Maestoso, Allegro.
Mr. Herm. P. Chelius.

We have heard warm praise of Mr. Chelius's playing in the great Schubert Trio; and the Schumann Marches, if they were the four vigorous and fiery ones which we know as Op. 76, showed that he knows how to go out of the beaten track for good selections.

The continuation and completion of "Talks on Art," by the late W. M. Hunt, is necessarily deferred to another number of the Journal.

IS ROBERT FRANZ A FAILURE?

III.

Were it not almost superfluous, I might suggest again (as I did in my article in the *Atlantic Monthly*) that all the objections made to Franz's "additional accompaniments" on the ground of over-elaborate contrapuntal treatment, applies with equal force to Mozart's very celebrated accompaniments to the airs "O Thou, that tellest," and "The people that walked," in Handel's *Messiah*. But it may be said that, in general, Franz has employed elaborate imitative counterpoint only where the character of the original parts absolutely demanded such treatment. In the tenor air, "*Nimm mich Dir zu Eigen hin,*" in the "Saba Cantata," for instance, Franz's accompaniment is in the simplest four-part harmony, the easy and graceful leading of the voices alone distinguishing it from common *accords plaqués*. Here the very character of the composition itself demanded simplicity of treatment; but, to take another example from the same cantata, a mere glance at the original bass and oboe-da-caccia parts in the air "*Gold aus Ophir ist zu schlecht*" will show that such sustained simplicity is wholly out of the question here. The original parts are too elaborate to be wedded to a purely harmonic accompaniment. I cannot conceive how any one, really studying Franz's work in this air, can fail to see that it is not only a marvel of contrapuntal writing, but an equally fine example of artistic good taste.

Another charge brought against Franz is, that he has made too large use of orchestral instruments in his accompaniments, instead of confining himself to the organ. There can be no doubt that the organ was used, and intended to be used, by Bach and Handel themselves, and to use it now would seem, at first sight, to be the natural solution of the problem. It must be clearly understood, also, that Franz expresses no preference for orchestral instruments over the organ, but uses them because he is, in a certain sense, forced to by circumstances. The instrument used

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by the composers themselves in accompanying airs and recitatives was either a *Regal* or a *Rückpositif*, an arrangement which enabled the organist, in one case, and both organist and organ-pipes in the other, to be stationed in immediate proximity to the singer. This is a matter of the greatest importance; without this proximity a fine musical effect is impossible, and to form an adequate idea of its paramount importance, one has only to conceive of the effect that would be produced by four men playing a Beethoven string-quartet, seated at the four corners of the Music Hall platform. Now there are very few concert halls in Germany which boast an organ of any sort; the Regal (small, portable organ) has gone out of use, although it would be easy to have one made at any time, were the money only forthcoming. But until the powers that be show the same interest in Bach that was shown in Wagner at Bayreuth, and have small portable organs, with two manuals and pedal, built especially for the performance of his cantatas, nothing remains but to do as Franz has done, and choose the best practicable representative of the organ, which is, in general, a quartet of clarinets and bassoons. To show how little Franz insists upon the use of orchestral instruments in his "additional accompaniments," we have the fact that he has written two separate accompaniments to the "Salve Cantata," one for orchestral instruments and the other for the organ. Any one can take his choice in the matter, only, if the organ-part be selected, let it not be played on an instrument like that in our Music Hall, where the action does not speak promptly, and where both organist and pipes are at a great distance from the singer.

But it has also been brought forward that, admitting the use of orchestral instruments, Franz's instrumentation (regarded simply as a matter of scoring) is bad and ineffective. To this I can reply intelligently only after hearing a Franz-Bach score performed as it was intended to be. Yet there are certain facts which are suggestive of much. At the performance last season of the *St. Matthew Passion*, no one could have overlooked the fact that the soprano air "*Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben*," accompanied by two flutes and a clarinet, made a more thoroughly fine effect, in respect to the harmonious blending of voice and instruments, than did any other solo number in which obligato wind instruments were used. Is this superior effect to be attributed to the fact that here we had only the original parts (which, in this instance, are complete in themselves, there being no *basso continuo*), and that Franz had had no hand in the matter? To my mind, it is simply and solely to be attributed to the very different fact that in this air, and in this air alone, the flute and clarinet players left their usual posts at the back of the orchestra, and placed themselves immediately beside the singer. In the other solo numbers, where obligato parts for wind instruments were played from the middle or rear ranks of the orchestra, — that is, at a distance from the singer, — the effect of Bach's original parts was just as bad as that of Franz's additional clarinet and bassoon parts. Let us once try the effect of placing Franz's reed quartet, together with the original obligato instruments, in a compact group around the singer, with one or two double-basses and 'celli immediately behind them, and then see whether Franz's scoring is bad or not! Until such an experiment has been made, no one has the right to judge it.

It would be too much to claim for Franz to say that what he has done for Bach and Handel scores leaves nothing to be regretted. Perfection is a hard thing to arrive at, especially in so extremely difficult a matter. Perhaps in some instances he has allowed his native genius to overstep the true limits — that is very possible. Yet cannot we pardon such excesses, when we realize the fact that none but a genius like his could have accomplished the admirable work he has done? Writing "additional accompaniments" in free counterpoint is not a thing that requires musical skill and training merely; a man must have the true sacred fire in him to feel himself warranted to attempt such a task, and if he cannot at all times quite restrain his genius, let us be consoled by the thought that that genius alone could have done the great work at all. And, upon the whole, who, save Mozart, has done this sort of work so well as Franz, with all his occasional redundance?

And now a few earnest words to those persons who think that Franz's admirers have exercised, or tend to exercise, an unfortunate influence upon modern musical productiveness by their praises of his work on Bach and Handel scores. It has been said that these men would put a check upon original composition, and have composers to-day seek their highest glory in mere editor's back-work; that Franz himself, a man of undoubtedly rare and high musical gifts, has nothing to show for himself but some sets of songs with pianoforte accompaniment, and his "additional accompaniments" to Bach and Handel. But tell me, in Heaven's name, have Brahms or Raff, by their symphonies, has Gounod, by his operas, or Wagner by his music-dramas, done the world of music a service that can be compared in value with that of putting the great *St. Matthew Passion* into a performable shape? One thing they assuredly have done; they have won more glory for themselves. Brahms has set his stamp upon the times with his C-minor symphony; Gounod is known as the composer of "Faust," whereas Franz is but called the "editor" of Bach. Not a very high-sounding title, although we may remember what a mess Brahms once made of it when he turned his hand to this sort of "editing." But it seems to me that this is looking at the question from a totally false point of view. Franz has done the world of music a very eminent service; let that be enough, and let his glory take care of itself. So soon as a man writes music "for the sake of glory," he has himself to look to; that is not the world's business in the least; if he thinks he can set his stamp upon the times, and feels that his stamp is worth setting, let him try his uttermost to do so, but he must work long and give strong and convincing proofs of his mettle before he can claim any encouragement from his contemporaries. A young musician may have the ambition to write a symphony; very well, let him do so if he please, but let him remember also that the world is in no want of symphonies unless they be supremely fine ones; that no living mortal, save his personal friends and his music-teacher, cares one jot whether he writes a symphony or not, and that the chances are strongly in favor of his contributing to that limbo of shot-rubbish which no one will care to pick over. Encourage him at the outset? Why he has no earthly claim upon encouragement, any more than I have upon the votes of the community at the next presidential election. But if that same young musician sets himself to write "additional accompaniments" to a Bach or Handel score, we know in the beginning that his task is a high one; the world of music absolutely needs as much of Bach and Handel as it can get, and he should be encouraged to the uttermost. The chances of his doing the work well are not great, to be sure, but we cannot afford to lose even such chances as they are. I cannot think that personal ambition in the fine arts is a thing that can fairly claim sympathy or encouragement. It seems to me even that the man of genius who throws personal ambition to the dogs, and does his best to serve art, is a more respectable person than he who has the vanity to suppose the welfare of art to be identified with himself, and works for art *cum gloria*, rather than for art alone.

W. F. A.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, NOV. 15. — There was nothing particularly of interest, in the last week of the Strakosch opera, except a performance of *Rigoletto*, in which Signor Storti had the title rôle, and the appearance of Mlle. Singer as *Norma*. The daily press here gave very enthusiastic notices of her performance, and again I find myself unable to follow them in their unqualified commendation. She gave the character a fine dramatic interpretation, but musically she did not afford me much pleasure. The use of the *tremolo* marred her execution, until in rapid passages it was almost impossible to follow the notes with a satisfying certainty. Her acting however fine, could hardly compensate for a false method of singing. The lyric stage demands artists skilled vocally, as well as dramatically. A happy union of these two talents brings the possessor into the higher ranks of artistic life, and wins for him the admiration of the world. In these days the advent of a truly great dramatic prima donna would be an event to hail with delight, for we have far too few in the world's catalogue of artists.

Thursday evening the Beethoven Society gave its first reunion, offering the following programme: —

Adante and Variations, for Piano and 'Cello . *Mendelssohn.*
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Eichheim.
Quintet: "Bethania," for Voices . . . . *Lassen.*
Miss Dutton, Mrs. Johnson, Messrs. Knorr, Gill, and Morawski.
Concerto Militaire, for Violin . . . . *Bazzini.*
Mr. Mark Kaiser.
Aria: "Honor and Arms," from "Samson" . *Handel.*
Mr. Ivan Morawski.
{ Lovely . . . . *Seeling.*
{ Toccata (Manuscript) . . . . *Brandeis.*
Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.
Horn Quartet: "Pilgrim's Chorus" . . . . *Wagner.*
(From Tannhäuser.)
Messrs. Schantz, Beckmann, White and Bruns.
Quartet, for Piano and String Instruments . *Rheinberger.*
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Rosenbecker, Allen, and Eichheim.

These reunions are given every month by the society to its patrons, and are intended to afford an opportunity for the performance of chamber music, while their larger concerts are devoted to great choral works. The Andante of Mendelssohn was well performed. The vocal Quintet by Lassen, is a very pretty composition, giving a solo to each voice, followed by a graceful refrain in which the voices blend with a harmonious nicety, that still admits of contrast. Mr. Ivan Morawski, a baritone, from New York, made his first appearance this season, singing the Aria from Handel's *Samson*, in a correct style, and with a voice that was very agreeable to listen to. The Quartet by Rheinberger, which closed the concert, was very happily performed, the gentlemen being in sympathy with each other, and interested in the work they were interpreting.

Wilhelmj and Herr Vogrich appeared at a concert in aid of the "Alexian Brothers' Hospital." The great violinist played a concerto by Paganini; "Andante and Intermezzo" by Vogrich, and the "Hungarian dances" of Brahms. The musical world knows how grandly Wilhelmj plays, and it is only necessary to state that he made an appearance in public, for all lovers of the art to understand what pleasure had been given the audience. The violin composition by Mr. Vogrich was enthusiastically received. The audience gave the composer the honor of an acknowledgment by calling him before them to receive their applause.

The Chamber Concert, at Reed's Temple of Music, offered this programme: —

(1.) Trio, No. 1 . . . . *Haydn.*
Miss Ingersoll, Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim.
(2.) Romance from 2d Concerto, Op 27 . . *Wieniawski.*
Wm. Lewis.
(3.) Andante from Trio, Op. 12 . . . . . *Hummel.*
(4.) Romanza "Alla Stella Confidente" . . . *Robaudi.*
Mr. C. H. Brittan.
Cello Obligato by Mr. Eichheim.
(5.) Trio, Op. 102 . . . . *Raff.*

The instrumental portion of the programme was very enjoyable, and the audience expressed their appreciation by a close attention, and by keeping that silence that shows that the charm of the music is the ruling power in the assemblage.

The Chamber Concerts at Hershey Hall have given us the following trios: Mozart's in E No. 3; the "Ghost Trio," Op. 70, Beethoven; Trio in C minor (manuscript), F. G. Gleason; and Trio in F, Op. 42, Gade. They were played by Messrs. Eddy, Lewis, and Eichheim. We are having a larger number of concerts of this class than ever before, and it gives the music student a fine opportunity to acquaint himself with works of this character.

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Monday evening last, Mr. Emil Liebling gave his first recital of pianoforte music, presenting these numbers:—

(1.) Trio, D minor, Op. 63 . . . . . *Schumann.*
Messrs. Liebling, Lewis, and Balatka.
(2.) Tenor Aria. Crispino e la Comare . . . *Ricci.*
Mr. Ed. Schultze.
(3.) { a. Menuetto, Op. 17, No. 2 . . . *Moszkowski.*
b. Gavotte, Op. 121, No. 1 . . . *Reinecke.*
Emil Liebling.
(4.) Sonata, Op. 7 . . . . . *Grieg.*
Emil Liebling.
(5.) Song. "Impatience" . . . . . *Schubert.*
Mr. Ed. Schultze.
(6.) { a. Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2 } *Chopin.*
b. Barcarolle, Op. 60 }
c. Polonaise, Op. 12 }
(7.) { a. Etude, Op. 27, No. 6 } *Schoroenka.*
c. Polonaise, Op. 14, No. 2 . . . *Rubinstein.*

Mr. Liebling has a good technique, plenty of power, and he is what may be termed a brilliant player. His conception is marked by artistic intelligence, and many of his interpretations have a charm about them that seems to come from his own eden rather than from following any particular school of pianoforte playing. With my own taste his ideas do not always accord, for I miss an inner sense in his playing that should touch the feelings so truly that they would be drawn into a perfect sympathy with the interpretation. One may admire the pianist who plays with masterly grace and brilliancy, but the player whose music goes directly to the heart makes a home there, even for himself.

On the present occasion, while our city is all excitement on account of General Grant's visit, and while there is a perpetual round of receptions, banquets, and array processions, and the whole fashionable and business circle seems given up to rounds of gayety, comes Herr Joseffy, the great pianist, to give some pianoforte recitals. Amid all this excitement, it is not to be wondered that he is greeted by only small audiences, for it is only the faithful few who are mindful of the genius of this great player, and who quietly pass beyond the din of military displays, and pay a willing homage to this able representative of high art. I have had the pleasure of listening to two concerts by Joseffy, and would express one word of delight for the enjoyment he gave. The programmes were the same as those given in your city but a short time since, and I will not therefore transcribe them. It seems to me that human ability can go no further in regard to technique; for delicacy, refinement, and well measured moderate are manifested in such a perfect manner as to deprive criticism of even a foundation for comment. The only way I can regard the playing of Joseffy is to think of it as music, being a universal art, but many means for manifesting the beautiful in sound, and that in this remarkable playing may be found the delicate shadings, the softly caressing utterances, and that brilliancy that is fairy-like in its grace, carried on to the utmost limit of human perfection. In that department of art where grace and delicacy constitutes power, one must place Joseffy, as their master. He does not represent the heroic side, after the manner of a Rubinstein, perhaps, nor the intellectuality of Von Bülow, but the poetic grace of a nature attuned to the more delicate phases of art is manifested in such a remarkable way as to class him with the most wonderful players that the world has produced. As master of the delicate phases of pianoforte playing he seems to stand apart from all the rest of the world, not perhaps greater than others who have visited us before, but as an interpreter of a new and different character.

C. H. B.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 15.—The Heine Quartette gave a concert of chamber music here, Nov. 8, with the following programme:—

(1.) String Quartet, Op. 17 . . . . . *Rubinstein.*
(2.) Sonata, for Piano and Violin, Op. 8 . . . *Grieg.*
(3.) Serenade for Violin, Viola, and Cello, Op. 8 *Bernhard Romberg.*
(4.) Piano Quartet, Op. 108, No. 2 . . . . *Reinecke.*
(Two Movements.)

The Rubinstein Quartet is an interesting but not a great work, for its themes, though treated in a masterlike fashion, are not intrinsically noble or inspiring. He seems to be most at home in the invention of sentimental melodies of no great depth. — The Grieg Sonata is freaky and disjointed. Grieg seems to be at his best in short piano pieces, "Character-sketches." The Romberg Quartet was charming, as ever.—Beethoven. The delegate of the performances were a tone lacking in breadth, and often more or less rough and scratchy, and the learning of expression here and there inappreciable from the youth of the players. Its merits were a clear and sure execution and conscientious interpretation up to the limits of their present capacity.

Grau's Opera Company gave *Fatinitza* here Nov. 10, 11, 12, and gave it very poorly. There was not a singer of any great merit, and the orchestra was ridiculously small.

J. C. F.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The first concert of the sixty-fifth season by the Handel and Haydn Society will be given in Music Hall to-morrow evening, when Mr. Arthur Sullivan will make his first appearance in the United States and direct the performance of his oratorio *In Memoriam* and his oratorio *The Prodigal Son*. The programme will also include the Hallelujah chorus from Beethoven's *The Mount of Olives* and Berlioz's *The Flight into Egypt*. The soloists of the evening will be Miss Edith Abell, Miss May Bryant, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. Ed. Schultze.

— The third concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, last evening, offered: Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; Serenade in D minor, Op. 69, for strings only, R. Volkmann (Cello solo by Wolf Fries); Grieg's Piano Concerto, Op. 16, played by Herr S. Liebling; Liszt's "Les Preludes;" "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saëns; Turkish March, Mozart; selections from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*. Mr. Liebling was down also for a Nocturne by Schubert, and a Pasquinade by Gottschalk, but the time allotted for two long songs: "Ever near thee," by Haff, and "On a March night," by Tandler.

— Mr. Arthur Foote last Saturday evening gave an Organ Concert at the First Church, in which he played: Prelude and Fugue in C by Bach; Bach's second Concerto, in B-flat; Mendelssohn's Sonata in F minor; Allegretto, by Gade, and a March by Moscheles. Vocal quartets were sung by Miss Emma Cole, Miss Jennie M. Noyes, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, and Mr. C. E. Hay. Every seat in the church was occupied.

— In the advertisement of the New England Conservatory of Music, in another column, the advantages of the Conservatory method of musical education are set forth in vivid colors. The reasons are briefly and concisely given, and cannot easily be gainsaid, whatever may be said of the system of Dr. Lowell Mason.

— Subscription lists for the fifteenth season of Harvard Symphony Concerts remain at the Music Hall and music stores through the present week. Subscribers may secure their seats and receive their tickets on the first three days of December, after which the public sale will be opened. The first concert will be given by the Orchestra, which have for its nucleus the Philharmonic Orchestra, with about double its number of strings, and with Mr. Bernard Listemann at the head of the Violins, and Mr. Carrabas conducting. The first programme is as follows: —

1. Overture to "Rosamunde" . . . . *Schubert.*
2. Triple Concerto, for piano, violin, and 'cello *Beethoven.*
3. Marche de Nuit, from "L'Enfance du Christ" *Berlioz.*
4. Overture to "Hip van Winkle" (first time) . . . . *G. W. Chadwick.*
5. Fifth Symphony (C minor) . . . . *L. Beethoven.*

— Joseffy will give three more concerts in Boston early in the winter.

— Mr. Charles H. Adams, who has had so much experience as leading tenor in the Imperial Opera at Vienna, offers to prepare pupils for the operatic stage, on certainly a rare opportunity. He also has a plan for establishing a local operatic society upon a solid footing in this city. The *Sunday Herald* tells us: "His plan contemplates the organization of an operatic singing society upon a similar plan to that of the other singing societies, depending upon a list of subscription members to assume the expenses of the society, as in the Boylston, Apollo, and Cecilia clubs. The experiment of giving the operatic music will certainly attract an excellent membership for the actual work of the new organization, and the opportunity to hear standard operas given by fresh voices from the ranks of home-born singers will unquestionably prove attractive to patrons of other club organizations. Mr. Adams will, by his plan, practically give his pupils an operatic training school, and, with such an established institution, it seems hardly possible that this city will be without good English opera performances in the future, as it has been so largely in the past. The success of *Crown Diamonds* showed what can be done in this direction, and Mr. Adams should meet with generous support in his new undertaking. Mr. Adams contemplates beginning work on *Tannhäuser*, or *Lohengrin*, and following with Balfe's *L'Etoile* and Herold's *Le Pré aux Clercs*."

— Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, gave a concert at Wellesley College, Nov. 10, in which he played the Scene *Cantante of Spohr*; transcriptions from Schubert and Chopin; his own "Valse Schule;" the Chaconne of Bach; a Paganini Etude; and a transcription (his own, of course) of Rossini's "Lago al factotum," with an introductory Cadenza!

— New York.—The Oratorio Society, conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, announces its twelfth season. Lent will be given at the first, and the *Messiah* at the second, concert. For the last concert is promised the first complete performance in New York of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*. This will be given in St. George's Church, and not, like the other oratorios, in Steinway Hall. The soloists already secured for the season are Miss Thursby, Miss Dennid, and Messrs. Simpson, M. W. Whitney, and Rosenecke.

— Mr. Wilhelm Müller, "Solo Violoncellist to H. M. the Emperor of Germany," announces a series of four chamber-music soirées, of which Mr. Müller actively declares: "In plan and character these soirées will be similar to those given in Berlin by the celebrated 'Joachim Quartette,' of which the undersigned was a member." These soirées will be given at Steinway Hall, and the dates will be November 26th, December 23rd, January 20th, and February 17th; and Miss Lisa Anton, and Messrs. S. B. Mills, Max Pinner, and Franz Rummel are promised as soloists. — *Musical Review.*

— Of "Her Majesty's Opera" the *Review* says: "Already eleven subscription nights of the Opera season have elapsed, and, except some good representations of *Linda*, *Faust*, and *Martha*, Mr. Mapleson has been unable to discharge his promises to his subscribers and the public. Our London correspondent was probably informed by some of Mr. Mapleson's friends there that Mlle. Marimon had been engaged and was soon to sail to this city. There is good reason to believe that Mlle. Marimon is ready to accept Mr. Mapleson's offer, provided that she could see some money in advance, and that Mr. Mapleson agreed that she do that the lady refuses to leave. A rumor is also in circulation to the effect that Mr. Mapleson knew that Mme. L. Gerster was not coming to America this season when the manager of "Her Majesty's Opera" invited our public to take seats at the Academy at an advanced price. It seems that Mme. Gerster is not altogether satisfied with the manager. Mr. Mapleson discharged his part of the late contract with her. At any rate, it is true that Mr. Mapleson so made a formal announcement of his intentions. He has received a large sum of money from us, promising to give us what he has not given us. His present company may be excellent, but he has pledged to give us more than that. We hear that he is trying to raise money here in order to satisfy Mlle. Marimon and others. We hope he may succeed, and, furthermore, we wish he would enable us to contradict all these rumors."

— The first of the five chamber-music soirées of the New York Philharmonic Club occurred on Wednesday evening of last week in Chickering Hall. The programme included Beethoven's String Quintet, C major, Opus 29; Concerto, A minor, for pianoforte, flute, and violin, by Bach, with accompaniment of string quartet; Sixteen Canonic studies by Grieg; a piano solo by Miss Florence Copleston, who also played in the Bach concerto; and songs by Miss Antonio Hesse, soprano.

— The season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has opened brilliantly. The Academy of Music was crowded at the first rehearsal and evening afternoon, and Mr. Theodore Thomas, who returns as conductor, received a cordial greeting. Everything indicates that it will be the most brilliant season in the history of the society. The sale of seats is unprecedently large, and the musical features will be exceptionally attractive. The programme yesterday included the "King Lear" overture of Berlioz, the Tschaikowski Piano Concerto, played by Mr. Franz Rummel, Siegmund's Love Song, Wagner's "Walküre," sung by Signor Campanini; "Siegfried's Death," from "Die Götterdämmerung," and the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. The first concert will take place this evening at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. —*Tribune, Nov. 18.*

FOREIGN.

London.—The fourth Crystal Palace Concert, Mr Manns, conductor, offered Schumann's Symphony in C, Aria (Queen of Night), from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, sung by Miss Sebalski-Prusko; Allegro con brio, for violin and orchestra in G, Mendelssohn, for violin, Mr. Carrodus; Gavotte and Tinnin's Aria from *Mignon*; Romance and Rondo, from Molique's Violin Concerto in A minor; and "Dance of the Hours," *Ballabile*, from "La Giocondo" of Ponchielli (first time) The event of the concert and the week was the performance of the first movement of the unfinished Violin Concerto by Beethoven, only recently brought to light. Heilsonberger completed it, making use of the motives and fragments contained in the papers written, and it was produced for the first time in Vienna at the centenary of the birth of Beethoven. The M.S. was preserved in the library of the Viennese Society of the Friends of Music. It is an early work, apparently contemporaneous with the Septour, the *Prometheus* ballet, and the first Symphony (op. 18.) Its principal themes indeed is strikingly analogous with that of the Symphony in the same key. Not it is of slight value compared with the great Beethoven Concerto in D, and evidently Beethoven did not think it worth while to go on with it. It has only the interest of a curiosity.

— Miss Lillian Bailey, soprano, is another lost to very decided. After her triumph at the Moosby popular concert on the 3d inst., she was at once engaged for the oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*, at Manchester, and for a performance of Max Bruch's *Lay of the Bell*, conducted by Bruch himself. Miss Bailey, at the Moosby popular concert, sang recitative and aria, "Lasciate pin casa," by Handel, and the cavatina, "Und ob die Wolke," from Weber's *Der Freischütz*. The London Times says, "Miss Bailey sang extremely well, and was recalled after both songs."

Leipzig.—Gewandhaus Concert (October 9): Overture, "Genoveva" (Schumann); Violin Concerto, D minor (Spohr); Violin Suite (Reinecke); Symphony, "Eroica" (Beethoven); Vocal Soli. Enterpe Concert (October 21): Overture, "Leonore" (Beethoven); Violin Concerto (Mendelssohn); Symphony, A major (Rubinstein); Vocal Soli. Gewandhaus Concert (October 23): Concerto for Violoncello (Popper); Symphony, E flat major (Haydn); Violoncello Solo pieces (Chopin, Popper, Monsigny); Air from "Euryanthe" (Weber), etc.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

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"IDOMENEO" IN VIENNA.[1]

A NOTABLE event took place the day before yesterday at the Imperial Opera-House; Mozart's grand heroic opera of *Idomeneo* was performed there. The words: "For the first time" figuring in the playbill applied, however, only to the new house. The real first performance of *Idomeneo* in Vienna was given on the 13th of May, 1806, and then, after four other representations, the work reposed for full thirteen years, down to 1819, when all attempts at reanimating it entirely ceased. It was not, consequently, for Vienna, but for the present race of those here who love music that *Idomeneo* passed for the first time over the boards. The most venerable old gentlemen whose shiny white heads were scattered about the pit could, at most, only have been "taken" as little boys when *Idomeneo* was given here for the first time.

Performances of this work are everywhere seldom, but Dresden, Munich, and Berlin long since set us a good example. In other cities the plan (now adopted here also) of performing in chronological succession all Mozart's operas led to the resumption of *Idomeneo;* such was the case in Frankfort, where even the composer's *Zaïda* was included in the series. The limits of this musico-historical festival were extended in grand style two years ago at Cassel; from a series of Mozart-performances there sprang an entire history of German opera in eighteen stage-representations, the first work being Gluck's *Iphigenie* and the last Wagner's *Lohengrin.* Between these came the most remarkable operas of Mozart, Dittersdorf, Winter, Weigl, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Marschner, Kreutzer, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Lortzing, Schumann, Nicolai, and Flotow. This was a brilliant and, moreover, in the present deplorable dearth of novelties, a very practical notion.

A performance of *Idomeneo* demands nowadays almost as much courage as trouble. We offer, therefore, the management of the Imperial Opera-House our warmest thanks, for we had long since abandoned the hope of meeting the much-tried King of Crete elsewhere than in the score. The feelings with which, after studying it afresh, I clapped-to that score, did not, I frankly confess, allow me to build very courageously and confidently on the success of the performance. I entered the theatre rather cast down, but found my expectations greatly exceeded both in the impression produced by the opera on myself directly and in the effect it had on the public. Grave doubts as to the success of the work were fairly admissible. The mere fact that a grand opera like *Idomeneo,* dating from the period of its composer's greatest freshness, never could obtain a firm footing anywhere, is a striking phenomenon, as is also the circumstance that, when the worship of Mozart was strongest, this same *Idomeneo* was performed extremely seldom. This cannot be caused by external obstacles alone (such, for instance, as difficulty in casting, getting up, etc.); without some internal reason existing in the work itself, it appears to me inconceivable and abnormal that the latter would have been neglected in Vienna for over sixty years. As I sat anxiously awaiting the performance, everything risky struck me as being doubly so. Is the opera possible? I kept asking myself. First comes the libretto! That is the source of all mischief. The book of *Idomeneo* is in bad taste, empty, wearisome, and all in the indescribably antiquated garb proper to the mythological opera of gods and heroes. What a stereotyped stage figures! The King is to sacrifice his son for the purpose of appeasing the wrath of Neptune, but prefers laying down his own life, while the son offers himself for his father, and the son's beloved is ready to perish for the young man, till at last a tin-voiced oracle cuts through this coil of noble sentiments, and re-unites, alive and contented, those who have so worried themselves for nothing. All these exalted kings, princes, princesses, and high priests, with their proud gestures and exaggerated phrases, smell mouldy. I would simply direct attention to the fact that the libretto, so antiquated for us, was old-fashioned even when the Abbé Varesco, of Salzburg, cobbled it together for Mozart in 1780. Campra, the French composer, had set the same story seventy years previously, and had his "*Tragédie lyrique,*" *Idoménée,* performed at the Paris Grand Opera in 1712. It is incomprehensible how the old Italian Court festival opera, that artificial exotic, could keep its ground so long in Germany; and it is incomprehensible how these lifeless figures, with their hollow and pompous verses, could exist ten years after Goethe wrote his *Götz von Berlichingen.*

And how injuriously the old libretto influenced the musical form of *Idomeneo!* The opera contains, exclusive of the very numerous and very long recitatives, six-and-twenty numbers; with the exception of a duet, a trio, and a quartet, together with a few marches and choral movements, these numbers are *all airs.* Leaving out of consideration the subordinate part of the high priest, which is written for a bass, *Idomeneo* requires exclusively high voices. *One* tenor (Idomeneo) is pitted against three soprano parts, for Idamante was really intended for a castrato. These are arrangements which, utterly undramatic, strike us nowadays as simply unnatural; yet Mozart conformed to these rules of the old *opera seria,* which appear only partially vivified and brightened up by *French* influences, especially Gluck's. Thus, the music of *Idomeneo* belongs partly to the weakly bravura style of Italian *opera seria,* and partly to the stiff pathos of French tragedy. When one of the personages begins an air, it sounds as though he did so for the purpose of publicly making a speech about his feelings. Even the motive is mostly set forth in a highly impressive, sharply defined manner, as though the speaker were undertaking to prove a thesis. The working out, too, of the theme is conducted with the same cumbersome regularity which the incipient rhetorician learns in his "Chria:" the broadest development, numberless repetitions of words and sentences, and, finally, a bravura appendix as a *Captatio benevolentiæ.* This kind of vocal solo is totally unknown to us in modern opera, and still more so to the singer of the present day, as he discovers in his despair. Yet, despite all this, we must repeat, *Idomeneo* produced an unexpectedly strong impression on the assembly. You felt under the spell of a high and noble artistic mind. Mozart's incomparable genius holds sway here like some irresistible force of nature, bursting like the light and warmth of the sun through mouldering hedges and rotten hangings. When he wrote *Idomeneo,* he was in all the strength of youth; four-and-twenty in years, and fifty in his knowledge of art. He was able to fill the old operatic forms with precious material; he did not yet dare to put them on one side. How quickly, however, he freed himself from the constraint of superannuated formulas is proved by *Die Entführung aus dem Serail,* written the same year; in that work, the pathetic style of Constance is already surrounded by natural truthfulness replete with life and healthy humor. And only five years later he created *Figaro* and *Don Juan,* those first and unequaled models of a musical style, at once ideal and realistic, wherein the sensual beauty of the music grows simultaneously with the most animated dramatic expression. This was a newly discovered world of which former musicians had no presentiment, ay, a world which even Mozart himself, when he wrote *Idomeneo,* saw only as a dream. *Don Juan, Figaro,* and *Die Zauberflöte* — these are, properly speaking, the three mighty adversaries banded against *Idomeneo.* With these, the later Mozart supplanted the earlier. Directly we experienced in *Don Juan,* for the first time on the operatic stage, the glowing actuality of life, and distinguished in all the melodies the pulsation of our own feelings and desires — from that moment, *Idomeneo* necessarily struck us as strange, cold, and unintelligible. *Idomeneo* represents that uninterrupted, straight line of sublimity against which the mixture of tragedy and humor in *Don Juan* stands out so refreshingly, like a drama by Shakespeare against one by Corneille or Racine. *Idomeneo* was driven back, — and for a long time, too, — but not set aside, by Mozart's later operas; works of this kind

[1] Translated in the London Musical World.

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may be overshadowed, but certainly not annihilated. The more our musically unproductive age, so poor in genius, busies itself with the masterpieces of a former period, the deeper and broader must become our interest in the historical connection of art, the more irresistibly is our attention directed to the forgotten *Idomeneo*.

Thus it came to pass that, on October 25th, every seat in the Opera-House, Vienna, was occupied by an audience who had brought with them not merely the proper reverential feeling, but, what is more, a delightful impressionability, and who allowed themselves to be impartially influenced by every beauty in the work. A mere success of respect, such as we feared, fell to the lot of the first act alone; the conclusion of the second act and the whole of the third found the public deeply moved. The triumph of young Mozart was here genuine and unconditional. The first act is that least calculated to enlist our sympathies; its predominating features are a monotonous succession of long recitatives and airs, and the dragging character of the ever pathetic, but effeminate melody. After what Mozart gave us in *Don Juan*, we cannot consider, for instance, the moving situation, when Idomeneo first meets his son, as musically rendered with sufficient energy. In the concluding scene of the first act, the music would probably strike us as poor, had we not the very picturesque ballet whereon to feast our eyes. We cannot say whether Alexander the Great would, as Oulibicheff assures us, have chosen no music save the D-major march for his entry into Babylon, but every one will remark with interest the enormous distance between the pale solemnity of the ceremonial music in *Idomeneo* and the swelling magnificence of our marches in *Le Prophète* and *Tannhäuser* nowadays. The second act — just like the first and the third — is opened by Ilia with an air; her sweet theme, "Se il Padre perdei," exhibits at the very third bar a direct tendency to Tamino's "Air with the Portrait," and a smile lighted up the faces of the audience as though at a joyful and unexpected meeting. The succeeding celebrated pieces, Idomeneo's air in D major (from which the rich bravura work has been broken out down to the tiniest stone), and the grand trio, did not appear to quite equal the high expectations which reverential readers had brought with them to the theatre after reading the masterly analyses of Otto Jahn and Oulibicheff. On the other hand, the grandiose final scene, with the storm and the appearance of the sea-monster, produced all due effect. This scene — a musico-historical monument from the way in which it was rendered with a power hitherto unknown by the orchestra and chorus — carries us away, as though it had been composed only yesterday, and composed, be it observed, by Mozart. It is considered the climax of the opera, and as such we, too, regarded it, till the animated performance revealed to us all the grandeur of the *third* act, before which everything that precedes, even the sea storm, must give way. The Raphael-like, serious beauty of the quartet, the exalted melancholy of the G minor chorus (with the high priest), and lastly, the whole of the grand scene of the sacrifice in the temple, produced a profound and gradually increasing effect. Nothing here reminds us of the rococo form and stilted style of *the old heroic opera*, but might without more ado take its place in *Don Juan*.

The management of the Opera-House and the public brought to the performance of *Idomeneo* a laudable quality: respect for what is great and classical. Both were richly rewarded, since they derived from the opera a more lively impression than they anticipated. Even granting that *Idomeneo*, though it is the duty and the desire of every educated person to become acquainted with it, may not draw, its success will certainly not be inferior to that achieved by *Die Folkunger*, *Die Maccabäer*, and other similar works, while the management of the Opera-House will, at least, have the consciousness of having fulfilled a noble duty — of having, in an æsthetic sense, behaved properly. This holds good likewise of the way in which the opera was put on the stage. Most managers think that, when getting up old classical operas, they may be very close and economical; that the music alone will do everything. For works of the *Idomeneo* school this would be an exceedingly pernicious maxim, which the management of the Imperial Opera-House has fortunately avoided. The *mise-en-scène* was in every respect magnificent. Concerning the embodiment of the sea-monster alone, we have our serious doubts. There dances over the waves a kind of gigantic bat, surmounted, to the surprise of every one, by a venerable head, with a long white beard. But the scene requires an actual and entire monster, and not one reaching merely to the neck; let us have, therefore, a fire-spitting dragon, instead of a winged rabbi. The principal characters were admirably cast. Of course, the style of *Idomeneo*, requiring as it does the art of broad sustained song quite as much as virtuoso-like bravura, is strange to, and partially beyond the reach of, our singers, brought up in the music of Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Wagner. Measured by a strict Mozart-standard, the singing was unquestionably not perfect. We leave it to others to try offenders, and frankly own with respect to the relative excellence of all the leading artists charged with so difficult a task that we were much pleased and somewhat surprised. Mmes. Ehne and Materna, Herren Müller and Labatt, fully deserved the applause so liberally bestowed on them. An especial acknowledgment is due, likewise, to the *Capellmeister*, Herr Fuchs, for shortening, with taste and skill, the score (no longer presentable in its original shape), simplifying some things and touching up others, as required, at one time by the idiosyncrasies of the singers, and, at another, by the exigencies of the operatic stage. Under his inspiriting guidance, the entire performance went off admirably.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

VIENNA, *October* 27.

ON ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "MUSIC AND MUSICIANS."

BY F. L. RITTER.

(Continued from page 188.)

MADAME RITTER, in the preface to Schumann's "Music and Musicians," says: "From his reviews and criticisms — based as they are on the firm foundation of thorough knowledge enlivened by the vital breath of poetical and philosophical reflection, and by such an occasional flash of humor as sheds clear light on many questions, whose solution we may vainly seek by the gleam of the student lamp, a code of musical æsthetics might be gathered." To this passage a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. E. Gurney, opposes his æsthetic views about music, and thinks "it will perhaps be tolerably clear that a 'code of musical æsthetics,' such as the translator of the book before us has imagined to be discoverable in Schumann's writings, is something of which it is very hard to see the meaning and probability." Now, Mme. Ritter does not stand alone in the above opinion; others, and no lesser authorities than Dr. Franz Liszt and Dr. Ambros, imagined they had discovered excellent material for a code of musical æsthetics in Schumann's writings. However, Mr. Gurney, as we shall presently see, does not place much faith in the writings of musicians; it will therefore, perhaps, be instructive to examine Mr. Gurney's claims as a musical critic, especially as he is one of that class of amateur musical writers whose æsthetic views stand in direct opposition to those of the professional musician.

In his article on Schumann's writings, in the above Magazine, he says: "It (music) is supposed to be a mysterious art, and so technically abstruse that none but professors of it can know exactly what they are at, and be justified in speaking authoritatively on the subject; those who can write fugues must, it is thought, be in some way able to expound them." [1] Here *le bout d'oreille* of the amateur pierces visibly through; the reader at once gains the presentiment that the authority of the professor on musical subjects will in future be greatly shaken by the searching and infallible criticism of Mr. Gurney, who tells us distinctly that not much light is to be expected from the criticism of the professor, for "modern life," says Mr. Gurney, "which has fostered self-consciousness and introspection in many directions, doubtless furnishes examples of artists who have ventured on the perilous path of analysis; but the results hardly seem to establish, for the criticism of a creator, any special claim to clearness and acumen."

Those musicians who are under the impression that music expresses more than Mr. Gurney's criticism is willing to allow, will not receive much countenance from this æsthetic writer. He says, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* ("On Music and Musical Criticism"): "Nor again will musicians be reduced by jealousy for the dignity of their art to prop it up by unreal supports and connections; and it is this latter tendency which I am most concerned to resist, inasmuch as music, like many other things, suffers most from its friends." Of course, in order to "prop up" his theory on real "supports and connections," this writer finds it necessary first to attempt to fashion some substantial pillars out of the elementary material of music. Amateur musical æstheticians are very fond of exhibiting their knowledge of musical theory; but, having acquired merely a smattering of the difficult subject, their attempts in this direction are generally failures. Mr. Gurney's similar attempt, as we shall presently see, has not been much of a success either. In the above article (*Nineteenth Century*) he tells us: "The central idea in my argument,

[1] In the above remark the writer evinced, *nolens volens*, an inevitable truism. An industrious and rather well-read writer on music, but who apparently has not studied composition, seems to be in great perplexity regarding the writing of a fugue. Is it to be classified among musical forms or not? That is the question. In his doubts regarding this double-faced thing he sought information from a well-known piano-teacher, who told him boldly that a fugue has no form, and on the strength of this authority in musical theory, Mr. —— illumined the musical world with a new æsthetic law about the fugue having no form! Neither of the two can write a fugue, hence the ludicrous dilemma.

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which will affect its bearing in every detail, is the independent and isolated position of the emotions caused by music; and this I shall try to present both as a deduction and as a fact." Now let us examine, so far as space will allow, the substantial pillars, upon which this argument is placed. "The prime element in music," we are told, "is melody, *i. e.*, notes in succession." Here the above writer announces himself at once as the "melodic" critic. "Melody is the amateur's war cry," says Schumann; and though melody, in a mere general sense, is to be considered as the supreme quality of any musical composition, a critical method, which rests on such a one-sided idea, describing the roof of the palace before the adequately built walls are visible, will not enlist much confidence on the part of the connoisseur. The intelligent musician, endeavoring to lay down the laws for "musical criticism," would no doubt begin his theory by considering tone as the prime element in music; and only then, when a second element, rhythm, has taken hold of the isolated sounds, poured life into them, the pulse beat, is a third agent possible, namely, melody. The musician will with right insist that the philosophical investigation of the elementary means of music be presented somewhat in chronological order. Random talk, be it ever so spiritual, cannot build up an available theory. The æsthetician, who overlooks this fundamental principle, will founder before he reaches the desired port.

In general, it cannot be affirmed that Mr. Gurney has given proof, while on the "perilous path of analysis," regarding melody and rhythm (his chronological order), of any "special claims to clearness and acumen." He mixes up melody and rhythm in a most distressing manner. "Melodic rhythm, in relation to the otherwise meaningless succession of sounds, may be better compared to light, revealing itself and objects at one instant of indivisible effect, and depending for its value on that with which it is associated." What is a *melodic* rhythm? Rhythm regulates harmony as well; it also appears often isolated. According to this writer's method we should have to admit three kinds of rhythm: the melodic,

the harmonic,

and the rhythmical rhythm.

This æsthetic *aperçu* is decidedly a confusion of subject matter. Mr. Gurney, however, does not admit rhythm as an element having its own meaning independent of melody; for he says, "Nor is the rhythm in any sense a frame-work or mould to be separately appraised, as in some degree the metre of a stanza may be considered the mould for the meaning to be poured into." We see that the writer has not much comprehension of the power and æsthetic importance of rhythm. Rhythm, as well as melody and harmony, has a right to be considered by itself, from an æsthetical point of view; it regulates the whole organism of a composition, impresses its characteristic marks on the very physiognomy of a musical artwork. To say "it is a self-understood fact that the rhythm regulates melody and harmony," is taking a too narrow view of the subject. The character of a certain succession of tones, called melody, or that of a harmonious passage, may be eminently changed by changing the rhythm. Such a rhythmical change alone is capable of conveying to our mind the idea of a new emotional meaning and expression. Had Mr. Gurney felt the æsthetical significance of rhythm, he would, no doubt, have discovered more in music than his article gives proof of.

"The fundamental principle of rhythm, equal measurement, is, as we have seen, common to all music, while a special rhythm may be common to several melodies, the identity being clearly marked and obvious to the ear. On the other hand the systems supplying the note-material, or available pitch-intervals (!), have been many; and confining ourselves to our modern scale-system, it could only be a matter of curiosity, in no way capable of striking the ear, if it were discovered that some particular series of notes could yield two intelligible melodies, by association with two different rhythms, differing in the position of the main accents." The reader will, no doubt, confess with me that this species of musical philosophy cannot very well serve as a model of "clearness and acumen," and that the writer was at sea respecting musical theory. Nor does the curious term, "pitch-interval" contribute much towards shedding more light on the subject. If Mr. Gurney had in mind that it would be a new discovery to associate two melodies differing in rhythm, the thing has been done repeatedly. To cite only two examples by great masters, the finale of Beethoven's Quintet in C major, and the well-known "Ball Scene" from *Don Giovanni*, in which *three* melodies, differing in rhythm, are associated. Every student of double counterpoint has had, no doubt, to write some part-exercises, in which the same melody, arranged in two different rhythms, appeared in the double quality as melody and accompaniment. This writer's philosophical views on harmony — an element in our modern music, of as much importance as melody itself — are just as inadequately presented as that on rhythm; a few stray sentences referring to Helmholtz's wonderful discoveries, were thought, in a lengthy article on "Music and Musical Criticism," sufficient to impart to the reader a clear understanding of the subject; and here again the "bug-bear" melody hangs obstinately at the heels of the critic's arguments. The whole part of the writer's attempts at explaining theoretically the three important fundamental elements of music, rhythm, melody, and harmony, is a confused jumble — in every way unsatisfactory to the intelligent musician, and, quite surely, utterly unintelligible to the mere amateur. And yet we are asked to believe that on such a tottering basis of would-be theoretical speculation, the higher laws of musical criticism may possibly be constructed. Schumann justly says: "The armed eye beholds the stars; the unarmed sees nought but clouds."

(To be continued.)

LOWELL MASON.

BY A. W. THAYER.

(Concluded from page 187.)

Mason became president of the Handel and Haydn Society, but the object of the association being the performance of oratorio, he soon found its sphere too contracted for the purposes he had in view. This, and other reasons, led to his parting from it, and to the establishment, about 1832, of the Boston Academy of Music, with Samuel A. Eliot, some years mayor of the city, at its head, but having Mr. Mason as its leading spirit. In 1835 the Boston Theatre was changed into a music hall, with the name Odéon, and here the Academy gave, with a very fine chorus, cantatas, madrigals, glees, and at length organized an orchestra, and taught the people to understand and enjoy the great symphonists. Mr. Mason's great object was universal musical education: and while the Handel and Haydn Society and the Academy were educating the public to appreciate the highest music, he was laboring, with a success worthy of his zeal and perseverance, to make singing and the reading of ordinary vocal music as common an acquirement as the simple rules of arithmetic or the outlines of geography.

The first step was so to explain the elementary rules of writing and reading music that every one might be made easily to understand them. His success in this was such that no quack method of "making music easy" has ever been able to obtain any lasting footing in New England; nor does any pupil of a New England public school desire any other notation than such as was good enough for Handel and Beethoven. Next he gathered classes to whom he imparted his methods of teaching, which were based upon a thorough study of the system of Pestalozzi — awakened their enthusiasm, and thus soon had an able body of disciples to aid him in a project which he had for some time cherished — nothing less than making singing and reading music compulsory branches of instruction in the public schools! Anything more hopeless could hardly have been planned. He was obliged to prove that children could be made to comprehend the meaning of staves and notes — a page of music being then to most people as blind as a column of hieroglyphics. He did prove it, by concerts of children whom he and Mr. George James Webb — a fine English musician, long his friend and coadjutor — had taught. One of Mr. Mason's eulogists says with truth: "It was a good while before he could get a hearing for his belief that little children could be taught to sing by note and to understand the rudiments of music as a science. A less resolute man than he would have been discouraged before he gained permission to experiment upon his theory in the common schools; and when, at last, consent was given grudgingly by the school authorities of Boston, he was forced to go to work upon his own responsibility, at his own charges, at the most unfavorable time, in the most undesirable way. But he succeeded so triumphantly that all the schools in Boston were, in 1838, thrown open to him.

Mr. Mason's path in these and many following years was not one of roses. Envy and malice did their most in decrying his merits and in exaggerating any mistake made by him or any failing that could be discovered, and the time came when others reaped where he had sown — in other words, the teaching in the schools was divided between himself and his assistants and his opponents. Perhaps the cause may have gained, as both parties were forced to do their best; but it was neither just nor generous towards Mr. Mason.

Another project of his, which has now become an institution in many parts of the United States, was the calling together conventions of music-teachers and amateurs. These, continuing ten or twelve days, were occasions of very great interest and value. Lectures on musical topics, especially upon the art of teaching singing-classes, with constant practice, and, finally, a concert or two, in which the members took part, filled the time, and thousands carried away with them their first and never-fading impression of the glorious power and beauty of a chorus of Handel, sung by a thousand voices with orchestral and organ accompaniment.

Simultaneously with all these labors the press was teeming with collections of vocal music by Mr. Mason alone, or in conjunction with Mr. Webb, for every possible demand — from the infant school to the societies for singing the highest music. Their sale was positively enormous. Single collections were distributed by hundreds of thousands. Not alone sacred music,

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but glees, madrigals, and four-part songs, for men's voices, women's voices, a mixed chorus, English, German, French, Italian, anything that was good of its kind that could be found in the large library which their editor had collected. That a handsome fortune at length rewarded his labors need hardly be stated.

Mr. Mason's first visit to Europe was in 1837, after ten years of incessant labor, partly for recreation, but more to make himself acquainted with the methods — especially in Germany — of musical instruction in schools of the various grades. There was nothing for him to learn! A pleasing and valuable volume of letters records his impressions and observations.

The last years of his life were spent with his elder children at Orange in New Jersey, where two of them resided — Daniel and Lowell — whose extensive publishing house was in New York and Orange, therefore a convenient place of residence.

But, as Mr. Mason's talent in teaching really amounted to genius, his services in Massachusetts were still demanded. The Public Board of Education of that State organized annual conventions of teachers, much on the model of the musical conventions above noticed, and to these he was annually called, not more for the musical instruction which he imparted than for the benefit of the example he set the members in the very best methods of teaching.

In the purchase of books for his library Mr. Mason by no means confined himself to such as he could read or use in works. He collected for the use of others, and with the intention of making a collection which after his death should be deposited in some institution of learning for the public benefit. Thus, being informed by a friend that the late Professor Dehn, of Berlin, was disposed to sell the finest and completest collection of the works of Matheson and Marpurg, — that in the Royal Library at Berlin excepted, — he immediately commissioned his friend to secure them, though there was not one among them that he himself could read. Upon those who sought to injure him he never retaliated, but bore calumny and detraction in silence,—he lived them down,—and many an opponent he changed to a friend by simply giving them the opportunity of knowing him personally. Here is a case in point: A young writer on musical topics in the periodical press, upon partial information, made a somewhat bitter attack upon him. No other notice was taken of it than was involved in Mr. Mason's inviting him to his house and giving him the free use of his library. Prejudice soon gave way to respect and admiration on his part, while on the other a kindly feeling grew up, which resulted in the loan of a handsome sum of money, to be repaid at convenience, without interest, to enable the young man to pursue his studies in Europe. Not until years had passed did the latter know, and then not from his benefactor, that the article above named had deeply pained and wounded him.

The writer freely confesses that he has differed from Mr. Mason on various matters of opinion and taste; but this confession can only add emphasis to the expression of his deep appreciation of his many great qualities.

THEODORE, *August*, 1879.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XVII.

"Is that sketch of Miss B. like her?"

No matter if it is or is n't. *To do it* is the first thing. Have it like, is the second. The figure is *elegant*, — which is something that most people think nothing of, so much are they taken up with *likeness*. Then it is *naïve*! The head goes into the background in such an unconscious way. It is skilfully painted, and I know that you could not have done it two years ago.

"Then you think we do go on, even when we feel that we are not gaining as we ought to?"

You can't help going on; but you can't always see the steps. Nothing is hard if you take the right steps to do it. Of a sudden we find out that our teachers are great noodles; and in our despair at finding that we are so far behind where we ought to be, we try to jump over the river at one bound. You must throw in one stone at a time, and by and by you will see one floating on the top. — "Oh, but there's Susan Jane going on alone!" — Never mind; she has to come to the mud too, and then she must begin to throw in her stones and build her foundation. The people who have got the thing called "success" have reached it without knowing it.

You *must* know, before you start a drawing, just where your figure is going to come upon the canvas. See how Michael Angelo planned every corner of his work! Most of us put a little bit of a figure in the middle of a large background that is of no use. Look at the Greek coins: no waste space, every part filled. Then look at our cent, with the figure so small that it looks like a crow in a wilderness.

Don't dwell too much on what you *have* done! Go on, and don't paint each sketch as if it were to be the last thing you were to do in life. Believe that you are going to make hundreds of them, and go on to the next.

You must feel that there is a head under that hat! Draw a line through the hat where you know that the top of the head ought to come, and see how the hat looks then. Ostrich feathers won't take the place of brains.

When anything profiles you must have it profile to mean something.

People are apt to think that painting is simply skillful work.

Will it to be flat, and it will come so. Look at the work of the Japanese. They *knew* the thing, and then put it down. No high light in their decorations: flat tints, with due regard to values.

Be contented to do something in the direction in which the thing *is*, not in the way you *feel* it. Build up your power of doing actualities. Be convinced that you can't help putting in some of your own feeling and originality. Don't run around trying to be original, standing on your head or diving under water. Believe that if you work and let yourself go, all will come out right. If you work only for what you feel, and not for reality, you work all the time with one oar.

Don't be afraid of spoiling your work. You can't spoil anything in this world. There's a great deal of work to be done for the sake of learning how it is done. I've seen John Millet sit down in Millet's studio, and, without a word of encouragement, work three weeks from a plaster cast.

"But when we carry our things home"—

Your parents don't like them? Of course they don't, they have n't been through enough. Make a drawing equal to Michael Angelo, and there is n't a parent in this city that is going to know how good it is. They go to the Louvre and admire a drawing with Michael Angelo's name under it; but take away that name and put on another and they won't look at the drawing.

Don't mind what your friends say of your work. In the first place, they all think you're an idiot; in the next place, they expect great things of you; in the third place, they would n't know if you did a good thing. Until we come to study art we are not aware of the ignorance there is about it. Artists have to create their audiences. They have to do their own work and educate the public at the same time. Nobody cared for Corot's pictures at first. He had to teach people how to like them. The same with Raphael. His pictures were not understood; but he went on painting, and in time he was appreciated.

"I don't know what to do."

It's by working that you learn what to do. Take something to draw, and see how far you can carry it.

"What shall I take?"

Oh, something that you like.

"Tell me what, please."

Why, how can I tell? I might as well tell you what prayer to say!

That eye is light, and you are making it dark. You seem to think that the way to attack a thing is — to keep away from it. Don't always be trying to flank your work! You see your lion; and, to be sure of getting him, you turn square on your heel, take a steamer for Japan, and come round the world, to attack him in the rear.

Rembrandt says, "Gayly lay on your color, for all spirit will disappear in subsequent operations."

Painting is a still old thing. There's no whim about it. It does n't trouble anybody.

[1] Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

NOTICE. — Our JOURNAL for 1880, Vol. XL., will be mailed as usual to all the present subscribers, unless we receive an order to discontinue it. A prompt remittance will oblige the publishers.

SUBSCRIBERS living in musical circles, or members of musical societies, are requested to raise clubs among their friends, to whom the JOURNAL will be furnished at reduced rates, namely: for five copies, $10; for ten copies, $20, and an extra copy to the sender.

If every friend who values the paper and appreciates its aims, would only send us in the name of one new subscriber, it would not only place the JOURNAL at once on a firm footing, but would enable us to add to the amount, the variety, and excellence of its contents. Has it not earned the right to live and to improve?

HECTOR BERLIOZ'S "THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST."

MANY anecdotes have been told about the curious circumstances under which this or that famous piece of music was written; how Scarlatti took the theme of one of his fugues from his cat running across his harpsichord, how Rossini wrote "*Di tanti palpiti*" in a café, etc. It is not less incongruous that Berlioz's great sacred trilogy, or oratorio, should have been virtually be-

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gun at a corner of an écarté table. Berlioz was at a card-party one evening, and as, "by patience, and after thirty years of effort, he had succeeded in knowing not a single game of this sort," his friend Duc, the architect, asked him to keep himself from being bored by writing some music in his album. "I take a scrap of paper, draw some staves upon it, on which I soon jot down an *andantino* in four parts *for the organ*. I think that I find a certain character of artless, rustic mysticism about it, and the fancy takes me to write some words of the same sort to it. The organ-piece disappears, and becomes the chorus of the Shepherds of Bethlehem, bidding the infant Jesus farewell, at the departure of the Holy Family for Egypt. . . . . Some days afterwards, I wrote the "Rest of the Holy Family" at home, beginning this time with the words, and a little fugued overture, for a little orchestra, in a little, innocent style, in *F-sharp minor without any leading note*. . . . . A month later, when I no longer thought of my score, a chorus happened to be wanting in the programme of a concert that I was to conduct. It struck me as a good joke to put that of the *Shepherds* in my Mystery in its place, leaving it under the name of Pierre Ducré, music-master of the Sainte-Chapelle in Paris (1679). At the rehearsals the chorus-singers took a lively fancy to this ancestral music."

"The Childhood of Christ" is an oratorio in three parts, namely: "Herod's Dream," "The Flight into Egypt," and "The Arrival in Saïs." As has been already hinted, the second part was written and performed before the remainder of the work was begun. Most of us remember the delightful impression it made a fortnight ago in the Music Hall, and how exquisitely Mr. William Winch sang the tenor solo. This, together with the fact that an extract from "Herod's Dream" is to be given at the first Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association, makes it interesting to know something definite about a composition which has hitherto been a mere name to most of our musical public.

"The Childhood of Christ" was brought out entire in the Salle Herz in Paris on the 10th of December, 1854. Its success was complete and instantaneous, and went far towards comforting the composer for the terrible fiasco made some years previous by his "Damnation of Faust" at the Opéra-Comique. M. Joseph d'Ortigue wrote in the *Journal des Débats* after the performance:

"M. Hector Berlioz held a brilliant and numerous audience captive during a long concert, with a new score, the text of which he wrote, the music of which he composed, and the rehearsals and performances of which he conducted. Thus M. Berlioz has been his own collaborator, his own orchestral conductor, his own interpreter. Thus it is sufficiently clear and sharply cut. No evasion is possible. I, Berlioz, wrote what you read, and what you hear. This accent, this expression, this effect, it is I who intended them. It is my work, it is complete, it is one. . . . .

"Gallant, brave, and generous Berlioz! This is how he bears his standard! Shatter that standard and you shatter him at the same blow; he would be a hero of art, even if he were not one of its most brilliant manifestations! Thus does he present himself before us after two years of silence, at the moment when we could have believed him to be in some German country, exciting that ardent sympathy of which the land of Schubert and Weber has been so prodigal towards him. He had, no doubt, prepared himself for a conflict, and here we see him find only a triumph." The whole of the article, which is very long, is evenly enthusiastic in its tenor; when we consider that a sacred composition by Berlioz, who had long since bid the church good-by, was thus written about by an uncompromising man like d'Ortigue, who was a tremendous ultramontane in religion, and a rampant ultra-classicist, or rather a pre-Raphaelite, in music (albeit a personal friend of the composer), it seems the highest praise that a mortal can well expect to win. D'Ortigue even says himself: "One may feel sure that I am not the least in the world embarrassed in saying here — in this place, where M. Berlioz signed his name but yesterday, and where he will sign it to-morrow[1] — that his new work is a marvel of taste, of art, of sentiment, and of originality. And I will reply to those who may accuse me of the crime of enthusiasm that for twenty years I have had leisure to administer to myself several good sedatives, in imposing upon myself a diet of rather severe studies in plain-chant, and in musical modes, history, archæology, and philosophy, all of which are things, if not incompatible with the subject of my to-day's criticism, at least very different from it, and, as Montaigne says, 'from another cask.'"

The "Night March of Roman Soldiers" in "Herod's Dream" (which will be soon played here) is thus described: ". . . . The basses murmur a mysterious rhythm; the muffled sounds of the united strings commence a night patrol; it is a patrol of Roman soldiers; we hear them defile with measured step under the gates, and follow the dusky circuit of the walls of Jerusalem. They draw near, little by little. A centurion, mounting guard at the door of his guard-house, stops them, and we have the following dialogue between the centurion and Polydorus, the officer of the patrol: —

Who goes there? — Rome! — Advance! — Halt! — Polydorus! — Why, soldier; I thought you were already on the banks of the Tiber. — By Bacchus! I should have been there, if Gallus, our illustrious prætor, had at last given me leave. — And Herod? — He dreams, he trembles; he sees traitors everywhere; he calls together his council every day. . . . In a word, he gives us trouble enough — Ridiculous tyrant! . . . . But go on, go your rounds.

And the patrol continues its march, further and further off, until it is lost in a distant *pianissimo*. The theme of this march, treated in the fugued style, is of an original and gothic cut, and gives rise to charming melodic details. The instrumentation is sober and of rare elegance. The *crescendo* and *decrescendo* from *piano* to *forte*, and from *forte* to *piano*, indicate the approaching and retiring of the patrol. But it is always a night-march, and we can say that the brilliancy of this *forte* is not that of midday, of bright sunshine, but the brilliancy of links and torches.

"One word more. Polydorus, in his recitative, tells us the name of the Roman prætor.

"M. Berlioz has read his Augustin and his Amédée Thierry. He must have seen in the latter's "History of Gaul under the Roman Dominion," that the first prætor to whom Augustus confided the administration of the province of Egypt was really Cornelius Gallus, a native of Frejus. It was this same Gallus who governed Egypt when the Holy Family took refuge there, and, according to tradition, sought an asylum in Hermopolis Magna. All this, if we stick to the musical side of the question, *has nothing to do with the matter*, beyond all doubt, but it proves, at least, with what religious care M. Berlioz has conceived and thought out his work."

This is, no doubt, very ingenious in M. d'Ortigue, only one does not quite see what the prætor of Egypt has to do with one of Herod's soldiers in Jerusalem; but Berlioz's "religious care" may be safely taken for granted.

I have dwelt especially upon this night-march because it is the number in the trilogy about which most interest will be felt at present. It were even out of place here to say much about the oratorio as a whole. I believe, indeed, that it has not yet been given in America, and there are certainly no symptoms of its being soon given in Boston. One or two points, however, are interesting to note. Herod's air, in the first part, is an admirable example of what effective use can be made of an old church mode in modern music, when a man of genius takes it in hand. The tonality of this air is based upon the following scale: *g*, *a*-flat, *b*-flat, *c*, *d*, *e*-flat, *f*-natural, *g*, which is essentially the Phrygian mode. The effect is singularly terrible and appalling.

In the third part of the work Berlioz has ventured upon a curious, but thoroughly happy, innovation in this form of composition. He has introduced what is to all intents and purposes a piece of chamber music, in the shape of a trio, in three well-defined movements, for a harp and two flutes. After the Holy Family have been received at the house of a charitable citizen of Saïs, and provided with refreshment after their journey, the master of the house calls out:

"Take your instruments, my children, and let all trouble vanish before the flute in concert with the Theban harp."

It is a family concert in honor of the Christ-child. This trio is a little gem in its way, and deserves a place in the repertory of our best chamber concerts. W. F. A.

[1] Berlioz was the regular critic on the Journal des Débats.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

Handel and Haydn Society. — The first concert of the sixty-fifth season of our old Oratorio Society, on Sunday evening, November 23, was a notable event. There have been greater in its history, but this one was unique, exceptional. For the first time an eminent composer from abroad appeared here to conduct in person a performance of two of his own more important works. The curiosity, of course, was great to see the clever and most popular English musician, whose name, through his songs, and still more through his "Pinafore" and other light operatic music, has become a household word among us. A very large audience was a foregone conclusion when the Society could present Dr. Arthur Sullivan in person. Not quite so great a crowd, however, as on certain annual occasions; for, besides the musical public proper, there is a large class in and about Boston who are just musical enough to care to hear *The Messiah* and *Elijah*, and but little else; these two sacred festivals they are bound always to attend religiously.

The programme was well selected for this peculiar occasion. The first part, which was under Mr. Zerrahn's direction, opened with Beethoven's superb *Hallelujah* chorus, which concludes his *Christ on the Mount of Olives* with a blaze of glory. It is laid out, as it were, in long lines, which suggest infinitude. The chorus singing was exceedingly impressive; and the orchestra of sixty instruments rendered excellent support in this as in all the numbers of the programme. Then followed the second part, "The Flight into Egypt," from Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*. This exquisite selection was but indifferently well performed a year ago; it needed this repetition under better auspices to make its beauty felt. It has rare delicacy, and a poetic, naive, pastoral feeling. The Overture, which represents the assembling of the shepherds at Bethlehem, impressed us as less artificial than before. It is simply quaint and rustic in its mingling of reed instruments, the *Corno Inglese* always predominating, and in its vague and musing melody. The chorus "Farewell of the Shepherds" is very lovely and full of tenderness. But the tenor solo, representing the Repose of the Holy Family, was this time sung so exquisitely by Mr. Wm. J. Winch that there was no resisting the call for a repetition, and by most of the audience it will be remembered as the purest gem of the whole

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evening; its perfectness was only marred at the end by the *Alleluias* of the unseen angels being sung a little sharp. We trust that we shall some day have a chance to hear all three parts of this very beautiful and original creation of Berlioz.

Part Two began with Mr. Sullivan's *In Memoriam* Overture, composed some years ago in honor of his father. His reception was most hearty, and he had long to stand bowing acknowledgment to the unflagging applause. This short glimpse of his intelligent and genial face was all that was vouchsafed that night, for at once he turned to the orchestra and entered quietly and earnestly into the business of conducting. His manner is firm, precise, and without any flourish; but he is plainly master of the situation, and holds all his forces well in hand. In the rehearsals he had manifestly a rare faculty of making all go right, quietly insisting on the carrying out of his ideas. The Overture is a musicianly work, vigorous in themes, logical in development, clear and consistent in form, richly and skillfully instrumented, and worked up to a powerful climax when the organ comes in at the end.

The Prodigal Son, composed for the Festival at Worcester, England, in 1869, is really an early work. The Parable affords an excellent subject for musical treatment; but the shortness of the narrative required filling out with texts for choruses and solos which enforce the moral of the story. As a whole this short Oratorio impresses no one as a *great* work, but it was found exceedingly enjoyable. It is the work throughout of an accomplished musician, showing a sure and easy mastery of all the means at hand. It is clear and classical in form; melodious, rich, and sometimes ingenious in harmony; not over-ambitious in counterpoint, but quite at home in that; and remarkably brilliant and effective in its instrumentation. Fine as some of its choruses and arias are, it is the orchestral accompaniment that gives them a gleam of originality, and saves the thoroughly respectable good work from a certain level of commonplace. The Mendelssohnian influence is unmistakable in it. Naturally enough, for Sullivan was then a young man, he had held the first Mendelssohn scholarship at Leipzig, where Mendelssohn was still the ruling spirit; and it would have required a courage amounting almost to bravado for him to make his début as composer in any marked departure from the conventional style of one so idolized in England. A great deal of tact is shown in the whole treatment of the text. In the tenor solo and chorus, "Let us eat and drink," a minor mood pervades its reckless, restless character; and the monotonous rhythmic figure of the violas, etc., which is ceaselessly reiterated, is very suggestive of a foraging excursion by night. The chorus and orchestral work was on the whole remarkably well done, although there were some instances of falling out of tune; especially in the repetition of the beautiful chorus with organ accompaniment, which went so well the first time. The solos, with the exception of the tenor, Winch, were less fortunate. Miss Edith Abell has an interesting voice and sang well, but the soprano part was hardly in her best range. Miss Mary Bryant has a rich contralto, and sings conscientiously, showing refinement and intelligence, and an artistic feeling which deserves to be encouraged; but nervous timidity sadly interfered with the success of her performance. Nor did Mr. J. F. Winch, in the bass solos, sing quite as well as he was wont to do a short time since. The organ accompaniment, by Mr. Lang, was always timely, tasteful, and effective.

The great assembly left the hall with a new admiration, and of a deeper kind, for Arthur Sullivan.

MR. EDWARD B. PERRY. — A truly musical and delightful occasion was the Piano-forte Recital given by this gentleman on Wednesday evening, November 26, at the rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons. The spacious ware-room on the second floor, which proves to be an excellent room for sound, was well filled with a large and appreciative audience. It surely was no mean victory of mind and genius over physical infirmity when such a programme as the following could be executed, all from memory, and not only with fine technical precision and elegance of style but also with poetic fire and sensibility, by a young man wholly blind: —

1. a. Aufschwung, Op. 12, No. 2,
   b. Warum? Op. 12, No. 3,
   c. Traumeswirren, Op. 12, No. 7, . . . *Schumann.*
   d. Nachtstueck, from Op. 23,
   e. Novelette, Op. 21, No. 4,
2. Aria, "Pur dicesti" . . . . *Lotti.*
   Mrs. E. H. Allen.
3. Sonata in B flat minor. Op. 35. . . . *Chopin.*
   Grave — Doppio movimento — Scherzo — Marcia Funebre — Presto.
4. Song, "Spring Flowers" . . . . . . *Reinecke.*
   Mrs. E. H. Allen.
5. a. La Gondola. Op. 13, No. 2 . . . . *Henselt.*
   b. Intermezzo, from "Carnival of Milan" *Von Bülow.*
   c. Why? . . . . *E. B. Perry.*
   d. La Gazelle. Pièce Caracteristique . *Kullak.*
6. a. "Lullaby" . . . . *Wilson.*
   b. "A Farewell" . . . . *E. B. Perry.*
   c. "Four leaf Clover" . . . . . *E. B. Perry.*
   Mrs. E. H. Allen.
8. a. Berceuse, Op. 57,
   b. Ballade, Op. 47, ... *Chopin.*

The series of familiar little pieces by Schumann we have seldom heard more truthfully and feelingly interpreted. The Chopin Sonata was remarkably well given, specially the Scherzo and the wild Presto Finale; and the Funeral March lost none of its old fascination.

The programme contained Liszt's fanciful interpretation of this grand descriptive Sonata, to wit: —

1. Grave. Dopplo moviment. — Trials and conflicts of the young hero battling for fame, and cheered by thoughts of his distant lady.
2. Scherzo. — Triumphant return of the victorious warrior, and happy meeting of the lovers.
3. Marcia Funebre. — Attending the bride to her early grave. A hero's sorrow.
4. Presto. — Lament of the night wind over the lonely tomb.

The Berceuse and Ballade, too, were finely played. The *Pièce caracteristique*, by Kullak, was of a superficial, showy character, quite out of place in such fine company. Mr. Perry's own little compositions were agreeable and clever. Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen's singing was highly satisfactory, especially in the two songs in which she had the fine violin obligato accompaniment of her husband.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. — We were obliged to lose the third concert (Dec. 2) of Mr. Listemann's finely trained little orchestra, of which we gave the programme in our last. The fourth concert occurred last evening, with the assistance of Miss Sara Barton, soprano (her first appearance in America after an absence of seven years), of Ole Bull (his first appearance this season), and of Mr. Charles R. Morse, the musical director at Wellesley College, as organist. The programme included: —

1. Symphonie, No. 1, for Organ and Orchestra. *Alex. Guilmant.*
   (First Movement. New.)
   Mr. Charles H. Morse and Orchestra.
2. Andante Soave ("Gretchen"), from Faust-Symphonie, ... *Liszt.*
   (First time in Boston.)
3. Grand Aria (Il Profeta), "L'ingrato m' abbandona" . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
   Miss Sara Barton.
4. Fantasie Hongroise . . . . . . *Ridley-Kohne.*
   Ole Bull.
5. "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Symphonique Poem. *Saint-Saëns.*
   (By special request.)
6. Slavonic Dances, Op. 46, Nos. 7 and 8. *Anton Dvorak.*
   (New.)
7. The Lost Chord . . . . *Sullivan.*
   (Piano and Organ.)
   Miss Sara Barton.
8. Visions . . . .
   Composed and performed by Ole Bull.
9. A Musical Joke, for Strings and Horns, . *Mozart.*
10. L'Invitation a la Valse . . . *C. M. v. Weber.*
   (Adapted for Orchestra by Berlioz.)

We have to reserve comment for another number. So, also, of Mme. Cappiani's concert which occurred on Wednesday evening.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24. — Last season we had three sets of orchestral concerts in full blast, but this year we are to have but two, namely, Dr. Damrosch's symphony concerts, and those given by the New York Philharmonic Society. Dr. Damrosch's first concert took place on Saturday evening, November 8, with the following orchestral numbers: —

Seventh Symphony . . . . *Beethoven.*
"Walpurgisnacht" (from "Spring" Symphony) . . . . *Raff.*
"Eine Faust Ouverture" . . . . *Wagner.*
Symphonic Poem, "Festklaenge" . . . . . . *Liszt.*

The house was very full, the audience enthusiastic, and the performance, in the main, admirable. Miss Braudil was the only soloist and contributed greatly to the evening's enjoyment by her rendering of two selections, each with orchestral accompaniment.

Your readers are of course aware, by this time, that Mr. Thomas will direct the concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, as well as those on this side of the river. To suit Mr. Thomas's convenience, the Brooklyn entertainments will be given on the Tuesdays which precede the Saturdays appropriated by the New York society. In this way Mr. Thomas contrives to accomplish the somewhat difficult feat of living in one city and superintending important musical interests in another, some five hundred miles distant. The Cincinnati people have little cause to complain of this arrangement, for they do not dislike the idea of our being compelled (?) to go to them for a leader. The New York public, blinded by an infatuated belief that no one but Thomas knows anything about an orchestra and its uses, merely contents itself with the fact that it has secured its well-beloved Theodore. But the Brooklynites! ah, there 's the rub; they may either congratulate themselves that they have the *first* of everything, for it is generally believed that the programmes of their concerts will be literally repeated in our city; or, they may reflect that the Ohio leader is merely practicing upon them, using their concerts for rehearsals, in fact; at any rate, they can pay their money even if they do not take their choice. From all that can be learned they are inclined to grumble at the whole business and are seriously discontented with the substitution of Tuesday for Saturday evenings, as well as with the present plan of having but one rehearsal for each concert. This last infliction was severe upon the younger portion of the community, for the Brooklyn Academy had become a charming rendezvous and trysting place on Philharmonic afternoons. However, those things are of the past, and it must be recollected that Cincinnati plays "first fiddle" now.

The first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society occurred on Tuesday evening, November 18, with the following programme: —

Overture, "King Lear" . . . . *Berlioz.*
Piano-forte Concerto (B-flat minor) . . . *Tschaikowsky.*
Mr. Rummel.
Siegmund's Love-Song . . . . *Wagner.*
Sig. Campanini.
Ritt der Walkueren . . . . *Wagner.*
Siegfried's death (Götterdammerung) . . . *Wagner.*
Fifth Symphony, Op. 67 . . . . *Beethoven.*

It is scarcely necessary to descant at length upon the different numbers, for they are all, with one exception, so well known. The concerto is a noble work, superb in instrumentation, grandly conceived, and faulty only in being so very diffuse. Mr. Rummel played the piano part very finely (from memory), and really seems to have improved since last winter. His manner is more quiet and self-contained, and he appears more like an artist and less like a school boy. In the use of the pedal he is as wofully deficient as formerly; at times he allows totally dissonant chords to be blurred into each other in a distracting way. The defect could not have been the fault of the instrument, for he used a fine Steinway Grand of exceedingly pure tone and of admirable key and pedal action.

Campanini's lovely voice has rarely been heard to better advantage than in the Wagner "Love-Song" which sounded a little incongruous in Italian. He was warmly, indeed enthusiastically, recalled, and sang even better than in the first instance.

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On Saturday evening, November 22, the New York Philharmonic Society's concert was given with nearly the same programme as the one just mentioned. The performance was a very good one. If one missed the delicacy and finish which formerly characterized orchestral performances under Mr. Thomas's baton, it must be remembered that through that gentleman's own efforts we have grown to be very critical and to expect a very great deal from him.

The Oratorio Society will give *Elijah* on Saturday evening, November 29. The soloists will be Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Sherwin, Miss Drasdil, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Whitney. The programme for the third concert is yet unannounced; but at the second we are promised the *Messiah*, and at the fourth and last (to be given in St. George's church), Bach's *Passion Music*.

Joseffy returns to this city next month, and will inaugurate a second series of concerts on December 15. ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, DEC. 1. — Since my last there has been little of general interest in music here. I give below the programmes of the last two of the chamber concerts which are given every Saturday evening at the instruction hall of the Peabody Conservatory; they will serve as an example of what the institution is accomplishing in this (in Baltimore) much neglected but all important department of the art: —

Saturday, Nov. 22. — String quartet, E-flat major, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. Composed 1795. L. Cherubini; Messrs. Fincke, Allen, Schaefer, and Jungnickel. Cavatina, from the opera "The Water-Carrier," Mr. Wm. Lincoln, student of the Conservatory, second year. Scene and Cavatina, from the opera "Attila," G. Verdi; Miss Helen Winternitz, student of the Conservatory, second year. Piano quartet, E-flat major, work 16, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, L. van Beethoven; Miss Helen Todhunter, student of the Conservatory, fifth year, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.

Saturday, Nov. 29: —

W. A. Mozart:

(*a*) String quartet, E flat, No. 14.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
(*b*) Countess's Air from *Figaro*.
Miss Marie Becker, ex-student of the Conservatory.

Franz Lachner:

Piano Quintet, A minor, No. 2. Work 145.
For piano, two violins, viola, and violoncello.

Mr Ross Jungnickel, student of the Conservatory, fourth year, Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.

Mr. Hamerik is engaged in correcting the proof of his fifth Norse Suite (dedicated to Gade), and is also at work completing the sixth of these characteristic compositions.

The "Germania Maennerchor," one of the leading German singing societies of our city, produced Mendelssohn's *Athalia* last week, with large chorus and orchestra. Owing to other engagements your correspondent was prevented from attending. C. F.

CHICAGO, NOV. 27. — This early hour of Thanksgiving morning I devote to writing my little record to the JOURNAL. As the mind reflects upon the progress the West has made in the musical art during the past ten years, there can but come over every honest soul a feeling of thankfulness. . . . . But I return to the immediate musical matters.

First, I transmit a programme of the last concert given by Herr Joseffy, when, with the aid of a small orchestra, he played the following works: —

Concerto (E-flat) . . . . *Liszt.*
Concerto (E-flat) . . . . *Beethoven.*
Hungarian Fantasie, for Piano and Orchestra . . *Liszt.*

Again a very small audience greeted him, for there were attractions elsewhere, at an entertainment in honor of General Grant, that could not be resisted by a large number of our musical people. Much has been written in regard to the playing of this wonderful pianist, and the critics have vied with each other for superlatives expressive of encomium. Yet it seems to me that the cooler heads have endeavored not to press their commendations beyond all bounds of reason. The classification of an artist's talents has often been made the groundwork of unhealthy comparisons, which assume the impossibility of there being a difference in greatness. That is, we find that one artist of renown is made to give way to another, and the last idol holds the highest place in this general estimation of abilities. Yet in the comparison there may be no logical ground whatever; for the accomplishments of each may be so different as to admit of no relation one with the other. It seems to me that as reflective comparison does not change in any way the real attainments made by persons, it only produces a false opinion detrimental to a healthy progress in art. We hear Joseffy's talent spoken of in terms implying that a greater than Rubenstein, or a Von Bülow is with us; and these representative musicians of the age are made to take the lower places. This is a false estimate of the accomplishments of each; for, as there are varieties in the vast sphere of the beautiful, so are there differences manifested in the talent of its representatives. Critics would do better to uphold the good for its worth, and condemn the false for its hideousness, rather than indulge in discourteous personalities. With the man as an individual the critic has nothing to do, for he stands or falls by his own degree of worth. There is room on the mountain of excellence for many more great lights, and if each differs in ability the bow of promise will contain the more beauty.

The Germania Society, under the direction of Hans Balatka, gave its opening concert in Brand's Hall. The society has a male chorus of forty-five persons, which is supplemented by ladies' voices when it is necessary, for the performance of important works. They sang Hiller's "Easter Morning," (soprano solo by Miss Helene Balatka) and the finale of the first act of *Rienzi*, besides smaller pieces. Miss Mahla played Liszt's Second Rhapsodie very successfully, and Mr. Schultz added the tenor Romanza from *Aida* to the programme. The whole concert reflected honor upon the conductor.

At Reed's Temple of Music the following programme was offered at the last Chamber Concert given there: —

1. Quartet, Op. 16 . . . . *Beethoven.*
2. Valse Caprice . . . . *Wieniawski.*
   Wm. Lewis.
3. Adagio Expressivo, from String Quintet, Op. 34 . . . . *Onslow.*
4. Song, "The Sea hath its pearls" . . . . *Thiesen.*
   Mr. E. Schultz.
   'Cello Obligato by Mr. Balatka.
5. Quintet, Op. 107 . . . . *Raff.*

In many respects it was the best the club has given us, and it afforded much pleasure to the appreciative audience. Mr. Lewis won a hearty recall for his solo number.

Tuesday evening, November 18, came the English Opera Company under the direction of Mr. Max Maretzek, opening in his own work entitled "Sleepy Hollow." I gave it my close attention, expecting to hear a new departure in operatic representation. The score contains some very pretty music, and it is written in the Italian style. The scenery is pretty; and some of the numbers found a hearty appreciation at once. There seems to be a want of unity, however, in the construction of the work, for it is rather amusing to find Washington Irving's famous characters singing music of the Italian style. Nothing could be more out of place than to make Ichabod Crane, the schoolmaster, execute a prolonged trill in one of his songs; but he really attempts it, and if the baritone who took the part had been a better singer I think that he would have succeeded. The orchestral accompaniments contain some very pretty effects, and the whole work shows that an experienced musician has written it The "Spinning Song," for the soprano, is a number that will always win its way. The opera should be given with a better company before it can have a fair opportunity to succeed.

The last Chamber Concert at Hershey Hall had this programme: —

1. Sonata in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2 (Piano and Violin) . . . . *Beethoven.*
   Messrs. Eddy and Lewis.
2. Song: Air with variations . . . . *Proch.*
   Miss Fidella Densmore.
3. Grand Trio in E, Op. 83 (Piano, Violin, and Violoncello) . . . . *Hummel.*
   Messrs. Eddy, Lewis, and Eichheim.

There was an appreciative audience and the playing was enjoyable.

A comical circular is going the rounds of the press, announcing the formation of a "Society for the Suppression of Music." When one realizes the magnitude of the undertaking he may almost stand at the boldness of human endeavor. Yet when we consider that occupation is necessary to supply energy with the incentive of growth, we become conscious that here is a work vast enough to tax human powers even to the end of time. I am rejoiced that this society can look out upon a boundless field of labor, and even extend their work into the world of the immortal, where the happy choir is said to be chanting everlasting praises. There is nothing like having plenty to do. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., NOV. 27. — The most important musical event of the last two weeks was Herr Joseffy's concert, November 17. His programme was the now familiar one beginning with the "Waldstein" Sonata of Beethoven. His interpretation of this sonata I found thoroughly satisfactory, and his playing of the Bach fugue was perfection itself. His interpretations of Chopin were less satisfying, especially of the E major Etude, Op. 10, to which I was unable to reconcile myself. Of his technique there is nothing to be said but praise; it has already been sufficiently analyzed for your readers, and I need add nothing.

The Heine Quartet gave their second recital of chamber music November 24, with the following programme: —

(1.) String Quartet, Op. 40 . . . . *Carl Schubert.*
(2.) Duo Concertante for Two Violins, Op. 67 . *Spohr.*
Andante and Rondo.
(3.) Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, Op. 54 . *Fesca.*
Andante and Scherzo.
(4.) Piano Quartet, Op. 3 . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
(Last movement.)

This is a very pleasing, though not great programme; and being within the reach of the players, so far as interpretation is concerned (their execution is fully equal to it), it was done very satisfactorily. Their tone impressed me better than heretofore.

The first of a series of pupil recitals was given at Milwaukee College, November 21, by Miss Kate A. Stark, a very talented pupil of Mr. John C. Fillmore, who has the musical department there. Here is the programme: —

Sonata in E-flat, Op. 31, No. 3 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
a. Blumenstueck, Op. 19,
b. "Why?" from Op. 12, } . . . . . . *Schumann.*
c. "Whims," from Op. 12.
a. Impromptu in A flat, Op. 29,
b. Fantasie-Impromptu, in C-sharp minor Op. 66, } . . . . . *Chopin.*
Second Hungarian Rhapsody, with Bivé Cadenza . *Liszt.*

The Arion Club is to give Hoffmann's "Cinderella," December 4th, with Sitta for the principal soloist.

J. C. F.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE first Symphony Concert (15th season) of the Harvard Musical Association takes place next Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. We have already given the programme; it only remains to add that the Trio Concerto by Beethoven is to be performed by Messrs G. W. Sumner, pianoforte, Edouard Heimendahl, violin, and Frederick Giese, violoncello, with orchestra. Carl Zerrahn will conduct, with Bernhard Listemann at the head of the violins. The orchestra, of 47 instruments, is constituted as follows: —

First Violins: Bernhard Listemann, C. N. Allen, Julius Akeroyd, Theodore Human, F. Listemann, Carl Meisel, J. C. Mullaly, Henry Suck. — *Second Violins:* Vincent Akeroyd, Carl Eichler, Julius Eichler, Richard Eltz, Henry Strauss, Carl Trautmann. — *Violas:* Edward Beyer, Henry Heindl, Aug. Schneider, E. Strasser, Carl Weinz — *Violoncellos:* Wulf Fries, Carl Behr, Alex. Heindl, Wilhelm Rietzel, Aug. Suck. — *Double Basses:* H. A. Greene, L. Jennewein, Aug. Stein, H. Stemmann.

Flutes: Edward Heindl, F. W. Schlimper. — *Oboes:* A. L. de Ribas, Carl Faulwasser. — *Clarinets:* Ernest Weber, O. A. Whitmore — *Bassoons:* Paul Eltz, E. Regestein.

Horns: Edward Schormann, Carl Schumann, L. Lippoldt, A. Gumpricht. — *Trumpets:* E. M. Bagley, B. Bowron. — *Trombones:* G. A. Patz, A. Rigg, G. W. Stewart. — *Tuba:* W. C. Nichols. — *Timpani:* H. D. Simpson.

— The following will be the soloists at the performance of *The Messiah*, by the Handel and Haydn Society, Dec. 28: Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Christian Fritsch, Mr. Myron W. Whitney. There will be a public rehearsal on the afternoon of Dec. 26. For the Triennial Festival, next May, Miss Emma Thursby, Mrs. Alina Osgood, and Miss Annie Louise Cary are engaged; and it is said that the society is negotiating also with Mme. Etelka Gerster.

— Mme. Cappiani, the accomplished vocal teacher, commenced a series of four concerts in Mechanics' Hall, Dec. 3, assisted by Mrs. Constance Howard, of New York, Mr. H. G. Hanchett, pianists, and a number of her pupils. The programme included a very wide range of vocal and instrumental compositions, all sufficiently light and pleasing. Among the composers represented were Liszt, Robert Franz, Costa, Raff, Von Weber, Rossini, Schubert, Silas, Handel, Verdi, Rubinstein, and Mozart. We hope to speak more fully of the concert in our next. For future dates see calendar.

— Mr. Adamowski, the young Polish violinist, has accepted a number of engagements with the Emma Thursby Company, and will appear with her in this city Dec. 11, (presumably in the Bay State Lecture Course). — Miss Thursby will make her first appearance here since her return from Europe in the Redpath Course, Dec. 9.

— The Apollo Club will give its first pair of concerts, in Music Hall, on the evenings of Dec. 8 and 12.

— The first concert of the season by the Cecilia will be given in Music Hall on the evening of Dec. 22, when Max Bruch's *Odysseus* will be performed, with orchestra. Mr. Charles R. Adams will sing the part of Odysseus.

— We are glad to hear that the success of the proposed course of five symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, under the direction of Professor Paine, is substantially secured. The Listemann Orchestra, increased to 40 instruments, will perform in all of them. The dates are Dec. 18, Jan. 8, Feb. 5, and 26, March 18. Among the works to be played are Beethoven's Fifth and Eighth Symphonies, Mozart's E-flat Symphony, Goetz's Posthumous Symphony, etc., Overtures to Fingal's Cave and Oberon, and works by Bach, Schumann, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, and others. Subscriptions for season tickets may be sent to C. W. Sever, University book store, Cambridge.

— The first of a series of four piano recitals, by Mr. John Preston, was given on Tuesday evening last, in Rangeley Hall, Winchester. The concerts were projected by a gentleman of the town, entirely in the interest of art, his desire being to present to intelligent and appreciative audiences works of the better class; good music, but not too far over the line, which is popularly supposed to divide the classical from the enjoyable. The performance on Tuesday evening leaves no room for doubt that this praiseworthy design will be successfully carried out. The programme was of a high order, Mr. Preston's selections including, besides a Beethoven Sonata as the *pièce de resistance*, compositions of Chopin, Handel, Bach, and Silas, and transcriptions by Liszt and Saint-Saëns. Mr. Preston is known as one of the most promising of our younger generation of pianists, and his playing was thoroughly satisfactory and very enjoyable throughout the wide range of the programme which we have indicated. Mr. Preston was assisted at this concert by Mrs. T. M. Carter, who sang very nicely and with excellent taste some very well selected numbers, one or two of which were reinforced by a cornet obligato by Mr. Carter. The beauti-

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ful little hall was filled with an interested and well pleased audience, and its remarkable acoustic properties lent an added brilliancy to the Miller grand piano upon which Mr. Preston played. At the next concert of the series Mr. C. N. Allen will play, and Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen will sing. — *Courier, Nov.* 30.

— A little concert was given at the Commonwealth Hotel, Monday evening, which was attended by the guests of the house and their friends. The large dining-room was converted into a concert hall, and, with the aid of decorations and flowers, supplemented by the ladies' elaborate toilets, presented an elegant appearance. Miss Florence Holmes, Miss Louise Gage, and Mr. Clarence E. Hay were the vocalists of the evening, and their respective efforts were warmly received. Mr. Adamowski played several violin solos with the charming grace and finish which have already become recognized as peculiar to him. Miss Kate Nason's readings showed her to be a young lady of rich endowment and remarkable promise. Miss Gage and Mr. Hay, as our readers are aware, are of the quartet of the First church, where the music is always a great attraction. A gentleman present expressed what was evidently the feeling of the entire audience when he said, "In Miss Gage are happily united rare sweetness and purity of voice, with a charming dignity and simplicity of manner." — *Ibid.*

New York. — The first concert of the New York Oratorio Society, Dr. L. Damrosch conductor, took place last Saturday. *Elijah* was presented, and received with great enthusiasm. The singing of Mrs. Marie Louise Swift is highly praised. The other solo singers were Mrs. Amy Sherwin (a promising young soprano), Miss Drasdil, and Messrs. Fritsch, Remmertz, and M. W. Whitney.

— Of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's first piano recital, in Steinway Hall, on Tuesday of last week, the new *Musical Review* says: "The programme was full of interest. The two important selections were Bach's *Grand Fantasia and Fugue*, G minor, for organ (arranged for piano-forte by Liszt), with which the recital opened, and Beethoven's last piano-sonata, C minor, Op. 111, in two movements, which followed the Bach selection. The rest of the programme consisted of one-movement selections from Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and that talented composer, Moritz Moszkowski. Mr. Sherwood added to his correctness of delineation of Bach a modern coloring, which is regarded by some as in bad taste. In the Beethoven Sonata the player was most successful in the clearly melodic second movement: *Arietta, Adagio molto semplice e cantabile*. In playing Chopin Mr. Sherwood is entirely at home. His *legato* touch fits him for a perfect reproduction of his refined, intellectual conception of that delicate, poetic writer. The *Nocturne*, F-sharp, Op. 15, and the *Grande Polonaise*, A-flat, Op. 53, were the Chopin selections on this occasion; Schumann's *Ende vom Lied* and a Novelette, but especially his beautiful *Warum?* received full justice at Mr. Sherwood's hands. Moszkowski was represented by a *Moment Musical*, not so beautiful as one of Schubert's, but charming because of its improvisation-like character. The recital closed with Liszt's *Waldesrauschen* and *Mephisto Waltz*, which, although admirably played, were uninteresting to the hearers."

The second recital (according to the *Tribune*) was better attended than the first, and seemed to arouse a greater degree of popular interest. As on Tuesday, the programme was an exhausting one, and it was rendered most conscientiously. It opened with the great Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue arranged from J. S. Bach by Liszt. This was a scholarly and careful piece of work, although not especially attractive. Mr. Sherwood's playing in the Beethoven Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 12, No. 3, in E-flat, was much more interesting and sympathetic, and more full of life and vigor. The test pieces of the concert were seven of Chopin's Etudes. In these Mr. Sherwood was very uneven, yet at times very good. The Etude in C-sharp minor (Op. 25, No. 7) was charmingly done; so, too, was the one in E-flat major (Op. 10, No. 11), and also that in D flat major (Op. 25, No. 8). On the other hand, his rendering of the Etude *Sur les touches noires* was flippant and trivial, and in the C minor Etude (Op. 10, No 12) his execution, though brilliant, was uncertain. Mr. Sherwood had the assistance of Mme. Constance Howard, who played in an Impromptu by Reinecke, and showed a marked improvement since her début last year, and of Brandt, the violinist, who played his part of the Beethoven Sonata charmingly, and gave an excellent performance of several Bach numbers for violin.

— The Opera season keeps on. The *Tribune* tells us: Mlle. Marimon, whom Mr. Mapleson offers as a substitute for Mme. Gerster, was a passenger on the City of Richmond, which was towed into Halifax yesterday with a broken shaft. The lady's first appearance at the Academy of Music will therefore be postponed a few days beyond the time the manager had probably set for it, and we must content ourselves with the plain fare to which we have become accustomed. *Aida* is so well done that almost any opera house might be proud of the representation. *Faust*, *Martha*, and *Linda*, are also creditably given; and in the Sunday performances of the *Stabat Mater* there is doubtless considerable profit. The subscribers have reason to congratulate themselves that in this season of dearth the voice and spirits of Campanini and Galassi never fail, and the taste and tact of Arditi are never at fault."

And later (Nov. 27): "During the performance of *Carmen* last night, at the Academy of Music, there was a curious illustration of what one good artist can do for an operatic representation. The first act was inexpressibly dull. Carmen was lifeless, Don Jose was flat, the chorus was out of tune, Michaeli felt the general blight, nothing moved briskly on the stage, the audience grew more and more depressed. The second act opened in the same way. But suddenly when Del Puente came upon the scene the whole company braced itself up. While he remained all went well. The various personages of the story, who had labored through their parts thus far in a perfunctory manner, began to act and sing, and the concerted number, which includes the Toreador song, was heartily encored. Alas! when Escamillo departed the lights went out again."

— The concerts of the Staten Island Philharmonic Society this season will occur on Dec. 19, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, and April 2. The New York Philharmonic Club will play as last year. It is pleasant to hear that the sale of seats has been large, the subscription amounting to over $800 in six days, for the society has done excellent work in past seasons, and promises to do even better this year. At the first concert Miss Henne and Mr. Richard Hoffman will probably appear.

— The New York Vocal Union began its season last week, at Chickering Hall, with Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Triumph" (in which the soprano solo was charmingly done, they say, by Miss Beebe), and the usual assortment of part-songs and quartets.

— The Metropolitan concert company, limited capital $50,000, have begun the construction of a concert hall and garden on the south side of Forty-first Street, New York, the lot running from Broadway to Seventh Avenue. Rudolph Aronson is to conduct the orchestra, and the building is to contain all manner of modern improvements, and be constructed with a sliding iron roof so that it may be removed at pleasure.

— Mr. P. S. Gilmore makes no claim to whatever credit may be due to the originator of the national song "Columbia," which he promises to give to the public soon, saying that it is "an angelic inspiration" which came to him in a dream. Do Gilmore's angels secure copyright?

— The London correspondent of *The Musical Review* of this city announces that Mme. Essipoff will sail in December to join the Strakosch concert company, of which Miss Thursby is the vocalist.

— At the concert of the Philharmonic Club, at Chickering Hall, last Tuesday evening, the programme was as follows: Quartet, Op. 41, No. 1, Schumann; Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 78, Raff, Mr. Franz Rummel, and Mr. Richard Arnold; *The Trumpeter of Saeckingen*, Brückler, Mr. Franz Remmertz; Quintet, Op. 30, Goldmark, Mr. Franz Rummel, and string quartet.

The Albany Musical Association, Mr. John G. Parkhurst conductor, will perform Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* on Tuesday evening, Dec. 9, with a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and the Germania Orchestra from Boston, with B. Listemann as leader. The soloists will be Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Isabelle Palmer Fassett (of Albany), Mr. W. H. Fessenden, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. A miscellaneous concert, by the same artists, and Mr. Howard M. Dow of Boston, as accompanist, will take place on the following evening.

Philadelphia. — Mr. Charles H. Jarvis, the pianist has commenced a series of six concerts in the lecture room of the Academy of Arts. The scheme includes selections from Bach, Chopin, Bargiel, Gade, Haydn, Handel, Raff, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Rubinstein, Weber, Beethoven, Mozart, and other composers. His first programme (Nov. 13) was: —

Quintet in E-flat . . . . *Mozart.*
Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn.
Messrs. Jarvis, Helfrich, Schneider, Mueller, and Plagemann.
"Blondel's Lied" . . . . *R. Schumann.*
Mr. E. Gastel.
Piano Solos, Thirty minutes with Thalberg and Liszt.
Mr. C. H. Jarvis.
(a) "Trock'ne Blumen" }
(b) "Mein" } . . . . . . *F. Schubert*
Mr. E. Gastel.
Grand Septuor . . . . *I. N. Hummel.*
For Piano, Oboe, Flute, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Contrabasso.
Messrs. Jarvis, Koch, Helfrich, Plagemann, Graner, Schmitz, and Albrecht.

Cincinnati. — The directors of the College of Music have published a circular calling attention to the "orchestra classes" which have recently been opened in accordance with the original scheme of the institution. These classes, says the circular, are carefully organized with the view of teaching those who are studying orchestral instruments how to play in concerted music. It is a part of the plan of education of the College of Music to give, every season, a series of orchestra and chamber concerts, and this is the first opportunity ever offered in this country to study in an orchestra class, be graduated, and then actually to enter the orchestra. The students will be practiced in playing trios, quartets, and other chamber music for piano, string, and other instruments. They will also be taught to play the music of symphonies and other compositions for full orchestra. These classes are under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas, and are open to both sexes, it being the purpose of Mr. Thomas to assist women to enter the orchestra as a profession. The College now has a corps of thirty-five teachers, recent accessions to the staff being Sig Luigi Steffanone and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen (singing), Miss Cecilia Gaul (piano), Professor Chris. Rothemund (violin), and Mr. Henry Carter (organ theory and chorus-class).

— It is stated, on the authority of Mr. Theodore Thomas and the Cincinnati festival chorus committee, that the chorus for the festival of 1880 has advanced towards a satisfactory state of completion. The organizations represented in the chorus are the college choir, Orpheus, Maennerchor, Welsh choral society, the Cincinnati choral society, and the Germania Maennerchor. The report of these organizations makes a chorus of over seven hundred voices. With these there are some one hundred and fifty singers who do not belong to any society, which makes a sum total of eight hundred and fifty voices.

— More than a score of composers have sent in competitive scores for the Cincinnati prize of $1000, the cities represented being New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Biddeford (Me.), Winona (Minn.), Terre Haute (Ind.), Baltimore, Cleveland, Savannah (Ga.), Elmira (N. Y.), Beloit (Wis.), and Chicago. It is said that it is not difficult to fix the identity of the competitors, in the large cities at least. Mr. A. C. Gutterson is the Minnesota candidate, Mr. Sterrit the representative from Indiana, and Cincinnati's reputation, it is said, is sustained by the musical critic of one of its great dailies, and at least one other.

FOREIGN.

— The principal feature of interest in continental musical life (says the London *Musical Times* for November 1) has been the resumption of performances on the part of nearly all the leading concert institutions in France, Germany, and elsewhere. Thus the season of 1879–80 may be said to have commenced in earnest, for it is in the concert-room rather than in the opera-house where the musical activity of a nation finds its most genuine expression. At Paris, both the Châtelet Concerts, conducted by M. Colonne, and the Concerts Populaires, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, recommenced on the 19th ult. The last-named energetic *chef-d'orchestre*, encouraged by the signal success obtained by the revival last season of Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," intends during the coming winter to produce the same composer's music to "La Prise de Troie," an opera which has as yet never been performed. M. Pasdeloup also promises to persist in his performance of the "Lohengrin" music, which has hitherto proved so distasteful to a noisy portion of his audiences. Berlin now possesses three institutions devoted to the performance of orchestral works, viz., the Sinfoniecapelle, the concerts conducted by Herr Bilse, and the recently introduced Popular Concerts directed by Herr Julius Liebig; and it remains to be seen whether the existing musical element in the Prussian capital is sufficient to sustain the new undertaking by the side of its two long-established rivals. The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, of world wide reputation, commenced on the 9th ult. Among the numerous similar German institutions we will only instance the so-called "Gürzenich Concerts" of Cologne, under the direction of that veteran artist Ferdinand Hiller, which on the 21st ult. opened their new season, in the course of which the following artists have, among others, promised to coöperate: Mesdames Clara Schumann, Norman-Néruda, MM. Johannes Brahms, Joseph Joachim, Anton Rubinstein, and Charles Gounod.

Paris. — Concert Populaire (October 19): Scotch Symphony (Mendelssohn); Abendlied, orchestral arrangement by Saint-Saëns (Schumann); Impromptu Hongrois (Schubert); Airs de Ballet from "Feramors" (Rubinstein); Pianoforte Concerto, C minor (Beethoven); Overture, "Vêpres Siciliennes" (Verdi). Châtelet Concert (October 19): Symphony, C minor (Beethoven); "Sylvia," suite for orchestra (Léo Delibes); Grand Fantasia, Op. 15 (Schubert), arranged for pianoforte and orchestra by Liszt; Divertissement to "Les Erinnyes" (Massenet); Overture, "La Muette" (Auber). Concert Populaire (October 26): Symphony, C major (Schumann); Fragment from "Orphée" (Gluck); Serenade, executed by all the violins, violas, and violoncellos of the orchestra (Haydn); Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Spring Song (Mendelssohn); and "Danse des Sylphes" (F. Godefroid), arranged for the harp; Airs from "Sylvia" (Léo Delibes). Châtelet Concert (October 26): Symphony, G minor (Mozart); Rhapsody for orchestra (E. Lalo); Pianoforte Concerto, D minor (Brahms); "Danse Macabre" (Saint-Saëns); Serenade, Op. 8 (Beethoven), by all the first violins, violas, and violoncellos of the orchestra.

Leipsic. — The programme of the third Gewandhaus Concert was thus constituted: Part I. — Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Recitative and Aria from *Euryanthe* (sung by Mad. Moran-Olden, from Frankfort-on-the-Main); Concerto for Violoncello, D. Popper (new and unpublished. Played by the composer). Part II. — Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, Haydn; Songs, Hermann Gotz, Mozart (Mad. Moran-Olden); Violoncello Solos "Träumerei," Schumann; Gavotte, Popper, (Herr D. Popper); "Chaconne" and "Rigadon," from *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, Monsigny.

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BOSTON, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA.[1]

BRAHMS'S DEUTSCHES REQUIEM. — THE CONCERT SEASON. — THE FIRST GESELLSCHAFTS CONCERT.

THE history of art sometimes enters on strange and tortuous by-paths. It was the composer of *Rigoletto* who conquered for church-music, for the requiem, the entry into our Opera-House. Furthermore, it was he who made ready the way thither for our own Brahms; with his *Manzoni Mass* he was in the Imperial Opera-House the forerunner of the *Deutsches Requiem*, the Johannes of —— Johannes. The custom of celebrating in the Opera-House, as elsewhere, All Souls' Day by a requiem, is of very recent date. Formerly, *Robert le Diable* used to be selected, obviously on account of the church-yard scene, which is characterized by a resurrection of the departed in tight fleshings. Strange to say, the All Souls' Day public took no offense at the adaptation of the church-yard to ballet purposes; they felt once more surrounded by all the horrors of the cemetery, and moved by a music of the sepulchre, emitting, in a genial admixture of ghost-like bassoon staccatos and far-sounding trombone chords, a genuine odor of corruption. This one scene from *Robert* was for opera-goers, on All Souls' Day, what the play of *Müller und sein Kind* is for the patrons of the spoken drama. But, four years ago, to the amazement of every one, Verdi came forward with a Mass for the Dead, which, with the obligatory four singers, he himself took about from one country to another. He did not choose the church or the concert-room for his purpose, but the theatre; in Paris, his *Requiem* resounded in the Opéra-Comique (!), and here in the Imperial Opera-House. It was so effective, with its beautiful strains, so beautifully sung, and produced such an impression as to justify its repetition after the departure of Verdi and his singers. The management of the Imperial Opera-House produced it for the next three years on All Souls' Day, at first to well-inclined audiences. At last satiety necessarily supervened, and, with the lowering of the standard of excellence on the part of the singers, the general effect sank below its original altitude. The notion of substituting for Verdi's work Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* was the best and most praiseworthy one conceivable. We had long desired and advocated the reproduction of the latter composition, which always struck us as the gem of Brahms's creations. Twelve years have passed since Herbeck first ventured on a partial performance of it in the large Redoutensaal. Its unfavorable reception was then so little able to discourage us that we could very confidently prophesy a perfect revulsion of public feeling as regards the work. The performances of the complete score under Brahms's own direction (in 1871 and 1875) realized our hopes to the utmost. The performance, for instance, in the large room of the Musical Association, a performance raised so high by the incomparable singing of Mme. Wilt, is one of our most beautiful and most imperishable reminiscences. The performance in the theatre may stand as high musically; but the impression produced will never attain the reverential earnestness, the inward devotion, of a performance in a concert room. There is always a peculiar worldly something which diverts our attention in the auditorium of an opera-house with its boxes and theatrical accessories. For such performances, the concert-room is the medium — in our opinion the happy medium — between the theatre and the church. It is true that the latter enhances the gloomy solemnity of a requiem; the result, however, is not quite pure, but material; our attention is distracted by the solemnity of the sacred edifice from the pure work of art, and religious devotion glides unobserved into the place of æsthetic feeling. At performances of compositions like Brahms's *Requiem*, which, serving an invisible church, ignores all differences of creed, we do not wish to be ecclesiastically influenced, but to admire in a purely human way and receive into ourselves forever those means of grace which belong exclusively to beauty. At the Imperial Opera-House, the *Deutsches Requiem* found most powerful support, first in the admirable orchestra, then in the excellent chorus, considerably strengthened by the Vocal Association of the Society of the Friends of Music, and lastly and principally in the inspiriting direction of the composer himself, to whom, as a matter of course, all the usual marks of honor were paid. The impression made by the grandiose composition, which is, at the same time so clear and kept within such just proportions, was profound and powerful. One thing ought to be duly appreciated as a satisfactory sign of a serious love of music in Vienna; and that is the fact that Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* was able to attract and fascinate an audience on two successive nights.

The day before yesterday (Sunday), at noon, the annual grand host of pilgrims flocked for the first time this year towards the rooms of the Musical Union, where the Society's Concerts were about to begin. Before entering the room, let us examine a little the numerous concert advertisements on the notice-boards. Concerning the admirable quality of all the musical treats in store for us, we do not venture to doubt, but, as far as regards quantity, it strikes us the season will be one justifying the most fearful hopes. Let us contemplate the wealth in one branch only of concert compositions: chamber-music. With the rare exceptions of celebrated visitors, such as F. Laub, Jean Becker, and Joachim, this used to be represented solely by Hellmesberger's well-tried Quartet Society, a state of things which suited us very well. We now find, in addition to Hellmesberger's six Quartets, three Quartet *Soirées* announced by Herr Grün and colleagues: three, by Herr J. Winkler and colleagues; six Quartet Evenings, by Herr Radnitzky and colleagues; and, finally, three Subscription Concerts, by Herr Wallnöfer, in which singing alternates with chamber-music. Five series of similar performances simultaneously, that is obviously too much for Vienna, and will probably not prove very profitable either to the concert givers or to the public. One Quartet Series, besides Hellmesberger, with admirable performers and a thoroughly well chosen programme, appears to us the limit of due competition, a limit scarcely to be overstepped with any prospect of a remunerative result. Let us take a sample from our concert calendar as at present constituted: First week in December, Tuesday, Quartet, Grün; Thursday, Hellmesberger; Friday, Wallnöfer; Saturday, Radnitzky. Second week in December, Monday, Quartet, Winkler; Tuesday, Grün; Thursday, Hellmesberger; Saturday, Radnitzky, etc. Thus, leaving entirely out of consideration the regular grand Sunday concerts, we have four evenings in each week taken up with chamber-music, and the musical critics are very anxious to know how the innumerable virtuoso concerts, together with operatic novelties and the performances of "stars," are to be distributed over the three evenings left free.

The Society's Concert began with J. Seb. Bach's Cantata, "Wir danken dir, Gott!" This work shows us the great church-composer in the character, also, of a zealous, patriotic member of the Leipsic community. It is one of the four "Rathswahl-Cantaten," or, "Cantatas on the Election of Magistrates," which we possess from his pen, and which, as an old book of the words informs us, "was sung by the *choro musico* in the church of St. Nicholas after the sermon on the election of magistrates." We moderns, with our indifference about municipal matters, learn from the book that the election of a town magistrate was considered a very serious and sacred matter, and was observed as such. "Segne die, so uns regieren; die uns leiten, schützen, führen; segne, die gehorsam sind," thus and similarly, run the words of the Cantata, impressively loyal words, around which Sebastian Bach twined the most artistic beauties of his counterpoint. We, who elect so many municipal dignitaries cantatalessly and silently, without even Herr Eduard Strauss composing a "Municipal Election Polka" on them, listened to Bach's music with a very humble and reverential spirit. The overture of the Cantata must have sounded familiar to those among the audi-

[1] Translation from the London Musical World.

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ence who recollected a "Suite of Bach's," scored by Herr Bachrich. In connection with the above arrangement, performed at the later Philharmonic Concerts, I felt bound, with all respect for Herr Bachrich's skill, to enter a protest against the way in which this arranging of Bach's instrumental works was gaining more and more the upper hand, and I remarked that one of the pieces set by Herr Bachrich for a string-band was actually to be found in the "Rathswahl-Cantata." No. 19, fully scored for trumpets and kettle-drums, with *obbligato* organ. For this I was very coarsely attacked in a "letter from a correspondent," that correspondent being some great Unknown, writing for the glory of Johann Sebastian Bachrich. The overture in question has now answered plainly enough instead of me. We heard the brilliantly festal composition for the first time with the full original instrumentation, the effect of which was marred only by a too screechy organ stop. Like so many similar works of the same master, the Cantata contains specimens of the most sublime Gothic architecture side by side with marvelous samples of Rococo. The solos were sung by Mlle. Auguste Krauss (called on after her air), Mme. Mathilde Schetet, Herr Patzelt-Norini, and Dr. v. Raindl, with that devotional spirit and painful effort inseparable from such forcing of the human voice. I cannot disguise the fact that, when listening to compositions in this style, I experience more sympathy for the singer than pleasure in what is sung. It strikes me as false and dangerous reverence, unfortunately only too general, always to soften down or ignore the fact that Bach wrote unpleasingly, uncongenially, and cruelly for the voice. The unconditional glorification of him as a writer of vocal as well as instrumental music has had many sad consequences, from some of the after-effects of which we are suffering even at the present day. Compared with Bach, Beethoven, who, in the D Mass and the Choral Symphony, was certainly not particular as to how he treated the voice, is absolutely a Rossini.

Three new vocal choruses: "Im Fischerthal," by Goldmark, given by the Vocal Union with delicate nicety of light and shade, met with a very favorable reception; the most genuine satisfaction was afforded us by the third ("Abschied"), on account of its great feeling and gradually culminating effect.

M. Marsick, the Belgian virtuoso on the violin, proved himself worthy of the favorable reports which had preceded him from Paris. In a Violin Concerto composed expressly for him by Saint-Saëns, he exhibited a tasteful, elegant style, and, more especially, extraordinary scale-technics. Never did we hear any one, not even Sarasate, execute scales in such a fabulously quick *tempo* and yet with such lightness and certainty. His tone, like that of most bravura players, is not very full, but it is sweet and correct. What we miss in this gentleman is grandeur and passion of interpretation, and even the elementary fire of temperament; everything flows from his bow with the same smoothness and delicacy. This was shown more especially in his rendering of the second and the third movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; they could scarcely have been executed more neatly, but they might assuredly be conceived more broadly and more energetically. M. Marsick's virtuosity, for which in runs no *allegro* is quick enough, seduced him into hurrying the *tempo* of the final movement at the expense of a proper balance of effect. M. Marsick, whose pleasing youthful appearance and quiet bearing favorably backed up the impression made by his play, was rewarded by loud applause and a re-call. We are not inclined to class M. Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto among the most important works of its clever composer, who has, perhaps, lately been too prolific. The best thing about it, we fancy, is its simple clearness, which renounces all eccentric refinement and false pathos. On the other hand, the work offers as little of value in the way of new ideas; we sometimes imagine we are listening to a Rode or Beriot restored to youth. Beethoven's "March and Chorus" from *The Ruins of Athens*, an oft-heard but always highly effective stock piece of the Vocal Union, concluded the concert, at which Herr E. Kremser conducted with his accustomed care and ability.

Eduard Hanslick.

ON ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "MUSIC AND MUSICIANS."

BY F. L. RITTER.

(Concluded from page 195.)

It cannot be denied that, in an abstract philosophical sense, clever writers may give many valuable suggestions for further æsthetic investigation; but they must not flatter themselves that without the consummate understanding and knowledge of the material employed by the composer, they will be able to build up an æsthetico-musical theory, ignoring or disputing, at the same time, the artist's experience as laid down in his works. Goethe said:

> "Wer den Dichter will verstehen
> Muss in Dichter's Lande gehn."

It would lead me too far to follow up Mr. Gurney's theoretical subtleties with regard to musical criticism. It is not astonishing that a critic, standing theoretically on such a one-sided, narrow platform, denies the composer the power of being able to express poetical sentiments, or poetical situations as suggested by outward scenes. The idea of "poetical conception" claimed by musicians as lying at the basis of Beethoven's and other composers' works, is, therefore, to be abandoned. Poetical conception, imaginable in details, does not penetrate complex musical structure. Such analysis as is usually attempted (for example the first movement of the *Eroica*) may be a slight concrete help and of interest, but in no way represents any mental process in Beethoven. The matchless structure stands out to the musical sense as unalterably right and coherent, and any one who appreciates it knows as much, and can tell as little of its secret, as Beethoven himself. The question will naturally arise: was Beethoven aware of the meaning of the word *Eroica*, when he wrote it on the title-page of his symphony? Did he write this title, suggesting such a world of sentiments and thoughts, in contradiction to the nature of his emotional and mental process when in the act of composing the work?

The above critic lets us infer that Beethoven labored under an illusion, that "with Beethoven in all his works the musical impulse came first; the melody might or might not turn out to present desirable affinities, but it was first and foremost a melody." How could Beethoven's, the composer's, impulse be otherwise than musical? Just as the painter's, the sculptor's, the architect's, the poet's are, with regard to the first conception of their respective art-works! Every one of these artists conceives the idea, and translates it in accordance with his special artistic material. All arts proceed from the same source, man in his entire, real and ideal, existence being the universal theme, and for men's sensuous perception art is created. Emotion is the prime source; and on the basis of emotion, sentiment, feeling, thought, the arts build up their different forms, each one of them serving as a vehicle for the different kind of sensations as perceived by men's consciousness. Herbert Spencer says: "Sensations excite ideas and emotions; these, in their turn, arouse other ideas and emotions; and so continuously. That is to say, the tension existing in particular nerves, or groups of nerves, when they yield us certain sensations, ideas, or emotions, generates an equivalent tension in some other nerves, or group of nerves, with which there is a connection; the flow of energy passing on, the one idea or feeling dies in producing the next."

I think it would be quite a feat of intellectual self-denial to remain, while listening to a Beethoven symphony, in such a one-sided emotional torpor, as to do justice to Mr. Gurney's "independent and isolated position of the emotions caused by music;" and as this writer denies that music has "any relation to the mental sphere," he naturally comes to the conclusion, that since music is merely the promoter of isolated emotional pleasure, there exists in reality very little difference between the moral effects of a Beethoven symphony, and an Italian sentimental aria; for, with regard to formal construction, the aria may be just as perfect as the symphony. The difference, it is thought, lies only in the preference this or that person attaches to the one or the other style of music. If this is to be accepted as the true standard of musical criticism, what an absurdity and waste of paper and time it is to comment on the superiority of the æsthetic beauties of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert. *Pianofora*, appealing to a larger class of people, is consequently to be rated higher! It is therefore not astonishing, while perusing Mr. Gurney's article on "Music and Musical Criticism," to see him lend on a peculiarly constructed cosmopolitan platform,—but the cosmopolitan view of that kind of musical criticism must be pronounced as decidedly injurious to the growth and progress of a healthy musical art development. Justly remarks H. Spencer in another place: "That the cultivation of music has no effect on the mind, few will be absurd enough to contest. And if it has an effect, what more natural effect is there than this of developing our perception of the meanings or inflections, qualities, and modulations of the voice; and giving us a correspondently increased power of using them."

All arts having an intimate ideal connection, we are justified in perceiving in this particular art creation, some of the æsthetic qualities of that other. Poetry, for instance, appeals to the whole imaginative, ideal sense of man; it is, therefore, nothing arbitrary to claim for every other art a germ of "poetical conception." And if we go a step further, dividing the arts into two natural categories, those that are perceived by the eye — the plastic arts; and those that are perceived by the ear — music and poetry, it is most assuredly more arbitrary to separate music from its natural sister. Although that is more powerful in its principal realm, the representation of emotions; this in that of appealing to the more exact sense of reflection and thought; yet the ideal æsthetic thread that connects them, cannot be cut asunder without injury, if not to both, at least to

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one — music. A composer like Beethoven is not led blindly by the "melody," the mere musical effect, expressing solely some vague, isolated emotions; he is enabled to give his first conception, the melody, this or that decided emotional meaning. But being well aware of the concrete meaning of rhythm in all its variety and richness, as well as that of harmony, he is sure to reach his artistic purposes. He is not swayed to and fro by mere melodic form, like the one-sided "melodic" amateur. The complexity of the structure of his movement is the process of inspiration, regulated by an inevitable natural critical reflection.

Empiricism in art is unable to build up complex structure, though Mr. Gurney naively thinks that any one who has composed a melody must know how a composition is formed. The true composer, being well aware of his powers as a creator, is enabled to give, at the the very start, to his creation, the peculiar characteristic physiognomy of an ideal existence — to appear as an ideal reflection or symbol of the world as he sees or conceives it. The composer cannot tell how these ideas come, neither can the painter, nor poet — but he can tell very well of what nature, character, meaning, they are when they come. When Beethoven wrote on the title-page of his third symphony "Eroica," he was just as sure of the inner definite meaning of his work as Goethe was when he wrote on the title-page of his drama, "Faust." Beethoven knew, of course, the limits of his art, for every art has its natural limits. He endeavored to portray the grandeur, the struggle for victory, the resignation, the despondency after defeat, of a heroic soul. But considered in its true light, these very emotional characteristics, as aroused in the composer's soul, on the contemplation of his subject, were his own; and thus the artist himself represents that hero. He did not attempt to give a biographical sketch of a particular hero, describing his gait, the favorite colors of his clothes, the fiery look of his eyes, etc., as the poet could; he simply endeavored to impress on our souls, by means of the peculiar power of his art, the inner life of a hero; and that side of the hero's ideal existence calls forth our sympathy, and affects us both musically and poetically. Says Schumann: "That would be a small art indeed that merely possessed sounds but not speech, no symbol fitted to express the varying movements of the soul." It was a pertinent, deep remark of Schumann, when, endeavoring to speak of an important work by a new composer, he wished to know something of the composer's life, character, education, sensibility, etc. In music, perhaps more than in any of the other arts, the composer himself is the theme of the inner meaning of the work. Speaking of a work by L. Schunke, Schumann says: "It contains much of himself, his native politeness, his eccentricity, his quick brilliancy." As an expression of his own subjective experience we may take that passage from his letter to H. Dorn, in which he says, speaking of his marriage, so obstinately opposed by F. Wieck: "Indeed many marks of the battles Clara has cost me may have penetrated the music, and were, no doubt, understood by you. The Concerto, the Sonata, the *Davidsbünd lertänze*, the *Kreisleriana*, and the *Novelletten* were inspired almost entirely by her."

Although Schumann objected to elaborate poetical programmes, it was not that he deprecated a hint as to what the composer meant to express by his work: but he disapproved of it from a purely æsthetic point of view; he did not wish to have his imagination fettered by a circumscribing programme; he saw in a programme more than the composer was able to indicate by the programme. "It is the artist's lofty mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart," and all that "light" he was sure to receive from the art work itself, without the help of the programme, so explicit in its expression was music to him. That Schumann was well aware of the one-sided critical and æsthetical stand-point of the "melodic" amateur, may be seen by the following passage: "Melody is the amateur's war-cry, and certainly music without melody is no music. Therefore, you must understand what amateurs fancy the word means: anything easily, rhythmically pleasing." It is quite safe to say, that a critic who is everlastingly harping on the supremacy of melody, and has no adequate understanding of the divers other factors that enter into a composition of large form, is not well qualified to penetrate the complexity of a Beethoven symphonic form, and much less to appreciate the composer's æsthetic meaning lying beyond mere pleasing melody. "Shall dilettanti pooh-pooh things aside that have cost artists weeks, months, years of reflection?"

From many of his writings, as well as from the titles and mottoes he gave his compositions, it may be gathered that Schumann was convinced of the power of music to express infinitely more than merely pleasing tone-forms appealing to vague, indefinite emotions. "Music is the most modern of all arts; it commenced as the simple exponent of joy and sorrow (major and minor). The ill-educated man can scarcely believe that it possesses the power of expressing particular passions, and therefore it is difficult for him to comprehend the more individual masters, such as Beethoven, and Schubert. We have learned to express the finer shades of feeling penetrating more deeply into the mysteries of harmony.". . . "The cultivated musician may study a Madonna by Raphael, the painter a symphony by Mozart with equal advantage.". . . "The æsthetic principle is the same in all arts, only the material differs.". . . Had Shakespeare not existed, would Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* have seen the light — though Beethoven has written many indeed, but unchristened? The following passage will give ample proof as to Schumann's belief in the composer's power to impart to his works poetical expression. Speaking of Berlioz's Symphony he says, among other things, "It seems as though the music sought to return to its origin before it was confined by laws of time, and to elevate itself to more unfettered language, more poetic accent — such as we find in the Greek Chorus, the language of the Bible, the prose of St. Paul."

I must limit myself to the above quotations from "Music and Musicians." The intelligent, thoughtful reader will be able, while perusing this rich source of intellectual enjoyment, to multiply those passages bearing on the subject here treated, and will agree with Madame Ritter, that "a code of musical æsthetics might be gathered" from Schumann's writings.

JOACHIM RAFF'S EIGHTH SYMPHONY.

(From the London Daily News.)

At the seventh concert of the Crystal Palace a new symphony by Joachim Raff was performed for the first time in England. The eighth work of its kind produced by the prolific composer (a ninth having been recently added), this symphony, classed as Op. 205, is written with a purpose, being entitled *Frühlingsklänge* (Spring Sounds). It belongs to the order of so-called "programme music," — the grandest and most successful example of which is Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Others by Raff bear specific titles, two of which, *Lenore* and *Im Walde*, have been heard at the Crystal Palace. In the work now referred to, the composer seems desirous of emulating the example of Beethoven, a task requiring, at least, more deliberation than Herr Raff is in the habit of bestowing even on his most elaborate works. That he is one of the most remarkable instrumental composers of the day can scarcely be questioned by any one acquainted with his productions; but it can also hardly be denied that the rapidity with which he sends forth compositions of the most ambitious kind is accompanied by a tendency to extreme diffuseness, a want of perfect coherence in structure and development, and a frequent excess of reiteration. These, indeed, are the general tendencies of the most modern school of composition, which seems to be largely influenced by the excited hurry so characteristic of life in the present day. Hence we have works, as long as the longest by the great composers, given to the public almost as soon as the ink with which they are written is dry; whereas with the past classics of the art a severe course of thoughtful fusion and amalgamation of materials, and an after-revision of the complete work, generally preceded its issue to the world. Even the greatest genius can scarcely dispense with such processes when desiring to do full justice to itself and to the art, and to insure permanency for the work. While possessing exceptional gifts and powers, Herr Raff apparently does not submit to these conditions, and among many evidences of this his new symphony may seemingly be classed. There are beauties scattered throughout, and some points that are at least original in treatment, while the instrumentation is masterly in its command of all the varied effects of orchestral coloring. The symphony takes fully three quarters of an hour in performance, and at the close it is impossible to avoid the impression that half that period of time is the utmost that its subject matter would justify. It consists of four divisions — an *allegro*, entitled "Frühlings Rückkehr;" another *allegro*, "In der Walporgisnacht;" a *larghetto*, with the title, "Mit dem ersten Blumenstraus;" and a *finale vivace*, called "Wanderlust." The principal theme of the first movement ("Spring's Return") is a very graceful melody, which is alternated with other subjects with great skill but unnecessary diffuseness. The following illustration of the Walpurgis revels is remarkable chiefly for its very clever scoring, being somewhat overstrained in the contrasted violence of its subjects. The gem of the symphony is the third movement, suggestive of the "First Nosegay." This is so charming in the pervading grace of its melody, so full of interest in the treatment, and so consistent in general design and conduct, as to be free from objections that might be urged against other divisions of the symphony. The close of the *larghetto*, with its delicate gradations of diminishing sounds, left a vivid impression of its beauty. The *finale* is chiefly noticeable for prolonged expression of indeterminate restlessness, many of its phrases being trite and uninteresting, and their reiteration in inverse proportion to their musical value.

AN EVENING AT CHOPIN'S.

NARRATED BY FRANZ LISZT.

It was assuredly not without our having to conquer a slightly misanthropical repugnance that Chopin could be induced to open his door and his piano to those who were entitled by friendship, as respectful as it was loyal, to urge him somewhat pertinaciously to such a step. More than one of us, no doubt, recollects the first evening's gathering extemporized, despite his refusal, at the time he lived in the Chaussée d'Antin. His room, thus unexpectedly invaded, was lighted by only a few tapers, grouped round one of Pleyel's pianos, of which he was especially fond on account of their somewhat veiled silver-

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like sonority, and of their easy touch, enabling him to obtain from them sounds that anybody might have thought proceeded from one of the harmonicas of which romantic Germany retained the monopoly, and which her old masters, wedding crystal with water, constructed so ingeniously. The fact of its corners being left in obscurity appeared to render the apartment limitless and merged in the darkness of space. Here and there, in a patch of half light, and enveloped in its whitish cover, might be perceived the indistinct outline of a piece of furniture, standing erect, like some spectre listening to the accents which had conjured it up. The light concentrated round the piano fell on the floor, gliding over it like a spreading wave, and combining with the fitful gleams on the hearth, whence, however, arose from time to time orange-colored flames, short and thick, like so many curious gnomes attracted by sounds of their own language. A single portrait, that of a pianist, a sympathetic and admiring friend, seemed invited as the constant auditor of the flux and reflux of tones which came to sigh, to thunder, to murmur, and to die away upon the surface of the instrument, as on the sea-shore, near which he was placed. The reverberating surface of the looking-glass, by a happy chance, reflected, to double them in our eyes, nothing save the fine oval face and the silky locks which so many pencils have copied, and which have just been reproduced by the graver for those who are charmed by so elegant pen.

Gathered around the piano in the zone of light were grouped several heads of brilliant renown. There was Heine, the saddest of humorists, listening with a compatriot's interest to accounts Chopin gave him concerning the mysterious country which his airy fancy also haunted, and the fairy regions of which he also had explored. Chopin and Heine understood one another at half a word and at half a tone, and the musician answered by astounding recitals the questions the poet asked him in a whisper about the unknown countries, and even about the "laughing nymph" who had her home there. On the evening to which we allude, Meyerbeer, for whom the expressions of admiration have long since been exhausted, was seated next to Heine. Himself a humorist, with his Cyclopean constructions, he spent long periods enjoying the delectable pleasure of following in detail the arabesques which enveloped in a transparent blonde net-work Chopin's thoughts. Further on was Adolphe Nourrit, that noble artist, passionate and ascetic at one and the same time, dreaming of the future with the fervor of the Middle Ages, a sincere and almost austere Catholic, who, in the later years of his life, refused to lend his talent to aught like superficial sentiment, and who served art with chaste and enthusiastic respect, accepting it in its divers manifestations, and considering it on all occasions only as a holy tabernacle, the beauty of which was the *splendor of the True*. Secretly undermined by a melancholy passion for the beautiful, his forehead seemed already to be growing into marble under the fatal shadow which the outburst of despair never explains, until it is too late, to mankind, so eager to learn the secrets of the heart, and so unfit to guess them.

Hiller, also, was there; with talent allied to that of Chopin, he was one of Chopin's most faithful friends. We frequently met at his house, and when, previous to the grand works he published afterwards, the first being his remarkable oratorio, *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems*, he was writing pieces for the piano, some of which, entitled *Etudes*, sketches full of vigor and perfect in their drawing, remind us of the studies of foliage in which landscape painters reproduce by chance so entire poem of light and shade with a single tree, a single branch, a single motive, happily and broadly treated.

Eugène Delacroix remained silent, absorbed by the apparitions which filled the air, and which we thought we heard rustle past us. . . . Was he asking himself what palette, what brushes, what canvas, he would need to endow those apparitions with the life of his art? Was he asking himself whether the canvas he had to find was one woven by Arachne, the brush a brush made out of a fairy's eyelashes, and the palette a palette prepared with the vapors of the rainbow? Was he smiling inwardly, well pleased at such suppositions, and abandoning himself entirely to the impression which gave them birth, thanks to the attraction felt by some men of great talent for those who are their opposites? The one among us who appeared nearest the tomb was Mickiewicz, the aged survivor of times that were no more. He listened to the *Chants Historiques* which Chopin translated into dramatic creations, in which, side by side with the popular text of the Polish bard, were once more heard, under the musician's fingers, the shock of arms, the song of the victors, the festival hymns, the lamentations of the illustrious prisoners, and the ballads on the dead heroes. Together the two recalled to mind the long series of glorious events, of victories, of kings, of queens, of hetmen, . . . till the old man, taking the present for an illusion, thought they were all resuscitated, so much life was there in their mere phantoms. Separated from aught else, the outline of Mickiewicz stood out sombre and dumb; Dante of the North, he appeared always to find "a foreign land bitter."

Buried in an arm-chair, with her elbow resting on a small table, sat Madame Sand, curiously attentive and gracefully subjugated. She invested what was going on with all the reverberation of her own ardent genius, which was gifted with the rare faculty, reserved for only a few chosen beings, of perceiving the beautiful under all the forms of art and of nature, — a faculty identical possibly with that *second sight* which all nations have recognized in inspired women.

"ODYSSEUS," BY MAX BRUCH.[1]

ARGUMENT.

THE book of the Odysseus, written by the poet Graff, is called "Scenes from the Odyssey." It gives in lyrical form some of the adventures of Ulysses (Odysseus in the Greek) in his wandering return from the siege of Troy to his own kingdom, Ithaca. The title indicates a series of disconnected pictures or situations; but, after all, the story is told almost as consecutively as in Homer's great poem from which it is taken. The order of events is changed somewhat, for the apparent purpose of ensuring the presence of a male chorus throughout the cantata. In the original, the companions of Odysseus had perished before he reached Calypso's isle.

The first scene is in the island of Calypso. Almost ten years have passed since the fall of Troy. The bright-haired Helen, for whose recovery "many drew swords and died," has been carried by her husband to her home. The Greek princes who survived the war have reached their native land, — all but Odysseus. He, after long wandering, is thrown upon Calypso's isle, and for seven years has lain in the enchanted realm of the sea-nymph. In the first chorus, Calypso's maidens tell of their queen's unrequited love for the stranger. He sings a song of homesickness and longing for his faithful wife. Hermes, messenger of the gods, arrives, and gives him assurance of escape from the charmed island and of safe return to Ithaca.

In the second scene Odysseus and his comrades come to the bounds of the deep-flowing ocean, — a place where there is access to the under-world. Here he invokes the souls of the dead, much as a modern inquirer would consult a medium. There are weird choruses of the departed — children and brides and youths and old men; and the ghosts of Teiresias, the soothsayer, — a bass voice, — and Antikleia, the hero's mother, — an alto, — announce the chances of his return, and the dangers he must still encounter.

The third scene is the famous passage of Odysseus by the isle of the Sirens. He has stopped the ears of his companions, that they may not be drawn to the shore by the song of the enchantresses, and has caused himself to be bound to the mast, and forbidden his friends to loose him, however he may implore, — a not unnecessary precaution, if the veritable strain was as fascinating as that in the cantata.

The fourth scene is a storm at sea. The tempest is worked up by orchestra and chorus with tremendous effect. The ship of Odysseus is wrecked, and his companions perish; but Leukothea, the sea-nymph, appears to Odysseus, and under her protection he plunges into the water. She and her sister-nymphs sing, "We'll bear thee and guide thee safe." The wood crested harbor appears; and the number ends with a lovely chorus of rest and sleep.

The fifth scene is Penelope's mourning, a pathetic song of sorrow for the unknown fate of her husband and of her son Telemachus, who has gone in quest of his father.

In the sixth scene we return to Odysseus, escaped from his shipwreck, naked and alone, upon the land of the Phæacians. The king's daughter, Nausikaa, and her maidens are playing ball and singing a charming song and chorus as they play. Odysseus presents himself as modestly as circumstances permit, and invokes the pity of Nausikaa. A beautiful duet follows, "Strangers and beggars come ever from Jove; relief should be speedy and cheerful." He is clothed, fed, and carried to the palace.

The seventh scene is the banquet of the Phæacians, at which the stranger is received with a chorus of welcome. The bards — tenors and basses in unison — sing of the fortunes of the Greek heroes, and allude to the unknown fate of Odysseus. The stranger weeps, and the king asks the reason of his sorrow. Odysseus announces himself, and prays a friendly escort to his home. The quartet and chorus which follow — "Nowhere abides such delight as in the homestead" — are built upon one of the loveliest melodies in the cantata. A chorus of the people, speeding the parting guest, ends the number.

Meantime the young nobles of Ithaca and the neighboring islands have been swarming in the palace of Odysseus, and devouring his substance, each importunate for the hand of the supposed widow. Penelope puts them off until she has finished a certain web she is weaving, and carefully unravels each night what she has wrought by day. The eighth scene presents her at her loom, praying, as she weaves, for her husband's return.

The ninth scene is the homeward voyage. The helmsman, a bass voice, sings a song, as the boatmen row, and Odysseus slumbers. Still sleeping, he is placed upon the shore of his own country, and the song of the boatmen is heard dying away in the distance. Odysseus wakes, and the goddess Pallas appears, and vouchsafes her aid in recovering his kingdom and wife from the besieging suitors. Short work is made of the suitors. The tenth scene contains the meeting of Odysseus and Penelope, and the cantata ends brilliantly with the rejoicing of the people.

[1] To be given by the Cecilia at the Boston Music Hall, Dec. 22, 1879.

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TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XVIII.

GET the general form, lightly; next the shadows, loosely, — not too much indicated. Having blocked it out, begin to define forms, giving those lines which are most characteristic. Don't keep up this white-washing process of pat, patting! or your work will grow softy, softy.

"I'm afraid of losing my drawing!"

Lose it, lose it? Why, you seem to think that your drawing is *good*, you are so anxious to keep it. Throw it away! Drawing is not one of the "lost arts." If you do lose it, you can find it.

You are all too intelligent to draw. You seem to say, "This model has black hair. Black, black, black!" and you get it nothing but black. Why, the light on a stove-pipe is whiter than the shadow on a white shirt. You all know too much to draw. Everything that you know you put down in black lines. You know that she has a line between her lips, and you make a note of it with charcoal; and as charcoal is black, all your notes are black.

Is that all the charcoal you have? You seem to be trying to "make it go round," — like boarding-school butter.

You must set yourselves ahead by studying fine things. If you don't you never will do them. I've told you over and over again whose works to draw, — Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albert Dürer, Hans Holbein, Mantegna. Get hold of something of theirs; hang it up in your room; trace it, copy it, draw it from memory over and over, until you *own* it, as you own "Casabianca," and "Mary had a little lamb." You can't draw an eye well until you know how some great master has drawn it. That's why, in Europe, they would make you draw three years from the antique before they would allow you to touch a brush.

But I want you to get more fun out of your work, so I let you go ahead by first studying "masses." Now, as you are strong on masses, don't keep eternally working on what is your strong point. Find out where your work is weak, and strengthen that. If you were going to raise a plain, would you cover it with little piles of earth, or would you pat it all in one pile, and by and by let it topple over?

"But what if we are in the bottomless pit and can't see our way out of it?"

You'll have so large a number of people with you that you won't be lonely, and can have a jolly good time. Besides, being at the bottom, you can get no farther *down*, and will soon begin to go up. And it's going on and up that's the fun of studying, not the arriving at a place. Arriving is the end.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

NOTICE. — OUR JOURNAL for 1880, Vol. XL., will be mailed as usual to all the present subscribers, unless we receive an order to discontinue it. A prompt remittance will oblige the publishers.

SUBSCRIBERS living in musical circles, or members of musical societies, are requested to raise clubs among their friends, to whom the JOURNAL will be furnished at reduced rates, namely: for five copies, $10; for ten copies, $20, and an extra copy to the sender.

If every friend who values the paper and appreciates its aims would only send us in the name of one new subscriber, it would not only place the JOURNAL at once on a firm footing, but would enable us to add to the amount, the variety, and excellence of its contents. Has it not earned the right to live and to improve?

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The fifteenth series of Symphony Concerts opened on Thursday afternoon, December 11, with a much larger audience, and with better promise altogether, than for several years past. The orchestra, enumerated on the programme as forty-seven instruments, was still further increased by the addition of two more second violins, so that it really counted forty-nine. The continued and thorough drill which the practices (the Philharmonic Orchestra) has for several months received from Bernhard Listemann, told in the well formed habits and improved *morale* of all the work of this much larger combination, — the strings numbering twice as many as those of the Philharmonic, — and Mr. Listemann himself was at the head of the violins, inspiring their performance with new life and certainty. We give anon more the programme, which proved on the whole extremely interesting and impressive: —

Overture to "Rosamunde" . . .	*Schubert.*
Trio Concerto, in C, for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello. Op. 56	*Beethoven.*
Allegro. — Largo. — Rondo alla Polacca.	
G. W. Sumner, Edward Heimendahl, and Frederick Giese.	
Marcha Nocturne, from "L'Eclaire du Christ" .	*Berlioz.*
Overture to "Rip Van Winkle" (first time)	*George W. Chadwick.*
Fifth Symphony, in C minor, Op. 67 . .	*Beethoven.*

The performance of the Schubert Overture, so large and noble in its more serious portions, and so delightful and full of charm and sunshine in the lighter part, revealed at once the quality and temper of the orchestra. It was given to the general satisfaction, even of the most critical. We are not without sympathy with some who have complained of the Trio Concerto of Beethoven as being too long and prolix in its first and third movements; and we felt moreover that the great Music Hall was hardly the place for the best effect of the three concerted instruments dealing in so much bravura and rapid ornamental passage-work. Yet it is a composition full of fine thoughts, well rewarding study. The opening, by the orchestra, is of that pregnant sort, giving assurance of something growing, something coming, which is so characteristic of Beethoven. Its theme is most suggestive; and it is worked out with masterly skill, and imaginatively, only at tiresome length, with what seems, if in fact it be not, too much literal reiteration. The Largo, on the other hand, too short, is wonderfully beautiful, deep, serene, religious in its feeling. And the Finale might be called the masterpiece of all Polaccas, so full it is of piquant life and grace and unflagging enthusiasm, but for its excessive length again. The three principals were quite at home in their work, and gave on the whole an excellent interpretation. The thin tone of Mr. Heimendahl's violin was somewhat disappointing in so large a place, nor was his intonation always faultless, but his execution was sure, and clear and brilliant. Mr. Giese's 'cello tone is something marvelous in its beauty, sweetness (at least in the upper range) and fullness; although in the energy of his attack in the lower notes it is sometimes rough. His phrasing is masterly, most satisfactory; and there is a graceful ease and *con amore* in his playing which is quite delightful. Mr. Sumner achieved the difficult piano part with his accustomed even, fluent style.

The extremely interesting and poetic work of Berlioz from which the *Marche Nocturne* was taken was described at length in our last number. This little night patrol of Herod's soldiers in the streets of Jerusalem, on the eve of the slaughter of the innocents, has a singularly insinuative and Oriental tone and color. Its rhythm, however, is anything but martial. The movement is rather of people huddled together in leisurely disorder, and its whole style so pastoral and peaceful, that we could more easily imagine it to mean a Caravan, or say the Holy Family on its journey into Egypt. The march begins in the distance, where you hear nothing but the measured, muffled beat of the bass. As soon as the movement grows distinct, the violins set in with a melody which is more *cantabile* and sentimental than march-like. It is only when it gets nearer that you hear a quicksteppy motive, a little upward phrase of horns, which reminds one very much of Schubert's marches. But, as in the extracts we have lately heard from "The Flight into Egypt," there is a beautiful, romantic mingling of soft reed tones now and then, which has a delicate and characteristic charm. The piece was nicely played.

Mr. Chadwick's Overture more than justified the interest with which it was anticipated. It is a fresh, genial, thoroughly well-wrought, consistent, charming work. As in most Overtures with titles, and no opera to follow, it may be hard to trace the story of Rip Van Winkle through it. The introduction, with its violoncello phrase, may mean, to be sure, the waking of the sleeper; there are weird, strange hints perhaps of the scene on the mountain; a sinking to sleep, and a half revival of consciousness again with the same 'cello phrase, and then a bright and exciting finale which may be the scene in the village square with all the life and bustle of the triumphant revolution. But all this is of slight account compared with the musical theme and progress and symmetrical unfolding of the work. The slow introduction impressed us as the finest part; it opens rich and broad, and when the hot scene in it is positively stirring. The two principal themes, worked up singly and together throughout the long Allegro, are happily chosen and effective. The instrumentation is rich and varied, full of pleasing contrasts, never glaring, but all artistically blended; indeed, the young man seems entirely at home in the orchestra. We perceived none of the traits of Wagnerism which some have felt themselves called upon to find in his scoring; the brass, to be sure, is freely used, but only richly, not overwhelmingly. Each instrument is sympathetically treated in accordance with its genius. The whole piece is certainly effective, and more than merely pleasing. If it have no very marked, decided originality, it betrays no slavish imitation; it is unconsciously free from Mendelssohnian echoes; perhaps it suggests Rietz now and then; but for the most part it only shows that his productive spirit has been cradled in the home and atmosphere of all good music, in the Leipzig of the past and of to-day. The Overture was received with the heartiest applause and every sign of satisfaction, which must have been gratifying to the friends of the young man from his native city, Lawrence, of this State. It will doubtless be repeated in a future concert of the series. We desire to correct an impression very naturally conveyed by the words in which the success of Mr. Chadwick's Overture at the annual examination in Leipzig was referred to on the programme; the expression "won the palm" was figurative, meaning that it won the chief praise of the critics, and not that it took the prize, for no prizes are awarded upon these occasions.

The concert ended grandly with the glorious

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Fifth Symphony. Is it too much to say that it never had a better rendering in Boston? This most familiar of all Symphonies, a household word with us for forty years, still holds an audience spell-bound as almost no other work, — at least when it is so well interpreted, so powerfully brought out. The veteran Conductor, Carl Zerrahn, may well feel proud of that day's work. And, full of solid matter as the programme was, the whole was over at ten minutes short of two hours, and no one was weary.

Madame Luisa Cappiani gave the first of her series of four concerts on December 3, in Mechanics' Hall. The occasion was interesting in many ways, notably so from the fact of its bringing before the public the indisputably fine results of Mme. Cappiani's teaching, in the shape of several of her advanced pupils. Mme. Cappiani herself is a master of Italian dramatic singing; she both possesses the true traditions, and has the power of embodying the traditions, of the music of Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi, and Meyerbeer. Whatever one may think of this sort of music, considered from a purely musical point of view, there is no doubt that it demands a perfection of vocal method and technique which can have only a salutary influence when applied to every school of vocal composition. In the matter of style there may be serious distinctions to be drawn, but in the matter of vocal training the Italian school is unapproached. One cannot but feel that Donizetti, Verdi, and Meyerbeer have not that commanding position on our concert stage which they once held. Yet they have not been banished from it, and there seems to be no probability of their being so for some time to come. It is a matter of great importance that the style of singing which the works of these composers demand should be perpetuated. It has in it the elements of all fine singing, and the modifications to be made in it when applying it to music of other schools are slight and secondary. The singer who cannot sing *Di pescator ignobile*, or *M'odi, ah, m'odi*, thoroughly well, can have little hope of doing much that is artistically satisfying with *In des Leben's Frühlingstagen*, or the grand aria in the "Freischütz." The perfection of vocal method and style that is required by "*Spirto gentil*" will enable a singer to to surpass his less accomplished rival in singing a Franz or Schubert song. The impression made by Mme. Cappiani's pupils was a singularly fine one; a certain amateurish nervousness in face of an audience was, of course, unavoidable; but the tone was well and securely formed, the phrasing broad and vital, without ungraceful sliding from one note to another. In a word, the pupils showed that they comprehended the gist of their instruction, and were in a fair way to make the noble style of singing a second nature. Mme. Cappiani's own selections, embracing some of the larger forms of dramatic song and some charming things by Robert Franz, were unreservedly enjoyed.

Variety was given the concert by some excellent piano-forte playing by Mr. Hauchett and Mme. Constance Howard, the latter a pupil of Mr. Sherwood. This lady made a decidedly brilliant impression. She has a finely developed technique, and plays with both fire and discretion. Her performance of one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies was especially creditable. We hope to have fuller opportunity at some future time to duly appreciate her talent.

First Euterpe Concert. — The second season of these successful Chamber Concerts opened auspiciously on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10, at Mechanic's Hall, with essentially the same select and numerous audience that graced these concerts from the first. The majority, we fancy, were disappointed at not finding that arrangement of the hall which added so much to the social, genial aspect, and to the hearty enjoyment of the concerts last year, when the artists were placed on a platform in the middle of the square room, surrounded by the listeners. The return to the ordinary plan of having the audience all face the music in stiff rows may have some acoustical advantages, but the sympathetic listening mood was chilled proportionally; it is a good thing to have the hearer meet the musical intention half way; many a shade of discord, many a little deviation from absolute precision of outline, is virtually (subjectively) canceled by that wise provision in our nature.

The programme consisted of just two works, both in the Sonata form of several movements, namely, a Quartet by Haydn, and a Quintet by Beethoven. The interpreters were the newly organized Mendelssohn Quintette Club, consisting of Edouard Heimendahl, first violin, Gustav Dannreuther, second violin, Thomas Ryan, first viola, Carl Meisel (an old friend whom it is pleasant to see back here again), second viola, and Frederick Giese, violoncello. The Club, all youthful looking men, with the exception of its one surviving founder, Mr. Ryan, was never so finely constituted. The new violinist, Mr. Heimendahl, as we have said above, has rather a slender tone, but his execution is intelligent and nice, and he proves himself an excellent quartet leader. The 'cellist is a decided gain, with his beautiful, rich tone, sometimes sounding like a wind instrument, his faultless phrasing, his great power, and free-and-easy, yet firm, sure style. The rendering of the Haydn Quartet — a light and graceful, in the Scherzo and Presto finale even playful one (it is in E-flat, sometimes marked Op. 33, No. 2), — was highly satisfactory, indeed delightful, putting the hearer in the best state of appetite for the richer, deeper, more impassioned Quintet of Beethoven, the old favorite in C, Op. 29 (Comp. 1801), which was also given last year. This was very impressively rendered, and the exceptionally short, though rich feast was over in an hour and a quarter, sending us all home with an appetite for more; would it not be safe to make a little more out of such choice opportunities, — to the extent at least of one shorter piece?

Philharmonic Orchestra. — While the larger and purely classical Symphony Concerts have begun, the smaller nucleus orchestra of Mr. Listemann, with its more mixed and "popular" programmes, and its plentiful encores, has completed the course laid out for itself for the present. The fourth concert (Dec. 5) offered extra bait for audience in the announcement of the veteran Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who charms the crowd as ever. He has the same richness and sweetness of tone; the same perfection in certain technical arts of violin playing, such as his remarkable staccato runs, his pure high flageolet tones, his rare faculty of playing short cantabile strains in four-part harmony, etc. Also the same dreamy, wild, old bard-like rhapsodizing style of seeming improvisation in rather vague and formless compositions of his own, as illustrated this time in a piece called "Visions." Besides this he played a *Fantasie Hongroise*, by Ridley-Kohne, with a great deal of spasmodic, sudden accent, and a great deal of fond pursuing of a receding tone (after his old way) into unfathomed depths of silence. There was encore after encore, answered with fantastic variations upon popular melodies, after the well-known manner of the man.

There was also another attraction in the first appearance, after an absence of seven years abroad, of the singer Miss Sara Barton, who has many friends about here. In a grand Aria from Meyerbeer's *Prophet*: "L'ingrato m'abbandona," she revealed a voice of very large calibre and power, musical in the higher tones, descending to great contralto depths, where the tones, though strong, are somewhat hollow, and a well-taught method. She also showed dramatic force and fire. Her most obvious defect in singing was too much of the staccato, setting the notes apart; which in her later pieces, slower melodies, the "Lost Chord," by Sullivan, and "Home, Sweet Home," for a recall, seemed like planting each note like a separate mile-stone in a painful pilgrimage; both were sung extremely slow, — perhaps the fault, in part, of the organ accompaniment.

The concert opened with the first movement (new) of a Symphony for organ and orchestra, by Guilmant, — a clear, decided, almost march-like movement, in which the organ (played by Mr. C. H. Morse) kept remarkably well up with the orchestra. The composition is so interesting that one would like to hear the whole of it. An *Andante Soave* ("Gretchen"), from Liszt's *Faust Sinfonie*, was suave indeed, cloyingly so, and too much in the sickly sentimental vein of Wagner; what is worse, you felt no progress in it; it seemed spell-bound to one spot as in a nightmare; it reminded us of a bear fastened to a stake, restlessly traveling round and round in his own tracks. Doubtless ingeniously instrumented, and finely played. The "Rouet d'Omphale," of Saint-Saëns, was again performed with exquisite precision, delicacy, and fine spirit. Mozart's "Musical Joke" (*Musikalischer Spass*), for strings and horns, is a take-off of the innocent and painfully serious efforts of a party of rustic amateurs (*Musikanten*) to execute a piece of several movements in very common-place and literal classic form. It is entirely empty of ideal contents, and a little tedious for our day. But it has some amusing hits, such as silly cadenzas lengthened out with pride, plenty of barren *fifths*, hopeless dilemmas with the horns, and in the finale a brave attempt at fugue, where *Dux* gets quickly through and waits for *Comes*. Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," the Berlioz adaptation, closed the concert and was the best number of the programme.

The last concert (Saturday afternoon, Dec. 13) was as follows: —

Overture "Midsummer Night's Dream" . *Mendelssohn.*
Allegretto Scherzando from Symphonie in F,
No 8 . . . . *Beethoven.*
La Captive . . . . *Berlioz.*
Miss Ita Welsh.
First and Second Movements from 1st Concerto,
Max Bruch.
(With Orchestral accompaniment.)
Timothée d'Adamowski.
"Leonore," Symphonie . . . . *Raff.*
(Two movements.)
Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2 . . . . *Liszt.*
Song "Maid of Athens" . . . . *Gounod.*
Miss Ita Welsh.
Waltz, "Life let us cherish" . . . . *J. Strauss.*
a. Hungarian Dance, No. 2 . . . . *J. Brahms.*
b. Chopin Nocturne . . . . *A. Wilhelmj.*
Timothée d'Adamowski.
"Carnival in Paris." Episode . . . . . . *Svendsen.*

The fairy Overture and the Beethoven Allegretto were delightfully presented. But to our feeling, and no doubt that of many more, the Raff "Leonore" movements, the Svendsen "Carnival," both very skillful and ingenious, and even the Hungarian Rhapsody (for orchestra), — a kind of thing which has now grown very hackneyed and too apt to haunt the idle mind, — were far less edifying than that buoyant and refreshing Strauss waltz, which is all that it pretends to be; and absence of pretension is a rare charm nowadays.

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We own to being captivated by that very original, beautiful, and touching song of Berlioz, the "Captive," and by Miss Welsh's sympathetic and expressive rendering of its several stanzas, each of which had its own poetic, delicate orchestral accompaniment. Gounod's "Maid of Athens," though a good song and well sung, sounded commonplace after it. The two movements from Max Bruch's Violin Concerto, in G minor, were extremely interesting, full of sterling musical matter, wrought out in a masterly manner; and the young Polish violinist was at his best in their interpretation, playing with vigor and precision, with breadth of style, and with refinement and true feeling. His is the sensitive and moody temperament which is not always at its best, as many with less music and less genius in them are. His smaller pieces, too, were very finely played; but best of all was the "Legende" by Wieniawski, which he played *con amore* for an encore, with Mr. Capen, with whom he has a perfect understanding, for accompanist at the piano-forte. His other encore piece, "The Witches' Dance," by Bazzini, is less suited to Adamowski; he plays it too fast for any clear, bold outline, nor is the piece worth the pains.

The concert was well attended, and the whole series has created confidence in Mr. Listemann's and the musicians' effort to establish a well-drilled nucleus orchestra, which shall be permanent, convenient for use here at the centre, and in other places within easy reach. The next important service of the Philharmonic will be in the University concerts at Cambridge; what it will then undertake is not yet made known. We would seriously suggest, however, in all kindness, the correction of two obvious faults in the concerts it has already given: (1) their excessive length, through the indulgence of encores: (2) the overloading of the programmes with *so much* of the modern effect music, which, in spite of its brilliancy and ingenuity, very soon grows heavy, in fact, indigestible.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 1. — On Tuesday evening of last week we had an operatic concert at Steinway Hall. Many of Mapleson's troupe took part in the programme, and Mr. Rummell played two or three solos in his forcible way. One of his selections was Chopin's well-known and frequently-played Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53. This noble work requires great breadth of conception, vigor of execution, and delicacy of shading. Mr. R. grievously over-did the matter, and in his efforts to be massive succeeded, mainly, in being heavy and turgid; and yet, singularly enough, he rendered a lovely Nocturne (by the same author) in a really charming way. Mr Van Gelder caused a genuine sensation by his admirable performance of Wieniawski's "Legende," and received a well merited recall, to which he responded with Schubert's "Serenade." This was played without any accompaniment. The other participants in the programme were Mlle. Valleria, Mme. Ambre, Sig. Runcio, Sig. Del Puente, and Herr Behrens.

I have omitted to mention that on Saturday, Nov. 22, "one more unfortunate" came to grief: a young lady, whose name I charitably withhold, made her debut as a pianiste. She was assisted by several excellent artists whose efforts were deservedly applauded. The accompanist was by all odds the worst who has ever had the hardihood to inflict himself upon artists or audience.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Wm. Mueller gave a Chamber music Soirée, assisted by the N. Y. Quintet Club and by Mr. Franz Rummell; this was the programme: —

Quartet, Op. 18, No. 4 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Sonata, D, Op. 18 (P. F. & 'Cello) . . . . *Rubinstein.*
Messrs. Muller and Rummell.
Quintet, F minor, Op. 34 . . . . *Brahms.*
Mr. Rummell and Quintet Club.

The lovely Beethoven Quartet was admirably rendered, and needs no commendation from my pen or any other. The Sonata, also, is a very noble composition, but only Mr. Muller's exceptionally broad and full tone saved him from being hopelessly engulfed by the pianist's *fortissimo*; these latter were simply appalling. The Brahms Quintet furnished a curious illustration of musical possibilities, and may well be likened to a geometrical problem set to notes; at least it made that impression upon me. There seemed to be an arid waste of intricately involved harmonic progressions upon which the sun (of melody) but rarely shone.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 29, the Oratorio Society gave us *Elijah*, and did it most admirably, too. Mr. Whitney and Miss Drasdil won new laurels for themselves, and the chorus work was carefully and artistically done.

ARGUS.

DEC. 8. — The Philharmonic Club, of New York, gave the second Soirée of its series on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2, in Chickering Hall. The programme was an excellent one as you will observe: —

Quartet, Op. 41 . . . . *Schumann.*
Sonate, Piano and Violin, Op. 78 . . . . . . *Raff.*
Messrs. Arnold and Rummell.
Four Songs . . . . *Brückler.*
Mr. F. Remmerts.
Piano Quintet, Op. 30 . . . . *Goldmark.*

An attentive and appreciative audience, of perhaps six hundred persons, listened to a careful and artistic rendering of the above selections. The Schumann Quartet is always lovely, and was played upon this occasion with great care and faithfulness; the Scherzo was notably well done, and reflected great credit upon Mr. Arnold and his able coadjutors. The brilliant Sonata by Raff was capitally played by Messrs. Arnold and Rummell; the latter gentleman, indeed, excelled himself, for he neither indulged in his usual pounding, nor did he utterly ignore the facts that the pedal — if used at all — must be handled (if that expression be allowable) with the utmost care and delicacy. It is by no means certain that the really artistic element, which is perhaps latent in Mr. R.'s organization, may not yet assert itself in a worthy and gratifying manner; at all events his efforts on Tuesday evening were highly creditable to his taste, judgment, and self-control.

The Goldmark Quintet is an ungrateful affair, and is a striking illustration of the way in which musicianly treatment can be expended upon themes and motives that are undeniably commonplace and in some instances even trivial. It is wearisome by reason of its excessive length. It was well played by Mr. Rummell and the club.

This same club is doing a capital work here and deserves hearty encouragement; since the days of the Mason and Thomas concerts we have had only sporadic cases of chamber music, until of late years Messrs Arnold and Werner started the present organization. Mr. W. — who is the business man of the concern — has great energy, excellent administrative capacity, and an ardent desire to advance the interests of good music among us; long may he wave! The third Soirée will occur on Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1880.

ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, DEC. 15. — The following is the programme of the Seventh Student's Concert given on Saturday last at the Peabody Conservatory, and to my mind the most interesting of those instructive concerts thus far: —

J. Haydn. 1732–1809.
String Quartet, B-flat major. Work 76. No. 1. The fourth from the last of his string quartets.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
J. S. Bach 1685–1750.
(a) Air from the Whitsuntide cantata. For soprano, organ, and violoncello obligato.
Miss Lizzie Kruger, ex-student of the Conservatory.
(b) Toccata, E minor. For piano.
Miss Agnes Horn, student of the Conservatory, fifth year.
Arthur Sullivan. 1842–
Songs for soprano and piano.
"Let me dream again."
"The lost chord."
Miss Lizzie Kruger.
Emil Hartmann. 1836–
Serenade. A major. Work 24. Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello.
"Idyl."
"Romance."
"Rondo — finale."
Miss Sarah Schoenberg, student of the Conservatory, sixth year, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.

The symphony concerts, for want of sufficient subscriptions, will probably be pushed off into the middle of January, unless the Peabody Institution does the proper thing by advancing the requisite *nervus rerum* very soon.

On the 8th prox. Sullivan is to be welcomed here in a grand concert by a large orchestra and chorus, rehearsals for which are already in progress.

Judas Maccabæus was produced here last week by the Hebrew Young Men's Society under the direction of Rabbi Dr. Keyser.

C. F.

CHICAGO, DEC. 10. — Our new music hall has been opened to the public. The Apollo Club gave the first performance, presenting Hofmann's *Cinderella*, with Miss Litta, Miss McCarthy, and Mr. Oscar Steins as soloists. They had an orchestra of about forty men, and the chorus numbered one hundred and fifty singers. Before speaking of the performance, a word or two in regard to the new hall may not be out of place. "Central Music Hall," as its name implies, is located in the centre of the business portion of our city, and is thus accessible to the people from the north, south, and west parts of the town, for all the great lines of horse-cars have their termini at this point. The architectural proportions of the building are such as to give it a rather imposing and handsome appearance. The musical interest, however, centres in the hall itself. The auditorium measures 121 feet in length by 86 in width, while it is high enough to be in good proportion. Two galleries run round the building in horse-shoe shape; the lower one being what is termed the dress-circle. In the ceiling is a beautiful skylight, covering an area of 1,000 square feet, which is filled with a pretty combination of stained glass, imparting a brilliant appearance to the roof. The floors rise gradually as they recede from the stage, thus affording, from every line of seats, a full view of the platform. The seats are theatre chairs, only more roomy than those in general use: and, although there are places for 2,000 persons, every seat is a good one. In the parquet-circle there are ten stall-boxes, and eight in the dress-circle alone; while on either side of the upper gallery there are three pavilion boxes, handsomely decorated in silver and blue. The frescoing is varied in form and color, embracing numberless tints, from the soft grey to bright reds, with enough silver and gold to afford contrast. Indeed, the whole appearance of the hall is brilliant, and had it a theatre stage, it might be rightly termed an opera house. On either side of the stage are two vacant places, covered for the present with drapery, which in the near future are to be filled with the organ; this in outward appearance will be divided into two parts. The foyer is richly ornamented, and covered with a handsome carpet, and contains some large mirrors; it can be cut off from the auditorium by curtains, which may be drawn at pleasure. There are pretty dressing apartments for the ladies, and even a smoking-room for gentlemen, while every attention has been given to provide reception rooms for the artists and orchestra at the stage end of the hall. Chicago is greatly indebted to Mr. George B. Carpenter and the wealthy gentlemen who aided him in his enterprise for thus giving us a home for our many musical performances. While we may not boast of a hall as grand and imposing as the Music Hall of Boston, we have at least one that is elegant, roomy, and comfortable.

The *Cinderella* of Hofmann, although not so broad a work as his *Fair Melusina*, is a composition that contains some very beautiful music, and indicates that a talented musician has written it. Perhaps at times there is a suggestion of Wagner in the instrumentation, and one or two numbers contain a hint or two of a musical thought not altogether his own: yet there is uniform excellence in the construction of the work that speaks of talent, if not of genius. The first scene introduces us to the fairies in the grove, and contains some pretty choruses, and a little solo work for the Fairy Queen — (contralto voice). Scene II. "In the King's Land," introduces, besides the chorus, a long solo for the king (baritone). Scene III. opens with a solo for Cinderella (soprano), and contains some pretty music. Scene IV. introduces the ball-room music, and the meeting of Cinderella and the king. There is a very charming valse movement and chorus in this portion of the work, and there is a brightness and beauty about it that seems to paint the picture of the fairy-like grace and mystic loveliness of the scene in tone-colors most attractive. Scene V. pictures the king in the Forest endeavoring to find Cinderella. One chorus — "Will o' the Wisps" — has a very interesting movement, and is very pleasing. The closing chorus — a march movement — is a very beautiful climax, and brings the little story to a charming termination.

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, has made great progress since last season. Their singing had a finish and an excellence more marked than ever before. In this club every member is made to understand what promptness means, and there is an intelligence in their work that shows that each individual singer understands his part. Thus we find a unity in their chorus work that admits of expression and purpose. Miss Litta did as well as could be expected, considering that her voice is more adapted for brilliant music of the operatic style. Her singing was sweet and sympathetic, and, if not fully satisfactory, at least not displeasing. Mr. Steins, who came from St. Louis to sing the part of the king, has not a correct method, or school of singing: while he gave the music with some attempt at some expression and idea, yet he was not satisfying in the rôle. To Miss McCarthy one must accord full praise. On the day of the concert the lady who came from Boston to sing the music of the Queen was announced as unable to appear, and although Miss McCarthy had never seen the score until that morning, she prepared the long and difficult part for the evening performance. Of course she did not do herself justice, but she sang the music with but few shortcomings, and she deserves high praise for aiding the club in its emergency.

Saturday evening the Beethoven Society gave one of its monthly reunions, presenting to its many patrons the following attractive programme: —

Suite for Violin, (a) Preludium, (b) Menuett . . . *Ries.*
Mr. Carl Becker.
Trio for Voices, "The Holy Night," . . . . . *Loewe.*
Mrs. Stacy, Miss Moran, and Mrs. Hall.
Solo for Violoncello, (a) Ave Maria . . . . . *Schubert.*
(b) Nocturne . . . . *Chopin.*
Mr. Eichheim.
Piano, (a) Slumbersong, (b) Etude . . . . *Wolfsohn.*
Carl Wolfsohn.
Songs, (a) "Schweigsamkeit." (b) "Du meiner Seele schönster Traum," . . . . *Loewe.*
Mr. James Gill.

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Aria, from "La Cenerentola" . . . . *Rossini.*
Miss Julia Moran.
Quintet, for Piano and String Instruments . . *Schumann.*
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Rosenbecker, Hecker, Allen, and Eichheim.

The most important number was the Quintet of Schumann, which was finely performed. Mr. Schoenfeld, a young pianist who has just returned from Europe, was announced to play, but as he was prevented by illness from appearing, Mr. Wolfsohn gave two of his own compositions instead. The *Etude* is a bright and pleasing composition. Next Tuesday the Beethoven Society will give Max Bruch's setting of "The Lay of the Bell," with solos, full orchestra, and chorus. At the present time we are having some concerts by the Mme. Carlotta Patti combination. The programmes have been of the popular order, embracing all the time-worn selections that Mme. Patti gave us years ago. Mr. Toedt, the tenor, was good enough to sing some German songs, which, amid all the commonplace selections of the other singers, were most refreshing. The time will shortly come when this "popular" order of programme will have to go out of existence; for one can see that even the artist of some name and skill has almost lost the power to hold the attention of an audience with them. Let us have real music, that proclaims its right to live by its noble sentiment and refined beauty. C. H. B.

Milwaukee, Dec. 12. — The Arion Club gave the first performance in America of Hofmann's *Cinderella*, Dec. 4. The libretto is admirably adapted to its purpose, and the music is evidently the work of a very talented and accomplished musician. The melodies and rhythms are fine and effective, the harmony abounds in unexpected and odd, but beautiful, modulations and cadences, the instrumentation is very rich, and the characterization admirable.

The performance of the Club left little or nothing to be desired, and Mr. Tomlins conducted better than I ever knew him to do, and that is saying a great deal.

The soloists were Litta, who did her part superbly, Miss Julia A. Wells, of Boston, who did hers to the dissatisfaction of everybody, and Mr. Oscar Steins, a St. Louis baritone, who was moderately successful.

Wilhelmj played here again Dec. 7th, giving us a concerto by Max Bruch, and a "Bridal Song" by Max Vogrich, with piano and string quintet accompaniment. He also led a quartet (the Heine family) in the andante and variations from Schubert's D minor Quartet. The Heines played the first movement of a piano quartet by Reissiger, Op. 108. Mr. Vogrich played the first movement of the *Sonata Appassionata* and Liszt's *Sonnambula*, and showed by what he did and what he did not do that he is a virtuoso and also that he is not a great artist. At least, if he is, he will need to show it in other things, and there is a strong presumption that he is not. Mme. Salvotti is not a singer in whose praise I can say much.

The Patti combination gave a concert here last night, with a light programme. Mme. Patti was in bad voice, in fact totally unfit to sing; she seems to have been in the same condition during the whole of her Western trip. It seems hardly honest to accept the high prices charged, on the strength of her reputation. Such a thing might be excused once or twice, but when it is kept up for weeks it looks much like a swindle. Mr. De Munck has a noble, broad, sympathetic tone, and consummate execution. Mr. Ketten played a Handel *Bourrée* and Mendelssohn's Capriccio, Op. 16, No. 2, in a very artistic and satisfactory way. His playing of the Liszt Second Rhapsody was astonishingly freaky, and by no means poetic, but masterly in point of virtuosity. Mr. Toedt's tenor voice is powerful and well trained, and his style good for what he attempted. Sig. Ciampi Cellaj was on the whole less satisfactory.

The 207th Concert of the Musical Society brought us a miscellaneous programme of male choruses, soprano solos, (by Miss Jennie Dutton, of Chicago, a pleasing and good singer), violin solos, and, finally, Reinecke's "Schneewittchen," a pleasing child's piece, (Märchen). The choruses were done excellently. The violin solos were by Mr. Carl Troll, a new comer here, and were not remarkable either for good tone or for style or interpretation. His execution is very good. J. C. F.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The first University Concert occurred on Thursday evening of this week, at the Sanders Theatre in Cambridge. We shall report it in our next number.

— The second Harvard Symphony Concert comes on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 1. The programme will be found among our advertisements. In the third concert, Jan. 15, the Posthumous Symphony by Hermann Goetz, which has been so much admired in Germany and England, will be given for the first time in this country. In the fourth concert, Jan. 29, the "Scotch" Symphony by Mendelssohn, and probably also the charming little "Oxford" Symphony by Haydn, the Entr'acte from Cherubini's *Medea*, a repetition of Mr. Chadwick's *Rip Van Winkle Overture*, etc. The *Symphonie Fantastique*, by Berlioz, will figure in the fifth concert, Feb. 12; Beethoven's No. 4, in B-flat, in the sixth, with Mendelssohn's Octet by all the strings, and probably a Pianoforte Concerto played by Mr. Lang. The new feature of the seventh concert will be Professor Paine's "Spring" Symphony, — its first public performance. For the eighth and last is reserved the great Schubert Symphony "of heavenly length," and (first time) the Concertstück, Op. 86, for four horns with orchestra, by Schumann. Other interesting features of the series, solo artists, etc., will be announced in due time.

— Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera Company will perform for two weeks at the Boston Theatre, beginning Dec. 29, with Mlle. Marimon (who replaces Gerster) in *La Sonnambula*. The succeeding will be of the very familiar kind: *Marta, La Figlia del Reggimento, Aïda, Linda di Chamouni*, and *La Traviata*. The company includes Mme. Lablache, Mme. Caliste Piccioli (better known in Boston as Miss Huntley), Mme. Ambre, Mlles. Marimon, Valerie, Robiati, Cary, Signors Campanini, Del Puente, Grazzi, Rinaldini, Behrens, Tetaldi, Runcio, Galassi, and Monti. Arditi will conduct.

— The first of a series of four sacred concerts will be given in the new Novelty Theatre, corner Dover and Washington Streets, beginning to-morrow evening, when Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be sung. Mrs. Charles Lewis, Miss Clara Poole, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. H. M. Babcock will sustain the solo parts, and a full chorus of experienced singers will unite with an orchestra, to give a noteworthy rendering of this brilliant and always popular work. The second part of the concert will consist of a well selected and interesting programme of miscellaneous music by soloists and chorus.

— A season of twelve performances of English opera will be given in the Globe Theatre during next March, in which Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Schirmer, Miss Emma S. Howe, Mrs. George Upton, Miss McCann, Miss Abbott, Miss Clara Poole, Miss Barton, Mr. Tower, Mr. Wood, Mr. Caufman, Mr. Mark Smith, Mr. Hay, Mr. Babcock and Mr. Charles R. Adams will take part. "La Juive," "The Mock Doctor," "Martha," "Pré aux Clercs," "Crown Diamonds," and "Tannhäuser" will be produced. The Boston Operatic Society — formed for the purpose of advancing this object — will furnish the chorus, which will number one hundred trained voices. There will be a full orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Mullaly. The production and preparation of the operas will be under the immediate charge of Mr. Charles R. Adams, whose ability and ample experience fit him peculiarly for such work. The subscription price for the twelve performances, with reserved seat in orchestra or balcony, will be ten dollars. Subscription papers will be put in circulation at once.

— The programmes of the Joseffy concerts have been made out in part, and certainly give promise of much enjoyment. The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernhard Listemann, conductor, will assist on all three occasions, and the following works will be among Joseffy's selections: Tuesday evening, January 13 — concerto in E flat, Beethoven; piano-forte solos; concerto in E flat, Liszt. Friday evening, January 16 — concerto E minor, Chopin; piano-forte solos: Hungarian fantasie, Liszt. Saturday afternoon, January 17 — second concerto in F minor, Chopin; concerto in E-flat, Beethoven; andante, spianato and polonaise, Chopin.

— Next Monday evening the Cecilia will perform with orchestra, for the first time here, a very interesting and important work, the *Odysseus* (Ulysses) of Max Bruch. The Club has had prepared an Argument of its story, covering about the whole field of Homer's Odyssey, which we copy on another page. Mr. Charles R. Adams is to sing the rôle of Ulysses, which suits him admirably. The Apollo Club, too, is preparing an important work for its next concert, the *Œdipus at Colonos* by Mendelssohn.

FOREIGN.

London. The *Musical Standard* (Dec. 6) has the following paragraph; what is said in the latter portion of it is applicable to our own country as well as to England: —

"The winter musical season is now at its height. Classical music proper flourishes at the Crystal Palace and the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts; and St. James's Hall is opened on almost every night of every week for a concert of some kind or other. Italian opera, at cheap prices, is running gayly at Her Majesty's Theatre, — *Oberon* on Tuesday, *Mignon* on Wednesday, *Carmen* on Thursday, *Lohengrin* on Friday, and *Aïda* to-day, representing the present state of affairs at that house. Concerts are being given nightly all over the country; and in the great centres high class work is being done in all directions for the spread of a love of musical art amongst all classes. Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow, are all busy in this respect; and the lesser towns have, most of them, their choral society, conducted by the indefatigable church-organist or local professor of music. In the midst of this musical stir and activity, we would remind our readers of Hiller's remark about his own country, — that if there were less music, people would possibly be more musical; and until public taste is cultivated to higher standards there is some fear that the spread of musical knowledge will not bring us any nearer the repute of being 'a musical nation.' Conductors and promoters of societies can do much by firmly and judiciously declining to produce what is not good, to elevate public taste. The amount of rubbish which often reaches us in the way of 'New Songs' for review — and some of which we see down in programmes only too often — proves how necessary it is to exercise care in the selection of material for concerts. The public will applaud almost anything; the responsibility rests with those who, knowing this fact, pander to the public, and secure for themselves temporary applause and profit by singing and playing such stuff."

— Maurice Dengremont, the twelve-year-old boy whose playing of the Mendelssohn violin concerto at a recent Crystal Palace exhibition took all London by storm, is said to be coming to this country next year. Nothing like his performance had been heard since Vieuxtemps's debut in the same piece and the same place twenty-five years before. His photographs show him a charming-looking little fellow in Knickerbockers, with a refined, intelligent, and sympathetic face, and bushy, wavy hair. — *Tribune.*

— The ninth Crystal Palace Concert had for programme:

Symphonie, "La Chasse" . . . . *Haydn.*
Scena, "Ah! perfido!" . . . . *Beethoven.*
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (MS.) *Shakespeare.*
Pianoforte, Miss Kuhe.
Recit., "La Dea di tutto cor," and aria, "Bella adorata Incognita" . . . . *Mercadante.*
Mr. Shakespeare.
Variations for the Orchestra on a theme by Haydn, *Brahms.*
Song, "In a distant land" . . . . *Taubert.*
Largo, from "Serse" . . . . *Handel.*
Arranged for Organ, Solo Violin, Harp, Violins, and Violas, by Hellmesberger.
Overture, "Der Freischütz" . . . . *Weber.*
Conductor . . . August Manns.

Miss Lillian Bailey was to have made her first appearance at these concerts, but owing to illness was compelled to disappoint the audience, who were, however, well supplied with a substitute in the person of Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, who made a great impression by her splendid singing of Beethoven's scena and Taubert's song.

Of Mr. Shakespeare's concerto much might be said in praise of the fertile fancy, graceful style, and thorough musicianship displayed in its composition. The scoring is excellent, and the pianoforte part afforded ample opportunity for Miss Kuhe to display her mastery of the instrument, and her thorough understanding of the meaning of the composer.

— M. Saint-Saëns is to make his first appearance to-day, when he will play his third concerto, for piano and orchestra, and conduct his poëme symphonique, "Le Rouet d'Omphale."

Manchester, Eng. — At a recent performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, under the direction of Charles Hallé, the principal singers were Miss Lillian Bailey, Mrs. Warren, Mme. Patey, Mr. Barton M'Guckin, and Herr Henschel. The *Examiner* says: "Miss Bailey's voice is a pure soprano of sympathetic quality, sweeter and more expressive indeed than powerful, but as the young artist never overestimates her resources, the listener is never offended by anything like undue forcing. Miss Lillian Bailey has evidently enjoyed the advantages of most careful training, and she had certainly carefully studied the music. A more refined and correct delivery of the pathetic song 'Pious Orgies' we have seldom heard. At its end there was loud applause from every part of the hall, and even more enthusiastic manifestations of approval followed her brilliant delivery of 'From Mighty Kings,' which only wanted a little more abandon to be all that could be desired, and her not less effective rendering of 'So shall the lute and harp awake.' It will certainly be Miss Lillian Bailey's own fault if she does not secure a permanent place in the ranks of English oratorio singers."

Leipzig. — The great attraction at the sixth Gewandhaus Concert was Mme. Clara Schumann, who performed Beethoven's Concerto in G major, a Scherzo by Mendelssohn, and some pieces by Brahms. She was greatly applauded and recalled. The concert opened with an unpublished overture, entitled *Frau Aventiure*, composed by the late Franz von Holstein, and scored by his friend, Albert Dietrich. — M. Léo Delibes' comic opera, *Le Roi l'a dit*, has been favorably received at the Stadttheater.

Paris. — At the Concert Populaire on Sunday, Nov. 23, M. Pasdeloup, director, the first act of Berlioz's *La Prise de Troie* was sung. Other numbers of the programme were: Beethoven's first Symphony; Allegretto agitato of Mendelssohn; Larghetto by Handel, with oboe solo; *Marche Slave*, by M. V. Joncières.

— At the Châtelet, on the same day, the programme was: Fragments from Schumann's *Manfred*; Air from Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, sung by Faure; Serenade, Op. 8, of Beethoven; Fragments from *Étienne Marcel*, by Saint-Saëns; Overture to *Oberon*, M. Colonne, conductor.

Munich. — Herr Eduard Sigl began on the 14th ult., at the Theatre Royal, the celebration of his fiftieth anniversary as basso there. In his honor *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* was performed, he himself impersonating Sir John Falstaff, a part in which he used greatly to distinguish himself. On the following Friday he appeared as Hercules in Lortzing's *Wildschütz*, and concluded the celebration a few days afterwards by undertaking the character of Dr. Bartolo in *Der Barbier von Sevilla*.

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WHAT IS THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF UNITY BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT MOVEMENTS OF A SONATA?

UNITY is a conspicuous trait of the Beethoven Sonatas. It extends not only through each separate movement considered by itself, but through the entire group of the three or four movements constituting the Sonata form. Let any one who is familiar with all the Sonatas, and in sympathy with them, ask himself whether a movement might not be transplanted from one Sonata to another of similar key without impairing the effect. Doubtless there are young musicians ready to assure me that this is quite possible, and that in some cases it might be done even with improved effect. But older musicians will universally dissent, I fancy. The *Adagio* of the *Sonata pathetique* belongs *there*, and in no other Sonata. Transplant it to the Sonata in C minor, Op. 10, or to the Op. 111, and it would be shockingly out of place. Again, play this very *Adagio* alone, and it produces a delightful effect, to be sure. But play it in connection with the tumultuous *Allegro* before it, and how much more beautiful it becomes! Some of this added beauty is derived from the contrast the slow movement then makes with the one before it, — a contrast, if possible, greater in the spirit of it than in the outer written form. Contrast is an essential element of the beautiful in music, because music is emotional.

The unity of each separate movement within itself we may easily understand. It lies in the preponderance of a leading motive, the succession of tonality, and the rhythmic balancing of the leading subject and episodes. But to find the source of unity between two movements not structurally related, and of different key and tempo, is not so easy. I have often sought for it in vain, and have often asked older and wiser musicians; but here their wisdom failed them. I was told that it is an *ideal* unity. Now what, I ask, *is* an ideal unity between two discourses apparently in different keys and with entirely different subjects? *Is* there, or can there be, an ideal unity without somewhere a physical basis? Remember that thought implies brain; nutrition implies digestion and absorption; all our moral ideas, nay, all the words we use to tell them with, are raised up out of the domain of the physical. And so I have always felt that there must somewhere be a physical basis of the unity of the different tempos of a Sonata.

This basis I think I recently stumbled on. *It is in a stable of unit rhythmical pulsation running through all the movements of a Sonata*, so that the entire Sonata may be artistically played with the metronome at the same figure (in-so-far, that is, as even a single movement can be artistically played by metronome). Yet this parenthetical reservation is by no means so serious as the casual reader would suppose, for a Sonata *can* be played with very fair effect at a uniform tempo, with only the *rubato* that can be made within the measure.

Properly speaking, the unity of a movement lies equally in two elements: the *movement* or rate and manner of going, and the subject-matter. In a Sonata-piece there are at least three quite well defined ideas; and sometimes, as in the first movement of the *Sonata appassionata*, four. These are in different keys and totally unlike. They are held together by the uniform rhythmic pulsation in all of them, and by the sequence and comprehension of their tonality. They work together to leave upon the competent hearer a feeling of satisfaction, as from agreeable and coherent discourse.

This impression rests, much more than commonly supposed, in the uniform rhythmic pulsation. This we may immediately realize when we reflect how a decided change in the speed at the entrance of the second subject, as in the principal movement of a Sonata, impairs the unity. It may intensify the dramatic expression, but it certainly impairs the unity.

The tempo changes. An entirely new movement begins. Thus, for example, in Beethoven's first Sonata (F minor, Op. 2), we begin Allegro in F minor, 2–2 (half-note = 104, Czerny's tempo). It changes to Adagio 3–4 in F major; Czerny's tempo is eighth = 80. This, again, changes to Menuetto in F minor, 3–4 dotted half = 69. This again to Prestissimo 2–2, half = 104. We see here no stable rhythmic unit, except between the first movement and the last. There we stumble on one of the curiosities of tempo. In the first it is, 2–2 half = 104, Allegro; in the last the very same, but Prestissimo. Why? Because in the Allegro the fastest motion is of eighths, and the leading motion is of quarters. In the latter the motion is eighth triplets, that is at the rate of 624 notes in a minute instead of 416. This tempo is very fast. The Adagio in no way agrees with it. If, however, we take the metronome at 52 it will give us whole measures in the first movement, and quarter-notes in the second, and at this speed the second movement is very satisfactory. The Menuetto then follows at the same rate (the beats being measures again) with good effect. The finale as before. My pressure on the Czerny tempos may be excepted to, and perhaps ought to be. But to me the Adagio comes more satisfactorily when it pre erves a definite ratio to the first movement. By making it very slightly slower, as 92 for eighths, the repose of it may be intensified. The beautiful Sonata in C, Op. 2, goes very well on the same plan. The metronome beats at 80 (Czerny), which gives half-notes in the first, eighths for the second, measures for the third and fourth. This tempo for the finale is extremely rapid. Czerny gives 58.

The Sonata in E-flat, Op. 7, sounds not badly at the rate of 60. This gives measures for the first movement, eighths for the second, two measures for the third, and half-measures for the finale. Czerny's marks are (on the same basis) 58, 80, 72 (measures), and 60. My theory agrees with his beginning and ending. He takes the "Largo, con gran espressione" much faster than I propose; and the Allegro, 3–4, much slower, and, in fact, as it seems to me, too slow. But it does not invalidate my theory of a basis of unity, if the tempos are locally varied by a small degree (imperceptible in hearing, except in an impression of greater or less repose). My tempo gives in the first movement 360 notes a minute, in the second at the sixteenth note motion 120; in the third 360, and at times (as also in the first movement) 720. The finale gives only 240 notes in a minute — hence the Allegretto.

Czerny's marks for *Sonata Pathetique*, if I have them correctly copied, are curious. They are for the Grave, "eighth = 92;" Allegro, "half = 144;" Adagio, "eighth = 54;" Rondo, "half = 96." Bülow, on the other hand, requires a sixteenth in the Grave to have the same time as a half in the Allegro. Czerny's Adagio is entirely too slow.

Taking 60 for the pulsation, it gives as eighths in the Grave, whole measures in the Allegro, eighths in the Adagio, and whole measures in the Rondo. In this way the two Allegros correspond with their 480 notes in a minute, and the slow movements agree in having but 120 to 180.

So, also, Czerny gives for the first two tempos of the Sonata in E, Op. 14, for the Allegro, "half = 66;" for the Allegretto, "dotted half = 69." The Rondo is "tempo commodo," and easily enough agrees with the first movement, although I have n't the figures here. This uniformity obtains where I did not expect it. Thus, for example, Czerny marks the Sonata in E-flat, Op. 27, No. 1, Andante, "quarter = 66;" Allegro, "dotted quarter = 104" (disagreement); Allegro, "dotted half = 112"; Adagio, "eighth = 66;" Finale, "tempo = 132," or half = 66. Thus in this *quasi Fantasia* we have three of the five movements on a common unit of pulsation. The tempos of the "Moonlight" Sonata I neglected to copy. In the *Appassionata* Bülow gives Allegro, "dotted quarter = 126;" Andante, "eighth = 108;" Allegro, *ma non troppo*, "quarter = 132." So also, in the apparently loosely connected but lively Sonata in A-flat, Op. 110, Czerny gives, Moderato, "quarter = 76;" Allegro molto, "dotted half = 120;" Adagio, "eighth = 66;" Fuga, "dotted quarter = 100." Bülow gives 69, 126 (= 63), 63, and 69. In the grand Opus 111, Czerny gives, "eighth = 108," "quarter = 132," and for the Arietta "dotted quarter = 63." Bülow's tempos are, "quarter = 52," "half = 66," and "dotted eighth = 48," which indicates a remarkably close correspondence, capable of being made yet closer without detriment, by taking the Arietta at 52, which perhaps improves it.

I have thus gone into the question at some length, for the ground was new and interesting to me. P rhaps it may be old to my readers. The real test of it, of course, is to be made by artists.

Is there a physical basis for the unity of the different movements in a Sonata? This is the question. W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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ANTON DVORAK.

(Translated from the Neue Freie Presse.)

The persons who attended the first Philharmonic Concert read in the programmes for the first time the name of Anton Dvorak, and, for the first time, heard a composition, "Slavische Rhapsodie für Orchester" (A-flat major, No. 3), by the Unknown aforesaid. Berlin, Breslau, and Pesth had preceded us in the performance of this composition; in most of the larger musical towns of Germany, and even in London, the work is to be found in the list of novelties for the season. Then the composer has achieved a position very rapidly? All at once, and yet very slowly. He had to go through bitter years of privation and heap up piles of compositions, ere fortune smiled on him, and he was lucky enough to become known and appreciated. Dvorak was born in 1841, in a Bohemian village, near Kralup, on the Moldau. All the week he had to help his father in the latter's trade, but was allowed to play on Sundays in church, and at dances. When he was a youth of eighteen, the yearning for more thorough instruction in music impelled him irresistibly to Prague, where that excellent musician, Director Pietsch, received him into the organ school. Dvorak at first earned the means of subsistence as a member of the band at the Bohemian Theatre, and subsequently as organist in several of the churches of Prague, with a brilliant annual salary of thirty, then sixty, and finally one hundred and twenty florins. Amid incessant cares and privations, he composed with uninterrupted and fiery zeal a large number of choruses, and wrote things for the chamber and the orchestra, including even to Czeckish operas at the Landestheater, without any amelioration of his wretched circumstances.

The happy notion then struck him of applying to the Minister of Instruction in Vienna for an "artist's stipend." These stipends are granted annually by the state to assist "young and talented artists without means." Most of them are with perfect justice awarded to painters and sculptors, the last part of whose professional education necessitates as a rule expensive travels for the purpose of study. Such exhibitions cannot possibly foster to an equal extent the native talent for composition; still even in this respect they have not failed to bring forth good fruit. It is true that in many instances talent does not realize all it at first seemed to promise. Nay, a number of talented persons apply who do not even promise anything. Among the petitions which, bending beneath the weight of scores, are annually forwarded to the Minister for a stipend, the largest number usually come from composers who, of the three indispensable qualifications — youth, want of means, and talent — possess only the first two and waive all claim to the third. It was then a very agreeable surprise when one day Anton Dvorak, a petitioner from Prague, sent in proofs of an intensive talent for composition, though it was a talent still in fermentation. We recollect, for instance, a symphony pretty wild and untrammelled, but, at the same time, so full of talent, that Herbeck, then a member of our committee, interested himself warmly for it. After that Dvorak received every year his artist's stipend, which freed him from his most oppressive musical forced drudgery. And in this position it seemed that matters were unfortunately destined to remain. Although such material assistance afforded by the state undoubtedly carries within it moral assistance as well, Dvorak remained in his native land without an appointment and without a publisher.

It was not till Brahms had been summoned by Herr Stremayr, the Minister, to replace Herbeck on the committee, that the recognition of Dvorak's talent took the necessary practical turn. Brahms, who by deed as well as by words aids every serious effort of pronounced talent, — himself remaining unobserved and silent as Schumann once used to do, — obtained a publisher for Dvorak, whose modesty amounted to timidity. Dvorak's "Slavische Tänze" and "Klänge aus Mähren" were now published by Simrock. The merit of being the first publicly to recognize the unknown composer belongs to L. Ehlert, who praises the above compositions with kindly eloquence in the *Berliner National-Zeitung*. "Here," says Ehlert, "is at last another instance of genuine talent, and moreover of genuinely natural talent. I consider 'Die Slavischen Tänze' a work which will go round the world. Heavy naturalness flows through this music, and is the reason of its great popularity. There is no trace of aught artificial or labored. We have to do with something thoroughly artistic, and not with a pasticcio, made up at hazard of national reminiscences. As is always the case with broadly constituted talent, humor has a very large share in Dvorak's music. Dvorak writes such merry and original basses that they cause the heart of a real musician to leap again with joy. The duets, too, on some exceedingly pretty Moravian folk-songs, are of exhilarating freshness." So favorable was the opinion of one of our most eminent critics, though he was not acquainted with Dvorak's more important works for the orchestra and the chamber. Herr Taubert, Royal Prussian *Capellmeister*, had Dvorak's third "Rhapsodie" recently performed at one of the Symphony-Soirées of the Royal Chapel, an unusual mark of distinction, considering the classical and conservative character of the above concerts. Immediately afterwards, and likewise in Berlin, Joseph Joachim played Dvorak's Stringed Sextet. Thus they are thoroughly *German* authorities who have drawn Dvorak from his native obscurity and greeted him as a man of unusual talent. We emphasize this fact, because it refutes the ridiculous suspicion that Dvorak's reputation is the work of the National-Czeckish party. His fellow-countrymen in Prague naturally patronized in their way the composer of Czeckish operas, but "bei all ihrem Protegiren hätt' er können . . . . ("despite all their patronage, he might," etc.). See Heine's Poems.

There has really been no propaganda at work on the part of Prague for Dvorak, and even had such a thing been attempted, how far does Czeckish pleading penetrate in the world of art? The national antipathy and political opposition, evident in certain Viennese opinions of Dvorak's "Rhapsodie," would here be without justification, even were such considerations ever allowable in matters of pure art. If any opposition was contemplated by the public and the critics against the art-descent of Dvorak's work, it has really affected not Prague — but Berlin. The "Rhapsodie" was received respectfully but not warmly. After the impression produced at the grand rehearsal, we expected it would have made a more lively impression. With its fresh, easy, flowing style, it has something about it which carries one away. By its national character and sensual charm, and also by the easy breadth of its form, which is somewhat diffusive and not stiffly put together, it reminds the hearer of Schubert. The very beginning preludes in an extremely happy fashion an *andante* motive first given by the harp alone, and then strengthened most pleasingly by the wind instruments, a motive which is reflective, not sorrowful; only breathing a little touch of sadness. When we have the same motive rhythmically abridged as an Allegro in three-four time, the effect is marvelous. Then onward it sweeps in a whirl of joyousness. He who could write the first fourteen bars of this score must be called a man of extraordinary talent, genuine and sound. The themes of the "Slavische Rhapsodie" are no national melodies, but free inventions of the composer. As its name implies, the "Rhapsodie" has not the set form of a Sonata or an Overture; it is in one movement, but many parts. It cannot be charged with being too mixed; the whole of it is carried out with two motives, which undergo all kinds of transformations effected with contrapuntal cleverness. It must, on the other hand, be regarded as a mistake that the composer does not know how to end at the right moment, but, after several preliminary starts, suddenly comes to a full stop or turns back again. Despite its length, the "Rhapsodie" does not weary for a moment; the mere charm of the instrumentation would not allow it to do so. Dvorak's orchestral effects, moreover, by no means belong to the artificial flowers sown at will on a piece of tapestry; they are natural blossoms, or rather something flowering brightly forth from out the musical germ, and not to be thought of apart from it. Everything in the work denotes an extraordinary feeling for genuine orchestral effect. Eduard Hanslick.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANDEL.

PART 27. CHAMBER MUSIC.[1]

The great edition of the works of Handel is now approaching completion. Sixty-four parts have already appeared, including the large majority of the oratorios, the whole of the miscellaneous sacred music, most of the secular cantatas, twenty-four of the operas, and the greater part of the instrumental works; and it is, we believe, confidently expected that the entire works of the composer will be published by the year 1885 — the bi-centenary of his birth. The present edition differs from all that have preceded it, not only in containing a large number of works which have not been previously published, but in giving many which have already appeared in a far more complete form than that to be found in earlier editions. As instances may be named the score of *Israel in Egypt* with the composer's original trombone parts, that of *Saul* with Handel's complete indications of the organ part, the warlike

[1] Printed for the German Handel Society, Leipzig.

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Symphony in the second part of *Joshua*, and the final Choruses to the second and third parts of *Belshazzar*, all of which were new to musicians. The volume now before us presents some very interesting pieces now published for the first time.

It cannot, of course, be maintained that Handel's instrumental music will at all stand on the same level with his great oratorios. In the very nature of things this is impossible. The development of the modern orchestra, and of the form of the Sonata and Symphony by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, has caused the older forms to become almost, if not altogether, obsolete. When Handel wrote, the Symphony, as we now know it, had no existence; the Sonata was its predecessor and its then representative; and most of Handel's instrumental works, whether entitled Sonatas, Trios, or Concertos, bear more or less relation to the Suites. In these days the Suite is no longer employed as a vehicle for musical thought, unless the composer wishes to write in the antique style. The interest, therefore, which is awakened by such music as this of Handel's is to a considerable extent, though by no means entirely, historical, not to say antiquarian.

The present volume contains the whole of Handel's chamber music which has come down to us. We first find fifteen solo Sonatas for flute, oboe, or violin, with a figured bass for the harpsichord. These in modern nomenclature would probably be called duets, as the harpsichord, though it only has the accompaniment, is of considerable importance in all the pieces; but Dr. Chrysander in his preface mentions a curious anomaly, namely, that while a composition for two violins and a figured bass was called a Trio, one for a single violin with a figured bass was called not a Duo but a Solo. It should be added that both works would also be entitled "Sonatas," — at that time a vague name as regards form, and applied to almost any extended piece of instrumental music other than a Suite.

The first works in this volume are fifteen Sonatas or Solos, of which six are for violin, seven for flute, and two for oboe, with an accompaniment for harpsichord. That the latter instrument was *obbligato* is proved not only by the figured bass, but also by the fact that in some cases (for example in No. 5) passages are found for the harpsichord alone. With the exception of the Sonata in A, No. 3, which has been often played by Herr Joachim, Mr. Henry Holmes, and other violinists, the series of solos is almost entirely unknown. According to his usual custom, Handel has borrowed from himself, and arranged various movements from other works. Thus, the finale of the second Sonata is founded on that of the third Organ Concerto, while No. 11 is merely an arrangement as a solo for flute of the fifth Organ Concerto. In No. 13 (now printed for the first time), we find a very interesting movement founded on the subjects afterwards used for the Fugue in "From the center" (*Solomon*).

The six Sonatas for two oboes and bass which come next in the volume have a special musical interest, as being beyond a doubt the earliest known works of Handel. They were written about 1696, when the composer was eleven years of age, and are now printed for the first time from a manuscript copy in the library of Buckingham Palace. Their interest is mainly historical; they are antiquated in style, but the contrapuntal skill shown in them proves that Handel as a boy was in precocity of genius but little behind Mozart.

The two sets of Trios (Ops. 2 and 5) which complete the present collection had been for the most part previously published by Walsh, and they are also included in Arnold's edition of Handel, though they are here supplemented by some numbers not before printed. To a large extent they are compilations from other works, and were probably written rather to meet the requirements of publishers than from any desire of production on the part of the composer. Thus in Op. 2 No. 4 contains the greater part of the Overture to *Esther*, with the first movement of the second Organ Concerto for a finale; while in Op. 5 we find in No. 1 the Overture to the Chandos Anthem, "I will magnify Thee;" in No. 2 the Overture to the "Jubilate;" in No. 4 that to *Athalia*; in No. 5 the Fugue in E minor from the first set of "Suites de Pièces," with some slight alterations, and transposed into G minor; while in No. 7 the Fugue is taken from the Overture to the Chandos Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord a new song," and the final minuet from the air "Lascia la Spina," in the second version of *Il Trionfo del Tempo*. In most of these Sonatas short movements, such as Bourrées, Gavottes, etc., are added to complete the work; but a large portion of the matter contained in them is, as has been said, put together from other sources. — *Lond. Mus. Times.*

THE CONSERVATOIRE OF PARIS AND ITS CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune, Feb. 19, 1879.)

THE Conservatoire and its concerts are both interesting subjects, though not equally so. The concerts are probably the most perfect in the world, not excepting even those of Leipzig, Vienna, or London, each of which has claimed a similar honor. The Conservatoire, however, cannot justly be ranked so high. It is a useful institution, and does a good deal for the musical and dramatic arts in France; but there are schools in Italy, Germany, and Belgium, superior and more famous. In addition to numerous class and lecture rooms devoted to the teaching of various branches of the sister arts, the Conservatoire boasts a small, well-composed musical library, a fine museum of musical instruments (too seldom visited), and a tiny theatre or concert-room (for it serves both purposes), of which I shall speak more particularly. The library is at present in the charge of that erudite and singular composer, M. Wekerlin, — a bibliophile of the old sort, and the author of many charming works, literary as well as musical. Most of the manuscripts stored away on the shelves of the library are Prix-de-Rome compositions. I was first introduced to the secluded attractions of the Conservatoire library by M. Choupuet, the benevolent and learned custodian of the museum, who has managed, with the niggardly pecuniary assistance of the state, to accumulate in one small gallery the most complete collection of musical instruments with which I am acquainted. Amongst them are the pianos on which Auber, Herold, and Meyerbeer composed so many immortal works. Auber's is fitted up with an inkstand let in the wooden frame beside the keyboard, and the ivory keys still bear inky traces of the master's inspiration. Farther on is a guitar, once the property of Paganini, by whom it was presented to Hector Berlioz. The autographs of both are inscribed upon the face of the instrument. Paganini's signature is half effaced; that of Berlioz is clear, neat, and legible as his notation. A harpsichord close by is credited with having accompanied Beethoven on his travels, but M. Chouquet does not vouch for the truth of the story. "Under a glass case in the centre of the gallery are several exquisite violins of Stradivarius and other famous makers. One of the elaborately painted and gilded harps, standing near a gigantic octochord at the end of the room, had been often touched by the Royal fingers of poor Marie Antoinette before it passed into the hands of M. Chouquet. The octochord itself merits inspection, as do the rare old harpsichords, spinets, serpents, and other obsolete instruments with which the museum is crowded, — an orderly crowding, mind you, for the custodian of all these treasures watches over them with almost paternal fondness. We betide the profaun visitor who dares to disarrange a single clarinet, or to scratch a particle of paint off the invaluable Roccko!

The head and Director of the Conservatoire is at present M. Ambroise Thomas, who succeeded to the post on the death of Auber. Auber in his turn had replaced Cherubini, — that rigid, formal old Italian, who hated, and was so well hated by, Berlioz. But M. Ambroise Thomas has no authority over the celebrated Société des Concerts, whose magnificent matinees have filled the theatres on Sundays for fifty-two seasons. The Société des Concerts is an independent association of artists, chiefly connected by professional ties with the Conservatoire, which is accustomed to give eighteen concerts every winter, between November and Easter-Sunday. On the evening of Easter-Sunday the season is closed by a sacred concert. Most of the members — four-score or thereabouts — of the band are men well on in years, and individually sufficiently educated and skilled in music to play solo if required. Long conformity and the habit of playing together have welded the separate members into a harmonious whole such as could nowhere else be found. The most entire discipline at all times prevails. No one attempts to thrust himself more upon notice than he follows; each is content to play his own part modestly and perfectly, and each considers himself amply rewarded if, by so doing, he contributes to the attainment of the desired effect. It is not surprising, then, that with such principles underlying its system the society has won so great a reputation.

The concerts are invariably vocal and instrumental, and, with rare exception, the programmes affect a stately classical character.

Twice or thrice in a season room will be made for a new-comer (and all living composers are "new," in a sense, to the gray-beards of the Faubourg Poissonnière). On Sunday, for instance, Mr. Arthur Sullivan (whose "H. M. S. Pinafore" has been delighting you lately, I observe) was given a hearing. To correct the dash of profaun lightness (!) added to the programme by the "In Memoriam" overture of the English composer, we had all Beethoven's music to the "Ruins of Athens," all Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." From this you will get a fair notion of the entertainment usually supplied us. And right royal entertainment it is! A feast for kings.

Poor old George of Hanover and his daughter used to be assiduous attendants at the Conservatoire, and Queen Isabella may yet be met there. Apart from them and the Orleans princes, however, we have had few sprigs of royalty in France lately to enjoy these superb concerts. *En revanche*, we have had a liberal supply of presidents and ministers. Mme. Thiers occasionally patronized the Conservatoire; her husband less often, I believe. Marshal MacMahon belongs to the benighted class of men "who have no music in their souls," — a class justly considered suspicious by the poet. I remember seeing him listen to the "Eroica" symphony a few years ago. Imagine a martyr at the stake, a Hindoo fakir having knives thrust into him, or Job enduring the manifold misfortunes that came upon him! But if the marshal scorned the pleasure which soothes even the sav-

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age breast, his wife did not. Her portly — not to say ungainly — figure was frequently seen in the presidential box, exactly opposite the centre of the orchestra, — the best place in the hall. Next to this are the boxes reserved for the Directors of the Conservatoire and for the ministers. M. Ambroise Thomas was in his place, as usual, last Sunday. Close to him sat M. Jules Ferry, the new Minister of Fine Arts; and in a corner, apart, I noticed M. Léon Say, brooding, as it seemed to me, over the denunciation of the treaties of commerce, rather than listening to the "Ruins of Athens."

Charles Gounod now and then puts in an appearance in the neighborhood of Mme. Massart, but I have not remarked him for a long while. Nor have I this year seen Victor Joncières, the composer of "La Reine Berthe," the unfortunate opera lately produced by M. Halanzier, — who was wont to share one of the two journalists' boxes with myself and others worthier: M. Oscar Commettant, the critic of the *Siècle*; "Benedict" Jouvin, of the *Figaro*, and several besides.

As the little theatre of the Conservatoire can only accommodate about seven hundred or eight hundred people, and as all the seats are let to subscribers, the concerts are practically private. The outside public does get a stray place or two, but only when the regular subscribers do not use them. In fact, the Conservatoire is the most select and most fashionable place in Paris, — far more so than the Opera or the Elysée, to which any one who goes early enough is admitted.

The hall, or theatre, is a long, low, oblong room, rounded at both ends, and constructed chiefly of wood. The roof is slightly arched. In addition to a row of baignoirs, there are two tiers of boxes and a small amphitheatre. The musicians are stationed partly on the stage and partly in front of it. At the extreme back are the trombones, the drums, and a couple of contre-basses. Then, less removed, come more contrebasses, violoncellos, the horns, trumpets, bassoons, and the other wood instruments. All these are arranged in straight rows on the stage. Just in front, in one long line, come the violas; and below these the first and second violins, forming two quadrant-shaped groups facing each other, to the right and left of the conductor. The choir, which numbers some seventy members, male and female, sits on benches in front of the violins, — the soprani and contralti facing the basses and tenors. All the men, instrumentalists or vocalists, wear evening dress. The ladies are clad in white. When the executants are all comfortably seated, there is not much room left for the audience, — on the ground floor, at least.

But, though we might wish for a little more space at the Conservatoire, we have not a single other objection to make. As a concert-room the theatre is unmatched. Whether it be that unwittingly the architects hit upon the ideal form of a concert-hall, or whether its virtues come from age, certain it is that it is acoustically perfect. When the orchestra, conducted by M. Deldevez or M. Lamoureux, attacks the opening bars of some immortal work, — a Mendelssohnian symphony, perchance, — making the aged frame of the theatre quiver with music like a well-seasoned Amati or Stradivarius, I would not change my fauteuil in the Conservatoire for an Academic chair. Mundane cares are shaken off for one delightful moment as the glorious strains, as gloriously rendered, fill the room; and the passage from the blissful region of harmony within to the workaday world without shocks you like a rude waking from a dream.

HARRY MELTZER.

A WAGNERIAN APPEAL.

[THE *Musical Review* (New York) prints the following translation of a letter from Herr Hans von Wolzogen, one of Wagner's most fanatical admirers, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, Mass.]

BAYREUTH, October 2, 1879.

MOST HONORED SIR:

On Herr Wilhelmj's sending us recently some accounts of the enormous progress [?!] of Wagnerianism in America, Meister Wagner called to mind gratefully the numerous proofs of personal good-will which had come to him from thence in times past, and remembered with pleasure, among other things, the visit you once paid him in Switzerland. This has induced us to apply to you, at a period of great importance to the labor of the master's life, for kindly help in furthering this work through the American interest that has already been won to his cause.

You know that, after the imposing performances of the first festival at Bayreuth, in 1876, he succeeded in combining the various associations, which had hitherto worked only sporadically in Wagner's cause, into one general "Bayreuth Patrons' Union." The object of this body was gradually to unite together, through its representatives in Germany and abroad, all near and distant friends of the master's art and theories into a stout and enduring association. This association was to take upon itself to procure the necessary means for the master, that he might successfully develop a single, ephemeral festival into an institution, the founding of which has been the sole object of his whole life, the institution, namely, of permanently assured *repetitions* of those splendid examples of the purest style of artistic performance; thus rendering possible the periodical assembling together of the best artistic forces in Germany. These æsthetic experiences, repeated at regular intervals in Bayreuth, and based upon careful rehearsals under Wagner's incomparably genial leadership, might become a sort of living school of æsthetic culture, and a classical tradition for the noblest form of art.

As we have, unluckily, no tradition to fall back upon for the performance of the works of our immortal classic masters in a genuinely pure style, and as this lack can be made good to us only by the peculiar talent of a creative artist like Wagner, so would Wagner's own works be exposed, in turn, to a treatment utterly wanting in true style, after the master's death, unless the opportunity were offered him betimes to realize that which could not be obtained permanently through merely isolated cases, namely, the *classical tradition* of performance, by means of the regularly recurring formation of a considerable artistic body, meeting periodically for the purpose of practice and performance.

These periodical meetings would, furthermore, serve to monumentalize, beyond his life-time, Wagner's genial talent of performing in a pure style the works of our older masters, especially of our great symphonists, as an infallible tradition for the future. If this incomparable talent is not to be lost to art, the time must be very zealously utilized, considering the master's age, that the institution may be set on foot as soon as possible, and may have a profitable duration; for *without the assurance* of it, he himself could not make up his mind to waste his strength upon a merely isolated repetition of a festival, without the guaranty of further results.

He had promised the members of his "Patrons' Union" that his latest great work, *Parsifal*, should open the series of these periodical festivals, if enough interest were shown in the matter to enable him to begin with it, in 1880. This expectation has proved delusive; in the first place, because the rate of subscription to the necessary fund had been fixed at a very low figure, out of regard for the small means of a large number of German artists, so that now a list of members, which has in two years reached the number of 1,700, has not been able to raise 100,000 marks (about $25,000); and, in the next place, because our exertions to procure *larger* subscribers, in which we thought ourselves justified in again appealing only to German friends of art, met with scarcely any notice.

If we wish to make the beginning of the enterprise possible as early as 1881, we must now look to renewed agitation, to enable us at least to quadruple our small fund next year. In such case, an assured series of four great festivals could be guaranteed to take place in the course of the next ten years.

On these conditions alone would Wagner be ready to apply his energies to beginning the series with the performance of *Parsifal*. The three ensuing festivals, occurring every third year (1884, 1887, 1890), would consist of ideal performances of Wagner's other works, each one being repeated several times. With these would be combined rehearsals and performances of classical symphonic compositions, by the musicians collected in Bayreuth, under Wagner's leadership.

Should our Union come into possession of still larger means in the course of these ten years, then not only could the festival-plays be repeated oftener, but the symphony concerts could be given as especial performances in the intervening years; which would immensely increase the efficiency and influence of the institution.

Only such persons as shall have rendered these artistic experiences possible by their material aid are to take part in enjoying them; that is to say, only the members of the Patrons' Union; and then, according to the measure of their subscriptions. They will have the more extended rights, in the ratio that the *larger amount of early* subscriptions will procure for *all* participants the possibility of proportionately *richer* and *more frequent* artistic enjoyment.

At the beginning of this new agitation, we turn our eyes all the more to foreign countries, since our own native land has only proved hitherto that it does not possess the means to furnish the needed material aid to the ideal cause.

It is for our advantage, above all things, to win to ourselves the coöperation of *single, active friends* in various countries, who would be willing to exert themselves to enlist those of their fellow-countrymen who are already adherents of Wagner's art, and to collect their subscriptions to our fund. The manner of such collection must be determined by them, according to the existing conditions in their various countries; we can give only general directions. For the agitation of the matter in America, which, as we hear, favors the master so energetically, we know no friend of the cause in whom we could place greater confidence than yourself. We therefore hereby ask your coöperation.

That you may know something definite about our plans and aspirations, I send the following condensed announcement, which might, perhaps, be brought to the knowledge of your fellow-countrymen in the form of an *advertisement* in American newspapers, so that the affair may be made known as generally as possible at the outset.

"Richard Wagner is prepared to institute periodical repetitions of the great *festivals in Bayreuth*, by the most artistic forces in Germany, under his personal supervision.

"I order that such festivals may be given at least every third year, beginning with 1881: the Bayreuth Patrons' Union, which was founded for the purpose, is still in need of the sum of $100,000 which must be raised by that time.

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"This sum is to be raised by large subscriptions *during the year* 1880.

"Only subscribers will obtain admission to the festivals.

"The following conditions apply to American subscribers: —

"1. Every subscriber of $100 obtains admission to *eight separate performances of the festival-stage-plays in Bayreuth.*

"2. The choice of performances is at the subscriber's option.

"3. Every repetition of the same play is to be accounted as the same performance.

"4. Whoever does not desire to visit a performance in person, can transfer his right to another person, *after having the transfer indorsed by the board of directors of the Bayreuth Patrons' Union.*

"5. Whoever wishes to visit only three performances of the next (first) festival-play in Bayreuth, but does not purpose attending the subsequent festivals, has to pay only $25, but has no right to transfer.

"The next (first) festival-play in Bayreuth will be *Parsifal*, by Richard Wagner.

"The performances of *Parsifal* will be followed in the ensuing festivals-years (1884, 1887, 1890), by the other works of Wagner; several being given at the same festival, as far as possible, and each work repeated several times."

Upon the appearance of this advertisement, a central committee would probably have to be formed, to receive and answer applications. Its address should be given at the end of the advertisement. It should announce itself to be in readiness to receive subscriptions, and strenuously urge that the same be paid by December 1, 1880, at the latest.

The festivals during the next ten years will most probably be arranged as follows, if we get the necessary money by 1881: —

1881. *Parsifal* (given 4 times).
1884. *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger.* } (3 times each.)
1887. *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin.* } (3 times each.)
1890. *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung.* } (3 times each.)

In addition to these will be given, as the master sees fit, and according to the state of the treasury, either in the intervening years or during the festivals themselves, rehearsals and performances of symphonies, with entrance free to subscribers to the festivals.

The prices will be: —

For eight performances, or four performances and two repetitions of each, $100.

For the first three performances (*Parsifal*, and two repetitions of the same), $25.00.

For *all* the performances and repetitions (thirty-one in number), $400.00.

If this condensed statement is made very widely known in America, either through the press, or by other similar means, there can be no doubt but that you will procure for us very efficient aid from your country, and will materially help the master toward the realization of the labor of his life!

If you cannot devote yourself personally to this agitation, you doubtless know well disposed individuals who would undertake the office.

Although I am now on the 14th page of this letter, I have yet spoken very briefly, and have been able to touch upon many important points only cursorily. Yet I hope that you can picture the state of affairs with sufficient clearness. We must have the money in a year and a half. Then, and *only* then, will the master offer to all participants the work of his life. America is enthusiastic for his art, and able to give something for it; ten times more than his own native country. Let it be the task of his friends there to get as many subscribers, and as soon as possible. Let this task be confided to you, most honored Sir! Do what you can for the noblest cause of art. The article in the *North American Review*, "The Work and Mission of My Life," by R. Wagner, may be of ideal aid to you in the agitation. If *musical* aid is needed, our New York representative, Damrosch, and, we think, Thomas, will be the right men for the purpose. Damrosch seems not to be prepared to carry out the great pecuniary agitation. As, in this our new departure, Herr Schön, our representative in Worms, who alone has already raised 10,000 marks (about $2,500), has been appointed leader of the agitation in Germany, so be our honored Boston representative appointed leader of the agitation in America. The master himself, recalling your visit to him, has acceded to this determination.

You may be as sure of his heartiest and richest thanks and of the gratitude of all of us for your cooperation, as of your own satisfaction in the splendid fruits which will spring mainly from your endeavors in the highest cause of art.

In hopeful anticipation of these fruits, I call out to you: "To our meeting as *Parsifal!*" the motto of our community, and give you the best greetings from Wahnfried, remaining with the deepest respect,

Your most devoted,

HANS PAUL, FREIHERR VON WOLZOGEN.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

☞ THIS NEW YEAR'S number of our JOURNAL has to ask indulgence for many short-comings. Half of the matter prepared for the number perished in the great fire of Sunday night, which in three hours reduced the noble building containing the offices of our publishers to bare empty walls. Fortunately the Riverside Press was at a safe distance from the flames, and it was possible at the eleventh hour to begin anew, and bring the paper out within a day or two of the usual date, though in great haste, involving the postponement of several little plans for its improvement.

HONOR SAVED. — Looking at the beautiful front wall (all that is left standing) of the Cathedral Block, on the day after the fire, our attention was caught by the sign of our publishers over the door. Smoke and flame had obliterated all the letters but the five composing the word HONOR, thus: —

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.

THE ORCHESTRAL QUESTION IN THE VOCAL CLUBS.

THE amateur singing clubs and societies, whose concerts are becoming year by year a more and more important feature of our musical season, began with the social practice of part-songs, mostly for male voices. By slow degrees, some of them enlarged their programme by grappling occasionally with some musical task of greater magnitude, more worthy of the splendid assemblages of voices and of talents which they had brought to bear on such a monotonous succession of small forms. Noble choruses from *Aniigona* and *Œdipus*, parts of a Cherubini *Requiem*, etc., began to reward their pains, delight their audiences, and inspire the singers with a loftier aim. That was one step gained. The next was to take up entire works of large and noble character, like Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis-Night*, etc., and present them with a mere piano-forte accompaniment. The third step, equally important, — nay, logically and necessarily involved in the last, — was much harder to accomplish. Slowly, timidly, and tentatively did any club brace itself up to the bold venture of giving one of these great works in its completeness, as the composer intended that it should be given, — *with a full orchestral accompaniment.*

One serious obstacle was the expense. An orchestra is a costly luxury. But, on the other hand, these clubs, resting on the annual assessments of their hundreds of "associate members," soon found their treasuries equal to an occasional indulgence of this sort. If it costs $500 more to give the *Midsummer Night's Dream* properly, — that is, with orchestra, — and if the club has in its treasury $500 which it can well spare, how can there be any question of the true course to take? You wish to do the work? Then do it whole, and do it well; do it as Mendelssohn meant it; show that you are in earnest about it; and which is only possible through the coöperation of the orchestra.

But there are greater obstacles, as yet only partially, and not in all cases quite believingly and heartily, overcome. These reside not in the money question, not in any mere externals, but in the state of mind, the various degrees of musical taste and culture, the lack of musical knowledge, judgment, and experience of the individuals who compose the choir. There are prejudices, partialities, clingings to a narrow and a simple, easy field, fears of venturing into too deep waters, jealousy of any overshadowing influence of instrumental over purely vocal sounds, apprehensions lest our fine voices may not be well enough heard, or lest we (the singers) may not hear them well enough ourselves, and many more such reasons. Of course, any singing club or circle has a perfect right to limit itself to any sphere, however narrow, it may please. Only, once on the upward path of higher aspiration and of grander work, it must inevitably press on and make thorough work of it, or fall and sink into insignificance. We think these clubs have reached a point in this matter where they must either go forward or fall back. They have themselves, by their few experiments in this direction, opened a vista of progressive high attainment, which they cannot now shut off and think to preserve any freshness of interest, or keep any sure hold on the sympathies either of the general musical public, or of their associate members who supply the sinews of their tuneful war.

The arguments for this belief are simply these: —

(1.) Wherever a club has tried it, has performed a noble work with orchestra, the experiment has been crowned with success, and has wrought conviction both in the outside listeners, and, what is more important, in many a doubting member of the singing club itself. There was no resisting such a test as one presented by one of the clubs a year or two ago, when Gade's *Crusaders* was once sung with orchestra, and a week afterwards repeated with only voices and piano-forte. The repetition actually fell flat; if it was not *Hamlet* with the rôle of Hamlet left out, it was at least *Hamlet* without scene, atmosphere, or background; musically, hardly the shadow, or a half suggestion, of the thing. Since that experience singing societies have been con-

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siderably less shy of the orchestra, and have even discovered that they could afford to employ it now and then.

(2.) With each advance in musical experience, it becomes more apparent to the most ordinary intelligence that, in works of this kind, the orchestration is not a mere *ad libitum* accompaniment, but an integral, essential element in the complete and complex whole. It cannot be set aside without vital harm to the whole spirit and intention of the work. It is a gross injustice to the composer to divest his composition of all means of expression save the single one of voices. More than that: not only is the orchestra an added means of expression, a great element of beauty, but in many such works it is so implicated in the whole structure of the work, so woven into its very texture, that its particolored threads cannot be raveled out and leave the vocal web in an ideal sense complete. In *a capella* music, Palestrina and the like, the voice parts do make a complete whole in themselves; but it is far different in works composed for orchestra and voices, polyphonically interwoven, as in all the great vocal works of Bach and Handel, and in the oratorios, psalms, and secular cantatas of the modern masters.

(3.) The singers' fear of having their precious voices overshadowed by the instruments behind them is one that is sure of cure by habit. It is a necessity, and therefore they will soon accustom themselves to the strange element, so that they can "hear themselves" both "think" and sing in spite of all the double basses and the brass. To draw out from the tone-web these essential threads, leaving only those that are represented by the human voice, is no way to improve effect or get relief in the dilemma. As well might the Tenor, in a four-part song, request the Alto to be mute lest he should not be clearly heard!

But we may well take courage in this matter, since the fine examples of complete performance which the Cecilia and the Apollo Club have given us. And now we are glad to learn that the Boylston Club, to which we are indebted for so many fine productions of works of Palestrina, Bach, Astorga, Cherubini, is resolved to follow suit, and, yielding to the eloquent appeal of its earnest conductor, Mr. Osgood, will bring out erelong the beautiful 137th Psalm, by Goetz, complete, with orchestra.

MUSICAL PREJUDICE.

"Prejudice . . . . talks enormous nonsense, and would like, from the summit of its insolence, to assume the regency over every part of the art of music."

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THERE exists, no doubt, a large amount of unenlightened prejudice in every musical community; it is unquestionably difficult to free our musical judgments, even our musical likings and dislikings, from the influence of certain preconceived notions about the art, or about this or that school of composers. Some skeptics even go so far as to hint that the musical opinions of by far the greater part, not only of our public, but of musicians themselves, are governed entirely by prejudice. Yet it seems to me that the power of sheer prejudice over music-lovers, in general, has been vastly overrated; at least that a large proportion of the prejudice that unquestionably exists among us is by no means so gratuitous and foolish as some persons would have us believe.

To leave musicians by profession out of the question for the present, and to speak only of the more or less cultivated music-lovers, whose active interest in the art prompts them to hold very decided opinions, let us consider, for a moment, the very various points of view from which they are instinctively impelled to regard music. I am not speaking of those persons who are mere musical voluptuaries, with whom music goes in at one ear and out at the other, but of those who are inclined to take the art seriously.

Setting aside that cultured understanding of the art of music which is but seldom to be looked for in amateurs, it may be said that one of the rarest things to find in the average music-lover is catholicity of taste. Almost every one looks for a certain something in music, and unless he finds just that something the music fails to appeal strongly to his feelings; if he does find it, on the other hand, his feelings are duly worked upon, and all other considerations appear to him as of secondary moment. So long as the particular something he looks for is palpably there, the music may have whatever other qualities it will, he likes it. What this something is varies according to the individual; but I think that it is, in most instances, rather a general, not always important, characteristic of the music than a special or particular one, as the average music-lover is ever more amenable to general impressions than to the value of especial points. Let me try to make this clear by some examples.

There is a certain quaintness of style (to the modern ear), a seemingly calm monotony of regularly recurring musical figures, a general absence of sensationalism, and a modesty of dynamic effect in a great portion of the music of the Bach-Handel period. The same qualities may be found, in less degree, in most of the music of Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and of the young Beethoven.

Archaeophilus finds these characteristics just suited to his musical taste; he consequently is fond of the older music in general. The wonderful beauty of form, the admirable evolution of the composition from its primordial theme, the perfect order in the harmony, and the grace and heart-moving sentiment of the melody which are to be found in the *fine examples* of the music of these by-gone periods may, very possibly, not be felt by him in the least; it is only the prevailing atmosphere, so to speak, of the music that he delights in.

In the music of our own day there is an intensity and variety of dynamic effect, an unrestrained passionateness of expression, an abundance of yearning chromatic dissonances and of somewhat turgid harmony, which give an impression of vastness and infinite struggle, which is just what most moves the soul of Neodizemon. He is consequently in favor of the new musical lights. It may be a matter of total indifference to him whether the music be coherent or not, whether its passionate expression be at the expense of beauty, or consonant with beauty. Its general atmosphere is congenial to him.

It is not strange, then, that Archaeophilus should abhor Wagner and Brahms, and that Neodizemon should yawn at Bach. You call both of them prejudiced, because the one may leave the hall to smoke a cigarette during the performance of "Siegfried's Death-March," or the other may indulge himself in unparliamentary language so soon as he sees a Bach fugue down on the programme. I say, not so! Both well know that they are not going to hear what they want. If I dislike the smell of tobacco smoke, I cannot be fairly called prejudiced because I object to sitting in a smoking-car.

The real trouble with Archaeophilus and Neodizemon is that the predominant musical likings of both are a matter of sheer Dr. Fell. The one is just as far from truly appreciating Bach as the other is from appreciating Wagner. You can fool either of them most egregiously. Let the one hear a succession of rampant harmonies fully scored for the modern orchestra, and he will swallow them unhesitatingly as grand music. The other will ride up to the seventh heaven of ecstasy on the wings of the dreariest and stupidest Pleyel variations, just as easily as he will on the divine pinions of Bach's E major fugue.

What both are after is mere manner, not matter; sheer external accidents of music, not "*das Genie, ich meine den Geist.*"

I know I have taken very extreme cases, perhaps so extreme as to make shipwreck of the law. Yet it seems to me that a great deal of the indiscrimination with which the general musical judgment is afflicted is to be really attributed to this superficial way of looking at music, rather than to anything resembling unreasoning or unreasonable individual prejudice.

W. F. A.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.— The annual performance of the great Christmas Oratorio, *The Messiah*, crowded the Music Hall, as it always does, with a devoted and delighted audience. It was one of the best performances, upon the whole, within our recollection. Every number was full of life, and power, and beauty. The chorus ranks were very full and the grand choruses rolled out with majestic volume, prompt and clear and well sustained. The soloists, with some allowance in behalf of Mr. Fritsch, the tenor, whose voice was not quite equal to some portions of his task (though he sang intelligently and like an artist, especially well in "Thou shalt dash them"), were highly satisfactory. Miss Fanny Kellogg, always interesting, showed a great improvement; she has rid herself of that explosive way which used to mar the beauty of her singing; and her fine upper voice has gained in power and sweetness of tone, while her execution and her sustaining power seem to be steadily gaining. Miss Winant's most remarkable and beautiful contralto tones, into which she knows how to throw a great deal of honest, true expression, charmed the audience. And our great basso, Mr. M. W. Whitney, was in all his glory; never have we heard him when his voice seemed so pure and noble, and so great! One of his final sub-bass tones made one think of the traditions of Lablache. And he was equally in his finest mood, singing it all *con amore* and with vital power.

The effect of the performance was greatly enhanced by the large orchestra (twelve first violins, with Bernhard Listemann at their head); and this increase was fortunate, since the organ by some accident was disabled through a great part of the evening. Mr. Zerrahn conducted as if he knew his forces, felt his power, knew and felt the inspired Handelian work, and enjoyed every note of it.

CAMBRIDGE. The first of the University Concerts was given December 18, at the Sanders Theatre. Like the Harvard Symphony Concerts, the subscription list had filled up slowly, but at last reached the point where it was considered safe to venture to give them. After all, the beautiful theatre was less than half filled at this first concert. The following was the programme: —

Overture to Ruy Blas, in C Minor, Op. 95 . *Mendelssohn.*
Recitative and Aria, "Che farò senza Euridice," from Orpheus . . . . *Gluck.*
Miss Mathilde Phillipps.
Symphony, No. 8, in F major, Op 93 . . . *Beethoven.*
Introduction to Lohengrin . . . . *Wagner.*
Recitative and Aria, "Ah! quel giorno," from Semiramide . . . . *Rossini.*
Miss Mathilde Phillipps.
Overture to Oberon, in E major . . . . *Von Weber.*

The orchestra was the Boston Philharmonic, under the leadership of Bernhard Listemann, enlarged for this series of concerts to forty members. Their playing was admirable, it is almost superfluous to say, or to speak again of the marked improvement arising from the more frequent rehearsals necessary for the performances at the three series of orchestral concerts of the present season.

The admirable sonority of the Sanders Theatre seemed to give additional strength and volume to their playing, which on this evening was of their best. The Symphony and both Overtures were admirably rendered. Justice compels us to add that the Introduction to "Lohengrin" alone received the honor of an encore. Miss Mathilde Phillipps sang with great acceptance Gluck's aria, and in response to a demand for a repetition of the aria from *Semiramide* gave instead the familiar "Mandolinata."

MAX BRUCH'S "ODYSSEUS." — The performance of this remarkable work complete, with chorus, male and female solo voices, and orchestra, in the Music Hall, December 22, was a new feather in the cap of the Cecilia, and a notable event of our present musical season. It had been very thoroughly and critically rehearsed under Mr. B. J. Lang, and in all its length, with all its difficulties, it was in the main very satisfactorily done. It will take more than one hearing to make

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it universally appreciated; but the voice, we think, of those best qualified to judge was one of warm approval and delight. The argument of the poem, based, of course, on Homer's "Odyssey," and conforming for the most part very closely to its order of events, was printed in our last, and was in the hands of all the audience. Surely it afforded texts for almost every theme with which music ever has to deal, — at least outside of the Christian Church. We can only offer a few slight notes upon each of its ten "Scenes," preceded by a rather lengthy orchestral introduction, which, although refined and subtly wrought, and full of quiet beauties, we found somewhat monotonous and not setting one on tiptoe with great expectation, like the Introductions, say, of Beethoven.

I. Odysseus on Calypso's Island. The opening chorus of Calypso's nymphs is fresh and charming, clear and spring-like in its three-part harmony, while it is one of the few really melodious pieces in the work. The accompaniment is of a very upbuoying character and full of charm. The shadow that falls upon the lucid harmony, as the thoughts turn to where Odysseus "sits and mourns," sighing for far-off Ithaca, is skillfully managed with that rare power of modulation shown throughout the work. Then we have the hero's lament, — an extremely simple, almost rudimental melody, or musing chant, within a small compass of tones, written for baritone. Although not in the best range of Mr. C. R. Adams's voice, he showed such intelligence, such finished art in its delivery, and such perfect enunciation of the words, — one of the qualities which he possesses in a rare perfection, — that it produced a true impression. A trumpet passage introduces Hermes, who fills his soul with glad presage, and he embarks with his companions, the orchestra keeping up a measured figure quite suggestive of the sound of oars.

II. The sound of oars is still continued, until "the bounds of the deep-flowing ocean are reached," and they go down into the nether world, or Hades. Here begins a series of appalling pictures. Weird, sombre, ghost-like chords and modulations are employed with inexhaustible resources and with marvelous imaginative power. Spirits from the "vasty deep" greet them with wild, gruesome harmony. Odysseus offers solemn sacrifice, and the shades of the departed, lured by the smell of blood, sing a shuddering lament. Mournful choruses of children, of brides, of youths, prematurely cut off, follow with appropriate variety of expression and tone-color; then the shade of the old bard Teiresias warns him to give a wide berth to the Syrens; and finally the shade of his mother reminds him of his faithful wife Penelope beset by suitors. Finally, the whole troop of spirits cry out with new intensity of horror, and all vanish one by one. Musically, all this is made palpable with masterly power, especially of instrumentation, until it is quite time for an entire change of scene and a return to cheerful daylight. "Fly! Fly!" and as they row away, the agonized wail in the orchestra with which the scene concludes is terribly impressive.

III. The Sirens. Their chorus, in a bright major key, is delightfully harmonious and seductive. No wonder Ulysses, bound to the mast, and hearing, pleads with all his might to the deaf ears of his sailors, to rest their oars and tarry. The alternating chorus of the men makes strong effect of contrast. The instrumentation abounds in happy figures and rich harmonies, far from commonplace. To this short scene succeeds —

IV. The Tempest at Sea. And here we have a powerful chorus descriptive of the storm, with terrible chromatic howling of the winds, surging of waves, and grand upheaval of the orchestral deep. All are engulfed except Odysseus, who is saved by gracious interposition of the Oceanides, and in a series of tuneful chorus strains is wafted to the shore, and with soft lullaby is sung to sleep.

V. Part Second transports us to Penelope. Her lament and prayer, for the safe return of husband and of son, constitute the whole scene, which is not long, albeit slightly monotonous. As for melody, this scena, as it may be called, shows the influence of the new German school. What of it is not recitative is something nearer to *recitativo cantabile* than to any clear, well-rounded, tuneful melody. It is not a melody which one carries away with him, — or which carries one away. Its interest lies in pathetic, noble declamation; a strong, intense expression of faithful love and yearning for the absent, and of high-souled patience. It gave good opportunity to the pure and sympathetic soprano voice, beautiful in its higher tones, to the cultivated method, the intelligent conception, and the native dramatic instinct of Miss Louie Homer.

— But here the hurry and confusion of the week compel us to stop for the present, and reserve the completion of the story until the next number.

[— Here the inexorable bars shut down on us, and we must omit numerous other concert reports, letters from New York and elsewhere, local intelligence, notices of new publications, etc., etc. Our readers will readily excuse, in consideration of the fire. Things will return to their normal order, we trust, before another issue.]

DRESDEN. — A new comic opera, in three acts, *Bianca*, by Ignaz Brüll, was performed, Nov. 26, with entire success. Mmes. Schuch and Riesler, and Messrs. Goetze, Degele, and Decarli assumed the principal rôles.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., DEC. 15, 1879. — The "Cecilia" opened its second season with its fifth concert on Tuesday evening, December 9, at the hall of the Amateur Dramatic Club. The artists were the New York Philharmonic Club and Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York, soprano. The following excellent programme was presented to a select and appreciative audience: —

String Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1 . . *Schumann.*
Songs (*a*), "The Dream" (*b*), "The Lark" . . *Rubinstein.*
Aria, "Tell me, my Heart," . . . . *Bishop.*
Solo, Violoncello. Three pieces . . . . . . *Widor.*
1. Andante. 2. Moderato. 3. Vivace.
Song, "Where the Bee sucks" . . . . . . *Sullivan.*
Quartet in G minor, Op. 27 . . . . *Grieg.*

This programme was a great improvement upon those of previous concerts of this Society in point of *length*. The arrangement of the several parts was also, to our mind, a model one, — placing the two important works at the beginning and end, and relieving the mind by the lighter character of the intermediate selections.

The Schumann quartet, the first of the three only which he wrote, and all dedicated to his friend Mendelssohn, made a splendid opening to the feast. Its fine, brief introduction in A minor leads immediately to the Allegro, the theme of which is very bright and beautiful, thoroughly characteristic of its author, and exceedingly well worked up. After a development in which the themes pass through quite a variety of keys, the author recurs to the first theme in the second violin, while the first violin ascends to high F in a charming *pianissimo*, and the movement closes. The Scherzo reminds one somewhat of Mendelssohn, though this impression is perhaps stronger in the four-hand arrangement (excellently done by Mr. Otto Dresel) than in the original. The Intermezzo, which interrupts this movement near the middle, is in Schumann's best style, and its harmonies seem peculiarly his own. The Adagio is a genuine *Lied* of exceptional beauty, first sung by the first violin, afterwards by the 'cello, and finally returning to the first violin again. Schumann seems to have written it in one of his most inspired moments, and it is to us one of the most delightful movements that ever came from his pen. The Presto is strong, fiery, and brilliant. A strange but beautiful episode, slightly suggestive, perhaps, of the "Music of the Future," occurs near the close of this movement, the reason of which is not entirely clear. The passage is, however, effective, and the brief return to the original tempo brings the quartet to a splendid close. We can express a general satisfaction with the rendering. The quartet is not easy to play well. The only blemishes noticeable were a slight lack of tune and a little indistinctness in some of the running passages on the part of the 'cello. With these exceptions the performance was well-nigh perfect.

The songs were very finely rendered; those by Rubinstein especially so. The technical management of the voice, the phrasing and the general conception, were exceptionally good. Sullivan's "Where the Bee sucks" pleased us more than Bishop's "Tell me, my Heart;" but both were fine specimens of English song, a field which has been especially and deservedly cultivated by Miss Beebe. The artist showed a rare appreciation of unity in musical impressions by responding to an encore of the Rubinstein songs with Schubert's "Lark." The response to the encore of Sullivan's song was rather trifling in comparison. Mr. Bonner accompanied with his customary good taste and skill.

The 'cello solo was enjoyable, the pieces of Widor being of a quiet lyrical character. They were nicely rendered.

The Grieg quartet, which closed the concert, is a strange work. To speak of it with any degree of confidence or interest, one should have had the privilege of a long acquaintance with and study of it. It certainly cannot be understood or fairly judged on a first hearing, and this is true of any great work. That this is an exceptionally great work we do not claim; but that it is a work of real importance, the zeal and energy of the artists who rendered it so finely bear abundant testimony. We were told that the club had rehearsed it twice a week ever since last April. This fact will give any one at all familiar with music of this character an idea of the value and the immense difficulty of the work. The impressions left by it are various. It seems on a first hearing to be very fragmentary and incoherent, with now and then a touch of the grotesque. It is full of ideas. So rapidly do they come forward, and so revolutionary is their character, that you are confused and almost overwhelmed. In many places the ideas of the composer seem to have run away with him; he seems to have lost all control of himself; then, again, there are passages of exquisite melody, of surpassing beauty, and these are as suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by passages full of wild and unrestrained energy and force, and seemingly beyond the power of four instruments to express. It is the restless, unsatisfied spirit, seeking for expression of its thoughts and longings, of its struggles and aspirations.

Whatever may be said of it, time will test its worth; it certainly cannot and should not be judged from the classical standard. It belongs essentially to the modern school, and is itself *sui generis*. Of all the movements, the Romanza and Finale were perhaps the most beautiful and clear.

The playing was simply a marvel, both in the apparent ease with which the immense difficulties of the work were conquered, and in its conception and rendering as a whole. The club show the results of their year's practice and richly deserve the success so carefully and patiently earned. The "Cecilia" of Providence, as well as the "Euterpe" of Boston, is doing a good work, and it is to be hoped that the labor expended will result in an increased study and a more frequent hearing of the many masterpieces of this class of music. Chamber music as a distinct branch stands almost by itself, and affords culture of a peculiar kind. A more generally diffused knowledge of its treasures is desirable, many of these ranking among the finest compositions of their respective composers. We hope that the work these societies are doing will commend itself to all musical people in other cities and towns, leading them to form similar organizations with similar aims, thus creating a greater demand for chamber music, and offering sufficient inducement to artists to give more extended study to this class of music. Nothing can be more profitable and enjoyable to the artists themselves, and no higher musical culture can elsewhere be found.

A. G. L.

CHICAGO, DEC. 24. — On Tuesday evening, December 16, the Beethoven Society gave "The Lay of the Bell," by Max Bruch, before a very large audience in our new Music Hall. Miss Dutton, Mrs. O. K. Johnson, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Morowski, were the soloists. There was a chorus of a hundred voices, and an orchestra of thirty men, the whole being under the direction of Herr Carl Wolfsohn, the conductor of the society. As this was the first performance of the work in this country, a little sketch of it may be of some interest. The work is written for chorus, solo voices, orchestra, and organ. It belongs to the advanced school of German music, and may be said to bear the direct influence of the Wagner idea of treatment. The melodic form is made subordinate to larger effects, in which an intricate instrumentation is a marked feature. The orchestral score indicates that its plan and development has been marked out by a master hand. There is a gradual unfolding of the musical idea, which reaches the full climax in the last number. The dramatic portions of the poem give the composer full scope for working out numbers that show intensity, and there are many parts that manifest a heroic mood of that extended character which calls to its aid varied instrumentalities to express its intent. Thus the orchestra, chorus, quartet of principals, and organ, are often called upon for their fullest powers. Of the twenty-seven numbers, ten introduce the chorus. The most important numbers are the "Fire Chorus, the "Tercett," "Hallowed Order" chorus, "The Duty of the Bell" for ensemble, and the grand finale. Perhaps there are too many recitatives in the work to hold the attention of an audience, unless they are intrusted to the most talented singers. It requires a large chorus, a very full orchestra, and solo talent of a high order, with large and telling voices, to insure its success. The solos are not strictly melodious, but the accompaniments are generally worked out in a manner that shows a consistent plan.

The first idea of the work seems to be its unity, and there is an undue prominence given to the solo parts, for all the numbers are made to serve as links in one large plan. As a composer, Max Bruch seems to look to large and characteristic effects, and in all his works he seems to attempt to picture the majestic in music. The plaintive tenderness that one finds in the music of a Mozart, or the refinement that Mendelssohn so delightfully expresses, are qualities foreign to any of the works that have been given here, from the composer of "The Lay of the Bell." He seems rather to aim at new possibilities, than to make the old forms bear again rich blossoms of melodic beauty. Modern composition seems to aim at reaching great heights of grandeur; but oftentimes there is a roughness about these gigantic effects and forms, almost as barbaric as the vast monuments of the Orient. The utterances of music should all be symbolical of the beautiful, in order for it to keep its honored place among the romantic arts; and, in this age, have a *reason* for its very forms of manifestation. There are too many slow movements in the work to make it interesting to a general audience, while the large number of recitatives seem to add a sombre effect that even a varied instrumentation cannot destroy. Thus there are portions of the composition that seem to drag, and the close attention of the listener is necessary in order to understand the unfolding of the musical idea.

To hold the attention of an audience, music must contain contrasts in movement as well as in idea; and it is a mistaken notion to write for the musician alone. In the enjoyment of music the senses, save that of hearing, are at rest, and as the mind is drawn into close communication with the inner reflection that the music awakens, it is evident that only a work filled with rich and correctly conceived contrasts, can give the listener great enjoyment. We all rebel if the sombre presses us into clouds of gloom, and long for the brightness to at least tint them with the rose-colors of change. Thus I felt as I listened to the performance of "The Lay of the Bell."

The society and the soloists did their work well, however, and did their best to bring the audience into sympathy with the work. Mrs. O. K. Johnson deserves particular mention for the fine delivery of her aria, and the expressive recitative, "Burnt and bare stands the homestead."

Miss Dutton has improved in her method since last season, and did some very effective work. The singing of Mr.

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Knorr, too, was quite dramatic in its idea, and he lent the best powers of his voice to his trying part. The rôle of the master workman is very long and difficult, and while Mr. Morowski was not in his best voice, he endeavored to do his work faithfully. I have never heard the chorus so prompt, or so able to sustain the difficult parts as they are this season, and Mr. Wolfsohn deserves much praise for his effort in teaching them to sing understandingly. There are a number of other musical matters and entertainments that claim attention, but I must ask for indulgence, and pass them over to my next communication, for the pleasures of Christmas-tide induce me to make my note a short one. Yet I cannot close before wishing the *Journal* success for the New Year upon which it is about to enter, for it richly merits the confidence and support of every sincere friend to music. In the past it has been faithful to what is best in art, and ever eager to promote, with honest and thoughtful words, all true efforts made for the advancement of culture. It looked at art as too noble an instrumentality in progressive civilization, to be made to pander to what was only commonplace, but endeavored to advance public taste so that a love for the best music might be more general. It saw the beautiful in its highest forms, and tried to lift up general appreciation so that it might meet it. For its worthy endeavor it has the right to expect the support of all honest lovers of music. As a new year's greeting may it have many indications of the result of its earnest efforts, in numbers of subscriptions that signify that the musical public appreciates its labors for the advancement of the true in art.

C. H. B.

MUSIC ABROAD.

London.—At her Majesty's Theatre, Weber's *Oberon* was revived with Mad. Pappenheim as Rezia. The *Musical World* says that *Oberon* is welcome alike in its normal English shape, in its German amended shape, and in its Italian abnormal shape, which Sir Julius Benedict, Weber's most distinguished pupil, has done so much to make acceptable, drawing materials from other works by the composer for the indispensable recitatives and occasional orchestral interludes, intruding nothing absolutely his own, for the sake of mere self-glorification, but accomplishing his task throughout in a style at once delicate, reserved, and masterly. *Oberon*, by the way, is only one among several works that by their lengthened vitality go far to upset the Utopian theory of Richard Wagner, who, in his usual emphatic manner, sends forth an edict that no opera must hope for permanent life except by reason of the drama to which the music is wedded,—insisting that the two are inseparable. Happily music, when *really* music, is in a less destitute condition; and where opera is concerned, instead of being the drama's mistress, is the drama's master, instead of the "*Weib*" to the "*Mann*," the *Mann* to the *Weib*—which makes all the difference. One hundred Wagners, in one hundred volumes, will never be able to persuade sane people that music is not an independent art, that measured rhythm is not one of the chief secrets of the charm it exercises, that what is called the "infinite *melos*" is not, in nine cases out of ten, an infinite bore, and that the absence of symmetrical form and the defiance of all relations of keys to each other are anything better than outrages against art, under no matter what manifestation. The music of *Oberon* has lived, lives, and will continue to live, being intrinsically beautiful, and no one can deny that in its connection with the libretto it is everywhere dramatically true. Weber can hardly with fairness be reproached because, in so far as construction and purely dramatic interest are concerned, he had a somewhat weak, and to those unacquainted with Wieland's poem, or the romance narrating the adventures of *Huon de Bordeaux*, one of the twelve "Paladins" of Charlemagne, from which Wieland derived his subject, in a great degree unintelligible libretto to deal with. Enough that his music has immortalized the drama, which without it would have been lifeless, notwithstanding the literary merit seldom absent from the writings of Mr. Planché.

Oberon was followed by *Il Flauto Magico* and *Carmen*, the title rôle of which was assumed by Mme. Marie Roze, and the extra season was announced to close with *Oberon* "for the benefit of Mme. Pappenheim," apropos to which the *World* says, "It is surely time that this comedy of 'benefits' was abandoned, inasmuch as no one now attaches any importance to them. In the olden time a benefit given under the name of any individual artist really meant a benefit to the account of that artist; but this custom has long passed away, and the expression has become no better than an empty phrase."

Crystal Palace Concerts.—The concert room on Saturday in last week was fairly well filled despite the attractions of the frost-bound lake in the grounds of the Palace, although the healthy recreation of skating drew a great many more visitors than we are accustomed to see on half-crown Saturdays. The anticipation of seeing and hearing the great French composer, the representative of the modern French school, in the double character of conductor and pianist, had doubtless much to do with the good attendance on the occasion. Although the habitués of St. James's Hall have seen him and heard his performances, he was personally a stranger to the Crystal Palace audience, and hence the interest which attached to their first introduction to Mons. Camille Saint-Saëns, who has established his name in the very front rank of composers, albeit of the modern school. The concert on Saturday was made the occasion of the first performance in England of M. Saint-Saëns's Concerto in E-flat for pianoforte and orchestra, the composer officiating at the solo instrument; and of the production of his pœme-symphonique entitled "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the performance of which he conducted. Of the latter composition we may say at once that there is nothing in it especially requiring the composer's bâton. . . . . The Concerto is more ambitious, and as a vehicle for display of mastery over enormous difficulties has few parallels. From the commencement of the introductory moderato, in which the piano maintains a series of rapid arpeggios in ornamentation of the opening phrase by the horns, to the last note, the solo instrument has little else than work which taxes the executant to the utmost. A long and brilliant cadenza is one of the features of this Concerto which requires a second hearing to enable one to pronounce a fair judgment on it. That there is a good deal of "sound and fury signifying nothing" in the work, we feel bound to say; and we question very much whether, had it been the composition of plain John Smith, the reception would have been so genuinely warm. It was, however, received with every demonstration of approval, and the composer was twice recalled.

The late Mr. Barker.—Charles Spackman Barker, the well-known inventor of the pneumatic lever for lightening the touch of large organs, died on Wednesday the 26th ult., at Maidstone,—where he had been lately residing,—after a short illness, in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried at Snodland on the following Saturday.

Mr. Barker was born at Bath on the 10th October, 1806, and originally brought up to the medical profession, but, being present on the occasion of the erection of an organ by a London organ builder, he determined on following that occupation, and carried on business for some time in his native city. About the year 1832 he heard of the large organ building in London for York Minster, and, seeing the immense labor it would be to play on such a gigantic instrument if constructed in the ordinary way, turned his attention to the means of overcoming it. This he proposed to do by a pneumatic lever,—a small bellows inflated by air of a high pressure applied to every key,—thus reducing the resistance to a minimum; but, unfortunately, he did not succeed in getting it in this instance adopted. In 1841 he went to Paris, where a large organ for the Abbey of St. Denis was then building by Cavaillé-Coll, who at once saw the importance of Mr. Barker's invention, secured his services, and immediately applied it to that instrument, and it has since been introduced in all the largest organs built both in this country and abroad. Mr. Barker, after his engagement with Cavaillé-Coll terminated, took the direction of the business of Daublaine and Callinet, afterwards Ducroquet (now Merklin and Schutz), and exhibited an organ here at the International Exhibition of 1851. He carried on business for some time in Paris on his own account, and amongst other instruments built that in St. Augustine's Church, in which he introduced the electric action. When the Franco-Prussian war threatened the destruction of Paris, Mr. Barker returned to this country, where he has since resided. He married Mdlle. Schmeltz of Paris, who survives him. About three years ago a committee of the principal organists and organ builders was formed for the purpose of raising a fund to provide an annuity for Mr. Barker in his declining years, and a considerable sum was subscribed, bearing testimony to the value of his invention and the respect in which he was held.

Paris. The first part of "Les Troyens," by Hector Berlioz, called "The Taking of Troy," was brought out simultaneously at both the Colonne Concerts and the Pasdeloup Concerts. The first part of this work, only, was known in Paris, having been produced at the old Théâtre Lyrique of M. Carvalho. The *Menestrel* says that it cannot be called an opera in the true acceptation of the word, but rather it should be classed among the oratorios *de genre*. It seems to have been very favorably received in both concerts, even by enthusiastic acclamations, to which "M. le Président de la République," who was present, "politely contributed several bravos," from which it is inferred that the success of the *Damnation de Faust* is to be renewed, and that the music of Berlioz is now *à la mode*.

M. Maurel, the well known baritone of Covent Garden, made his *debut* here at the Opéra to-night, as Hamlet, before a large and attentive audience. A native of Marseilles, he first appeared in Paris ten years ago in the *Africaine*. He has since sung in Italy, and recently in London. He comes back here with a good reputation as regards voice and training, which reputation he has justified by successfully undertaking a part in which M. Faure has left such abiding recollections. M. Maurel was warmly applauded.—*Paris Correspondence of the Times*, Nov. 29.

A brilliant audience assembled to-night to welcome M. Maurel back to the Opéra. It was feared that jealousy of the successes this popular baritone had achieved in foreign countries would militate against the warmth of his reception here. In Hamlet, moreover, he had to struggle against the recollections of Faure, but his fine voice and excellent method obtained the sympathy of his audience in the very first scene. M. Maurel's performance was as remarkable from a histrionic as from a musical point of view. His artistic style, for instance, gave all possible effect to the drinking song of the second act, his picturesque acting in the play scene, where it is reintroduced, was worthy of all praise. In fact, M. Maurel's success was unequivocal, and he will prove a valuable addition to the company of the Grand Opéra.—*Paris Correspondence of the Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 29.

A man has recently died in Paris who had his day of celebrity as the inventor of the *orgue expressif*, Louis Pierre Alexander Martin. The son of a common tinker of Sourdon (Seine et Marne), young Martin received his first ideas of music from the curé of his village, by which he profited, to study the mechanism of the organ. Becoming a musician, he devoted his few hours of leisure to constructing a first instrument, of which he made alone all the parts with fragments of wood, scraps of tin, using even pieces of bone for the keys; but, such as it was, this organ obtained for its maker a bronze medal at the Exposition of 1841. Some years later, he invented the percussion organ, which won him a silver medal in 1844, and the cross of the Legion of Honor at the Exposition Universelle, in 1851. The invention has long since made its way in the world, while, as is often the case, the inventor alone has not profited by his idea. Martin, towards the close of his life, suffered reverses which he bore worthily, and died esteemed by all who knew him.

Dr Eduard Hanslick's lectures or readings in the great hall of the Friends of Music at Pesth attracted large audiences and afforded the utmost satisfaction. The subject of the first lecture was "The Rise of Opera in Italy," that of the second, "The Beginnings of Opera in Germany and France." The literary part of the lecture was supplemented and completed by musical illustrative examples. In the second lecture Dr. Hanslick commenced with Lulli, on whose *Kadmos*, the first *bona fide* tragic opera, he spoke at considerable length. Having then played a prelude in D minor from *Alceste*, he touched shortly on Rameau and Gluck and proceeded at once to treat of Germany. He referred to the fact of Biblical subjects being preferred for librettos; to the first permanent opera in Hamburgh; to Reinhard Kayser and Matheson; to opera in Berlin under Friedrich II.; to the North Germans, Hasse, Quantz, Graun, and lastly to Hiller, the founder of the German "*Singspiel*," or piece interspersed with songs. Herr David Ney, from the National Theatre, who had undertaken to act as vocal illustrator, sang twice the "Vulcan-Aria," from the opera, *Pomona*, 1707—which, strange to say, begins in D minor and ends in C-sharp, and one in F major from Hiller's *Lustiger Schuster*.

Rome.—A new theatre is now building between the Via Forensi and Via Torino which will occupy a space of 4257 square metres. The architect is Domenico Costanzi. It will have several peculiar features. A vast subterranean hall will serve as restaurant and café; the dome crowning the auditorium will be so arranged as to make it possible to use the sunlight for illuminating the theatre for day representations. The parterre will accommodate 1500 spectators, and, by an ingenious device, the floor can be instantly raised to the level of the stage floor. The boxes are to seat 700 and other galleries 1200, so that the whole theatre will comfortably seat an audience of 3000 persons. The stage will contain a space of 1,000 square metres, making it possible to give to pieces a splendid *mise en scène*. In short, the *Teatro Nazionale* will be in all respects worthy of the capital of Italy.

Frankfort-on-the-Main.—German papers, in noticing the construction of the new theatre in this city, speak of a very remarkable feature in its construction, viz., a lofty *ventilation shaft*. This was very conspicuously absent from the old theatre, as from most German theatres, which for bad ventilation, or rather none at all, will carry away the palm from all theatres in the world. The Frankforters are to be congratulated on the hope held out to them of a breath of fresh air, and we trust that this architectural "ornament," as it is called, may be added to every theatre in Germany. This new theatre is near the Bockenheimer Gate.

Amsterdam.—A new Dictionary of Music in Dutch, edited by H. Viotta, has been recently published by Barmann & Routhan, of which nine numbers have already appeared.

Hanover.—The proposition made to Eduard Lassen to succeed Hans v. Bulow as conductor of the orchestra and of the Symphony Concerts has been declined by him.

Leipzig.—At the seventh Gewandhaus Concert (Nov. 27) Emilie Gauret executed the Concerto Romantique, for violin, by Benjamin Goddard, and a ballade by Moszkowsky, with a scherzino of his own composition. He was warmly applauded.

Vienna.—Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* was given after an interval of twelve years. The music was found charming as ever, and the work was as successful as formerly, in spite of a somewhat defective rendering.

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WANTED — A COMPOSER FOR THE ORGAN.

BY H. H. STATHAM.

There is no intention to imply, by the above heading, that there are not many contemporary writers for the grandest of instruments whose productions are well worth the serious study of the player and the serious attention of the listener. One of the most gifted among our native writers for the organ we have unhappily recently lost, — one who never wrote carelessly or indifferently, and never forgot the high character of the instrument or descended to sensational or popular composition for its key-board. But it would not be difficult to name a good many living musicians, English, French, and German, who have supplied and will, it is to be hoped, continue to supply the organ-player with much food that is convenient for him and his hearers, in a considerable variety of styles or manners, all calculated to bring out and illustrate qualities special to the organ as distinguished from other instruments. As to a different class of writers who turn out, *currente calamo*, showy and flimsy marches, offertoires, and other pieces calculated to produce much noisy effect with little real effort on the part of either composer or performer, and in which the true character of the instrument is entirely ignored for a style of handling which may be called prancing on it rather than playing on it, these need not be taken into account here at all. The organ is above all others the instrument for intellectual music, and productions into which no intellect goes are beside its mark altogether.

But admitting all the value and interest of a good deal that is written for the organ at present, it remains a fact, and a vexatious one for lovers of the instrument, that none of the few composers of the highest class, and who have the widest aims, seem disposed to pay any attention to the organ. There have been, in fact, only two classical composers for the instrument, — Bach and (after a long interval) Mendelssohn. Handel may be named, perhaps, in virtue of his concertos, but he can only be named doubtfully. The organs on which he played, and for which he composed his few extant concertos, were so limited in their size and scope — wanting, above all, the great glory and power of the organ, the pedal-board — that it was impossible that he could realize or work out the special capabilities of the instrument. As rearranged for a large organ by the greatest of modern organ-players, two or three of these concertos can always be depended upon to "tell" with a general audience; and they are in this way very valuable to a player as furnishing music of a robust, masculine type, such as no musician need be ashamed of caring for, and at the same time sufficiently simple and straightforward to appeal to the sympathies of a less cultured audience. It may be said that this praise, which may be applied in the same terms to a great deal of Handel's choral writing, is in reality almost the highest that could be given to a composer; and so it is in one sense. But while Handel's choral works not only represent the perfection of style in vocal writing, but rise at their best to the very loftiest musical feeling, his organ works never do rise to this point, and (which is more to the present purpose) they hardly ever represent the special powers of the instrument. With the exception of such short, slow movements as that which opens the Fifth Concerto, there are hardly any movements among the organ concertos which may not be played with equal, sometimes with better, effect on the piano-forte; and, moreover, the "solos" introduced, and originally intended as display passages for the player, are mostly so hackneyed in form, and resemble each other so much in manner, that a listener entering in the middle of one of these passages would find it difficult to say at the moment which out of two or three of the concertos was being played. What Handel may have made of these works when he played them himself, filling in the bare outlines and introducing, very likely, contrapuntal design extemporized at the moment, we can hardly judge; but, as they stand, these concertos can only in a modified sense claim to be regarded as classical organ music.

Of Bach it is unnecessary to say anything, of course; he is the acknowledged king of the organ. One observation may be made in regard to a point which amateur lovers of Bach, at least, hardly seem to recognize; that is, the decided way in which his organ preludes and fugues, as contrasted with those for the harpsichord or clavier, are put together in such a manner as to suit the special power of definition of the instrument. This is, indeed, obvious enough in the preludes, which are mostly of a style and design quite distinct from those written for the clavier. But a strict fugue is a strict fugue, for whatever instrument it be written; and accordingly some people have rashly supposed that the organ and harpsichord or clavier fugues of Bach may be interchanged from one instrument to another without loss of effect. But except in a very few instances this is an illusion. The organ fugues do not tell as duets on the piano, and the fugues from "The Forty-eight" do not as a rule tell on the organ; they are arranged so that the entry of the inner subjects can be brought out by means of finger-pressure, while in the fugues for the organ, on which finger-pressure has no effect in modifying tone, the subject is made to stand out by the mode of disposing the parts in extended harmony, which it would be impossible to play without the assistance of the pedal. The distinction is one difficult to define exactly or to illustrate by special passages, but it must make itself felt to all who endeavor to play the organ and the clavier fugues respectively in such a manner as to mark the entries of the subject clearly; and it is obvious that Bach, a great executant as well as a great player, felt instinctively the difference between the capabilities of the two instruments, and wrote accordingly, even in the strictest fugal composition.

After Bach, as before remarked, Mendelssohn is the one great name in organ composition. Mozart appears, judging from his recorded remarks, to have thoroughly understood the genius of the instrument, and to have extemporized on it in the pure organ style, to the equal delight of himself and of listeners who remembered Bach; but he wrote nothing specially for it. His two noble fantasias, composed for a mechanical organ, make splendid organ pieces as re-arranged by Mr. Best, but they are not entirely in the organ style, and are in every respect exceptional among his works. Beethoven professed great enjoyment in playing the organ in his younger days, but wrote nothing for it. Schumann is the only other composer of great name who has touched organ-music, and his six fugues on the name of Bach are in the most serious and elevated style, and contain much to interest the player and hearer, but they impress one as labored and only partially successful; and his little pieces called "Lieder ohne Worte for the Organ" have nothing organic about them, and might as well have been written for the piano. But Mendelssohn's organ works stand on quite different ground. They form the only modern examples of organ composition, by a composer of the first class, at once entirely suited to the instrument and representing the best capabilities of the composer. In this respect they have been very much underrated. Among the enthusiastic admirers whom Mendelssohn has had in this country, many (so separate an interest is organ music in general society) hardly know anything of them; and by others we have heard them rated as among his weakest productions. To our thinking the very reverse is the case. Mendelssohn, who in a general way (as most people understand now) was a decided mannerist, and rather a sentimentalist among composers, is in six organ sonatas less mannered and less sentimental than in most, if not any, of his other classes of work. They stand much higher as organ-music than his piano-forte music does as piano-forte music, and they are each completely distinct and individual in design and feeling, almost as much so as if they were the work of so many different hands; and of what other collection of compositions by Mendelssohn can this be said? The same may be said of his only other organ work, the three preludes and fugues. In the sonatas the fugues that are introduced are the weakest parts (except, perhaps, that in the Second Sonata, which has very fine points); fugue was not Mendelssohn's *forte* as a rule, and there is in his organ fugues occasionally a confusion as to the conduct of the part-writing, and even as to the method of writing it down, which is felt by the player, perhaps, more than by the listener. But, apart from this, these sonatas are noble examples of the application of new treatment to the organ, — perfectly new at the time, — which is entirely in accordance with the genius and the mechanism of the instrument. The step made in the First Sonata beyond all that had previously been written can hardly be overrated

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in its importance in regard to the modern development of the instrument; the recitative movement which precedes the finale opened quite a new set of resources in the expressive power of the organ, while the finale showed how effects previously regarded as special to the piano-forte could be translated into the language and adapted to the mechanism of the organ.[1] Each of the sonatas embodies some other suggestion for the treatment of the instrument, originated by the composer, in every case effective and successful, and most of which have since received the compliment of repeated imitation by composers of inferior calibre.

Now it is especially in regard to this suggestiveness and individuality of style in Mendelssohn's organ compositions that we are struck with the contrast when we consider the best of the organ-music which has been written since. Almost all the organ-music we have had since Mendelssohn (and, with his exception, since Bach) is that of composers who are specially organists, who play the instrument and write for it mainly. And players who write for their instrument almost always fall into a mannerism of style, and rarely achieve the highest that the art, or even the instrument, is capable of. If Beethoven, the greatest writer incomparably for the piano-forte, had confined himself to playing and composing for that instrument, there is every reason to suppose that, so far from his piano-forte works having been any finer or more perfect than they are, they would have been less so. The greatest compositions for any given instrument are produced by a composer of the highest calibre, whose genius demands many outlets, and can assimilate itself to the genius of each instrument he selects as the medium for expressing his ideas. It is only genius of the second or third order which is content to write merely for one instrument (Chopin being a rare, perhaps the only, exception). And the misfortune is that most of our modern organ music is furnished simply by organ composers who never get to the heights of musical expression, and many of whom are hopelessly uninteresting. It would hardly be possible to find a more dead-level of mediocrity than in the voluminous pages of Rink's "Organ School," and the ponderous dullness of Hesse is only relieved by one or two pieces possessed of some brightness and character. We have had much better works produced by other writers for the organ since; but somehow the interest of their writing seems to concentrate in one or two successful and effective pieces which exhaust their capabilities. We get a sonata, perhaps, with the name of Van Eykeu, or Ritter, or Merkel, which is so effective that we look out for other works by the same composer, only to find that they are echoes, as one may say, of the one successful work which has given the composer his name. Herr Merkel is a little more "all round" in this way than some others of his brethren; but it must be confessed that he draws upon Mendelssohn and Beethoven, unintentionally perhaps, but very obviously, to an extent which very much weakens his claim to originality. Herr Rheinberger's works present more variety and individuality than those of most of his contemporaries, and it is worth remark that he is one of the few modern organ composers whose works in other branches of composition have attained a recognized and deserved repute. This is the case, too, with our own late composer, Henry Smart; but even in his case the most friendly critic (and none could be more so than the present writer) must be conscious that there is a remarkable similarity in the style and even the phrases of a good many of his organ movements. Dr. Wesley, an organ-player of real genius, expended his strength, as far as the organ is concerned, mainly in extemporizing, and his few published compositions prove rather to indicate what he might have done if he had given his mind more systematically to such composition, than to furnish any large or important addition to the organist's library. We are indebted to Mr. Silas for compositions, few but admirable, and possessing more variety, color, and piquancy of style than are found in the works of some organ composers more popularly known and reputed. Of the number of writers who have brought out "Three Andantes for the Organ" (and who has not?), all that can be said is that they have increased the stock of "in-voluntaries" (for "middle voluntaries" seem to have gone out). to be forgotten as soon as they have served that purpose.

But of the best and most respected of the contemporary writers, some of whom have been named above, it cannot surely be said that any one has contributed works to the organist's library which can be regarded as among the great classics of music. They themselves would be the very first to disclaim the idea. They have done what they could, and done it well, and we owe them the more thanks for their efforts to contribute to a branch of the art unaccountably neglected by the highest rank of composers. But what we want is to see the organ receive due attention at the hands of the foremost composers of the day. We have had a new violin concerto by Brahms, and a great excitement its production caused; but why cannot a composer of his calibre, so lofty in his style, so serious in his aims, turn some of his genius towards the organ, and give us a new sonata or set of sonatas which might form another epoch in the treatment of the instrument, and be as much a matter of general interest as a new violin concerto? Why can we not have something of the kind from Gounod, whose genius certainly has an affinity with the instrument, and who ought to be able to give us something which would take as high a position in organ music as his "Messe Solennelle" occupies in Catholic church music? It would be of great interest, too, to hear what Wagner would do with a work for a great modern organ; something new and unprecedented ought to come out of that, unquestionably. The contribution of important works for the organ by such composers would not only be a matter of the highest interest to the organ-player, but it would do something to bring the great instrument out of its comparative neglect by the modern musical world, and place it on a level in general estimation with the piano-forte. At present there are numbers of amateurs, well acquainted with other modern instruments and the music written for them, to whom organ music is a *terra incognita*, and who have the most shadowy notions as to the instrument and its capabilities. And when the great composers entirely neglect it, we can hardly blame the general public for knowing no better. — *London Musical Times.*

[1] This fine movement is sometimes criticised as unsuitable to the organ, simply on account of its being played faster than the composer intended. As an organ-player himself, Mendelssohn was quite alive to the capabilities and limitations of speech of the organ, and there is nothing in either this movement or the Allegro of the Fifth Sonata which is at variance with the quality of the organ, if the composer's metronomed time is adhered to.

"JOHN OF PARIS" AT VIENNA.[2]

At the Imperial Opera House, Boieldieu's comic opera, *Jean de Paris*, has been brought forth from long oblivion. We acknowledge gratefully the respect which has lately been manifested for classical operas, and cannot do otherwise than support Herr Jauner in the noble feeling which caused him not long ahead to resuscitate *Idomeneo*. But it was no particularly lucky star which led him to *Jean de Paris* of all operas in the world. We fail to appreciate neither the historical significance nor the absolute æsthetic value of the work, though it is certainly very much faded at the present day. But the very thing which constitutes its charming peculiarity cannot have justice done it in a large theatre, and consequently not at the Imperial Opera House. We know what an immense success *Jean de Paris* proved when first produced in Paris (1812) and afterwards in Germany. Boieldieu had just returned from a disagreeable residence of many years in Russia to the French capital, thanks to his *Jean de Paris*, the favorite of his countrymen. What he had previously produced in Paris was not of much importance, and continued to live almost exclusively by this or that romance. Romances, the pet musical form with the French, play a prominent part in all Boieldieu's operas; the whole of *Jean de Paris* is a sort of romance among operas. The tones which *La Dame Blanche* struck at a later period (1825): with such charming volume and richness, are already very decidedly audible in *Jean de Paris;* but all the forms in the latter are more restricted; the invention and combinations are much more simple; the expression is more superficial, and the effects are more timid. From a musical point of view, *Jean* is merely a prelude, though, it is true, a charming one, to *La Dame Blanche*. Boieldieu's weak point, and that of French music generally, namely, the want of intensity and depth of feeling, is much more strikingly apparent in *Jean* than in *La Dame Blanche*, whose graceful smile is inspired and glows with the breath of sentiment. *Jean de Paris* was written by the librettist with an eye to joyous, gallant, conversational music alone; where the composer might desire the expression of feeling, the librettist offers only descriptions of external objects or witty discussions. Even M. A. Pougin, Boieldieu's latest French biographer, admits this. The Princess's very first air — originally an air for Calypso in the composer's earlier opera of *Télémaque!* — contains merely a calm description of the pleasures of traveling. Jean's duet with the Page is a short treatise on the duties of knighthood; the Page's air, an exact description of his master's traveling outfit; and Jean's, a dissertation on the delights of the table. Gracefully, but like the other pieces, does the duet between the Page and the Landlord's Daughter treat a theme since worn threadbare: the contrast be-

[2] Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse* in the *London Musical World*, December 20, 1879.

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tween town and country life in dance and song. The first and only situation, when, after nothing but masquerading and intriguing, the heart comes into its rights, — out until the very end of the opera, though, — is Jean's confession with the love duet appended to it. But even here the music is totally deficient in tenderness and warmth. We ourselves consider the best number in the entire score to be the first *finale*, which, with its varied and yet elegant confusion and the burlen ("Cette auberge est à mon gré, m'y voici, j'y resterai") employed so effectively, is a masterly example of the comedy-treatment of broad musical form. Boieldieu here reveals what, with all his independence, he learned from Mozart, and what he was to unfold, with still greater florid beauty and richness, in the dictation scene of *La Dame Blanche*.

Who can fail to perceive that the graceful *Jean de Paris* has nowadays lost much of its original charm? The music sounds, here and there, exceedingly dry and insipid, quite apart from the extreme simplicity of the instrumental treatment. These defects seem to increase with the size of the stage on which the opera is performed, while, on the other hand, the musical qualities most especially its own are thrown into the background and grow obscure. The proper soil on which alone conversational operas like *Jean de Paris* flourish is at all times a small stage such as that of the Opéra Comique, where audience and performers are on a most intimate footing; where no turn in the dialogue, no delicacy of the accompaniment, and no portion of the play of features are lost. *Jean de Paris* is not effective in a large theatre like the Opera House. We know only one valid reason which could cause and justify its being produced there: the fact of the manager's happening to be in a position to cast the opera exceptionally well. We do not mean by this, with simply distinguished artists, but with artists distinguished in this peculiar branch of art; specialists, or, at any rate, artists possessing decided talent for French acting opera. Such artists our Opera House cannot at the present moment show, and the management could consequently hope for no more than a very small measure of success. For a work which by its very style is unsuited to the Opera House, and is, in addition, growing rapidly out of date, a "respectable" performance is not sufficient. It must be re-animated by artists of brilliant talent, or not given at all. An example of such brilliant talent, such a complete incarnation, or such a spiritualization, of opéra comique, was Roger — Gustave Roger, whose place will never be filled, and whom we shall never forget. In the year 1866, he sang for the last time the part of Jean de Paris in the little Harmonie-Theatre, the unfortunate precursor of our not much more fortunate Komische Oper. He was already advanced in years, and had only one arm; he sang with the remains of his voice, and in a foreign language. Yet every scene played by him conveyed more to the audience and afforded them incomparably higher enjoyment than yesterday's entire performance at the Imperial Opera House. Roger's entrancing style invested the wretched *mise-en-scène* at the Harmonie-Theatre with more golden brilliancy than the magnificent costumes at the Imperial Opera House could impart to the efforts of the singers there. A Roger, it is true, is not to be met with every day, not even in France, where they now do not possess, either at the Grand Opera or at the Opéra Comique, any tenor who, in talent or art, so much as approximates to Roger. Far, therefore, are we from wishing to compare any German tenor to a specifically French creation like *Jean de Paris* with Roger. A man may be a very excellent Elvino, Ernani, or Raoul, and yet not possess a special natural qualification for the light tattle of comic opera. Our admirable artist, Müller, took most conscientiously the greatest pains with his part, but the pains were the most prominent portion of his impersonation. The extremely jerky, quick sentences of the German version, which Jean has to sing, with a word to each note, give any German singer enough to do; a Frenchman lets them glide, as it were, off his lips. Herr Müller tears his sentences to tatters. As a performance in an unusual field of action, Herr Müller's Jean deserved sincere respect; looked at from a purely vocal point of view, it may be said to have towered over everything done by any one else. Herr Scaria was more at home: in the part of the Seneschal he brought to bear the advantage of so exceedingly clear utterance and naturally phlegmatic gravity. He did not produce with his air the great effect which renders the latter so dear to famous vocalists (Stockhausen, for instance); he was frequently under the necessity of having recourse to those carefully deadened high notes, which form so flat a contrast to the vigorous notes of his middle and lower register.

Mme. Kupfer, as the Princess of Navarre, looked magnificent. She was, indeed, a princess who could afford to be gazed at! But this was all. Even in the non-florid, simple pieces, such as the Troubadour's romance, her singing was pure naturalism. Mlle. Braga exhibited, as the Page, much versatility, and, as a vocalist, got over the difficulties of her entrance-air pretty well. We must, however, regret the restless and unpleasing eagerness with which she is always striving to put her undeniable dramatic talent in a favorable light, and thereby succeeds only in exhibiting it in a distorting glass. She is exaggerated in her dramatic accentuation; in the vivacity of her movements; and, above all, in her facial expression. She is fond of accompanying every bar with a grimace. Let her display a little more natural truth and simplicity, and she will certainly produce more genuine effects. With the above named leading artists, called on several times after the fall of the curtain, were associated Mlle. Kraus (Lorenza) and Herr Ley (Pedrigo), who did very meritoriously what they had to do. The opera is placed on the stage as effectively as possible; the new costumes especially, by their magnificence and historical accuracy, are well worth seeing.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

BERLIOZ'S "PRISE DE TROIE."

(From Correspondence of the New York Musical Review.)

So long as a musical work exists only on paper, it is about the same as if it existed only in the mind of its author. The only way to test a piece of music is to perform it. . . . All those who love Berlioz (and their number is now very great) owe a debt of gratitude to our two popular conductors of orchestra, Pasdeloup and Colonne, for their idea of taking the *Prise de Troie* from the shelves of the book stores and of presenting it to the public in a manner which, though incomplete on account of its lacking the essential element of action, nevertheless enables the public to judge of the work from a musical point of view, whilst they wait for some intelligent manager of a theatre to gain assured success by putting on the stage the *Prise de Troie* and representing anew the *Troyens à Carthage*.

It has often been said that Berlioz is not a dramatic genius; but after the twenty performances of the *Troyens à Carthage*, given at Paris in 1863, that assertion seems rather strong. He certainly does not understand the stage as did Scribe and Meyerbeer; he has not, as a poet the commonplace facility of the former, or, as a musician, the accommodating eclecticism of the latter. His inspiration is often labored, but it is very rarely that he can be accused of committing a scenic absurdity, and never is he guilty of any of those repugnant theatrical vulgarities which Scribe so much affected and which Meyerbeer unhappily accepted with too much complaisance. Knowing that he was capable of great achievements, and avoiding the beaten paths, Berlioz could scarcely help producing something powerful and original; that passionate admirer of Virgil, of Shakespeare, of Gluck, and of Spontini could not be lacking in poetic and dramatic feeling. The powerful scenes of *Benvenuto Cellini*, the ravishing tableaux of *Beatrice et Benedict*, and the grand and charming episodes of the *Troyens* are proofs of this.

Berlioz's inspiration is labored, as I have already said. This truth often makes itself felt in his works, and what is known of his mode of working only confirms this impression. He, moreover, did not receive any musical education to his early youth. He could play only a little, a very little, on the guitar and flute and none at all on any other instrument. With the music of the classic masters he did not become familiar until much later. This accounts for the want of ease observable in some of his music. But this fault, which in one less strongly organized would manifest itself in harsh and awkward phrases, in trifling and unequal numbers, in a word, in weakness, is in him very much attenuated by the immediate contact with vigorous thoughts, full of beauties, which invade and penetrate the hearer and prevent him from spending much thought on those pages to the "musicality."

The system of composition followed by Berlioz in his operas proceeds from two different sources. There is, first, the influence of the style of his favorite authors — no influence very easily recognized in many a passage; and then that which is peculiarly his own, which he has created under the incubation of the romantic period, and which Richard Wagner certainly took for the point of departure of his creations, but, as is well known, after the first efflorescence of the genius of Berlioz.

In briefly analyzing the *Prise de Troie*, we shall try to distinguish, among the principal movements, those which may be arranged under one or other of the above two heads.

The entire lyric poem, taken by Berlioz from the second and fourth books of the Æneid, formed at first in the mind of the author only one composition. But the dimensions which the work assumed soon obliged him to cut it in two, in order to adapt it to the stage. Of these two parts that to which he gave the preference, and which deserved it, and which, after years of waiting, he finally had the happiness of seeing put upon the stage, was the second, the *Troyens à Carthage*. In regard to the *Prise de Troie*, he had no hope that it would be represented before the arrival of better times, and these have been very long in coming. It appears that, in proportion as Berlioz advanced in his work, his style became more assured and fixed; for to the first part there are some evidently tentative passages, some compromises with the old lyric doctrines, which are not found in the second. The *Prise de Troie* is merely a beautiful and grand prologue. The musician tunes his lyre, and it gives forth most glorious accents, but also among them more than one discord.

The first act opens with a chorus of the Trojan populace, which is dispersed over the plain after the apparent departure of the Greeks. The chorus is of an awkward and strained measure; its scholastic forms indicate very poorly the abandon, the disorder, which ought to reign

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under such circumstances. Berlioz introduced here the onomatopœias which he so much affected, those *ha! ha!* vocalized, which are ridiculous, and nothing else. Cassandra, the prophet ess, enters upon the scene after the departure of the chorus; her recitative, "Les Grecs ont disparu," is in grand style, and the admirable air that follows, "Malheureux roi!" might, aside from some harmonies that modernize it, have been written by Gluck. In the duo between Cassandra and her affianced, Coræbus, three parts are to be distinguished: the dialogues in recitative, which are of a beautiful and noble declamation; the two cantabiles of Coræbus, "Revenez à moi," in the style of Spontini, and "Mais le ciel et la terre," recall Méhul and his correct frigidity; finally, the union of the two voices, where some series of thirds and sixths spoil a fine situation. Berlioz was not himself in that feeble personation of the first act, the shortest and the least good of the three.

A hymn in the form of a march, in which the Trojans return thanks to the gods who protected their city, begins the second act. It is of a texture sufficiently heavy; the composer sought to write popular music, but the effort made is very perceptible, and it came to nothing. What is the sense, for example, of the somewhat puerile oppositions of *forte* and *piano* in "Dieu de l'Olympe," and "Dieu de mers," for which there is absolutely no reason whatever? Nevertheless, thanks to the powerful instrumentation, there are some fine sounding passages in the movement, and it is not without effect on the public, since at the Châtelet, where, however, the encores are very frequent, it had to be repeated last Sunday. A pleasant and short diversion, "A combat with the cestus, passage at arms," in which occurs an episode in 5-4 measure, precedes a grand scene of singing and pantomime, mixed, in which figure Andromache, her son Astyanax, King Priam and Queen Hecuba, and which has sense and is interesting only on a stage. Æneas comes running, to tell, in a rapid melopœia, the terrible spectacle of which he has just been a witness: the Trojan priest and his two sons choked to death by two enormous serpents that arose from the sea. Then begins a grand movement *d'ensemble* (ottetto and chorus): "Châtément effroyable," which is one of the rare, but very great, mistakes of Berlioz. A gradation of effect, ably obtained, and the vocal and orchestral passages are not sufficient to justify the excessive length of this movement, its fastidious repetitions of words, and the false manner in which the situation is treated. It is an inexplicable concession to the ancient operatic routine, which Berlioz so often covered with his sarcasm. Happily there comes soon after a very dramatic air by Cassandra, deploring that her counsels have not been followed, and that the fatal present of the Greeks has been introduced into the city; then, at the end, a splendid movement, full of refulgence, life, and interest, uniting in the highest degree all that which constitutes the value of a lyric musical movement. It is the Trojan march, "Du roi des dieux, ô fille sainte," and it is twenty times better than that which, in a very similar situation, closes the second act. If Berlioz had not written this before Wagner, we should say that this march is like an echo from *Tannhäuser*. But the French musician had in him, long before, the aspirations which were to be realized in so personal and so new a manner in his symphonic poems. His style was altogether his own for a long time, and if sometimes it was not equal to that of a more ancient art, it was so only temporarily, and when the inspiration had left him. He for a long time, and with reason, thought much of that march, for he intercalated it also in the recitative prologue of the *Troyens à Carthage*, which prologue was added in the representations of the opera, in order to resume in a few lines the portion not then represented, that is, the *Prise de Troie*.

In the third act we find, first, a scene which would have a most powerful effect in a theatre; for even performed at a concert, with only symphonic resources, it produced a very lively impression. It is the appearance of the shade of Hector, who comes to show Æneas the way of safety after the destruction of Troy, and commands him to flee to Italy with his gods, the treasure of Priam, and the defenders of the city, who are no longer of any use to it. In Hector's recital no other notes are employed except the chromatic series descending in the interval of an octave, from B-flat to B-flat: these phrases unfolding themselves *recto tono* as a psalmody, in the space of twenty-eight measures and accompanied only by the long chords of the string instruments and the muted notes of the horn, are of a terrible effect. The use of the horn, in particular, with its lugubrious sounds is one of those novelties interlicted to ordinary minds. The entire scene bears the stamp of genius. The ruin of Troy is almost accomplished; the Greeks are in the city, pillaging, burning, and killing; but Æneas, his companions, their gods, and the treasure of Priam have escaped them. Then the Trojan women, under the help of Cybele; their chorus, in three parts, opens with a plaintive exclamation, leaving, between the voice and the instruments, the interval of a diminished fifth, to D-flat, which there produces a heart-rending effect. Berlioz was certainly a great colorist. The chorus itself, "Puissante Cybèle," has much sweetness in its melancholic tint. Cassandra enters with dishevelled hair and in tears. She makes to Vesta a sacrifice of her life, and exhorts her companions to imitate her example rather than permit themselves to fall into the hands of the Greeks. Some heroically accept the alternative, the others hesitate, and are reviled by the former. The voluntary victims with Cassandra at their head immolate themselves just when the vanquishers come to lay hands on them. . . . . This whole final scene, on which Berlioz has left his vigorous and altogether personal imprint, is admirably conducted, and in the highest degree dramatic. The recitative of Cassandra, the choruses of the women, everything in the three parts is of the most intense interest, which does not for a moment diminish. If this opera were well performed in a theatre with an intelligent *mise-en-scène*, this termination ought to produce a deep impression.

The melodic style of Berlioz in the *Prise de Troie* is, above all, expressive. Gluck's precepts guided him. In regard to the manner of writing, there is little to be found fault with, except in some of the slight details, as, for instance, the first notes sung by *Æneas* in the second act, to the words: "Du peuple et des soldats," and which oblige the singer to sound, without preparation, a G sharp and an A sharp, and this without any plausible reason. The harmony and the instrumentation are, in the entire work, full of relief and interest; and it is evident that, in it all, the *technical* part of the composition was that which most preoccupied Berlioz, and in which he most constantly drew upon his inventive genius. As Wagner, so Berlioz was his own proper poet. His verses are often very beautiful, but there are not wanting weak places in them. He had, besides, no pretension to deserving poetic laurels, and he wrote his own libretto only in order to be certain that the entire work should be modeled according to his ideas.

"Sig. Basso *scored* a complete success."—Set it to music? or won a bass bawl match?

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN IN VICTORIA STREET.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is the "Celebrity at Home" in the *World* recently. The writer of the article says that Mr. Sullivan may owe his cheerful temperament rather to his race than to his musical destiny. Of Irish parentage on one side and of Italian descent on the other, he perhaps retains the vivacity of the Irish with the more solid intellectual qualities of the Italian. Lively as his manner is, now that he is again thoroughly restored to health, it is, however, no difficult matter to bring him to a serious level. To him all beautiful things suggest an equivalent in his own art, to which he strives, above all things, to impart positive character. A remarkable instance of his faculty in this peculiar direction is afforded by the exquisite part-song, "We will wach him, mend him, tend him," in the second act of the *Sorcerer*, which at once brings before the mind's eye chintz gowns, flowered waistcoats, and a dance upon the village green. This beautiful specimen of what may be called light-handed work was once sung with immense applause at one of Mr. Leslie's concerts by Madame Patey and other artists in the front rank of their profession, by whom every delicate *nuance* was charmingly and sympathetically rendered. Hereat the purists took fright, and difficult as it is to believe, actually protested with solemn dullness against the introduction of music written for a light theatrical piece into a concert otherwise composed of "serious" work. Dull people always do this kind of thing, and quite overlook the well-worn truth, that to play with a subject the author must know it thoroughly. These are the men who call Frenchmen superficial because they are clear, and Germans profound because they are ponderous. As Mr. W. S. Gilbert deserves honor for the ability with which he defends authorship against the outrages of managers, publishers, *hoc genus omne*, so does Mr. Sullivan merit glory for the thoroughly artistic hopefulness and manly self-denial which enables him to resist the temptation of tuition—the rock on which so many musicians of fair promise have struck. Happily for the public and himself, he preferred long years of hard work, sweetened now and then by that praise which is so remote from solid pudding, to the very handsome income which teaching would have given him at once. With the audacity which sometimes accompanies genius, he spurned the *pot-au-feu* of the instructor, and determined to live by genuine work. None but those acquainted with the musical profession can do full justice to the young composer, who, instead of spending his day in picking up seven or eight guineas from inharmonious drills, devotes the whole of it to original work, and trusts for his bread to its success. He has, of course, one immense advantage over the giver of lessons. Be the latter never so skilled, he comes to his original work wearied and jaded, and under these depressing circumstances the fire of genius must require a world of stirring before it will burn brightly. This life of alternate drudgery and inspiration Arthur Sullivan determined should never be his. Like a musical Cortez he burned his ships, and trusted to the unexplored possibilities of art to justify his resolves. Just at this moment there is some little danger that the reputation of Arthur Sullivan as a solid musician of the higher class will be overshadowed by the enormous popularity attained by the light and pretty music which, wedded to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's exquisitely humorous "words," has driven America as well as England mad over *H. M. S. Pinafore*. This purely national and original vein of production was hit upon in the oddest way. Thirteen years ago Charles Burnett, a writer on *Punch*, died, and his family be-

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ing left in sore distress, a benefit was arranged, and Mr. F. C. Burnand promised to collaborate with Mr. Sullivan in a musical piece. Time passed, till within a week of the benefit it occurred to the collaborators as they were going to church that they had collaborated nothing. Mr. Burnand was equal to the occasion. "Let us," said he, "set Cox and Box to music." Sullivan, struck with the happy thought, said "Book it;" and in seven days the work was written, learned, rehearsed and rendered by Messrs. Du Maurier, Harold Power, and Arthur Cecil. Transferred to the German Reed entertainments, *Cox and Box* ran for five hundred nights, and Mr. Arthur Cecil achieved a genuine triumph. Few will forget his singing the delightful "Lullaby Bacon." The success of *Cox and Box* opened up a prospect of lucrative work to Arthur Sullivan, whose first work produced in conjunction with W. S. Gilbert was *Thespis*, written for Mr. Toole, and adapted for the peculiarities of his individual organ. *Thespis* ran a hundred nights, but is now obscured by the brighter light of *Trial by Jury*, *The Sorcerer*, and *Pinafore*, the latter of which was worked out by the composer during intense physical pain which preceded his serious illness last summer. In Mr. Gilbert Mr. Sullivan has found a collaborator after his own heart. His lines are always smooth and perfect in rhythm, and what is more important, as Mr. Sullivan avers, are eminently suggestive. The composer lays great stress upon this point, insomuch as he holds that the "words" of a musical piece should suggest the music. In producing their work the authors of *Pinafore* proceed after a method of their own. Instead of the "book" being after dun consultation written and then set to music, the work goes on simultaneously by a gradual process of piling up number on number. Above all things it is kept in mind that the opening chorus and air must be lively and characteristic, and that the finale to the first act shall put the audience in good humor. Another serious matter is to decide when the music is to be made of the first importance and when subordinated to the words. When a dramatic situation can be perfectly illustrated by the music, the composer allows his power full scope; but when explanation is needed, cuts down his music to mere intoning, as in the immortal "I'm monarch of the sea," in which the repetition of "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," has tenfold the force and fun it would have if sung to an air. Bit by bit book and music are produced, and the work is done; and what the over-serious call an amusing trifle is produced — no trifle to the laborers before the mast of *H. M. S. Pinafore*. — *Yorkshire Post.*

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XIX.

(*To one beginning to paint*) Learn to paint the whole thing in at once. Do, vishly and positively, certain things that you have not been in the habit of doing. Study to arrange certain things for a result later. When the result arrives, that's the end of it. You want to pack certain things in your trunk before you start.

See what the vital things are! Give up all idea of "finish!" Nobody ever finished. Keep the canvas as a slate to do your sums on. Don't expect to finish it, sign your name, and present it to your grandmother. She won't care anything about it. Use your canvas like a tablet to do your lessons on. When you learn what values are, you'll find that a picture exists.

Get the *general* look of things. Look at the light on the top of that head. (*A plaster bas-relief.*) It is simple and clear, but you, in your anxiety to draw whatever you *think* you see, cover it with lines and disturb it with shadows.

What is the effect? A brilliant white cast against a gray back ground. Don't look for lines. Don't borrow any dark lines. There are enough of them, we all know. You think you see lines in that hair, and you put them in until they look like the teeth of a coarse comb.

"Masses" are great spaces where the light strikes and where the shadow falls. Close your eyes and see how the lines disappear compared with the great mass of shadow!

"I can see *one!*"

Of course you can; and you can see things which are not there. Your business is no scrutiny; it is impression, perception. When you look at that cast you see a beautiful image. You don't see a collection of lines. You don't want to do any more than there is to do. You do too much work; or what you call work. You won't believe how little work there is in a fine thing! Look at "Clytie," yonder! How many "lines" do you see? You can do it all without a line. It is like an apparition at first. The shoulders and chest are one mass of light. Little lines, to be sure, there are; but with two or three you can model the whole thing. I say you. I mean myself. I mean all of us. You may draw lines to the end of time, and you won't have a picture. You can't do things simply without studying. You don't want a lot of lines, like a rain-storm, to give an impression. You need one solid, flat tint. Look at this background. I'm not doing it for finish, but for fact. You get your outlines too much before getting your masses; and then you leave a light edge, like a halo, all around the head, for fear of losing the outline.

Better be frankly wrong, than doubtfully right. In drawing the little girl's frock, put in decided shadows wherever you see them. Then you will know where you are. Now you have the general tint and the shadows of the drapery, see how the hands and wrists come out looking.

Having made the hair dark, you can take out the little lights that fall on the braid. Don't do it as you think it is! You don't know how a braid looks. You can't draw details until you get the masses. Count the lights on the braid, and put them all in as you *think* they are, and where are you? You are working like a wig-maker, and have added a great deal which you really did not see.

Simplify certain things, and add what is necessary. If you see a robin in the grass, don't draw in every blade of the grass. Don't put in stuff that does n't mean anything. Look at that shadow in the corner of the room! Full, rich, dark, and undisturbed by lines and details.

Ordinary outlines represent nothing. They are a map of what the drawing might have been — if there had been any.

[1] Copyright 1887, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The New Year opened musically. The second Symphony Concert, in spite of business and gifts and calls, drew a large audience to the Music Hall, who were regaled and edified with a choice artistic programme of both old and new, the former represented by Bach and Mozart, the latter by Bargiel, Bruch, and Rubinstein, while Mendelssohn, the young Feilx, full of filial piety, loyal to the past, yet pressing forward, stood for the transition and connecting link, though Schumann might have stood there more significantly. These were the selections: —

Overture to "Medea" . . . . . *Bargiel.*
Aria: "My heart ever faithful," with Piano and 'Cello. *Bach.*
Mrs. J. W. Weston.

Symphony, in D (No. 1, Breitkopf and Hartel) . *Mozart.*
Adagio and Allegro — Andante — Presto.
Chaconne, in D minor, originally for Violin Solo,
adapted for Orchestra by Raff . . . . . *Bach.*
Overture to "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde," *Mendelssohn.*
Aria: "Ingeborg's Lament," from "Scenes from
the Frithjof Saga." Op. 23 (new) . . *Max Bruch.*
Mrs. J. W. Weston.
First Movement (*Allegro moderato*) from the
"Ocean" Symphony, in C, Op. 42 . . *Rubinstein.*

Bargiel's *Medea* Overture was given for the fourth time during the past ten years of these concerts, and it wears well, — one of the best of the Overtures since Schumann. It is modern and tragical, to be sure, from the nature of the subject, but this is relieved by an exquisitely tender and melodious episode; and, as a whole, the work is grand, impressive, and original. It was finely played. The Mozart Symphony, one of several in D, and "without Minuet," is a lovely composition, spontaneous, melodious, unmistakably clear in its intentions. You do not have to ask yourself whether you understand it, or whether you really like it, as you do after almost every recent work. There it stands, positive and perfect, which is only saying that it is by Mozart; with him it is no painful clinibing to a world-be heaven of invention; in that heaven of harmony he lives and breathes at home, and what he composes is beyond criticism; only sympathy, appreciation, are in place while he is on the stage, and nothing can be less appreciative than to consign such a symphony as this to the background because, forsooth, it has no part for the clarinet, no trombone, tubas, and the like, as modern orchestral productions have. With simplar means Mozart could express more than the moderns with their monster orchestras, and from fewer instruments evoke, not seldom, a more satisfying sonority; and so could Haydn. Of this Symphony the first movement is the most important, with its noble Adagio introduction, and its genial Allegro, of which the principal motive is almost identical with that of the *Zauberflöte* Overture, which is charmingly worked up with secondary motives and with beautiful tone-painting. The Andante is graceful, sweet, and tender, but was made a little cloying by unnecessary observance of the conventional repetition marks. The Presto is like happy lovers' melody; many will remember an old English love duet, once often heard in parlors, which was palpably cut out from one of its tuneful passages. The Symphony was delicately rendered, and we do not envy the spoiled musical appetite which found no zest in it.

Of a grander, broader, deeper order, yet in harmonious succession, came the Bach *Chaconne*. Raff made an important addition to our orchestral répertoire when he transcribed that wonderful violin solo — perhaps the greatest thing ever written for a single violin — for orchestra. He finds his justification for so doing (so he says in a short preface to the score) in the polyphonic character of Bach's violin solos, which, he thinks, shows that they were intended for development into full orchestral proportions. But the wonder is that the violin part contains all this and seems so perfect in itself. Nevertheless, the fact that the original work admitted of such a marvelous expansion, such an inexhaustible wealth and variety of form and color, as one variation after another develops out of the pregnant, still ever present, sober theme, each a fresh surprise and keen delight, helps us to realize what an intrinsic power and inspiration reside in that solo for the violin. Raff has executed the task in a masterly way, showing a consummate knowledge of the resources of the orchestra and of the art of instrumentation. Such fascination is there in the piece, such unfailing certainty of a fresh revelation, yet a home-like feeling of

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identity, in each successive variation, that one could almost pray to have the theme keep on renewing and transfiguring itself in that way all day long.

In pleasant contrast came the fresh, youthful, spring-like little Overture of Mendelssohn. It was a mistake, however, to leave off the four measures from the introduction which recur so expressively at the end. The Allegro from the "Ocean" Symphony made a strong, exhilarating, bright conclusion to the concert. There is a great deal of the poetry of Ocean in it; it is imaginative, romantic, graphic, and exciting music, but probably requires several hearings for its full appreciation. Though it was played with spirit, yet in some parts, in certain instruments, its outlines and its felicities of detail were somewhat blurred by carelessness of phrasing and of rhythmical division.

Mrs. Weston has a rich and musical mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with unaffected feeling and expression, though hardly with enough *abandon* in the rapturous song of Bach, which would have been more effective in that great hall with an orchestral accompaniment (the Franz parts could not be found); but the piano and 'cello obligato were nicely played by Mr. Foote and Mr. Wulf Fries. The "Lament," from Bruch's *Frithjof*, a sort of Thekla's song, is very beautiful, both in its simple, touching melody, which has a true Norse flavor, and in its delicate romantic orchestration (without trumpets or trombones), in which the violas have a very active part. It proved to be admirably suited to Mrs. Weston's voice and manner, and made a deep impression; the calls for a repetition were enthusiastic and persistent, but were modestly declined.

Euterpe. — The second concert, Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, was a very enjoyable occasion, — all the more so through the return to the pleasant old arrangement of placing the performers in the middle of the listeners. The programme gave us old and new, the classical and the romantic, in singular contrast, thus: —

Quartet . . . . *W. A. Mozart.*
No. 465, Koechel's Catalogue. Composed January 14, 1785, at Vienna. No. 6 of the set of six quartets dedicated to Joseph Haydn.

Adagio	C major, 3-4
Allegretto	C major, 4-4
Andante cantabile	F major, 3-4
Menuetto; allegretto	C major, 3-4
Trio	C minor, 3-4
Allegro molto	C major, 2-4

Quartet, No. 7, Opus 192, No. 2 . . . . *Joachim Raff.*
The Miller's Pretty Daughter. A Cycle of Tone-poems.

The Youth — Allegretto	D major, 9-8
The Mill — Allegro	G minor, 2-4
The Miller's Daughter — Andante, quasi adagietto	B flat major, 6-8
Unrest — Allegro	D minor, 4-4
Explanation — Andantino, quasi allegretto	G major, 3-4
For the Nuptial Eve — Vivace	D major, 4-4

The Quartet in C is one of the old favorites, one of the perfect things of Mozart. It was beautifully rendered by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, especially the Andante with that interesting figure in the 'cello part. Raff's "programme" piece is no Quartet at all in point of form or spirit, but it is very interesting in all but the last of its six scenes or tone-pictures, being melodious, rich, and euphonious in the blending of the instruments, and full of poetic suggestion. The first number seems to express the vague longing for love in the youth's soul, the aimless aspiration, and the music is a little prolix as well as vague, yet enjoyable. "The Mill" is the most natural and charming number; this gave general delight, and had to be repeated. The fifth number, "Explanation," or declaration, confession (*Erklärung*), also pleased exceedingly. Mr. Giese's manly 'cello tone was certainly very eloquent and tender in its pleading, and the silvery soft voice of the maiden was supposed to be heard in the first violin. All very pretty, but whether such a love duet between two instruments would keep much hold upon one's sympathies after several hearings may well be a question. Probably the Mozart and Beethoven style of Quartet will long outlast it. The last piece, "Zum Polter-Abend," which means, we suppose, the noisy mock serenade of the "Nuptial Eve," seemed a rushing, scrambling, head-over-heels sort of movement, and we fear would have seemed so even if it had not been scrambled through with by the hard-taxed instruments.

The Second University Concert, with its first performance in this country of the Goetz Symphony, with two beautiful movements of a Divertimento (for string orchestra and two horns) by Mozart, two great Overtures, and Miss Ita Welsh's singing, was altogether enjoyable, Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic Orchestra playing very finely; but we must reserve fuller notice.

Max Bruch's "Odysseus" (concluded). — We left the hero rescued from the waves by the Oceanides, and deposited, asleep, hungry, and naked, on the shore of the green and happy island of the Phæacians, a race favored of the Immortals, dwelling in fabulous peace, and leading a life all innocent gayety and sunshine. And now follow two of the finest scenes of the work.

VI. Nausicaa. She is the king's daughter, who is dancing and singing and "tossing the light ball" with her lighter-hearted maidens. Their strain, in 9-8 measure, alternating with a simpler one in 6-8, is exceedingly graceful, light, and buoyant. They sing of careless trust and joy: "Seize the fleeting, blissful hour," etc., with an exquisitely accompanying figure in the orchestra. His awakening and surprise at seeing, as it were, Diana and her nymphs, and his supplication for aid, are admirably managed; and the cordial hymn-like chorus of welcome: "Beggars and strangers always come from Zeus," concludes a number rich in musical invention and felicitous transitions. The part of Nausicaa was tastefully sung by Mrs G. A. Adams. Now follows music of a grander strain.

VII. The Banquet with the Phaiakes, or Phæacians. This is the most exciting, and, by all odds, the greatest number in the work. A marrowy and vigorous fugue theme is introduced by the bass voices, answered by the tenor, alto, and soprano, and is worked up into a magnificent whole, with a most enthusiastic and effective accompaniment. To this grand outburst of welcome succeeds the yet grander song of the Rhapsodes, for which all the strings of the orchestra resolve themselves into a gigantic, all-pervading "harp of a thousand strings," resounding with full chords *pizzicato*, in bold, broad, and unflagging rhythm. Tenors and basses, in powerful unison, recite the tale of the fall of Troy, the fate of Agamemnon, and the ten years' wandering of Ulysses. Of course this leads to his discovery, and the short, startling chorus, one voice after another, "'T is he," "'tis he," soon all uniting in full, strong chords: "'T is the chieftain of might," which is worthy of what has gone before. And then, in grateful contrast and completion to all this glorious excitement comes the softer, sweeter, but rich, full, satisfying quartet and chorus in praise of home; then, *Allegro con brio*, with a most exhilarating accompaniment, with cheering chorus of the people, the shining sails are spread, the oars groan again, and away the hero is borne upon the homeward voyage. This whole scene is full of genius and consummate art; the music tells the story wonderfully well.

VIII. We come back to poor Penelope, weaving the garment, unraveling by night what she has woven by day, to baffle the importunity of the suitors. She sings a very simple, yearning minor melody, to which the accompaniment supplies the *agitato* of her anxious heart; the low, sad song is only varied by one mild burst of indignation as she thinks of the presumptuous carousers. It is a song of simple beauty and true feeling, but almost lost amid the more brilliant and exciting scenes, although Miss Homer sang it touchingly and truly.

IX. The Return. Tenderly singing in soft unison, the Phaiakes carry the sleeping Odysseus on shore, then steal away, and their smooth four-part song is heard, softer and softer, as they recede. He wakes, does not recognize his native land, denounces the traitors who have abandoned him, wonders where he is, until Athena appears and informs him. When she tells him of the suitors and the danger of Penelope, he breaks out in a strain of rage and indignation, which reminds one somewhat of the revengeful aria of Pizarro in *Fidelio*, and affords a grand opportunity for impassioned declamation, such as Mr. Adams was quite sure to improve. The scene has dramatic intensity.

X. Feast in Ithaca. This last is a stirring scene, full of fine musical matter, to much of which, however, the audience, sated with so much before, was probably but half alive. There is first a vigorous chorus of the people: "Have ye heard the tidings!" ending with shouts of triumph; then, by way of tender episode before the final chorus, a beautiful duet between the reunited wife and husband, which is of a very noble character, — nothing of morbid sentimentality or common place about it; only the very richness of the full chord progressions in the orchestra make it perhaps a little cloying; and then a most enthusiastic, rapturous chorus of praise to all the gods, and triumph, beginning in long solid chords, and contrapuntally developed as it gains momentum and excitement; it has immense sonority and breath and splendor; but it is not a fugued chorus, and partly for that reason perhaps, though it is more tumultuous and overwhelming, it has less intrinsic power than the chorus of the Phæacians.

This is a very meagre description of "Odysseus," and it will require more than one hearing to do it justice. On the whole, the impression left by it on our mind is of a work of rare musicianship and of imaginative genius. Of melodies, distinct and positive, one carries away few, and those not remarkable; but of *melody*, melodic passages, and phrases, it is full, — more in the choruses than in the solos, far more in the orchestra than in the voices. All flows gracefully and smoothly throughout. The part writing for voices is clear and masterly. The harmony and instrumentation are remarkably rich and graphic and original. It takes a composer of a high order to set such texts to music so successfully as Max Bruch has here done.

It is well that the Cecilia have decided to give another performance of "Odysseus" later in the season, for a curious variety of opinions have been expressed about it. For instance, in the *Sunday Courier*, after the musical editor has offered a favorable opinion, a "Growler" is introduced with "Something on the other side." He says: —

After listening attentively for two hours and a half to the combined efforts of soloists, chorus, and orchestra, I went home thoroughly worn out mentally and musically. I had looked for bread, and they had given what to me was a stone: so I naturally expected to find some confirmation of my feelings in the reports of the daily press. Judge then of my surprise at finding a review of the work in the *Advertiser* which started out with the assertion that the chief characteristic of the work was its expressive melodiousness! Here I had been a whole long evening following the work with all my eyes and ears, and had failed to discover anything whatever at all worthy the name of melody, and then to be told that melody was its greatest charm! I thought possibly I might be wrong, so I took the score and sought, as one seeks for hidden treasures, for the melody I was assured was there. I found, indeed, what I might call the front ends of what, if properly developed, might have formed respectable melodies, but nothing more. These fragments were from two to four bars in length, and often I said to myself, while listening, that the long hoped-for melody had at length arrived. No such good luck: the poor things seemed so lonesome, that after a very brief struggle for existence they retired into the orchestral tumult that surged around them, as if weary of contending with such uncongenial surroundings. I thought possibly that Penelope's lament might, though mournful, be musically expressive of her grief. I found it insufferably stupid, nothing more. In short, where I might reasonably have expected melody, I found nothing but musical commonplaces: even the choruses, with possibly two or three exceptions, were simply orchestral figures adapted to words. I found plenty of form, an excess of orchestral coloring, more or less declamation, some good choral effects, everything, in fact, that a thorough knowledge of the sci-

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ence of music could give, except the divine spark that pervades such works as Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Gade have given us: of that I found not a trace. And yet we are told that the work is one of the finest of modern productions. Heaven save the mark! If this is a masterpiece, in what category are we to place the "Walpurgis Night," "The Crusaders," "Paradise and the Peri," or numerous other works I could name? Is the gift of melody utterly lost, and must we for the future be satisfied with the Wagnerian "Endless Melody," with symphonic works with choral attachments presented under the guise of Vocal Works? This seems to me to be the present drift of music. But enough for the present. While waiting for the matter to settle and take definite form, will you kindly point out to me one straight tune in the entire "Odysseus." I want to see what your idea of a melody is.

Quite the opposite opinion is expressed in the *Gazette*: —

It is a strong work, exceedingly beautiful at times in its melodies, and always striking in the happy unity of feeling between the words and the music. Its harmonies are rich, fluent, and graceful, and the instrumentation is refined, masterly, and expressive. This cantata abounds in merits of every kind, and is characterized throughout by poetic and artistic sentiment of great elevation and purity. As a piece of writing for voices it is a masterpiece, and in every essential is a delightful work to listen to. It does not baffle the understanding or perplex the interest at a single hearing, and, though partaking of many of the qualities of the modern school, is wholly clear and broad, producing none of that monotony in effect which the mannerisms of the composers of the future have imposed upon their style. Some of the quieter portions of the work are exquisitely tender, and the chorus of the Sirens, in particular, is charming in its grace and delicacy. The performance scarcely did justice to the work. There was much untunefulness on the part of both chorus and orchestra, and appropriate warmth of expression was often lacking. In fact, there was a coldness and a rigidity in the interpretation generally, and often an absence of brilliancy where it was most needed. These shortcomings were doubtless due to the inevitable nervousness attending a first performance, and we trust that the work may be heard again, when the deep coloring it demands may be given. The soloists, who acquitted themselves very well, were Mrs. Rockwood, Mrs. Adams, Miss Morse, Miss Homer, Mr. C. R. Adams, Mr. Kingsbury, and Mr. Cornell. The work made a strong impression upon all refined and cultivated tastes.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 22. — On Tuesday evening, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave its second concert with the appended programme: —

Overture, "Consecration of the House" . . . *Beethoven.*
Prelude, Minuet and Fugue (strings) . . . *Reinhold.*
First Symphony, B-flat, Op. 38 . . . . . . *Schumann.*
Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger" . . . . . . *Wagner.*

These were the orchestral numbers. Mlle. Valleria and Sig. Galassi were the soloists. The Brooklyn Academy looked lovely, as it always does when these concerts take place. Beds of flowers were to be seen everywhere, and the space occupied ordinarily by the orchestra — immediately below the level of the stage — was filled with magnificent growing callas and various other plants. The board of directors evidently aimed to please the eye as well as the ear, and the success was very great in either direction. Among other courtesies extended to those who attend the B. P. S.'s entertainments is the gift of an extended analysis of the symphony upon the evening's programme; each person is presented with a copy, and it is certainly a most considerate and thoughtful act. The performance was an excellent one, and it would be difficult to imagine anything finer than the precision and unity of purpose exhibited by this trained body of skillful and intelligent musicians; nothing was left undone, nor was anything done which should not have been done. In the face of these facts the critic is disarmed and compelled to become a eulogist.

Sig. Galassi added to his already enviable reputation by a most careful and artistic performance of the "Abendstern" from *Tannhäuser*, and received a most hearty and deserved recall. His repetition of the lovely Romance was even more successful than the original effort. In the next concert Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony" is to be the *pièce de résistance*.

Joseffy has returned to our city and was to have made his appearance at Chickering Hall on Monday evening last (Dec. 15); but a severe illness made it impossible for him to fulfill his engagement, and therefore the concert failed to take place. On Wednesday afternoon, however, he managed (against his physician's advice) to get to Chickering Hall and to perform in a matinée previously announced for that date. His programme included many well-known piano-forte works, among which were the Sonata, Op. 53, by Beethoven; a Nocturne by Chopin (Op. 32, No. 1); three Etudes by the same composer; and a Fugue and Gavotte by Bach. It was quite evident that the renowned pianist was hardly in his best condition; yet his performance was in every way a most admirable one. It is very difficult to believe that greater perfection of execution can be attained; the delicacy of his touch is simply marvelous; in the latter regard he reminds one forcibly of Gottschalk.

On Friday evening he gave another concert, and on Saturday a second matinée. The programmes for these two entertainments were almost identical, and included the following well-known and exacting works: —

Variations Sérieuses . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue . . . . . *Bach.*
Water-Song . . . . *Schubert-Liszt.*
Nocturne, F minor . . . . *Chopin.*
Polonaise, Op. 22 . . . . *Chopin.*

In each and every selection his technique was almost absolutely faultless; but his greatest success was in the Chopin Polonaise, which he played with a verve and dash that carried the audience by storm. To me, personally, his most delicious performance was that of Schubert's lovely song transcribed by Liszt; all sorts of technical impossibilities were crowded upon and into each other with reckless prodigality, and they all rolled from his deft fingers without the slightest apparent effort.

I regret to say that on Wednesday, Joseffy was guilty of the musical crime of introducing certain embellishments of his own into a Chopin Nocturne; this was most unwise, and it is to be hoped that this lapse from artistic rectitude was only sporadic and not chronic.

On Saturday evening (Dec. 22) the N. Y. Philharmonic Society gave its second concert, with substantially the same programme as that so ably interpreted on Tuesday evening in Brooklyn. Despite the inclemency of the weather the house was an excellent one, and it is exceedingly gratifying to see and to believe that this old, faithful, and valued organization is regaining its hold upon the public confidence and favor. ARGUS.

JAN. 5. — I omitted my usual letter last week, as nothing of special interest had occurred since the date of my previous communication, unless we except the performance of the *Messiah*, which took place on Saturday evening, December 27.

Mapleson's season is now over and it seems impossible to ascertain whether money was made or lost in the enterprise; however, it seems perfectly safe to assume that no colossal fortunes have been made. New Yorkers "perfectly doat" on the opera, but have always entertained serious objections to paying out much money for the gratification of their taste. My individual opinion is that operatic artists almost invariably receive exorbitant pay; it follows, then, that when a manager expends so much upon his stars, he has little left for his chorus, which is always made a scape-goat; the result is that lop-sided and poorly-balanced representations are the rule.

And now for the wonderful Hungarian — Joseffy. He has played in some five concerts and three matinées since his return, and (with one exception) he has never used but two different programmes; these he has played over and over again, and people are beginning to ask what it all means. It probably would not be far from the truth if I were to say that the gist of the matter is precisely as follows: Joseffy made a contract to play through the entire musical season for a stated sum; he can, if necessary, be compelled to play six times each week; since his arrival in America he has made the discovery that he is a sure card to draw large houses, and he is therefore dissatisfied to know that he has sold his services at a moderate rate: of course he can be forced to *play* (unless physically unable to do so), but he is under no obligation to alter his programmes: consequently he is endeavoring to "freeze out" his managers by tiring out the public with the same selections repeated over and over. For instance, if he received an encore he would invariably respond with something from *the other list*: so he never forgot himself for a moment.

By some process, the details of which are shrouded in mystery, a compromise was effected last week, and on Saturday evening we had a Chopin night with the following programme: —

Overture, "Euryanthe" . . . . *Weber.*
(Orchestra.)
Concerto, E minor . . . . *Chopin.*
Concerto, F minor . . . . *Chopin.*
Polonaise, E-flat . . . . *Chopin.*

It has never been my fortune to hear so exquisite a rendering of the lovely E minor: it was poetry embodied, and the imagination fails to grasp the idea that a more perfect performance (in every sense) could be even possible. As an interpreter of the subtle shades of meaning with which Chopin's works are so filled, Joseffy is simply peerless.

I ought to mention that my commendation ceases at a point some twenty or thirty bars before the close of the third movement. The pianist essayed to substitute octaves for the running passage in single notes, which constitutes the climacteric point of the Rondo. In the first place he was utterly without excuse in daring to do anything of the sort, and in the second place the octaves were so bunglingly done, and so many false notes were struck that the thing was a wretched failure. However, Joseffy is young and will repent such follies in time.

At the close of the first Concerto he received a most enthusiastic recall, which he finally acknowledged by giving the prelude in D-flat (from Op. 28) and the Valse in F major (from Op. 34). The same enthusiasm prevailed on the conclusion of the Polonaise, and the artist felt compelled to return to the piano; he gave a most charming performance of the Etude in C-sharp minor (from Op. 25) and a dainty Mazurka in A minor (from the posthumous Op. 68).

And so ended one of the most delightful concerts which has ever been given in our city. Chickering Hall was full to overflowing, and the demonstrations of enthusiasm and delight with which the artist was received must have been most gratifying to him. ARGUS.

JAN. 12. The Philharmonic Club gave its third concert on Tuesday evening, January 6, with the following programme: —

P. F. Trio, Op. 97 . . . . *Beethoven.*
{ Adagietto . . . . *Bizet.*
{ Scherzo (Quartet, E-flat) . . . . . . *Cherubini.*
Duo, Flute and Piano . . . . *Schubert.*
(Miss Bock and Mr. Werner.)
String Quartet, D minor . . . . *Mozart.*

The evening was a most stormy and unfavorable one, yet a very good audience assembled in Chickering Hall to hear the above selections. Miss Anna Bock, a young pianist, took the piano part in the Beethoven Trio, and the result was a somewhat tame and colorless performance of that lovely composition. The young lady plays with some technical skill, but does not seem to possess a thoroughly musical organization; she is far from comprehending the real musical significance of such a work as the Trio. She appeared to better advantage in the Schubert Duo, which afforded her the opportunity to display some very creditable finger-work. The club played the Mozart Quartet very charmingly, and one could well afford to forget the preceding numbers on the programme.

On Saturday evening, January 10, the same club gave the third concert of its Brooklyn series in the Assembly rooms of the Academy of Music. I give you the instrumental selections: —

Str. Quartet, Op. 74, E-flat . . . . *Beethoven.*
Adagietto . . . . *Bizet.*
Scherzo . . . . *Cherubini.*
Sonata, D major, Op. 18 . . . . *Rubenstein.*
(Miss Ida Mollerhauer and Mr. Henry Mollerhauer.)

Miss Anonia Henne was the soloist of the evening, and she contributed greatly to the success of the entertainment by her artistic singing of some old Italian songs, together with one by Curschmann and one by Robert Franz. The Beethoven Quartet was very carefully played, but failed to make any strong impression upon the audience, for the reason that it requires a very thorough musical education to comprehend the author's intention. The Bizet Adagietto, as well as the Cherubini Scherzo, were delightfully done, and well merited an encore, which, however, they did not receive.

Rubinstein's noble Sonata was *the* piece of the evening, and was well played by Mr. Mollerhauer ('cello), and Miss Ida Mollerhauer (piano); this young lady entered into the spirit of the composition with real musical intelligence and evident feeling, and so scored a very excellent success in spite of a few blemishes and crudities. The entertainment as a whole was a very enjoyable one, and seemed to be appreciated by a very attentive audience of some two hundred and fifty persons.

Strakosch's Italian Opera Company will open at Booth's Theatre on Monday evening, January 19, with "Aida;" Mlle. Singer, Mlle. Belocca (who was here three years ago) Signor Stoeti, and Monsieur Castelmary will be the bright particular stars, and everything is to be done in the best manner, "utterly regardless of expense." ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 12. — The old year was closed in a very agreeable manner by the opening of the Wednesday Club, in its newly erected hall, December 30. The chorus, of which I have spoken in a former letter, produced Gade's "Erl-King's Daughter" and a short chorus by Mendelssohn. The society have since commenced practicing Handel's "Alexander's Feast."

The ninth and tenth students' concerts at the Peabody Conservatory presented the following programmes: —

Ninth Concert, January 3.

String Quartet, B flat. Work 71. No. 1. . . . *Haydn.*
(Messrs. Allen, Schaefer, Gilson, and Jungnickel.)
Songs, with piano: "To Cloe," "The Violet,"
"Lullaby" . . . . *Mozart.*
(Miss Sallie Murdoch, ex-student of the Conservatory.)
a. Impromptu C minor. Work 90. For piano . *Schubert.*
(Miss Esther Murdoch, ex-student of the Conservatory, second year.)
b. Song, with piano, words from Shakespeare's
"Cymbeline" . . . . *Schubert.*
(Miss Sallie Murdoch, ex-student of the Conservatory.)
Piano-trio, B-flat. No. 6. Work 97. For piano,
violin, and violoncello . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
(Mrs. Isabel Dobbin, ex-student and member of the Conservatory, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.)

Tenth Concert, January 10.

Quartet, Andante and Scherzo . . . . . . *Cherubini.*
(Played by the Peabody Quartette.)

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Variations Sérieuses . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
(Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover.)
"Let me dream again," and "The Lost Chord,"
song by Miss Lizzie Krueger . . . . *Sullivan.*

Dr. Sullivan, who has been in Baltimore for several days, was present at the latter concert, and the songs were given as a compliment to the popular "Pinafore" composer. The "Welcome Concert" to the doctor, given on Thursday, the 8th inst., was attended by a fairly sized audience, who evinced more or less enthusiasm over the following programme: —

Music to Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest:" Introduction; the storm; prelude to third act; banquet dance; overture to the fourth act. Songs, with piano: "The Sailor's Grave," by Mr. W. C. Tower; "St. Agnes' Eve," with piano, and organ accompaniment, by Miss Edith Abell . . . . *Arthur Sullivan.*
Chorus, "Alleluia," from "The Mount of Olives" *Beethoven.*
Music to Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice:" Introduction; serenade; bourrée; graceful dance; valse; finale. Songs, with piano: "The Snow Lies White," Mr. W. C. Tower; "The Lost Chord," Miss Edith Abell. Overture di Ballo . . . . *Arthur Sullivan.*
Chorus, "Hail, Bright Abode," from the opera *Tannhäuser* . . . . *Richard Wagner.*

The orchestra consisted of about forty-five performers, composed for the most part of the Peabody orchestra, and the chorus contained about two hundred and fifty voices. Both had been rehearsed under Mr. Hamerik for several weeks previous to the concert, so that Dr. Sullivan found everything cut and dried.

The most satisfactory of Sullivan's selections performed at this concert, in the humble opinion of your correspondent, is the music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which must be wonderfully effective when produced in connection with the play. The *Merchant of Venice* music, with the exception of the *Bourrée*, which is quite interesting, sounds too much like Offenbach and Strauss to suggest Shakespeare. Neither does the "Overture di Ballo" present any special features of interest. In short, the selections made for this concert seem to show that Dr. Sullivan is a leader well acquainted with the orchestral requirements of the stage and the taste of the general theatre-going public.

Regarding the Symphony Concerts, the public is more in the dark than ever. The question is evidently one of dollars and cents.

"Wo du nicht bist, Herr Organist,
Da schweigen alle Flöten,"

says the German.

Musical interest will be absorbed next week by the opera, which promises six evening performances and one matinée. The operas announced are *Norma, Carmen, Huguenots, Lucrezia Borgia, Mignon, Lucia*, and *Puritani*. C. F.

Chicago, Jan. 10. — Since my last communication to the Journal there has been a little calm in musical entertainments. There was, however, a performance of the *Messiah* directly after Christmas, by the Apollo Club, when they presented the famous old oratorio, with the following assistance: Miss Mary E. Turner, soprano; Mrs. O. K. Johnson, contralto; Dr. C. T. Barnes, tenor, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen bass. Unfortunately we have no large choral organization in Chicago. There are a number of societies that contain a hundred or a hundred and fifty voices each, and they give very interesting entertainments. But for a severe work, like this master creation of Handel, a very large and well-drilled chorus seems necessary. If musical jealousy could only give way to a real love for art, all the societies might be induced to unite and give a performance of the *Messiah*, worthy of the music. Some time in the near future we trust that this may be brought about. The Apollo Club sang finely and gave the oratorio as well as we could expect, considering the small number of voices. The orchestra was hardly adequate, but we have much progress to make in this regard before we may expect finished performances. Of the soloists Mr. Rudolphsen was the most at home in oratorio music, although Mrs. Johnson and Miss Turner sang with much feeling.

On the evening of January 2, Mr. Henry G. Hanchett, of Boston, gave a piano-forte recital at Hershey Hall. His programme was devoted to modern music, and hardly artistic in arrangement, if a progressive order toward a climax was the thought of the arranger. There were many points in his playing that were quite enjoyable, and he was sincere in his work. There was a sameness about his interpretations that seemed to indicate that he has yet to become free from the influence of his teachers and mark out a distinct path for himself. He has the technique and the talent for this, and will doubtless reach a higher position when he arrives at that point at which he can view his performances from the reflective side, apart from any external influences.

At Central Music Hall we have had two concerts by Miss Emma Thursby and Company, under the management of Mr. Geo. B. Carpenter. The programmes were an improvement upon those offered by the Patti organization, and contained some truly good music. Miss Thursby met with a warm recognition, every number that she sang being greeted with applause, and her fine singing pleased her large audience greatly. Her voice retains its bird-like tones, and her execution is very artistic. There is a lack of warmth in her expression, but, doubtless, that is owing to the quality of her vocal organ, which is flute-like in tone. The playing of Mr. Rummel, the pianist, was disappointing to many of our musicians. His numbers were brilliant selections from Chopin, Liszt, and Tausig, and perhaps only calculated to show the virtuoso side of playing; and that alone is a poor criterion for a comprehensive judgment.

Herr Adamowski, the violinist, has a good but small tone. He played very pleasantly, and above all, good music.

Mr. Fischer, the 'cellist, won recognition from the audience, and may be termed a good, although not great, player. Sig. Ferranti sang his musical nonsense with the same spirit and humor as of old, and seems able to win the enthusiastic applause of an audience with his time-worn songs, just as well as in his more youthful days.

Next week comes the Mapleson Opera Company. Before closing my letter I would desire to call the attention of the readers of the Journal to a remarkable book that has just made its appearance in its English dress, "Hegel's Philosophy of Art," translated by W. M. Bryant. The general development of art, as thus unfolded by Hegel, presents a unity of idea that is remarkable, when we reflect on it. Mr. Bryant has done a good work, for which the lovers of art should be thankful. In his introductory essay he treats of music, and his statements regarding its contents and aim are the most comprehensive I have ever read. The unfolding of the idea in music has been a subject which the logical mind has been slow to consider, and it is most encouraging to observe that philosophers are at last realizing that in the unity of the Beautiful this art fills an honored place. For, as Mr. Bryant observes, "Music appeals to the organ of *hearing*, a sense more intellectual, more spiritual, than vision itself." C. H. B.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Salem, Mass. — Gade's *Crusaders*, with some choice songs and glees, was performed by the Salem Schubert Club, W. J. Winch, Director, at Plummer Hall, December 30. The soloists were: Miss Clara L. Emilio, soprano, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, tenor, and Mr. Clarence E. Hay, baritone.

New York. — Mr. Julius Eichberg's violin pupils gave a concert in Chickering Hall, a few weeks since, which delighted a select and critical audience, largely composed of violin teachers and amateurs. The *Tribune* speaks of their performance and their training in the highest terms; and another paper acknowledges: "Boston has given us in this something that New York cannot match." We believe this is the only violin school in America, and it will soon furnish fresh and well trained musicians for our orchestras and quartet parties. It was only yesterday that some of Mr. Eichberg's pupils (young ladies) came to us to borrow the string parts of some of Haydn's Symphonies, which they propose to practice with several on a part.

Philadelphia. — The rooms of the School of Vocal Art, 1106 Walnut Street, were crowded to overflowing last evening by an audience assembled to witness the second performance by the pupils of Auber's *Mason and Locksmith*. The opera was admirably sung throughout, both the solos and choruses showing a marked general improvement on the part of the pupils. Much allowance is necessarily due for the amateur character of the performers and the limited stage space and appliances for scenic and dramatic effect. But there was much real excellence in the style and precision with which the whole work was done, both ladies and gentlemen entering into the spirit of the fine composition with intelligent appreciation and correct execution. These operatic performances of the School of Vocal Art are designed purely as an educational feature of Madame Seiler's system, and their improving effects are plainly perceptible in many of the pupils, in their increased confidence and dramatic treatment of operatic music. The *Mason and Locksmith* was the best of the series of operas that have been given, and reflected much credit upon all concerned. — *Bulletin, Jan. 6.*

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, who had been announced to play the G-major Concerto of Beethoven, and the Fantaisie by Schumann in the Harvard Symphony Concert, this week, was prevented by a severe sprain of his right foot. Mr. Sherwood will play in one of the later concerts, making his first public appearance here this winter.

In the fourth concert, January 22, Mr. Chadwick's "Rip van Winkle" Overture will be repeated; Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony and an Entr'acte from Cherubini's *Medea* will be played; Miss Emily Winant will sing; and there will be a Concerto, either for the violin or the piano, yet to be determined.

FOREIGN.

Vienna. — Thus writes Dr. Hanslick in the *Neue Freie Presse*, in December: "*Des Teufels Lustschloss*, a natural magic opera in three acts, by Kotzebue. The music is by Franz Schubert, M. P., pupil of Herr Salieri, Imperial and Royal Court Chapelmaster in Vienna." Such is the title-page of Schubert's autographic opera score, now in the possession of the Countess Anna von Amadei, one of our first lady musical amateurs. The celebrated old Court Chapelmaster, under whom Beethoven, also, transiently studied, without learning anything, was for a short time Schubert's master for composition. Ignorance and calumny have greatly wronged him ("Is it true that you poisoned Mozart?" Rossini asked him very naïvely); but he at least deserves the credit of zealously and unselfishly interesting himself in young talent. He was, it is true, far advanced in years when Schubert went to him for instruction, and, moreover, as a genuine Italian, not at all fitted to understand, far less to direct, Schubert's talent. The description: "Pupil of Herr Salieri," on the title-page, is an evidence of pleasing modesty. The opera was composed in 1814, that is, in Schubert's seventeenth year. The management of the Komische Oper in the Schottenring at one time contemplated bringing it out, as it had never been performed. But the plan appears to have been wrecked on Kotzebue's absurd libretto, which works up what is certainly the most disagreeable of all kinds of comicality, namely, that which is inseparable from dread and horror. The knight, Oswald, his bride, and his servant go through the most fearful adventures with spirits in the enchanted castle; they are dragged by persons dressed up in various disguises through every conceivable kind of suffering and danger, being finally conducted even to the scaffold! When, at the command of the executioner, they have already laid their heads upon the block and bid each other forever farewell, the owner of the castle appears and informs the poor wretches, who have been almost frightened to death during two acts and a half, that it was all a joke, which he has carried out by the aid of machinery and servants in disguise. Instead of giving the playful personage a good cudgeling, those who are thus enlightened are much moved, and thank him. The theatrical public of the present day would scarcely consider it amusing to see for the whole evening ghosts, executioners, and so on, and then be informed at the very end that their anxiety was a piece of stupidity. Now, we cannot strip the book off a complete operatic score, as we take off a coat and have a new one made. Our witty friend, Grandjean, has, we hear, undertaken to alter Kotzebue's libretto, substituting for the capricious mystification by machinery, and so on, a dream, which is, at any rate, a more natural and more poetic motive. Whether much is gained by this for stage purposes we cannot say. Side by side with a great deal that is antiquated and unimportant in Schubert's score, we have come across so much that is delightful, so much that is truly Schubertian for its melodic freshness and marked character, that the idea of a stage performance does not really strike us as so very hazardous. With *Des Teufels Lustschloss*, our managers would, at all events, not sow more trouble and earn more disappointment than with many of their other novelties. Only a few words about the overture, which Herr Kremser, the director, introduced to us at the last Society Concert. A well-nigh violent dramatic vein runs through it. We ask ourselves whence the young composer obtained such romantic strains, which make our blood curdle, at a time when there was no *Faust* by Spohr, and no *Der Freischütz*. The incisive dissonances with which the overture begins so jauntily, the repeated and luridly flashing infernal lights and the demoniacal grimaces, the low-sounding intermediate movement with *sordini* (almost a presentiment of the *Euryanthe* overture), and then the surprising employment of the three trombones, — all this may be exceeded by the devilry of our most modern operatic music, but is something wonderful in the seventeen-year old 'pupil of Herr Salieri, Imperial and Royal Court Chapelmaster.' — The next piece was a rather long cyclical composition by Herbeck, *Lied und Reigen*, the last he ever conducted himself. A master of sonorous choral writing and effective scoring, he has decked out this series of musical pictures with pleasing, interesting touches. As a whole, however, the work is deficient in convincing power. As a series it wants the homogeneousness which would cause us to feel that the separate pieces naturally belong to each other, and are organically developed. Most of the contrasts and effects ranged in succession strike us as far-fetched and springing from a palpable striving after the 'poetical.' Premeditation is very apparent in the 'Traurige Kermess,' an attempt to reproduce Sterne's sentimental humor, or the humor of Shakespeare's clowns. Let any one compare with this piece Schumann's 'Armer Peter,' which renders with such truth and simplicity a similar mixed feeling. The serious ending, too, of the whole, the slow dying away of the two strophes given by the watchman, whom Herbeck posts first in the middle and then at the back of the concert-room, is conceived theatrically rather than musically. But the intended effect of this new device is not attained in the concert-room; the piece sounds flat and unsatisfactory, almost like a disappointed expectation. The difficult choruses in the work had been very carefully studied, and were executed by the Vocal Association with delicate nicety of light and shade. Herr Walter sang in an especially beautiful manner Pylades' air from Gluck's *Iphigenia*. But, had he been the Greek Pylades himself, with Orestes, in flesh and blood, by his side, the air ought not, on any account, to have been repeated, considering the formidable length of the concert. Some of the benches were already empty, with Brahms' Pianoforte Concerto and the whole of Mendelssohn's *Christus* fragment still to be performed! We have heard Mme. Toni Raab, who was set down for it, play the Pianoforte Concerto far better on previous occasions. Eduard Hanslick.

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LEIPZIGER STRASSE, No. 3.

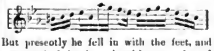
A CHAPTER FROM "DIE FAMILLE MENDELSSOHN," BY S. HENSEL.

AFTER their return (the Mendelssohn family from their Swiss tour) every one went back to his accustomed occupations, and industry resumed its course. In the next years Felix's musical talent developed itself with rapid strides, and, with his own, that of my mother (his sister, Fanny Hensel). The sincere, unenvying friendship of the brother and sister remained untroubled to the end of their lives. "They are actually vain and proud for one another," said their mother, once. "Up to the present moment," writes my mother, in 1822, "I possess his unbounded confidence. I have seen his talent develop step by step, and have even in a certain degree contributed to its education. He has no musical adviser except me; nor does he ever put a musical thought down on paper without first submitting it to my examination. Thus, for example, I knew his operas by heart, before a note was written down." Felix's activity was — and remained all through his life — most restless; for, besides scientific culture, he spent much time and labor upon drawing. If his endowment herein naturally fell far short of his musical, yet he carried it a great way for a dilettaute, and perfected himself very much in it in the later years of his life. From his last Swiss journey, in the year 1847, he brought home Aquarelles of which no artist need have felt ashamed.

But what was most extraordinary in those early years of boyhood was his musical activity, as appears from a little biography of Felix by his mother, which I possess, and to which is appended a list of the pieces he composed each year. Thus, for example, the list for the year 1822, in which the great journey of the family occurred, and which certainly left but little time for labor, reads as follows: (1) The Sixty-sixth Psalm, for three female voices; (2) Concerto in A minor for the piano-forte; (3) Two Songs for male voices; (4) Three Songs; (5) Three Fugues for the piano; (6) Quartet for piano, violin, viola, and bass (in C minor, composed in Geneva, his first printed work); (7) Two Symphonies for two violins, viola, and bass; (8) one act of the Opera "The Two Nephews;" (9) *Jube Domine*, in C major, for the Cäcilienverein of Schelble, in Frankfort-on-the-Main; (10) a Violin Concerto (for Rietz); (11) *Magnificat*, with instruments; (12) *Gloria*, with instruments. In the same year he appeared publicly for the first time in Berlin, in a concert of Mme. Milder. This period also includes the foundation of the "Sunday Musicals," which were destined afterwards to gain so great an expansion in the house of my parents. For the time being, in the limited room which then stood at the disposal of my grandparents (on the new Promenade), only the narrower circle of friends used to assemble; here Felix's compositions were performed; here the children became accustomed to play before people, and had an opportunity to hear the opinion of others. Already, too, at these "musicals," were found whatever musicians of importance from other places came to Berlin. Thus, in the year 1823, Kalkbrenner, of whom the mother writes: "He has heard many of Felix's things, has praised with taste, and has found fault with candor and with amiability. We hear him often, and we seek to learn from him. He unites the most different excellences in his playing: precision, clearness, expression, the greatest facility, the most inexhaustible strength and endurance. He is a sound musician, and possesses an astonishing power of taking much in at a glance. Apart from his talent, he is a fine, amiable, and very cultivated man, and one cannot praise and blame more agreeably."

In August of the same year my grandfather made a journey to Silesia with the two young people. Felix writes:—

. . . . "Early in the morning we all went to Berner to the church. He came. At first he pulled off his coat and drew on a light waistcoat in the place of it; then I had to write down a theme for him, and then he began. He took the deep C in the pedal, and then he flung himself with all his might upon the manual; and after several runs he began a theme on the manual. I had no idea that one could play it on the pedal, for so it was:



But presently he fell in with the feet, and now worked it through with manual and pedal. After kneading that theme through sufficiently, he took up my theme in the pedal, carried it through awhile, took it in longer notes on the pedal, set a beautiful counter-subject against it, and worked the two themes through superbly. He has an immense facility upon the pedal. When he had finished, he drank several glasses of wine, which he had brought with him, and then seated himself again upon the organ bench. Now he played Variations after Vogel's manner, which, though they were very beautiful, did not please one like his former playing.

"The church gradually filled, and the people were very much astonished to hear Berner, for he had made it known to all Breslau that he had set out on a journey to the baths; but here he was playing the organ in St. Elizabeth; these two things they could not rhyme together. After he had drunk another glass, he produced some Variations of his own on the Choral "Vom Himmel hoch," which are very beautiful. The last variation is a fugue, of which the shortened choral is the theme; he played it on the middle key-board. Now he made it seem as if he was about to close, brought back the theme *alla Stretta*, struck the dominant chord, and then suddenly began the simple choral on the lower manual, which was coupled, with the whole power of the organ, modulated splendidly upon the melody, and so closed. It made a heavenly effect, when the choral struck in with full power, and the tones streamed forth from the organ on all sides. But that exhausted him a good deal, so that he had to drink two or three glasses of wine. Yet soon he set to it again, and played variations on "God save the King," in which he treated this theme in the Phrygian and then in the Æolian mode, and towards the end he played it also with full organ, which had just as fine an effect as the ooe before. With this the organ concert was closed, and Berner very much fatigued. The people left the church, and he allowed the bottle of wine to rest. Then he showed me the interior of the organ itself; bombshells and grenades have lodged in very many pipes, so that they are useless.

"We talked together for a while farther, he and I. Berner told us of some droll pranks which he had executed, and then we went to dine, Berner with us. While he plays, a choir boy stands near him, who draws out or pushes in the registers, which Berner tips with his fingers in the midst of his playing.

"But how enough of Phrygian, Æolian, dominants, registers, pipes, manual, pedal, valves, thirty-two feet, mixture, concert, wine bottle, glasses, fugues, and prolongations."

In Reinerz, Felix was invited to take part in a concert for the poor. The rehearsal began three hours before the concert, and they placed before Felix a Concerto of Mozart. After they had repeated the first solo for an hour long, Felix saw that it would never go in that way. The contrabassist, who at the same time represented the place of the 'cellos, was not in tune, most of the instruments were utterly at fault, and the rest, worthy dilettanti of the little town, understood neither how to play nor when to pause; it was frantic cacophonic. So he proposed that he should improvise, had the reason of the change explained by the schoolmaster, chose some themes from Mozart and Weber, and played with universal applause. Directly after the concert he started on the journey, and on getting into the carriage received a nosegay from a pretty maiden. "A princess (so writes grandmother to my father in Rome), whose husband is *fanatico per la musica*, gave them a pressing invitation to pass several days on their estate, and, in case this were not possible, to send her something of Felix's composition, which she would copy with her own high hands. You know the liberality of my young liberal too well not to guess that such a court party was naught for his free spirit."

On the 3d of February, 1824, on which day Felix became fifteen years old, was the first orchestral rehearsal of his Opera, "The Two Nephews," for which the afterwards well-known physician, Caspar, had written the text. Zelter improved this opportunity for a little festival, which was characteristic of him. At the supper after the rehearsal, when one of the amateur singers proposed the health of Felix, Zelter took him by the hand and presented him before the company with these words: "My dear son, from this day thou art no longer an apprentice (*Junge*); from this day thou art a comrade (*Geselle*). I make thee a comrade in the name of Mo-

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zart, in the name of Haydn, and in the name of the old Bach." Then he took the boy in his arms, and hugged and kissed him heartily. Then the pronouncing of Mendelssohn a *Geselle* was joyfully celebrated with Zelter's songs and *Tafellieder*. The opera was performed in the paternal house with applause; yet it remained only a work in the nature of an exercise, was put aside as such, and Felix at once set about the composition of a second, "Camacho's Wedding," which, laid out on a broader plan, treats of the well-known episode in *Don Quixote*, and the fate of which we shall learn later.

In the year 1825 occurred an event destined to have a most determining influence on the development of the children, and to shape the whole life of the family for generations, and which for this reason has been chosen for the title of this chapter: grandfather's purchase of the beautiful estate No. 3 Leipziger Strasse. In this wonderful house and garden our grandparents spent the rest of their life; here my mother married and lived to the last. But to all the members of the family this house was no ordinary possession, no dead heap of stones, but a living individuality, a member, partaking in the fortune of the family, of which it was to them, and to those who stood nearest to them, in a certain sense its representative. In this sense Felix often used the expression "Leipziger Strasse 3," and in this sense we all loved the estate and mourned its loss, when it was sold after the death of my mother and of Felix, and —— the Herrenhaus (House of Lords) was transferred into it.

The street front of the house is still the same that it was then. The rooms in it were stately, large and high, built with that pleasant prodigality of space which, in the times of the high prices of estates, the architects were compelled almost entirely to abandon, and for the worth of which the understanding — or the means — seems no longer to exist. One room especially, looking out upon the court, connecting by three great arches with an adjoining cabinet, was wonderfully beautiful and seemed as if made for theatrical representations. Here through many, many years, on Christmas, birthday, or other festivals, the most charming performances, sparkling with wit and humor, were arranged. Ordinarily this was grandmother's sitting-room. From its windows one had an outlook upon the very large court, surrounded by lower side buildings, and terminated by the one-story garden-dwelling, over which projected the crowns of the tall trees stretching away in the distance. This garden domicil was occupied by my parents from the time of their marriage. It is now torn down, and has given place to the hall of sessions of the Herrenhaus. In winter it had great discomforts: it was cold, damp, every chamber was a thoroughfare, and not one of them had any counter-heat, since the garden-house was only one room deep. Double windows were at that time a great rarity in Berlin; our dwelling possessed none, and daily there streamed from the frosty window panes great pools of water, which had continually to be wiped up. We seldom got it above 13° (Réaumur) in winter.

But in summer the habitation was enchanting. All the windows looked out on the garden, upon blooming lilac bushes, upon alleys of fine old trees, with grape foliage growing up round the windows; and for *all* seasons of the year it had other great advantages: especially that of perfect repose and stillness; through the great court and the high front building every sound from the noisy street was cut off; we lived as in the deepest solitude of the woods, and yet we were only one hundred steps from the street. No *vis-à-vis* but the stately trees of the garden, with its merrily twittering birds, and no lodger over, under, or near us; toward the street noise the deepest, almost rural, stillness and seclusion, and before the windows the green of the trees.

The most beautiful part of the garden-house was the great hall in the middle. This held several hundred people, and consisted, on the garden side, entirely of glass walls which would slide back, with pillars between, so that it might be transformed into a wholly open hall of pillars. Walls and ceiling, the latter forming a flat cupola, were decorated in a somewhat *baroque* but fantastic style with fresco pictures. Here was the peculiar locality where the "Sunday Musicals" were destined to attain their full expansion. From it one enjoyed the outlook over the great park-like garden of seven acres which reached to the garden of Prince Albrecht; and a remnant of the Thiergarten, which, from Frederick the Great's time, had stretched all the way here, possessed a great wealth of the finest old trees. Of the intended purchase of this estate my grandmother wrote to my father in Rome (Feb. 1, 1825); "Has it not surprised you that my husband seriously thinks of buying and settling down here? The estate, of which something very beautiful can be made, certainly tempted him. The house to be sure is as much neglected and dilapidated as is always the case with many occupants, who are never of one mind and have no common spirit, and much must be expended to bring it into habitable condition. But the garden is a real park, with majestic trees, a piece of field, grass-plots, and an extremely pleasant summer dwelling, and all this tempts my husband as it does me." But the friends of the family grieved and complained at first, that the grandparents should move so far out of the world into such a remote, dead region, where the grass grows on the streets — for the Potsdam gate was then the "Ultima Thule," where the geography of Berlin ceased.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

III.

THE IMPERIAL SILVER-WEDDING IN VIENNA. — FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT'S FIRST LECTURE IN AMERICA. — MIRZA-SCHAFFY. — HAFIS.

DEAR PŌŪNĀMU![1] — If you do not certainly know, you at least surmise, that the discoverer of the island is a cosmopolitan in opinions, tastes, habits; and therefore you may feel assured that she thoroughly enjoyed the cosmopolitan spirit of your letters of last summer. A vivacious account of the Imperial silver-wedding in Vienna, written by an Anglo-Maori, reaching the island by way of New Zealand, and not very long after the ordinary newspaper reports either, would necessarily be read with great interest; but to me your letters were especially interesting, since, if cosmopolitan humanitarianism enters largely into the system of the island's government, art and poetry are the very breath of life there; and your letters treated almost exclusively of those events, artistic or poetic, of the *fêtes*, which alone claimed my attention. These were the enchanting performance at the Vienna Opera House of national songs and dances, — Bohemian, Carinthian, Styrian, Tyrolese, by peasants dressed in their picturesque national costumes, and selected, for musical or choregraphic talent, beauty, grace, or fine voices, from every part of polyglot Austria, — of which you gave so graphic a description; then the processions, with the arrangement of which Makart had so much to do that people more than half expected to meet, in the street of Vienna, the beautiful, if too often characterless, faces, the nymph-like or noble forms, the splendid costumes and decorations that dazzle as in Makart's pictures, surrounded, perhaps, by mists of carnation and gold, green and amethyst, which this painter, like a modern Pygmalion, but a necromant rather in color than in form, would certainly be able to evoke from his own compositions, vitalized and embodied by some magical, cabalistic power! Nor did you forget the dedication of the new Austrian Westminster Abbey, the splendid church, destined to become the resting-place of famous Austrians — an idea that originated with Maximilian of Mexico, and which the architect Forstel has so successfully carried out; or a kaleidoscopic description of the varied types, European and Asiatic, among the masses of people who crowded to the city on the occasion of these festivities.

What return shall I make to-day for the pleasure which the perusal of all this afforded me? Shall I now respond to the desire for further information respecting national melody and poetry (the folk-song) which you lately expressed while in Berlin and Vienna; complaining, at the same time, of the difficulty of obtaining good collections of this class of poetry and music — even of merely German folk-songs, when you were residing at their very fountain heads? The subject is too extensive for the present occasion. Let me now confine myself to one, not very widely removed from it, and tell you how we took flight from the island one day, for the purpose of meeting, seeing, and hearing the poet Friedrich von Bodenstedt, who lately arrived in America, and who has long been attractive to me, as creator of "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," the supposititious Oriental poet. Unexpected circumstances prevented our attendance at the Goethe club reception; but we at least heard Bodenstedt in the first public lecture (in German) which he gave in America; and we were glad to find, in his graceful, scholarly manner, pleasant, expressive face and gestures, and sympathetic voice, that he still retains, at the age of sixty, so much of that attractive personality which the mere title of "poet" leads one to expect.

Bodenstedt, long deterred and discouraged by parental opposition from the adoption of literature as a profession, gained the fullest liberty in this, at rather a later period of life than usual with poets, when, during his sojourn in Russia, Tartary, and Persia, he reveled, as student,

[1] To Pōūnāmu (the Pōūnāmu), is the Maori name for the Greenstone, which is a product of the Island of New Zealand, and which has always been held in high estimation by the natives, for hatchets, short hand-clubs (for war), as well as for ornaments. It is also rather admired by the European settlers. To Pōūnāmu is the journalistic *nom de plume* of an Anglo Maori gentleman, to whom the above letter is addressed.

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translator, and creator, in Sclavonian folk-song and art-poetry, and rifled the rich treasure-houses of Oriental lyricism. The results of his long residence in the East were his translations from Kosland, Puschkin, and Lermontow; his work "The Poetical Ukrain," his "Thousand and One Days in the Orient," and his "Songs of Mirza-Schaffy." In the "Thousand and One Days" he introduced, amplified, and idealized the character of Mirza-Schaffy, his instructor, at Tiflis, in the Tartar and Persian languages. The actual Mirza-Schaffy merely served Bodenstedt as a foundation upon which to elaborate his ideal character, a type of the Oriental poetico-philosophical sage; the real man, though a good instructor and a fair versifier, could not, and did not, aspire to be regarded as a creator, a genuine poet. "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy" originated altogether in the mind of Bodenstedt, with the exception of one, which was an elaboration of a little song really written by Schaffy; but they were received by the public, and criticised by the German press, as translations. In his lecture of November 11 last, Bodenstedt told us that they were the expression of the feelings excited in him by the novel influences of life in the Orient, amid the splendor of richly glowing natural scenery, while he saw himself surrounded by handsome and courteous men, and black-eyed, rose-cheeked, beautifully attired women, with long, flowing tresses; and lived under a system of civilization over-ripe to the verge of decadence and ruin.

This wave of warmth and color was an inspiring one to Bodenstedt; it entirely dispersed from his mind those clouds of Heine-Byronic gloom and melancholy which had formerly oppressed him, in common with most of his European contemporaries of poetico-intellectual tendencies. In presenting to his audience those traits of that actual personality of Mirza-Schaffy, his teacher, which had suggested to him the ideal character of Mirza-Schaffy, the poet, Bodenstedt said he was a tall and slender man, with a light, elastic step, large, dark, expressive eyes, and a rich beard of golden chestnut, which finely contrasted with the blue caftan he habitually wore; and his delicately embroidered slippers were always a wonder to Bodenstedt, since their wearer wore them through all the mud of Tiflis streets without receiving the slightest stain. He found fault with European handwriting, as "too mechanical and tradesman-like, regular enough for printing;" and told his pupil that artistic, expressive handwriting ought to vary according to the subject of which it treated; to become wavy and delicate when speaking of women, who are small, elegant, and refined; firm and stiff in sentences of wisdom; bold and rough when treating of war; while joy, love, piety, should all be expressed in different outlines. Not a bad idea for our writers and decorators of mottoes and proverbs to work out.

Long familiar with the "Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," and with Danmer's translation of Hafiz, with the sympathetic familiarity that leads one beyond the mere form of a poem into its very heart, and its merely suggested meaning; knowing many among them, of those that most delight me, by heart; having translated several, and singing some that have been set to music by Brahms, Ehlert, Ritter, Volkmann, and others, I think I have learned to understand them well; and I have always wondered how any one could ever have mistaken "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy" for translations. One trait that seems peculiarly to mark them as the work of a European is their reference to dress, manners, home-surroundings, etc.; foreign outside forms that would at once impress a European not long a resident of the East; Hafiz scarcely mentions the dress of Suléikka, or the scenes amid which he meets her; he, overflowing with song and love, set om thinks of painting for his listeners such matters of course, — to him and to Orientals in general. The Mirza-Schaffy songs are divided, in German poetic fashion, into groups with distinctive titles, such as "Songs of Complaint," "Tiflis," "Hafisa," "Suléikka," and so on. The most original, and, at the same time, the richest in Oriental coloring and pictures of manners, are those contained in "Hafisa" and "Tiflis," such as "Whence comes the Fame of Schiraz?" "Fair Sultana Fatima," "Throw back thy Veil," and others. Let me give you a few translations of my own as specimens of these songs: —

I.

The lovely ladies of Tiflis
Wear beautiful array!
The folds of a snow-white Tschadra
Across their features play;
And under diadems
Enriched with precious gems,
Shine robe and trouser light,
And silk and satin bright,
And ribbons richly blent,
And slippers gold-besprent.
Oh, do not therefore blame them,
Or vain and foolish name them!

The lovely ladies of Tiflis
Well please a poet's taste!
Unfettered by robe or Tschadra,
With beauty's aureole graced,
Undimmed by useless shade,
More fair appears each maid,
Unless enrobed in dress,
Fit frame for loveliness!
A maid in base attire,
No poet heart will fire,
Though perfect in her mould, she,
And countless æons old, he!

II.

With rapture heavy-laden,
My heart beats wild and high,
When she, light-footed maiden,
With airy step floats by!
A veil of dazzling whiteness
About her form is flowing,
Two stars of midnight brightness
Beneath its folds are glowing,
Her dark and rippling tresses
Drop o'er her bosom's sweetness;
A rose's moss, the dress is,
That shades her rich completeness;
And all is lovely motion,
And all is grace enchanting, —
I gaze, — and warm emotion
My soul, my senses haunting,
With rapture heavy-laden,
My heart beats wild and high,
When she, light-footed maiden,
With airy step floats by!
Narcissus buds, and roses,
Across her robe are twining;
Its azure hem discloses
Her foot, in scarlet shining; —
Oh, arched instep slender!
Oh, flexible white fingers!
Oh, lip, thou ruby splendor,
Where love, charm fettered, lingers!
With rapture heavy-laden,
My heart beats wild and high,
When she, light-footed maiden,
With airy step floats by!

III.

In the public bazaar I sang
A song of thy foam-flesh beauty;
All, spell-bound, listened, while rang
My praise of thy soft-eyed beauty.
Turk, Persian, Tartar, and Khurd,
Haik's sons, who of mind astute be,
And Christians, my song allured
To muse on thy rose-cheeked beauty.
The singers, in silence, there
Marked word and tone as a duty;
Now over the world they bear
My song in praise of thy beauty.
Away the torn veil is flung
That shaded thy flower-sweet beauty;
Familiar to old and young
Has grown the fame of thy beauty;
Yet, fairest one, pardon give!
The bloom that becomes Time's booty,
For ages undimmed will live
In songs that echo its beauty!

In these songs, Bodenstedt's muse appears to me as a genuine individuality, but not as an Oriental one; German sentiment looks through the veil of rich tissue that is folded over her face, with a milder glance than Eastern eyes are wont to wear; here is a transformation, not a translation; a muse, who, of her own free will, has chosen to masquerade as a houri; and charmingly she does so, too, and wonderfully "in character"; yet not so perfectly as wholly to deceive feminine eyes, versed in the mysteries of feminine versatility! In Danmer's splendid version of Hafiz there are signs of translation all through; in spite of its vigor, glow, lyrical swing, all that makes other European translations of Eastern songs appear dry, cold, didactic in comparison, it is unequal, as works of strong genius and talent usually are; overflowingly ecstatic here, uncouth there, as though the translator had wrung, rather than gently persuaded, the profound or beautiful idea from one language into another; yet this is a brilliant, unmistakably Oriental personality, though robed in northern, foreign attire less pliable, less flowing, less glowing, than the Persian poet's own beautiful, national costume. But it is a noble, a strong, rich translation, justifying Danmer's own assertion that it was a work of love, of voluntary self-sacrifice, to which he devoted many of the finest hours of his life, for a number of years. And if Mirza-Schaffy be an inferior singer, he yet is a true disciple; does not Bodenstedt make him say, "Hafis is my master!" Wit and epigrammatic point, uncommon qualities with German poets, sparkle here and there in the Mirza-Schaffy "Songs of Wisdom;" take this as an example: —

"A gray eye, —
A sly eye!
An eye of blue, —
An eye that's true!
With roguish thought
Brown eyes are fraught;
But oh, a black eye's dazzling ray
Is deep and dark as God's own way!

On his return to Europe, Bodenstedt intends to reproduce his translation of the poems of Omar Chajiâm, the great representative of Persian free thought, a poet comparatively little known to European students, though his fame in the Orient is perhaps only second to that of his predecessor, Firdusi, or Saadi of the gardens of roses and delight.

Since you are not yet familiar with Hafiz, I should like to give you many specimens of the exulting, healthy, lyrical joyousness of that Persian Moore or Anacreon; but two or three brief lyrics must suffice to-day; remember, in judging them, that before reaching you through Danmer's German translation, and then my own English one, much of the original music, bloom, aroma, — call it what you will, must necessarily be lost.

I.

Wild zephyr wakes in Eden,
His message breaks night's soft repose;
"'T is not thy spirit, Hafis,
From whence that fount of music flows;
Ere time and space were measured,
Ere earth from Nothing's night arose,
Thy magic verse was written
On leaf and flower of Eden's rose!"

II.

Oh smile not with so sweet a smile!
From second fall, I pray thee, spare
The angels, that in realms of air
Roam on from starry isle to isle!
Oh, smile not with that perfect smile!
For should they see that smile, all, all,
From heights untold would spring, would fall,
And see no heaven save in that smile!

III.

I'll bear Love's rosy standard above the blue deeps, star-haunted;

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Though angel hosts should oppose me, on Eden's walls I'll plant it!
There, to the wondering planet-, I'll sound my exalted story; My silvery cymbals striking, I'll sing Love's power and glory!
The Pleiades and Orion will dance to the rapturous measure, The seraphs forget their songs to find in mine a diviner pleasure;
The sandy desert below me, that barren and waste expanse, Will burst into leaf and blossom, a radiant grove of roses. "And why, Hafiz?" — Thy question with envy and folly is blended!
Where shine the smiles of Sulaikka, joy reigns, and sorrow's rule 's ended!

IV.

A star, from chill and glittering splendor,
Fell in the grass, warm, fragrant, green, tender.
He saw around him the flowering meadow;
Oh, how he loved its sunshine and shadow!
Herds played near him, their little bells swinging;
Pleased was he with that silvery ringing;
He saw the steed o'er desert breaths flying,
The leafy woodland beyond him lying,
The hamlet, breathing content unspoken,
Himself on the earth, lost, clouded, broken;
All filled him with joy, starry joys excelling;
No more cared he for his heavenly dwelling.
Glad to have fallen from desolate splendor,
He lay at peace in the spring-grass tender!

But you, dear Pöönämon, now in the native land of Danmer and Bodenstedt, can study them and their creations or translations at your "own sweet will;" another day I will converse with you on a kindred subject, — Russian and Oriental folk-poetry and music. Yours faithfully,

F. R. R.

LISZT.

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.]

Franz Liszt was born Oct. 22, 1811, at Raiding, in Hungary, the son of Adam Liszt, an official in the imperial service, and a musical amateur of sufficient attainment to instruct his son in the rudiments of piano-forte-playing. At the age of nine young Liszt made his first appearance in public at Oedenburg with such success that several Hungarian noblemen guaranteed him efficient means to continue his studies for six years. For that purpose he went to Vienna, and took lessons from Czerny on the piano-forte, and from Salieri and Randlantinger in composition. The latter introduced the lad to his friend Franz Schubert. His first appearance in print was probably in a variation (the 24th) on a waltz of Diabelli's, one of fifty contributed by the most eminent artists of the day, for which Beethoven, when asked for a single variation, wrote thirty-three (op. 120). The collection, entitled Vaterländische Kunstler-Verein, was published in June, 1823. In the same year he proceeded to Paris, where it was hoped that his rapidly growing reputation would gain him admission at the Conservatoire in spite of his foreign origin. But Cherubini refused to make an exception in his favor, and he continued his studies under Reicha and Paër. Shortly afterwards he also made his first serious attempt at composition, and an operetta in one act, called *Don Sanche*, was produced at the Académie Royale, Oct. 17, 1825, and well received. Artistic tours to Switzerland and England, accompanied by brilliant success, occupy the period till the year 1827, when Liszt lost his father, and was thrown on his own resources to provide for himself and his mother. During his stay in Paris, where he settled for some years, he became acquainted with the leaders of French literature, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and George Sand, the influence of whose works may be discovered in his compositions. For a time also he became an adherent of Saint-Simon, but soon reverted to the Catholic religion, to which, as an artist and as a man, he has since adhered devoutly. In 1834 he became acquainted with the Countess D'Agoult, better known by her literary name of Daniel Stern, who for a long time remained attached to him and by whom he had three children. Two of these, a son and a daughter, the wife of M. Ollivier, the French statesman, are dead. The third, Cosima, is the wife of Richard Wagner. The public concerts which Liszt gave during the latter part of his stay in Paris placed his claim to the first rank amongst pianists on a firm basis, and at last he was induced, much against his will, to adopt the career of a virtuoso proper. The interval from 1839 to 1847 Liszt spent in traveling almost incessantly from one country to another, being everywhere received with an enthusiasm unequaled in the annals of art. In England he played at the Philharmonic Concerts of May 21, 1827 (Concerto, Hummel), May 11, 1840 (Concertstück, Weber), and June 8, 1840 (Kreutzer-sonata). Here alone his reception seems to have been less warm than was expected, and Liszt, with his usual generosity, at once undertook to bear the loss that might have fallen on his agent. Of this generosity numerous instances might be cited. The charitable purposes to which Liszt's genius has been made subservient are legion, and in this respect as well as in that of technical perfection he is unrivaled amongst virtuosi. The disaster caused at Pesth by the inundation of 1838 (Liszt was considerably alleviated by the princely sum — the result of several concerts — contributed by this artist; and when two years later a considerable sum had been collected for a statue to be erected to him at Pesth, he insisted upon the money being given to a struggling young sculptor, whom he moreover assisted from his private means. The poor of Raiding also had cause to remember the visit paid by Liszt to his native village about the same time. The world known that Beethoven's monument at Bonn owed its existence, or at least its speedy completion, to Liszt's liberality. When the subscriptions for the purpose began to fail, Liszt offered to pay the balance required from his own pocket, provided only that the choice of the sculptor should be left to him. From the beginning of the forties dates Liszt's more intimate connection with Weimar, where in 1849 he settled for the space of twelve years. This stay was to be fruitful in more than one sense. When he closed his career as a virtuoso, and accepted a permanent engagement as conductor of the Court Theatre at Weimar, he did so with the distinct purpose of becoming the advocate of the rising musical generation, by the performance of such works as were without regards—of immediate success, and therefore had little chance of seeing the light of the stage. At short intervals eleven operas of living composers were either performed for the first time or revived on the Weimar stage. Amongst these may be counted such works as *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Flying Dutchman* of Wagner, *Benvenuto Cellini* by Berlioz, Schumann's *Genoveva*, and music to Byron's "Manfred." Schubert's *Alfonso and Estrella* was also rescued from oblivion by Liszt's exertions. For a time it seemed as if this small provincial city were once more to be the artistic centre of Germany, as it had been in the days of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder. From all sides musicians and amateurs flocked to Weimar, to witness the astonishing feats to which a small but excellent community of singers and instrumentalists were inspired by the genius of their leader. In this way was formed the nucleus of a group of young and enthusiastic musicians, who, whatever may be thought of their aims and achievements, were and are at any rate inspired by perfect devotion to music and its poetical aims. It was, indeed, at these Weimar gatherings that the musicians who now form the so-called School of the Future, till then unknown to each other and divided locally and mentally, came first to a clear understanding of their powers and aspirations. How much the personal fascination of Liszt contributed to this desired effect need not be said. Amongst the numerous pupils on the piano-forte, to whom he at the same period opened the invaluable treasure of his technical experience, may be mentioned Hans von Bulow, the worthy disciple of such a master.

But, in a still higher sense, the soil of Weimar, with its great traditions, was to prove a field of richest harvest. When, as early as 1842, Liszt undertook the direction of a certain number of concerts every year at Weimar, his friend Duverger wrote "Cette place, qui oblige Liszt à séjourner trois mois de l'année à Weimar, doit marquer peut-être pour lui la transition de sa carrière de virtuose à celle de compositeur." This presage has been verified by a number of compositions which, whatever may be the final verdict on their merits, have at any rate done much to elucidate some of the most important questions in art. From these works of his mature years his early compositions, mostly for the piano-forte, ought to be distinguished. In the latter Liszt the virtuoso predominates over Liszt the composer. Not, for instance, that his "transcriptions" of operat e music are without superior merits. Every one of them shows the refined musician, and for the development of piano-forte technique, especially in rendering orchestral effects, they are of the greatest importance. They also tend to prove Liszt's catholicity of taste: for all schools are equally represented in the list, and a selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin* is found side by side with the Dead March from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*. To point out even the most important among these selections and arrangements would far exceed the limits of this notice. More important are the original pieces for the piano-forte also belonging to this earlier epoch, and collected under such names as "Consolations" and "Années de pèlerinage," but even in these, charming and interesting in many respects as they are, it would be difficult to discover the germs of Liszt's later productiveness. The stage of preparation and imitation through which all young composers have to go, Liszt passed at the piano and not at the desk. This is well pointed out in Wagner's pamphlet on the Symphonic Poems: —

"He who has had frequent opportunities," writes Wagner, "particularly in a friendly circle, of hearing Liszt play — for instance, Beethoven — must have understood that this was not mere reproduction, but real production. The actual point of division between these two things is not so easily determined as most people believe; but so much I have ascertained beyond a doubt, that, in order to reproduce Beethoven, one must be able to produce with him. It would be impossible to make this understood by those who have, in all their life, heard nothing but the ordinary performances and renderings by virtuosi of Beethoven's works. Into the growth and essence of such renderings I have, in the course of time gained so sad an insight, that I prefer not to offend anybody by expressing myself more clearly. I ask, on the other hand, all who have heard, for instance, Beethoven's op. 106 or op. 111 (the two great sonatas in B flat and C) played by Liszt in a friendly circle, what they previously knew of those creations, and what they learned of them on those occasions? If this was reproduction, then surely it was worth a great deal more than all the sonatas reproducing Beethoven which are 'produced' by our piano-forte composers in imitation of those imperfectly comprehended works. It was simply the peculiar mode of Liszt's development to do at the piano what others achieve with pen and ink; and who can deny that even the greatest and most original master,

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in his first period, does nothing but reproduce? It ought to be added that during this reproductive epoch, the work even of the greatest genius never has the value and importance of the master works which it reproduces, its own value and importance being attained only by the manifestation of distinct originality. It follows that Liszt's activity during his first and reproductive period surpasses everything done by others under parallel circumstances. For he placed the value and importance of the works of his predecessors in the fullest light, and thus raised himself almost to the same height with the composers he reproduced."

These remarks at the same time will to a large extent account for the unique place which Liszt holds amongst modern representatives of his instrument, and it will be unnecessary to say anything of the phenomenal technique which enabled him to concentrate his whole mind on the intentions of the composer.

(Conclusion in next number.)

SCHUMANN ON THE "SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE" BY BERLIOZ.

IN anticipation of the performance of this remarkable work in the next Harvard Symphony Concert (Feb. 12), we borrow, from Mme. Ritter's excellent translation, the concluding paragraphs of Robert Schumann's appreciative article, which bears date 1835. We have not room for the first and longest portion of his criticism, which enters into a close technical analysis of the form, the harmony, the thematic treatment of the five parts, or movements of the work, and which would not be intelligible to the common reader, at least without frequent reference to the score itself. He closes with "a few remarks on the idea and spirit of the work," as follows: —

Berlioz has written down, in a programme, that which he wishes us to think of while listening to his symphony. We will give an abbreviation of this.

The composer intended to sketch, in music, a few moments in the life of an artist. It seemed necessary that the plan of this instrumental drama should be explained in words beforehand. The programme should be regarded in the light of the text that accompanies an opera. *First part.* — Reveries, passions. The composer imagines a young musician, consumed by that moral sickness which a famous author has characterized as "the vague of passion;" he then sees, for the first time, a woman who seems to realize all that ideal perfection which he has already preconceived. By a remarkable freak of accident, the beloved form never appears to him unaccompanied by a musical thought, in which he imagines he traces the character of the maiden, somewhat passionate yet timid and noble; this form and this melody haunt him continually like a double fixed idea. Dreamy melancholy, only broken by a few soft tones of joy, until it arises to the heights of a lover's frenzy, — pain, jealousy, inward fervor, — the grief of first love, in short, forms the contents of the first movement. *Second part.* — A ball. Amid the joy of a festival the artist stands and gazes in an exalted mood on the beauties of nature; but everywhere, in the city, in the country, the beloved form follows him, and troubles his every mood. *Third part.* — A scene in the country. At evening he hears the chant of two shepherds answering each other from afar. This duet, the spot, the soft rustling of the leaves, a gleam of hope that he is loved in return, all unite to shed an unaccustomed repose over his spirit, and to give his thoughts a more happy direction. He reflects that perhaps he will not stand alone much longer. But if he is deceived! This interchange of hope and fear, light and darkness, is expressed in the adagio. At the close, one of the shepherds repeats his chant, the other does not reply. Thunder in the distance. Loneliness. Deep silence. *Fourth part.* — The journey to execution ("Marche du Supplice"). The artist is now aware that his love is not returned, and poisons himself with opium. The narcotic, too weak to kill him, steeps him in a sleep filled with frightful visions. He dreams that he has murdered her, and that he, condemned to death, is yet the witness of his own execution. The cortége begins to move; a march, now wild and gloomy, then joyous and brilliant, accompanies it; there is a dull sound of footsteps, a murmurous noise of the crowd. At the end of the march, the fixed idea appears, like a last thought of the beloved one; but broken in half by the axe of the block. *Fifth part.* — A dream in a witches' sabbath night. He stands among imps, witches, misformed creatures of all sorts, who have gathered together to his interment. Howls, laughs, cries of pain, complaints. The beloved melody is again heard, but as a common, vulgar dance theme now; it is she who comes. Loud rejoicings at her arrival. Demoniac orgies. Death bells. The "Dies Iræ" again, but travestied.

Such is the programme. All Germany greeted it with the declaration that such signboards have an unworthy and empirical air. In any case, the five principal titles would have sufficed; the further suppositions in regard to the composer's personality, and the possibly interesting fact that he had lived his own symphony through, might have been confided to tradition. The German, averse to personalities, does not care to be accompanied in his reflections; he was already sufficiently offended that Beethoven in the Pastoral Symphony did not trust its character to his divinatory comprehension. It seems as if men stand somewhat in awe of the workshop of genius! they do not care to know of the causes, tools, and mysteries of creation. Does not Nature herself tenderly cover her roots with earth? Then let the artist also shut himself up with his griefs. We should go through dreadful experiences could we see all works to the very foundation of their origin.

But Berlioz wrote for his own nation, on whom ethereal modesty imposes but little. I can understand how a Frenchman, reading the programme as he listens, would applaud the countryman who so intelligently treated the whole; music alone, in itself, is secondary with him. Whether a listener, unaware of the composer's intention, would see similar pictures in his mind's eye to those which Berlioz has designated, I cannot decide, as I read the programme before I heard the work. If the eye is once directed to a certain point, the ear can no longer judge independently. And if one asks whether music is capable of accomplishing that which Berlioz has demanded of it in his symphony, one should endeavor to attach different, opposite ideas to it. I confess that the programme at first spoiled my enjoyment, my freedom; but as this faded into the background, and my own fancy began to work, I found more than was set down, and almost everywhere in the music a warm, vital tone. Many look too seriously at the difficult question as to how far instrumental music dare venture in the attempted realization of thoughts and events. People err when they suppose that composers prepare pens and paper with the deliberate predetermination of sketching, painting, expressing this or that. Yet we must not estimate outward influences and impressions too lightly. Involuntarily an idea sometimes develops itself simultaneously with the musical fancy; the eye is awake as well as the ear, and this ever-busy organ sometimes holds fast to certain outlines amid all the sounds and tones, which, keeping pace with the music, form and condense into clear shapes. The more elements congenially related to music which the thought or picture created in tones contains within it, the more poetic and plastic will be the expression of the composition; and in proportion to the imaginativeness and keenness of the musician in receiving these impressions will be the elevating and touching power of his work. Why is it not possible that the idea of immortality occurred to Beethoven while extemporizing? Why should not the memory of a great fallen hero excite him to composition? Why could not the remembrance of past and happy days inspire another? Shall we be ungrateful to Shakespeare, who has called from the heart of a young tone-poet a work not unworthy of himself, — ungrateful to Nature, denying that we borrow of her beauty and nobility wherewith to deck our own creations? Italy, the Alps, the ocean, spring, twilight — has music told us nothing yet of these? Music bestows so charmingly firm a character on even small, special pictures, that one is often astonished at her power of fixing such traits. Thus a composer once told me how, while writing, he had been continually haunted by the image of a butterfly floating down a brook on a leaf; the idea had given to the composition just such a tenderness and simplicity as the actual object possessed. In this fine kind of *genre* painting Franz Schubert was a master. Apropos, I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote of my own experience while playing a Schubert march with a friend. I asked him whether he saw any fixed picture before his mind's eye, and he answered: "Yes! I was in Seville more than a hundred years ago, among Dons and Donnas, with their trains, pointed shoes, and daggers, &c." Strange to say, our visions were the same, even to the name of the city.

We will leave it undecided as to whether there are many poetic movements in the programme of Berlioz's symphony. The principal question is, does unexplained and unaccompanied music contain any meaning in itself, and, above all, does a spirit of its own inhabit it? As to the first, I think I have already said something; the second no one can deny, even where Berlioz openly fails. And if we would combat the spirit of the day, which tolerates a burlesque "Dies Iræ," we should only repeat what has been said and written for years against Crabbe, Heine, Byron, Hugo, and others. For a few moments in an eternity, Poesy has put on the mask of Irony to cover her grief-worn face. Perhaps the friendly hand of Genius may also loosen it.

There is yet much of good and ill to say; but here, for to-day, I must break off. Could I hope that these lines would have the effect of inducing Berlioz to restrain his inclination towards eccentricity, — should they aid in obtaining complete recognition for his symphony, not as the masterpiece of a master, but as a work distinguished by its originality from all that stands beside it, — should they inspire German artists (to whom Berlioz stretches out the hand of brotherhood — a strong hand, ready to fight with them against dull, pedantic mediocrity) to new production, then the aim of their publication will have been fully attained.

LEIPZIG. — The eleventh Gewandhaus concert (Dec. 11) had for programme two Symphonies (the "Jupiter" of Mozart, and Schumann, in D minor); several choruses from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, and a choral work by Jadassohn, called "Die Verheissung" (the divine promise).

— The Municipal Council have made a grant to the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts, of four-thousand square metres of land, in a faubourg on the southwest, for the construction of the new Concert Hall which was long since projected.

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TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.[1]

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XX.

PAINT gayly, cheerfully. We are too dreadfully serious. Do nothing that you cannot do cheerfully, easily. Don't get the start of yourselves by doing more than you know.

Have faith that the simple masses will produce the effect. Add no detail that will destroy that effect. Try to get the simple mass of things, no matter how smudgy it looks. Try to make the picture as if you saw it vaguely. Get the requisite amount of light and dark. Get the gradations. Finish later.

You can draw just as well on dark paper as on light.

Is n't the dark of that chair just as evident as her eyes? Has n't it just as much to do with the picture? *Nobody knows how to finish!* If a thing is begun right it is a picture from the first. If you are drawing a fish you don't first make a scale. Make the great masses, and the picture comes along of itself.

Begin with the background. *Where* is your subject? Here. *What* is it? A little girl sitting in a chair. Don't look to see what kind of an eye-lash she has! You might spend three hours drawing an eye, and another drawing an eye-lash, and then the eye would be a great deal nearer to you than to the rest of the picture. Put in your vigors — bang! Half shut your eyes. Look at the whole thing. Get the local color or value of this and that, here and there. Then your outlines will come in and mean something. They are only visible because certain things are evident and certain things are not. I see a skirt, and I put that in; not stopping to draw the head even, until I get a sitting figure dark against the gray background. Don't make the arms the *subject* of the lower part of the picture. Make them only fractional. Don't amuse yourselves making eyes until you get far enough to do it. Most people think that an eye is a fascinator. It has no more to do with fascination than a soap-bubble. It's *where* the eye is, and *what's around it*.

"There is n't anything to my sketch."

Well, there is n't to anything you see when you first begin. You must n't scrutinize. Don't worry and bother! Amuse yourself!

There must be firmness somewhere, because you know that *form* is there. Convince by making the statement.

Some try to paint like Corot, and make sloppy pictures. They misunderstand him. He paints firmly.

A man is nothing except in his relation to the other members of the human family. You keep young as long as you keep giving out. After you 've received a thing it does you no good. It 's the getting, the receiving, that does us good; not the keeping, the having. "Lend me a guinea," said a reckless spendthrift to Ben Franklin. "Here it is. Don't return it, but give it to some one else. Then pass it on until it meets a knave."

Take at once a comprehensive view of your subject, and grasp it as a whole. Clap the values at once all over your picture, leaving the planes loose at the edges until all the leading tones are reached. Paint brutally! barbaric! Paint values as spots of light and color; rather than strive for the "scare" of the thing. Get brilliancy, sparkle, light.

Everything is interesting if only you make a study of it, aiming to do it simply. Fifteen minutes' work done at white heat, as it were, is better than all day's working at anything.

Camphor for moths! Why, when I took my fur coat out of the camphor, the moths held on and actually cried at losing the camphor on which they were growing fat. Moths love tobacco. And that 's what Queen Elizabeth had against Sir Walter Raleigh. She kept all the dresses that she had ever had, and he must needs bring tobacco from Virginia to feed the little pests!

Oh, this is a funny old world; and how we dawdle and fool at nine o'clock in the morning when we think we have time enough. At five P. M. we desire nothing so much as to paint.

Make that sky bright and luminous. I've just seen a collection of pictures where the skies were dead and wall-like. You can paint the sky just as it *is*, but I defy you to make your foreground strong enough to make the sky *stay back* where it belongs.

Gray is not the negation of color, but the presence of it.

(*Corot's "French Village," owned by Mr. Quincy Shaw.*) When they put such things into their prayer-books, I will go to church.

(*Spring of 1873, on starting for Florida.*) Illness makes me long to work. If I should not live long, I can look back upon my life as one of nearly fifty years of a great deal of enjoyment.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. — The second of the University Course at Sanders Theatre (Jan. 8), and the third of the Harvard Musical Association (Jan. 15), were so nearly identical in programme, that they may be treated of together. The central feature in both was the posthumous Symphony of Goetz, who died so young and full of genius. This had been promised in the Harvard Musical prospectus from the early summer, but the Cambridge organization succeeded in bringing it out first. There was also the almost identity of orchestra, that at Cambridge (Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic) forming the nucleus of the larger orchestra under Carl Zerrahn. Then there was the *Egmont* Overture in common, and the two Arias sung by Miss Welsh. In only two numbers do the two programmes differ. We may as well give them both in full: —

Sanders Theatre.

Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," in F minor, Op. 84 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Concert Aria, "The Captive," Reverie by Victor Hugo, Op. 12 . . . . *Berlioz.*
Miss Ita Welsh.
Symphony, in F major, Op. 9 . . . *Hermann Goetz.*
Motto: Into the holy, tranquil realms of feeling
Must thou escape from out the press of life!
— *Schiller.*
Allegro moderato — Intermezzo, Allegretto — Adagio ma non troppo lento — Allegro con fuoco.
[First time in America.]
Andante with Variations and Minuet from the Divertimento in D. (string orchestra and two Horns) . . . . *Mozart.*
Aria: "Voi, che sapete," from "Figaro" . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Ita Welsh.
Overture to "Euryanthe," in E-flat . . . . *Von Weber.*

Boston Music Hall.

Overture to "Fierabras" . . . . *Schubert.*
Song: "The Captive," with Orchestra . . . . *Berlioz.*
Miss Ita Welsh.
Symphony, in F (posthumous), Op. 9 . *Hermann Goetz.*
[First time.]
Motto: "In des Herzens heilig stille Räume
Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang."
— *Schiller.*
(Movements as above.)
Aria: "Voi che sapete," from "Le Nozze di Figaro" . . . . *Mozart.*
Miss Ita Welsh.
Nocturne and Scherzo, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Overture to "Egmont" . . . . *Beethoven.*

The second appearance of Miss Ita Welsh, and in the same two pieces, is explained by the accident which occurred to Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, which prevented his playing the Beethoven G major piano Concerto and Schumann Fantaisie, as had been announced. Miss Welsh, at the last moment, kindly came in to the rescue. But every one was charmed to hear her, even for the third time, sing that marvelously beautiful, touching and original song, or Aria, by Berlioz, which she has made peculiarly her own, for it is remarkably well adapted to her. And "Voi, che sapete," though it has been heard so often, is seldom sung so tastefully and charmingly as it was sung by her both in Cambridge and in Boston. The Overture which opened the Cambridge Concert, closed the one in Boston, — and, we think, with better reason; for the *Egmont* Overture is just the thing to close a noble concert; it is short, concentrated, full of fire, and ending in a blaze of glory, the hero's dream of triumph. Whereas Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture, much longer, is a piece to rouse an audience at the outset, and bring them over the threshold out of the bustling everyday world into the heavenlier realm of harmony.

Schubert's Overture to his most important Opera, *Fierabras*, is also his finest work in that form. It is full of fresh musical ideas, and of fine effects of contrast, and it is splendidly instrumented. Indeed every time we hear it with new interest. The mysterious tremolo crescendo with which it opens; the superbly rich blast of horns, — a solid shining mass of golden tone; the plaintive, pleading, principal motive, a very short reiterated phrase, now from a horn, and now from other instruments; the spirited heroic answering subject; the exquisitely tender episode; and the return of all these themes with enhanced interest, and worked up to a brilliant conclusion, make it one of the few best Concert Overtures. We have often wondered why it is that these Symphony concerts have for so many years been allowed to have almost a monopoly of this Overture, — at least we cannot remember it's being played here in any other concerts.

The Mozart Andante and Minuet was a delightful feature of the Cambridge programme. Originally a Sextet for strings and two horns, — like his "Musikalischer Spass" — this Divertimento, or these movements from it, gained by the employment of all the strings of the orchestra. It was very finely played, and had all the perfection and the charm of Mozart. For this the Boston concert offered the two *Midsummer Night's Dream* pieces, which it is but fair to say were very beautifully and delicately played, particularly the Scherzo, in which the soft horn and flutter of the sustained flute-passage at the end won admiration for the taste and skill of Mr. Heindl.

It remains to record impressions of the Symphony by Goetz. It is in the key of F, — the key of many Pastorals, what some one calls the key of nature. And the first thing that strikes you in the opening of the Allegro moderato is its fresh, wholesome May or June feeling, "far from the maddening crowd." It waxes earnest, however, very soon revealing a deep poetic nature in the man, a haunting thought, and a reflective intelligence. The principal themes are very short, continually reproduced with subtle skill in thematic development, at great length; nothing that can be called a melody, only melodic phrases, hints, and motives. This portion of the work, therefore, was naturally the least interesting to the less musical many, in spite of its fresh spontaneity, its originality, and its rich blending and contrasting of the orchestral colors. But musicians found it extremely interesting.

The Intermezzo captivated every listener, and no one could withhold one whit of most absorbed attention. It is a little thing, but bright and airy and poetic enough for Mendelssohn in his

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most fairy vein. It is like a crystal fountain sparkling, iridescent, in the sunshine, all innocent happiness and freedom; something of that keen love of life, that full belief in joy, which we always feel in Beethoven, in spite of his darker moods. The salient melody, first given by the flutes in answer to the signal of the horns, and which pervades the movement, is most fascinating; and it continually clothes itself with new beauty. What a luscious commingling of the tone-colors as it proceeds! Especially where the blithe, smooth trumpet tones fall in with a new, still brighter sheaf of sunbeams. If this does not justify the "Herzens heilig stille Raume" (the heart's holy, still recesses) of the motto, it is at least typical of a spontaneous, pure joy, of a "content so absolute," as to be utterly aloof from all the vulgar *Sturm und Drang* of life.

It is commonly supposed, however, that the Schiller motto applies only to the Adagio, which has a deep, religious, thoughtful sentiment, and forms upon the whole the most important movement of the Symphony. Yet this, although it begins with a calm, soul-fraught melody, and takes you into the deeper chambers of the heart, is by no means always still and full of peace. It grows intense and almost feverish, as the self-communion deepens; the tragic human quality is not wanting, — the struggle of the conscious finite with the haunting glimpses of the infinite, the heaven beyond, the torture of the Ideal ever in contrast with the real! So this Adagio, which is musically a masterpiece, is a true type of life in this, that, while it begins and ends with peace, it has its Passion in the middle.

The Finale, *Allegro con fuoco*, full of fire, and very swift, is remarkable for the impatient rushing movement of the violins, extremely difficult, and long kept up, with which, as by relentless force of destiny, it "sweeps to a conclusion." We are of those who enjoyed every movement of the Symphony, — more and more as we have heard it in rehearsal and two concerts, — and we feel that we owe much of the enjoyment to the admirable manner in which both the smaller and the larger Orchestra performed it.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. — As a branch of this institution, Mr. Julius Eichberg's Violin Classes have given two extremely interesting matinées this season. The last was at Union Hall on Friday, Jan. 16. The concert consisted of string quartet performances and solos on the violin. A regularly organized quartet of young ladies, kept in constant practice upon quartets of Haydn, Beethoven, etc., zealous and happy in their work (Misses Lillian Shattuck, Lettie Launder, Lillian Chandler, and Abbie Shepardson), had already given several public specimens of much more than respectable quartet playing. This time they opened the concert with the Andante from Mendelssohn's fourth Quartet, followed by the charming Canzonetta from his first. They gain in firmness, breadth, and good ensemble all the time. The great achievement of the day, however, was reserved to the closing piece, Bach's wonderful *Chaconne* in D minor, played in perfect unison, through all its variations, by the same four young ladies. Such practice must be invaluable, not only in forming competent violinists, but in educating musical taste and feeling for what is best in art.

The various solo performances were all so good that we are at a loss where to praise especially. Perhaps the greatest interest centred in two: the *Fantasie Caprice* of Vieuxtemps, played by that delicate, poetic-looking maiden, Miss Edith Christie; and the two formidable pieces, *Elegie* by Ernst and Wieniawski's *Polonaise*, with great certainty and freedom, and *con amore*, by a talented young Italian, Mr. Placido Fiamura. But the other efforts were each in its way (and they are all trained to a good way) excellent, namely: the *Reverie* of Vieuxtemps, by Miss Shepardson; Theme and Variations, Wieniawski, by Miss Launder; first movement from De Beriot's third Concerto, by Mr. Joseph B. Proctor; and Paganini's first Concerto, by Mr. Willis Nowell.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB, having postponed its contemplated performance, with orchestra, of Goetz's Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," for maturer preparation, gave, meanwhile (Wednesday evening, Jan. 21), a concert simply of part songs and other smaller pieces. The selections were choice; exquisitely well sung, particularly those by the female chorus; and the concert had the refreshing merit of reasonable length. Marchetti's *Ave Maria*, in rather a secular modern Italian style, proved a fresh and very pleasing novelty. The Franz "May Song" was as delightful as ever; only taken, as we felt, a trifle too fast. Festa's Madrigal sounded fresh and wholesome as before. The Swedish "Little Bird," with Mr. Osgood's solo, gave great delight. But for fine poetic quality the "Lovely Night," by Chwatal, so perfectly sung, and the two pieces by Rheinberger, which have a more marked originality, deserve especial mention. Here is the programme in full: —

1. Choral Hymn . . . . *Brahms.*
Mixed Chorus.
2. Ave Maria . . . . *Marchetti*
Female Chorus.
3. Go, Speed thy Flight . . . . *Otto.*
Male Chorus.
4. Down in a Flowery Vale . . . . *Festa.*
Mixed Chorus.
5. Lovely Night . . . . *Chwatal.*
Male Chorus.
6. The Little Bird . . . . *Swedish.*
Female Chorus.
7. May Song . . . . *Franz.*
Mixed Chorus.
8. *a* Welcome } *b* Night } . . . . *Rheinberger.*
Mixed Chorus.
9. My Wish . . . . *Folksong.*
Male Chorus.
10. Down in a Dewy Dell . . . . *Smart.*
Female Chorus.
11. On Upper Langbathsea . . . . . *Engelsberg.*
Male Chorus.
12. A Winter Carol . . . . *Raff.*
Mixed Chorus.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, JAN. 26. — On Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, Miss Anna Bock gave a concert at Steinway Hall. She was assisted by several resident artists, and the programme was certainly quite a pretentious one. The young lady played solos by Beethoven, Rubinstein, Schumann, Chopin, in a purely mechanical way, which demonstrated, beyond any peradventure, that she does not possess, in any real sense, a musical organization; perhaps she will subside to her proper level in time, for she is not especially needed here. Mr. W. Mueller played an andante (on the violoncello) from a concerto by Vieuxtemps, and Schubert's "Ave Maria," in a very admirable manner. His tone is broad and clear, and his execution is most excellent. It should be mentioned that among Miss Bock's solos was a Barcarolle by Rubinstein in A minor: it is a very lovely composition, and in the right hands ought to make a very strong impression upon any one's musical intelligence. It was simply slaughtered by this ruthless young person who, nevertheless, seemed to think that she had done something of a particularly meritorious sort.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 15, we had, at Chickering Hall, a concert of English Glees. Miss Beebe, Mr. Aiken, and Mr. Woodruff have labored faithfully and conscientiously to develop a taste for this kind of musical entertainment, and their artistic efforts have contributed very largely to the success of their undertaking. They have lost their former contralto (Miss Finch), and this season's substitute can scarcely be regarded as a marked success; she seems to have a fair voice, but her musical intelligence is not conspicuous. These concerts are attended by some of our very best people, and are most heartily enjoyed by those who prefer a whole evening of vocal music to one in which instrumental ability is allowed a share.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 17, the Symphony Society gave its third concert in Steinway Hall; I give you the programme: —

Suite — D minor. Op. 43 . . . . *Tschaikowsky.*
Violoncello Concerto (new) . . . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
(M. Adolphe Fischer.)
Sixth Symphony . . . . *Beethoven.*
Solos for Violoncello —
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2 . . . . *Chopin.*
Tarantella . . . . *Fischer.*
Selections from "Tristan and Isolde" . . . . *Wagner.*

The Suite is in five sections or subdivisions, and is certainly as noble a work as has been produced within the last quarter of a century. The first movement (in D minor) is a very serious Introduction and Fugue, which is admirably worked up and charmingly orchestrated. The second division is a Divertimento, which is opened by several solo bars for the clarinets; this is again and again introduced, in one instance accompanied by the most delicious *rocking* accompaniment by the flutes; there is also an auxiliary Theme in E-flat by the oboes, with pizzicato accompaniment by the entire string orchestra. The three remaining divisions were an Andante, a Scherzo, and a Gavotte; space will not suffice for a detailed analysis of these, but it is enough to say that the melodies are pure and *definite*, the harmonic combinations strong and full of charming surprises, and the instrumentation most masterly.

The violoncello concerto is a very interesting illustration of the wonderful talent — perhaps genius — which Saint-Saëns displays in almost everything that comes from his fertile pen. More interesting than the concerto was its performance by Monsieur Fischer; no such solo playing upon that instrument has ever been heard in this city. While this amazing artist has not the breadth of tone possessed by some of his compeers, he has a most exquisite staccato, a charming pianissimo, and an absolute accuracy of intonation (even in the higher notes in the A string), that are little else than marvelous. His musical intelligence is of the highest order and he is certainly a king of his instrument: he might well be termed a Joseffy upon the violoncello; ah, if one could only hear those two play Mendelssohn's Sonata in B-flat!

M. Fischer achieved an instantaneous and merited success, both by his rendering of the concerto and by his tender *singing* of the lovely Chopin nocturne (set in the key of D for the 'cello); and his phenomenal technique, as shown in his own dainty Tarantella. I object, of course, to the use of Chopin's pianoforte works in adapted guises for other instruments; but must candidly confess that this vandalism was less objectionable in this especial instance than in every other which has come under my observation; such things ought not to be tolerated for a moment, *but* — the nocturne certainly *was* charming.

The concert was in every way an unequivocal success, and too much praise cannot be accorded to Dr. Damrosch for his admirable manner of accompanying M. Fischer; in this regard the improvement in his leadership (which is noticeable this year) was conspicuously evident.

The fourth concert will occur on Feb. 14, upon which occasion will be produced Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*.

On Tuesday evening occurred the third concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society; this was the musical *menu*:

Overture — "Anacreon" . . . . *Cherubini.*
Suite — E . . . . *Bach.*
Violoncello Concerto . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
(M. Fischer.)
Dramatic Symphony . . . . *Rubinstein.*

The orchestra appeared to the best advantage in the Cherubini Overture, which was played with a precision of attack and a unity of purpose that reminded one forcibly of Mr. Thomas's palmy days. The Bach Suite was somewhat marred by the unaccountable *flatting* of the violas. This Suite, it may be mentioned, is made up from two of the great master's violin sonatas. It is instrumented by Bachrich, and is really quite effective. M. Fischer was successful in his artistic interpretation of the concerto, but did not play with the marvelous finish of execution and accuracy of intonation which distinguished him on the previous Saturday evening. In response to an encore he gave us a Chopin nocturne (Op. 9, No. 2), which *he* rendered with the utmost feeling and delicacy. The orchestral accompaniment was villainously played, and reflected no credit either upon the performers or upon the conductor, who appeared to regard the whole thing as a bore.

The Rubinstein Symphony was produced at a former concert by the Brooklyn Society, and has also been played in New York. The orchestration — it need scarcely be said — is superb; but I have faithfully tried to comprehend the design and purpose of the work, and have never yet been able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion; it is the very embodiment of disjointedness and jerkiness.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 24, the N. Y. Philharmonic Society gave its third concert with substantially the same programme as the one which has just been mentioned. The orchestral numbers were just the same and, in addition, Beethoven's fourth piano Concerto was played by Mr. Hermann Rietzel (son of the Society's veteran first flutist). This young artist displayed a very excellent technique and very notable musical intelligence, and gave us a pleasing reading of the opus, although the interpretation can scarcely be termed a broad one. Joseffy had been engaged for this concert, and was to have played Beethoven's Fifth Concerto: he has, however, had very serious difficulty with one of his fingers and was, therefore, unable to appear.

On February 28, Mr. G. Carlberg will give an orchestral concert at Chickering Hall; his programme will include a *Symphonie Triomphale*, by Ulrich; Mozart's P. F. Concerto, No. 8, in D minor, played by Mme. Rachan, and the entire "Struensee" music, by Meyerbeer. ARGUS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JAN. 17. — The "Cecilia" gave its sixth concert, the second of this season, Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, with the following programme: —

Quintet, E-flat, Op. 4	*Beethoven.*
Songs: (a.) Serenade	*Eisenhofer.*
(b.) "Calm on the Midnight Air"	*Zöllner.*
Songs: (a.) Reconlarg	*Beethoven.*
(b.) "Arise! Shine"	*Beethoven.*
Solo, Violin: (a.) Cavatina, Op. 85	*Raff.*
(b.) Kalawiak (Mazourka)	*Wieniawski.*
Mr. Charles N. Allen.	
Song: "Lead, Kindly Light"	*Buck.*
Quintet, Op. 8	*Gade.*

The instrumental numbers were given by the Beethoven Club of Boston, consisting of Messrs. C. N. Allen and Carl Meisel, violins, H. Heindl and W. Koetzel, violas, and Walf Fries, 'cello. The vocal part of the programme was rendered by the Temple Quartette of Boston, who were engaged at short notice in the place of Mr. Wm. J. Winch, who was announced for this concert, but prevented from singing by illness.

The somewhat familiar early work of Beethoven is interesting for more than one reason. It is beautiful in itself as a composition, being well constructed, and having fine themes whose elaboration is worthy of them. It is quite easily apprehended, and is capable of being understood with little effort as compared with some of the author's later works, — the quintet for strings in C, Op. 29, for example, — not to mention others. While written in the master's earlier style, before he had passed beyond the influence of Haydn and Mozart, it presents here and there indications, hints, suggestions of the future Beethoven in all his marked individuality and power. The Andante, possibly somewhat Italian in style, yet very beautiful, contains passages strongly characteristic of the genius of the composer, and such as you feel he only could have written. You cannot help recognizing here his energy and his reserved power. The later development of the master is but the natural outgrowth of germs like those seen in this movement. Of all the movements the first is, perhaps, the least interesting to a general audience, while no one can fail to enjoy the Andante and Finale. The Minuetto, with its two trios, is not far behind these in matter and form. The Finale is exceedingly rapid and brilliant. The playing was throughout excellent. The marks of expression so numerous in Beethoven were carefully observed, and the whole work was given *con amore*.

The quintet by Gade is evidently also an early work. It reminds you considerably of Mendelssohn, especially in the first movement, Allegro espressivo; and it has the characteristics which appear in nearly all the works of the northern composers. Should we offer anything respecting it in the way of criticism, we must say that though it is a fine work, and would doubtless prove more interesting on further acquaintance, it does not impress us so favorably as some of the other works of its author, for example, his Trio for piano and strings, Op. 42, in F. There is too much of mere figure work, and too little real melody in the composition. This, at least, is the impression produced on the writer and one or two friends. Yet there are fine passages in the work. The Allegretto was the most enjoyable movement.

The playing of the Club here also was of a very high order. The individual work was excellent, and the ensemble equally so. It was such playing as one wishes to hear often.

Mr. Allen's solo was admirably rendered, and was one of the most enjoyable things of the evening.

The songs, while nicely rendered in the main, did not please us. They hardly seemed in place in such a programme. This remark must apply even to the selections from Beethoven. We were not particularly impressed with them, and if this is heresy on our part, we can only defend ourselves by saying with Horace: "bonus dormitat Homerus" (Ars. Poet. 359), "good Homer nods." Lest, however, we should seem to be unjust to the gentlemen who rendered the vocal selections, it is perhaps but fair to say that they seemed to please the audience generally.

As a whole, however, the concert was not so interesting as the previous one. This was partially owing to the more heterogeneous composition of the programme, especially the vocal portion, and partially, perhaps, to our not being in so musical a mood as is usual on such occasions. Be it as it may, the concert was a good one, and calculated to develop a taste for a high and intrinsically valuable class of music.

A. G. L.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 25. — The Strakosch Italian Opera Company left on Monday last after seven performances, which, on the whole, were only fair from an artistic, as well as pecuniary, standpoint. The operas produced were: *Norma, Carmen, Huguenots, Puritani, Mignon, Lucia*, and *Favorita*. Of these the only ones deserving special mention were *Carmen* and *Favorita*. The *Huguenots* was a most unsatisfactory performance, if we except the Urbano of M'lle de Belocca, and Mons. Castelmary's Marcel. The last act was entirely left out, and the choruses were tortured in the most execrable manner. Belocca and Castelmary are the mainstays of Mr. Strakosch's troupe. Miss Singer does not improve on acquaintance. Her high notes are harsh and screechy, and her voice is effective only in *pianissimo* passages. Of the remainder of the cast (excepting Herr Gottschalk, who was ill the entire week, and unable to appear) the only ones deserving attention are Sig. Baldanza and Sig. Horti, — the former for his telling tenor voice, and the latter for his dramatic figure and histrionic talents. The most successful representation of the week was that of *Carmen*, in which Mlle. de Belocca acted and sang most charmingly.

At the twelfth Peabody students' concert, given at the Conservatory, on Saturday last, the following programme was performed: —

Beethoven. String-trio, C major, Op. 87. For two violins and viola.

Allegro. — Adagio cantabile. — Minuetto: allegro molto scherzo. — Finale: presto.

(Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Schaefer.)

Anger Hamerik. Love-Song from the fourth Norse Suite. Op. 25. Transcription for the piano by the composer.

(Miss Mabel Latham, student of the Conservatory, seventh year.)

Mendelssohn, (a.) Songs for two sopranos and piano.

I would that my Love. — The Passage-Bird's Farewell. — Greeting. — Autumn Song. — Folk Song. — The May-Bells and the Flowers. — My Bark is bounding to the Gale. — Home, far away. — The Sabbath Morn. — The Harvest-Field. — Evening Song. — Song from "Ruy Blas."

(Miss Kate Dickey, student of the Conservatory, sixth year and Miss Ida Crow, ex-student and member of the Conservatory.)

(b.) Variations Serieuses, D minor, Op. 54. For piano.

(Mr. Karl F. Buhner, member of the Conservatory.)

The choice of so many Mendelssohn songs for one evening seems somewhat peculiar; but they were all gone through with quite fairly by the two young ladies, and without any evidence of fatigue either on their part or that of the audience.

It will doubtless interest your readers to know that we are at last to have the usual eight Peabody Symphony Concerts. After the money question has been discussed from any number of standpoints, and many remedies and expedients suggested — after much crimination and recrimination, — the sensible conclusion has finally been reached, that the only way to start the concerts is to appropriate the requisite lucre; and to the credit of the Institution, be it said, the want has been more handsomely supplied this time than during the last two years, although at a rather late day. The lovers of good symphony music will, however, be happy to have the concerts even though they do not begin until the last day of January. Better late, than never! The orchestra will consist of about forty-eight pieces, — about ten stronger than last season, — and the first concert, for which rehearsals have already begun, will produce the "Ocean" symphony of Rubinstein, something entirely novel to Baltimore audiences.

C. F.

CHICAGO, JAN. 24. — The Mapleson Opera Company has been the attraction for the past two weeks. The operas given have been *Marta, La Sonnambula* (twice), *Linda, La Figlia del Reggimento, Aida* (three times), *Faust, Lucia di Lammermoor* (twice), *Rigoletto, Dinorah*, and *Mignon*. Besides these, there was a very unfortunate performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. On this occasion it pleased the members of "Her Majesty's Opera" to show the negative side of good singing, for more wretched work can hardly be imagined. True, there were a number of the best solo artists sick, and substitutions had to be made; but still there was little excuse for such an ordinary performance, even from the singers engaged in it. From the art side of the question, but very little benefit has been derived from this visit of the Mapleson company to our city. In the first place we have had only the time-worn operas, and nothing has been given that could advance musical interest to any extent whatever. Many of the performances have been good, and others, like *Faust*, and the *Stabat Mater*, very bad; but at no time during their visit has there been any work given that would call out the enthusiastic commendations of really musical people. From a financial point of view, their visit has brought them in a good return, but there was not the same enthusiasm upon the part of opera-goers as during past seasons; nor have the houses been as large upon the star-nights. I have been quite constant in my attendance, and have given the performances my close attention. The chorus has been very good, and the orchestra better than any other company has given us. Signori Campanini, Galassi, Del Puente, and Herr Behrens have been uniform in their excellence, and all their work has reflected credit upon their talent and ability. In Mlle. Valleria I found a careful singer, with a pretty voice of a sweet quality, but light in power. Her execution was generally tasteful, and she seemed conscientious in all her work. At no time did she come up to the point at which an artist can claim greatness, nor did her performances sink into the circle of the common-place. She was always pleasing, and in some numbers quite brilliant. Mlle. Ambre, who made her first appearance as Aida, has not the power of voice, if she has the dramatic talent, to give a great performance of that rôle. As Mignon, and as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, she had rôles better fitted to her powers. Miss Cary, although unable, on account of illness during the past week, to do all her work, has given us some very fine performances. The most notable being that of Amneris in *Aida*. She holds her rank as a noble and great contralto. The performances of Mlle. Maria Marimon have stamped her as an artist. She has not the melting quality of voice that is found in Mme. Gerster, nor did she find the same enthusiastic recognition. Her execution is very brilliant, and much of her work was very finely done, while she is able to command her powers so as to impress her listeners with the feeling that they are hearing a very accomplished singer. I regard the upper part of her voice as very pure and beautiful, while the lower octave is not at all strong and seems worn. As an actress she seems to possess a full knowledge of stage business, and is never at loss to make the most of a telling situation. At the same time she sings to astonish, more than to touch the heart, and in this respect cannot approach the delicate art of Gerster. One seems to me to be a born genius, who sings out her thoughts in sweet notes of wondrous beauty, and takes you, by force of her power, into the charmed circle of perfect sympathy. The other is a brilliant singer, who may attract and dazzle for a time, and even call out the high praises of good critics for the perfection of her vocal technique, but never so colors her voice with those delicate shades that make a reality of a rôle and draw you into a perfect sympathy with it by its naturalness. There is a marked difference in the company that Mr. Mapleson has given us this season, from that of a year ago. While the tenors, baritones, and basses are remarkably strong, and the list of contraltos improved greatly by the addition of Miss Cary, the sopranos are not as good, perhaps, as last year. I find that there is lacking a dramatic prima donna, if large operas, like the *Aida*, are to be given, although the force is strong enough for the light works of the strictly Italian school. Since the company came to our city, Signor Brignoli has arrived, and appeared twice in *Lucia*. I must accord him full praise for the manner in which he used his voice, while the wonderful power that he still has over an audience is remarkable. He sings well, and his voice, although not what it was in other years, still retains much of its sweetness, and in many notes he can command plenty of power. It was a surprise to me when I heard him do so well, and there are many lessons in his fine method that our younger tenors may note with advantage to themselves. As I close my note I can but regret that our own country cannot support a home opera company. In the large cities we have the chorus and orchestra, and it would not be difficult to secure solo singers of good ability, so that we might be able to have fine performances without depending upon visits from foreign companies. Then it might be possible to have new operas brought out, and some of the old works of merit, that are seldom heard; then art might be advanced, and our home talent encouraged. We have the means at command, if proper organization would mould it into form.

E. H. B.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. ERNST PERABO gave the first of three Matinées at Wesleyan Hall yesterday afternoon, — the first appearance of this admired pianist since his return from Germany. The second comes on Tuesday, Feb. 3, when he will be assisted by Mr. E. B. Perry (the blind pianist), who will play Chopin's Sonata, Op. 35 (containing the Marcia Funèbre), and several of Perabo's compositions. Mr. Perabo himself will play a Partita of Bach (No. 6, in E minor); and will accompany Mr. Wulf Fries in several Violoncello pieces by Widor and Kiel, and in a Sonata Duo, by Kiel. Third concert Friday, Feb. 6.

— Mme. Cappiani's second concert with her pupils will take place at Mechanics Hall on Wednesday evening, February 4. Eminent artists also will assist. Mme Cappiani gave last week a very successful concert in New York, producing several of her best pupils whom she has been teaching in that city, between which and Boston she divides her time.

— The third of the University Concerts, at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, under the direction of Professor Paine, will take place next Thursday evening, Feb. 5. The Philharmonic Orchestra will play the Bach Suite in D; Wagner's "Eine Faust Ouverture;" a Poème Symphonique: "The Youth of Hercules," by Saint-Saëns; and the first Symphony, in B flat, by Schumann. Mr. George L. Osgood will sing three airs from Handel's *L'Allegro*, and *The Erl King* of Schubert, with orchestral accompaniment.

— The three concerts by Joseffy, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, arranged by Mr. Peck, have been postponed four weeks, owing to a painful inflammation of one of the great pianist's thumbs. They will take place on the evenings of Feb. 12 and 13, and on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14. In the first, Herr Joseffy will play the E-flat Concertos of Beethoven and Liszt, with smaller piano pieces. The Orchestra will play Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn, two Character Pieces by H. Hofmann, and Schumann's "Evening Song." The second programme contains: the *Egmont* Overture; Chopin's Concerto in E minor; Introduction to *Lohengrin*; Piano Solos; "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saëns; Hungarian Fantaisie of Liszt, by Joseffy and Orchestra.

— In the fifth Harvard Symphony Concert (Feb. 12) Miss Jessie Cochran, a gifted pupil of Von Buelow and of Mr. Lang, will play a Piano Concerto, Op. 22, by Louis Brassin, never yet heard in this country. Miss Louise Homer will sing the Romanza from *William Tell*, and songs by Grieg. The orchestral numbers will be: Overture to *Fidelio*, in E-flat, Beethoven; and, for the first time in Boston, the famous *Symphonie Fantastique* ("Episode in the life of an Artist"), by Berlioz.

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LEIPZIGER STRASSE, No. 3.

A CHAPTER FROM "DIE FAMILIE MENDELSSOHN," BY S. HENSEL.

(Continued from page 18.)

In this house and garden now an extremely individual, poetic life developed itself. Here was formed that circle of friends which, with few exceptions held together in personal or epistolary intercourse, until death called one after another away. The Hannoverian, Klingemann, diplomatist, a very fine poetic nature, the poet of the Operetta *Die Heimkehr* (the Return from Abroad), was one of the most important and most faithful of this circle. Through the later frequent visits of Felix and my father in London, where Klingemann was attached to the embassy, and through continued, lively correspondence, this friendship became firmly knit and lasting. Louis Heidemann, the jurist, and his brother, Wilhelm Horn, son of the celebrated physician, and himself a physician, the violinist Riez, and for a long time, above all, Marx, then the editor of the *Musikalische Zeitung* in Berlin, were the intimate friends of Felix. Marx, extremely genial, was the champion of the new school in music; he unfurled the banner of Beethoven, and has contributed much to his appreciation. He conceived a deep attachment to Felix; and both with youthful fire sought, in the interchange of their at first widely divergent opinions, to come nearer together.

Moscheles also lived in Berlin in the autumn of 1824, and Felix willingly acknowledged his superiority in technique, the grace, elegance, and coquetry of his piano playing, and learned of him in this regard, though he never conceded an undue authority to such virtuoso arts. But Moscheles in turn appreciated Felix's talent, and an enduring friendship knit itself between them. Spohr's presence also had a very important influence on him. Spohr had come to Berlin to conduct the rehearsals of his *Jessonda*, and in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the greatest hindrances, which Spontini placed in his way, the public received him and his work with all the more applause. Spohr came much into the Mendelssohn house, and the acquaintance begun in Cassel in 1822 was delightfully continued.

Added to all these musical incitements came, in March, 1825, a journey with his father to Paris, undertaken for the purpose of bringing Henrietta (his aunt) back to Germany. In Paris there was just then a great concourse of important musicians: Hummel, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Pixis, Rode, Baillot, Kreuzer, Cherubini, Rossini, Paer, Meyerbeer, Plantade, Lafont, and many others, often met in one saloon, or in one box. But the littleness, the maliciousness, and envy of so many of these men made a repulsive impression on the wholly differently constituted Felix, so that he afterwards never took kindly to Paris and the musical life there.

In its good, as well as in its bad sides, it was antipathetic to his nature. The striving after the brilliant and the piquant, after effect, left him cold; the spirit of intrigue, the want of acquaintance with the great masters of the Germans, the superficiality of the work there, was repugnant to him; he did not let himself be flattered by the very cordial manner of the musicians toward him personally. Only with Cherubini does he seem to have entered into a somewhat nearer relationship.

In a letter of the 6th of April he expressed himself with great sharpness and violence, commonly by no means characteristic of him, about persons and the state of things in Paris. Naturally there was no lack of reproof in the answers of his mother and sisters. Some extracts from his letters may illustrate his way of looking at things:—

FELIX TO THE FAMILY.

PARIS, *March* 23, 1825.

"How shall I begin, on the first morning of my stay in Paris, to write a set, regular, and reasonable letter? I am too full of wonder, curiosity, bewilderment for that.—But since I have promised to send a journal to Berlin, I fall at once with the door into the house and announce that yesterday, March 22, at eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived in Paris. When we had passed the *Barrière de Pantin*, we drove for a good quarter of an hour at the sharpest trot of good horses through a new quarter of Paris, which father had never seen. That is the *Faubourg St. Lazare*. It still looks in many places very dreary and confused, but for the most part houses stand there. We soon came into the old city, and finally upon the Boulevard. There's life and hustle for you! a rattling and snarling, a screaming and a merriment among the people; all the shops are completely lighted with gas, diffusing such a brightness on the streets that one can see to read conveniently. It is as loud and as light there as in some sort of an illumination in Berlin. . . . . Leo and Meyer came to see us very early, and seemed quite astonished that I did not sit down in their laps any more, or upset any chairs, or raise any shouts, etc. Then we went to see Aunt Jette, and met her already on the street upon the way to us. Her mild, serious, lively, and thoroughly kind nature made no small impression on me. And how cleverly she talks! How I rejoice to bring her back to you!" . . . .

April 1, 1825.

. . . . "On Monday morning I called on Hummel and found with him Onslow and —— Boucher; he did not recognize me at first, but when he heard my name, he acted like mad, embraced me a hundred times, ran round in the room, bellowed and wept, pronounced an extravagant and senseless eulogy on me for Onslow's benefit, and ran away with me to see father; but as he was not in the house, he made such a rumpus in the hotel that people ran together, took his leave, and then ran up the stairs after me, embraced me, etc. Yesterday morning he came rumbling in with four carriers bringing his wife's piano, and took away our wretched instrument in place of it." . . . .

PARIS, *April* 20.

. . . . "That you may not be angry any longer, I will tell you at once, that we were last evening in the Feydeau and saw the last act of an opera by Catel, *L'Auberguiste*, and *Lécoadie* by Auber. The theatre is spacious, friendly, and pretty. The orchestra is right good. If the violins are not so excellent as those of the Opera Buffa, the basses and wind instruments, as well as the *ensemble*, are better than there. The directing is in the middle. The singers, male and female, sing out of tune, but not badly, act with vivacity and promptness, and so the whole goes well together. But now the main thing, the composition! Of the first opera I will not speak, for I heard only half of it, and that looked was tame and powerless, but not without light and pleasing melody. But the famous *Lécoadie* of the famous Auber! Anything so pitiful you cannot conceive of. The subject is from a poor story of Cervantes, poorly transformed into an opera, and I would not have believed that such a common and unseemly piece could not only have held its place, but even pleased upon the theatre of the French, who yet have very fine feeling and correct taste. To this novel of Cervantes' rough, wild period Auber has put a music so tame, as to make one grieve. I don't speak of the fact that there is no fire, no weight, no life, no originality to be found in the opera; that it is pasted together out of reminiscences alternately from Cherubini and Rossini; I don't speak of there being not the slightest earnestness, not a spark of passion in it; nor that in the decisive moments the singers have to make gurglings and little trills and passages; but *instrumentation*, which has now become so easy, since the scores of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven are so widely diffused, instrumentation should at least be at the command of the favorite of the public, the pupil of Cherubini, a man with gray hairs. But it is not. Fancy to yourself that in the whole opera, rich in musical numbers, there are perhaps three in which the octave flute does not play the principal part! The Overture begins with a *tremulando* of the string instruments, and instantly comes the piccolo upon the roof, and the fagotto in the cellar, and doodle a melody to it; in the Allegro theme the strings make the Spanish accompaniment and the little flute toodles another melody; Lescadie's first melancholy Aria: *pauvre Lescadie, il vaudrait mieux mourir*, is appropriately accompanied by a little flute. The little flute paints the brother's rage, the lover's woe, the peasant girl's joy; in short, the whole might be capitally arranged for two flutes and jewsharp *ad libitum*. O woe! . . . .

"You write me that I ought to set myself up for a missionary and convert Onslow and Reicha to the love of Beethoven and Sebastian Bach. This I do already, so far as it goes. But consider, dear child, that the people here know not one note of *Fidelio!* that

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they hold Sebastian Bach to be a regular periwig stuffed full of learning! I played over the *Fidelio* Overture to Onslow on a very bad piano, and he was quite beside himself; he scratched his head, instrumented it in his thoughts, sang with it in his enthusiasm, in short, acted like a mad man. Lately I played, at Kalkbrenner's request, the Preludes in E and A minor for the organ. The people found both 'wondrous nice,' and one remarked, that the beginning of the A minor Prelude bore a striking resemblance to a favorite duet from an opera by Monsigny. It grew green and blue before my eyes.

"Rode remains firm in his refusal to take a violin into his hands. But with Baillot, Mial, and Norblin, I have lately played my Quartet in B minor at Mme. Kiéné's. The first began absently, even negligently; but at a passage in the first part of the first movement he fired up, and played the rest of the first and the whole of the Adagio very powerfully and well. But then came the Scherzo. The beginning must have pleased him, for now he began to play and to run; the others after him. I tried to hold them in, but who can hold three Frenchmen when they get going! And so they took me on with them, madder and madder, and faster and stronger; especially at one place near the end, where the theme of the Trio comes in above against the beat, Baillot went into it most fearfully, and as he had before made one mi-take several times, he raved against himself in the worst way. As soon as it was over he said not a word to me except: *Encore une fois ce morceau.* Now it went smoothly, but even wilder than the first time. But in the last piece the devil was let loose. In the passage at the very end, where the theme in B minor comes in once more *fortissimo*, Baillot actually raged upon the strings most frightfully; I was in terror at my own Quartet. And when it was done, he came up to me, again without saying a word, and embraced me twice, as if he would squeeze the life out of me. Rode, too, was very much pleased, and said to me again long afterwards, 'Brav, mein Schatz!' in German."

But the Berliners were not satisfied, and never ceased, in their letters, to break lances for Paris (in their opinion) so unjustly treated. Felix was not disconcerted. On the 9th of May he writes to his sister: —

. . . . . "I was rather angry about your former letter and resolved to send you some scoldings, which I cannot do just yet; but time, the beneficent god, will perhaps mitigate them and pour balm into the wounds which my flaming wrath inflicts on you. You write me of prejudice and prepossession, of owlishness and grumbling, of the land flowing with milk and honey, as you call this Paris! But bethink yourself, I pray you! Are you in Paris, or am I? Surely I should know it better than you! Is it my way to pass prejudiced judgments upon music? But even if it were, is Rode partial when he says to me: *C'est ici une dégringolade musicale?* Is Neukomm partial, who says to me: 'This is not the land of orchestras'? Is Herz partial when he says: 'Here the public understands and relishes only variations'? And are 10,000 others, who mock at Paris, partial? You, you are so partial that you believe less in my extremely impartial reports than in a lovely conception of Paris as an Eldorado, which you have imagined to yourself. Take up the *Constitutionnel*: what do they give in the Italian Opera but Rossini? Take up the list of musical publications: what comes out, what goes off, but romances and potpourris? But just come here and hear *Alceste*, hear *Robin des Bois* (the French name for *Der Freyschütz*), hear the Soirées (which you confound with Salons, for Soirées are concerts for money, and Salons are social); hear the music in the royal chapel, and then judge, then scold me, but not now, while you are possessed with prejudices and utterly beguiled!!!"

In May they returned with Henrietta to Berlin, visiting Goethe by the way again.

Let us now give a glance at the literary events which inspired the youth of that time with fresh enthusiasm and devotion. That the descendants of Moses Mendelssohn should be familiar with Lessing's writings, that to the young friend and guest of Goethe *Faust* and *Werther* should be, as the mother expresses herself, "shining lights," was a matter of course. How Schiller's masterworks remained ever present to them is shown by my mother's and Felix's letters from Switzerland. But above all it was two writers who exercised a powerful influence on the Mendelssohn children and their circle: Jean Paul and Shakespeare. Of Jean Paul Börne has said the finest things, and Heine the wittiest, in the romantic school. Rebecca wrote me once about him: "You wish me when I am melancholy to read *Hesperus*. No, that I let alone. Jean Paul does not help the weary and heavy-laden to bear their cross, he talks away at them and makes their burden heavier, while he exhausts their strength to bear it. But it is of no use for me to say that to you; you are just now at the age, or rather in the youth time, when there is nobody but Jean Paul; when his way of writing, his irony, is imitated; when young men and maidens don't wish to grow stout, so that they may be m re like Victor and Clotilde or Liane; if possible, would like to die rather early, but only for a little while. If I wanted to read away my sadness, I would read Lessing, or Mendelssohn, or history, and refresh myself with men who have fought their way through hard fortunes and reverses, and have wrung from them no ironical spirit, but a virtuous cheerfulness, devotedness, and strength for further struggles. But there is this little difference between us, that I am as near on to forty as you are to twenty. And if I did not know very well how Jean Paul acts upon young people, I should surprise you in your rural solitude and make an *auto-da-fé* of the whole *Hesperus*.

"Apropos of the resemblance you suggest between Jean Paul's Clotilde and X., I should like to tell you an anecdote, if I were not sure that you would take it wrong. Nevertheless I will tell you: A deaf and dumb scholar of Professor Wach once painted a Madonna, which was a speaking likeness of the Professor himself. In justification of himself he declared that Wach was his highest ideal, and so was the Madonna, therefore the Madonna ought to look like Wach! — The application is understood, of course. But do not be offended." . . . .

Those children did not need Jean Paul for consolation; and yet there is a time in youth, when every one, even the happiest, would rather like to feel unhappy and, as Rebecca writes, to die a little early, only not for a long time. Be that as it may, and whatever side of the poet may have appealed to each of them, it is a fact, that they were all very much infatuated with him, and that this infatuation held out to the last: Felix gives warm expression to this predilection even in his later letters.

Now as to Shakespeare. The Schlegel-Tieck translation had appeared, and in this Shakespeare was presented for the first time in an enjoyable form. The brother and sister were not so well at home in English at that time, that they could read Shakespeare in the original. The impression was prodigious; the tragedies, but above all the comedies, and among these particularly the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were the delight of the Mendelssohn children. It was their peculiar fortune that just in this year, 1826, they themselves were leading a dream like and fantastic life in that wonderfully beautiful garden, in most splendid weather. In the garden house there lived together with them an old lady with her beautiful and amiable nieces and granddaughters. Of these young ladies Fanny and Rebecca had grown very fond; Felix with his young people joined their circle, and the summer months became an uninterrupted festival full of poetry, music, ingenious plays, raileries, masqueradings, and performances. In a garden pavilion lay constantly a sheet of paper with writing material, upon which every one jotted down whatever wild or beautiful suggestions flashed into his head. This "Garden Journal" was continued in the winter under the title "Tea and Snow Journal," and contained many charming things, both serious and playful. Even the older persons, the father Abraham, Zelter, Humboldt, were not above offering contributions, or at least enjoying this tasteful and peculiar activity. This whole life had unmistakably a higher, more serial mood, an idyllic color, a poetic fervor, such as one seldom finds in common life. Art and nature, soul, wit, and heart, the aspiring geniality of Felix, all contributed to lend color to the occupation, while on the other hand it all tended to the unfolding of the buds in Felix's creative faculty. A rapid, thorough change took place in him; important works followed in quick succession, works far different from the childlike compositions that preceded: and in the first place, the Octet, intended as a birthday present for Rietz. Thoroughly new in this is the airy, spiritual, and ghost-like Scherzo. He tried to compose the passage out of *Faust*: —

> Wolkenflug und Nebelduft
> Erhellen sich von oben,
> Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr,
> Und alles ist Zerstoben.

"And he has actually succeeded," remarks my mother, in what she says of the Octet in Felix's biography. "To me alone he told what floated before his mind. The whole piece is given *staccato* and *pianissimo*; the single *tremulando* shudders, the light up-flashing

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shakes, all is new and strange, and yet so interesting, so friendly, one feels himself so near the spirit-world, so lightly borne up in the air; nay, one might even take a broom-stick in his hand, to follow the airy troop more easily. At the close the first violin goes fluttering lightly upward like a feather, and — all flies away like dust."

But the Scherzo of the Octet was only the forerunner of a more important similar creation; out of that singularly poetic mood proceeded as the sum and focus the Overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It may be designated, in a certain sense, as something out of his own life-experience, for it was called forth quite as much through the events of the summer of 1826 in the Mendelssohn house, as through the suggestion of the Shakespearian play; and I must very much deceive myself, or it is just this sort of origin that lends to the Overture the extraordinary fascination that resides in it. And it is just this, the fact that it welled up out of the inmost nature of Mendelssohn, that explains the fact, never occurring twice, so far as I know, in the history of music, that nearly twenty years afterwards the composer, taking up again that youthful labor, was able to write the rest of the music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with no need of any alteration in the Overture. It was thoroughly Shakespearian and thoroughly Mendelssohnian, and so the rest of the music could go on in the same spirit.

This was perhaps the happiest period in grandfather's life: existence secured and fixed in one of the most beautiful estates of the Berlin of that day; at his side a dearly loved, prudent, and intellectually gifted wife, faithfully bound to him through long years of wedded life; all the children growing up with fine gifts and dispositions; Felix, past the wavering period, on the sure road to the highest that man can strive for and accomplish, a well deserved artistic fame; Fanny, his peer in talent and endowment, and yet coveting nothing more than to remain modestly within the bounds which nature has set for women; Rebecca, developing into a handsome, discreet maiden, *also* full of talent, and only put in the shade through the conspicuous endowment of the older brother and sister; Paul, clever and industrious, and also very musical; all the four sound in body and in mind, and remarkably attached to one another; added to this a circle of friends, embracing all the approved older men of importance in many spheres of life, all the hopeful and aspiring youth then living in Berlin; a house, known, sought, and loved by so many in the whole world of culture, — such were the circumstances of Abraham Mendelssohn in the year 1826.

(*To be continued.*)

LISZT.[1]

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.]

The works of Liszt's mature period may be most conveniently classed under four headings. First: works for the pianoforte with and without orchestral accompaniments. The two Concertos in E flat and A, and the fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies, are the most important works of this group, the latter especially illustrating the strongly pronounced national element in Liszt. The representative work of the second or orchestral section of Liszt's works are the Faust Symphony, in three tableaux, the Dante Symphony, and the twelve "Symphonic Poems." It is in these Symphonic Poems that Liszt's mastery over the orchestra as well as his claims to originality are chiefly shown. It is true that the idea of "Programme-Music," such as we find it illustrated here, had been anticipated by Berlioz. Another important feature, the so-called "leading-motive" (*i. e.*, a theme representative of a character or idea, and therefore recurring whenever that character or that idea comes into prominent action), Liszt has adopted from Wagner. At the same time these ideas appear in his music in a considerably modified form. Speaking, for instance, of Programme-Music, it is at once apparent that the significance of that term is understood in a very different sense by Berlioz and by Liszt. Berlioz, like a true Frenchman, is thinking of a distinct story or dramatic situation, of which he takes care to inform the reader by means of a commentary; Liszt, on the contrary, emphasizes chiefly the pictorial and symbolic bearings of his theme, and in the first-named respect especially is perhaps unsurpassed by modern symphonists. Even where an event has become the motive of his symphonic poem, it is always from a single feature of a more or less musically realizable nature that he takes his suggestion, and from this he proceeds to the deeper significance of his subject, without much regard for the incidents of the story. It is for this reason that, for example, in his Mazeppa he has chosen Victor Hugo's somewhat pompous production as the groundwork of his music, in preference to Byron's more celebrated and more beautiful poem. Byron simply tells the story of Mazeppa's danger and rescue. In Victor Hugo the Polish youth, tied to

> "A Tartar of the Ukraine breed
> Who looked as though the speed of thought
> Was in his limbs,"

has become the representative of "*lié vivant sur la croupe fatale, Génie, ardent coursier.*" This symbolic meaning, far-fetched though it may appear in the poem, is of incalculable advantage to the musician. It gives æsthetic dignity to the wild, rattling triplets which imitate the horse's gallop, and imparts a higher significance to the triumphal march which closes the piece. For as Mazeppa became Hetman of the Cossacks, even so is man gifted with genius destined for ultimate triumph: —

> "Chaque pas que tu fais semble creuser sa tombe.
> Enfin le temps arrive . . . . il court, il tombe,
> Et se relève roi."

A more elevated subject than the struggle and final victory of genius an artist cannot well desire, and no fault can be found with Liszt, provided always that the introduction of pictorial and poetic elements into music is thought to be permissible. Neither can the melodic means employed by him in rendering this subject be objected to. In the opening *allegro agitato* descriptive of Mazeppa's ride, strong accents and rapid rhythms naturally prevail; but, together with this merely external matter, there occurs an impressive theme (first announced by the basses and trombones), evidently representative of the hero himself, and for that reason repeated again and again throughout the piece. The second section, *andante*, which brings welcome rest after the breathless hurry of the *allegro*, is in its turn relieved by a brilliant march, with an original Cossack tune by way of trio, the abstract idea of triumphant genius being thus ingeniously identified with Mazeppa's success among "*les tribus de l'Ukraine.*" From these remarks Liszt's method, applied with slight modification in all his symphonic poems, is sufficiently clear; but the difficult problem remains to be solved: How can these philosophic and pictorial ideas become the nucleus of a new musical form to supply the place of the old symphonic movement? Wagner asks the question "whether it is not more noble and more liberating for music to adopt its form from the conception of the Orpheus or Prometheus motive than from the dance or march?" but he forgets that dance and march have a distinct and tangible relation to musical form, which neither Prometheus and Orpheus, nor indeed any other character or abstract idea, possess. The solution of this problem must be left to a future time, when it will also be possible to determine the permanent position of Liszt's symphonic works in the history of art.

The Legend of St. Elizabeth, a kind of oratorio, full of great beauty, but sadly weighed down by a tedious libretto, leads the way to the third section — the sacred compositions. Here the *Gran Mass*, the *Missa Choralis*, the Mass for small voices, and the oratorio *Christus* are the chief works. The 13th Psalm, for tenor, chorus, and orchestra, may also be mentioned. The accentuation of the subjective or personal element, combined as far as possible with a deep reverence for the old forms of church music, is the keynote of Liszt's sacred compositions.

We finally come to a fourth division not hitherto sufficiently appreciated by Liszt's critics — his Songs. It is here, perhaps, that his intensity of feeling, embodied in melody pure and simple, finds its most perfect expression. Such settings as those of Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blome," or Redwitz's "Es muss ein wunderbares sein" are conceived in the true spirit of the Volkslied. At other times a greater liberty in the rhythmical phrasing of the music is warranted by the metre of the poem itself, as, for instance, in Goethe's wonderful night song, "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh," the heavenly calm of which Liszt has rendered by his wonderful harmonies in a manner which alone would secure him a place amongst the great masters of German song. Particularly, the modulation from G major back into the original E major at the close of the piece is of surprising beauty. Less happy is the dramatic way in which such ballads as Heine's "Loreley" and Goethe's "König in Thule" are treated. Here the melody is sacrificed to the declamatory element, and that declamation, especially in the last-named song, is not always faultless. Victor Hugo's "Comment disaient-ils" is one of the most graceful songs amongst Liszt's works, and in musical literature generally.

The remaining facts of Liszt's life may be summed up in a few words. In 1859 he left his official position at the Opera in Weimar owing to the captious opposition made to the production of Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," at the Weimar theatre. Since that time he has been living at intervals at Rome, Pesth, and Weimar, always surrounded by a circle of pupils and admirers, and always working for music and musicians in the unselfish and truly catholic spirit characteristic of his whole life. How much Liszt can be to a man and an artist is shown by what, perhaps, is the most important episode even in his interesting career — his friendship with Wagner. The latter's eloquent words will give a better idea of Liszt's personal character than any less intimate friend could attempt to do.

"I met Liszt," writes Wagner, "for the first time during my earliest stay in Paris, at a period when I had renounced the hope, nay, even the wish, of a Paris reputation, and, indeed, was in a state of internal revolt against the artistic life which I found there. At our meeting he struck me as the most perfect contrast to my own being and situation. In this world, into

[1] Continued from page 21.

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which it had been my desire to fly from my narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up, from his earliest age, so as to be the object of general love and admiration, at a time when I was repulsed by general coldness and want of sympathy. . . . In consequence I looked upon him with suspicion. I had no opportunity of disclosing my being and working to him, and, therefore, the reception I met with on his part was altogether of a superficial kind, as was indeed natural in a man to whom every day the most divergent impressions claimed access. But I was not in a mood to look with unprejudiced eyes for the natural cause of his behavior, which, though friendly and obliging in itself, could not but wound me in the then state of my mind. I never repeated my first call on Liszt, and without knowing or even wishing to know him, I was prone to look upon him as strange and adverse to my nature. My repeated expression of this feeling was afterwards told to him, just at the time when my 'Rienzi' at Dresden attracted general attention. He was surprised to find himself misunderstood with such violence by a man whom he had scarcely known, and whose acquaintance now seemed not without value to him. I am still moved when I remember the repeated and eager attempts he made to change my opinion of him, even before he knew any of my works. He acted not from any artistic sympathy, but led by the purely human wish of discontinuing a casual disharmony between himself and another being; perhaps he also felt an infinitely tender misgiving of having really hurt me unconsciously. He who knows the selfishness and terrible insensibility of our social life, and especially of the relations of modern artists to each other, cannot but be struck with wonder, nay, delight, by the treatment I experienced from this extraordinary man. . . . At Weimar I saw him for the last time, when I was resting for a few days in Thuringia, uncertain whether the threatening prosecution would compel me to continue my flight from Germany. The very day when my personal danger became a certainty, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my 'Tannhäuser,' and was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music he felt in performing it: what I wanted to express in writing it down, he expressed in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had hitherto longed for and sought for always in the wrong place. . . . At the end of my last stay at Paris, when ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my 'Lohengrin,' which I had totally forgotten. Suddenly I felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt: his answer was the news that preparations for the performance were being made on the largest scale that the limited means of Weimar would permit. Everything that men and circumstances could do was done, in order to make the work understood. . . . Errors and misconceptions impeded the desired success. What was to be done to supply what was wanted, so as to further the true understanding on all sides, and with it the ultimate success of the work? Liszt saw it at once, and *did* it. He gave to the public his own impression of the work in a manner the convincing eloquence and overpowering efficacy of which remain unequaled. Success was his reward, and with this success he now approaches me, saying: 'Behold we have come so far, now create us a new work, that we may go still further.'"

In addition to the commentaries on Wagner's works just referred to, Liszt has also written numerous detached articles and pamphlets, those on Robert Franz, Chopin, and the music of the Gipsies, being the most important. It ought to be added that the appreciation of Liszt's music in this country is almost entirely due to the unceasing efforts of his pupil, Mr. Walter Bache, at whose annual concerts many of his most important works have been produced. Others, such as "Mazeppa" and the 'Battle of the Huns," were first heard in England at the Crystal Palace.

(*Conclusion in next number.*)

AWARD OF THE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* gives some interesting information regarding the award of the $1,000 prize made by the Musical Festival Association of that city to Mr. Dudley Buck for the best musical composition presented to the committee by a native-born citizen of the United States. Twenty-four compositions were presented to the committee, covering a wide range, and were as follows: "The Bells," adapted to Poe's poem; "Homage to Beethoven;" "Mass in G minor;" "God our Deliverer," sacred cantata; "The Inca's Downfall," cantata; "King Volmer and Elsie," cantata; "Worshipers at Different Shrines," cantata; "The Dream," for chorus and orchestra; "The Golden Legend," cantata, Longfellow; "Christmas," cantata; "Deukalion," cantata; "The Tale of the Viking," dramatic cantata; "Credo," C major; "Eastern Idyl," cantata; "Exultant Voices;" "Gloria," 145th Psalm; "Mezzes," historical cantata; "Nativity Hymns;" "Tribute to Music." Of these, New York city presented three, Brooklyn, two; Baltimore, two; Cincinnati, three, and Biddeford, Me., Winona, Minn., Kent, O., Terre Haute, Ind., Cleveland, O., Savannah, Ga., Elmira N. Y., Beloit, Wis., and Boston one each. In all this list only two compositions were found to be of excellence enough to demand careful examination, and singularly enough, both these were illustrative of works by Longfellow. — "The Golden Legend" and "The Tale of the Viking," which is only another title for "The Skeleton in Armor." Over these two the works respectively of Mr. Dudley Buck (formerly) of Boston, and Mr. George E. Whiting of the Cincinnati College of Music and late of Boston, the judges were evenly divided, Dr. Damrosch and Mr. Hamerik sustaining Mr. Whiting, and Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Singer supporting Mr. Buck. When it came to the casting vote, which was held by Mr. Thomas, he supported the opinion of the latter faction. The discussion of the merits of these rival works lasted several months, and turned largely upon the comparative weight to be given to the merits of originality in thought and thoroughness of treatment, Mr. Whiting's composition being conceded as best worked out, while Mr. Buck's had a greater number of evidences of progress. During this discussion, it must be understood, none of the judges knew the names of the authors whose work they were considering. There were many amusing incidents in the work of the judges. Some of the contestants displayed a lamentable ignorance of musical affairs; one production came only in parts, in separate sheets for voices and instruments, with the explanation that the composer did not have time to make the score, and another was only in piano score, and was accompanied by the modest request that Mr. Thomas arrange the orchestra parts. The most curious work sent to the committee was a manuscript volume of hymn metres from the hand of an old man, in which he had copied a great number of the tunes common years ago. The whole of the remarkable little volume was written with a quill pen, and in neatness and beauty it is as clear as copper-plate. The words, in a tiny script, are an exact imitation of print. The successful work is one that has been in Mr. Buck's mind for some time. It opens with the prologue which Liszt set as a dramatic cantata a few years ago, called "The Bells of Strasburg Cathedral," and dedicated to the poet.

MUSIC ABROAD.

The London *Figaro* (Jan. 24) says: "For some time past rumors have been current that a Scottish peer was about to organise a series of orchestral smoking concerts in London, and various members of aristocratic clubs have been importuned to take tickets in order to guarantee the success of the enterprise. The chief attraction held out was that the Prince of Wales would probably be present at every concert, and the gentlemen of the aristocracy, as in duty bound, willingly paid their money, less for the benefit of the Scottish nobleman in question than in order to see the heir to the throne smoke a cigar. However, the concerts have been organized, an average band has been retained, and last week the first of a series of twenty concerts was given at the Grosvenor Hall under the somewhat timid conductorship of the Earl of Dunmore. Of course his lordship contributed pieces attributed to his pen, and on this head a scherzo and an overture figured in the programme. Besides this, the C minor symphony of Beethoven was performed, the violin concerto of Mendelssohn was played by M. Sainton, and M. Lasserre also appeared.

— Of the novelty of Carl Rosa's opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre, *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Goetz, the same journal says: "It may best be described as a symphonic opera. The work of Herr Goetz was, indeed, a compromise between the music of the past and of the future. Herr Goetz, unlike the apostles of the *Zukunft*, did not disdain simple melody, while at the same time he more or less fully agreed with the ideas of "infinite melody" advanced on paper by Herr Wagner. All the vapid expediences of the Italian composers have been dispensed with by Goetz, the various scenes follow on without break, shop-songs are dispensed with, and the orchestration throughout fulfils an entirely independent part. Nor can *The Taming of the Shrew* be considered in any sense of the term a "comic opera." It is essentially German in design and treatment, and it makes great demands upon the intelligence and the thoughts of its auditors. Its plot, for the most part, follows Shakespeare's play, with notable alterations necessary to opera. Of its music, while the concerted pieces and the instrumentation throughout are highly to be praised, it must be considered at its best in the second and third acts. Various writers have attempted to fix upon it an imitation of various composers, but these ideas can hardly be accepted. It must be considered the fact that Herr Goetz had his own thoughts, and worked them out in his own manner. The general opinion of the house on Tuesday was that, if the opera is to succeed at all in its present shape, the chief credit will be due to the admirable delineation of the chief part by Miss Minnie Hauck. Not excepting *Carmen*, whose fortunes the gifted American prima donna has made in both hemispheres, there is probably no opera which is better adapted to her special capabilities than *The Taming of the Shrew*. Whether she was biting the hand of the man who strove to tame her, or slapping the face of the male who tried to kiss her, Miss Hauck was always *en scène*, while her delineation of the change from the shrew of former days to the tamed and loving wife of the last act was inimitable. The acting, indeed, was throughout good, though the vocalism was on the whole, so far as the principal artists were concerned, indifferent.

— Dr. von Bülow made his first appearance this season in London at the Popular Concert of Saturday last, being in the best of "form," and contributing, with Madame Norman Néruda and Signor Piatti, to one of the finest performances of Beethoven's grand trio in B flat which the music-loving public has heard for many years in this country. The doctor also took part with Madame Néruda in Schubert's rondo in B flat for piano and violin, and played on his own account Bach's English suite in B minor and for an encore a Passepied in E minor, from the fifth suite. The posthumous string quartet of Mendelssohn, recently produced at these concerts, was also repeated. — *Ibid*, Jan. 24.

— All the nine Beethoven symphonies and many

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new works are to be performed in the second season of the Hans Richter Concerts, organized by a music-loving member of the Grosvenor family. The nine concerts will be given at St. James's Hall in the months of May and June.

— Herr Josef Joachim will arrive in London with his wife, the accomplished vocalist, Frau Joachim, on the morning of Monday, Feb. 16, and will play the same evening at the Monday Popular Concerts. On March 4 and 18 he will play the violin concertos of Mendelssohn and Brahms respectively at the Old Philharmonic Concerts, and he will leave England after the Popular Concert of March 22. It is still considered within the bounds of possibility, though it is not now very probable, that Herr Brahms will accompany Herr Joachim to London.

Paris. At the Grand Opera, for the week ending Jan. 18, the pieces given were *Faust*, *Don Juan*, (twice) *La Favorita* and *Coppélia*. At the Opera Comique: *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *Le Déserteur*, *La Dame Blanche*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*. Rossini's sparkling *Le Comte Ory* was in preparation. At the Opéra-Populaire: *Lucia*, *Paul et Virginie*, *Rita*, *La Farfadet*, *Sintillio la Bohémienne*.

— The programme of the Conservatoire Concert Jan. 18, directed by M. Altès was as follows: Overture and choruses from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*; Concerto for the oboe, Handel; *O filii* (Leisring) double chorus without accompaniment; seventh symphony of Beethoven.

— At the Concert Populaire, January 11, the principal attraction was the cantata *La Lyre et la Harpe*, by Saint-Saëns, which was followed by the first part of Haydn's *Creation*. — In his second series M. Pasdeloup promises: Schumann's *Faust* music; *Diane*, by B. Godard; selection from *Sigurd*, by Ernest Reyer; and *Lohengrin*.

— At the Chatelaine Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* continued to be applauded for the twenty-fourth time.

— The annual concert of the Société de Chant Classique took place at the Salle Herz, January 24. Among the pieces offered were: Fragments from Handel's *Jephtha*, and from the opera *Phaëton*, by Lulli; cantata, *Le Jugement Dernier*, by Gluck and Salieri; an unpublished eight-part chorus by Mendelssohn; and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, the piano part by Mme. Montigny.

Berlin. — Rubinstein's "sacred opera," *The Tower of Babel*, under his personal direction, was performed at the second concert of Stern's Vocal Association. It was preceded by Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, Adolar's aria from *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's G major Concerto, played by Rubinstein himself.

— At the Imperial Opera-House, in the week January 4-10, were given: *Aïda*, Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*, Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, — all of course in the German language. One evening was devoted to the ballet, "The Pretty Girl of Ghent."

— The new symphony by Raff, entitled "Summer," a continuation of his "Spring" symphony was performed for the first time by the Bilse Orchestra, with considerable success.

Dresden. — The operas given at the Court theatre in December were the following: *Rigoletto*, Verdi; *Don Juan*, Mozart; *Bianca* (twice), Brüll; *Lohengrin* (twice), Wagner; *Faust*, Gounod; *Die beiden Schützen*, Lortzing; *Fliegender Holländer*, Wagner; *Die Entführung*, Mozart; *Fidelio*, Beethoven; *Domino Noir*, Auber; *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; *Stradella*, Flotow; *Freischütz*, Weber; *Le Postillon*, Adam; *Sonnambula*, Bellini.

Vienna. — During the third week in January there were given at the Court Opera theatre: *Paul et Virginie*, by Massé; *Faust*, Gounod; *Der häusliche Krieg* (Domestic Strife), Schubert; *Der Wasserträger*, Cherubini; and Mozart's *Idomeneus* and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. — Compared with these lists, what meagre operatic fare we pay high prices for in our American cities!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

"Die Familie Mendelssohn." — The book from which we have begun to translate a chapter entitled "Leipziger Strasse, No. 3," is by far the most interesting of the many interesting ones that have appeared concerning the composer of the Midsummer Night's Dream music and *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, and so many noble works. It is by Sebastian Hensel, son of Mendelssohn's sister Fanny, who married the painter Wilhelm Hensel, and was published in three volumes, less than a year ago, in Berlin. Rich and delightful as were the two collections of Mendelssohn's letters which first gave us all such a sense of personal acquaintance with their genial writer, there is even greater charm and freshness in the letters now first made public by his nephew. Those which the enthusiastic boy wrote home during his first visit to Goethe, in which he gives a vivid picture of the personal appearance of the great old poet, seeming to be greatly impressed by "his thunder voice," which has "a prodigious resonance," so that "he can shout like 10,000 warriors;" those written to his sisters from Paris, of which we give a specimen or two to-day; those describing his visit with his friend Klingemann to Scotland, like those soon afterwards written from London, where for many weeks he was confined by lameness, — all are fresh and full of humor and enthusiastic interest in all he meets and sees.

Certain portions of his earlier life, of course, could not be related more satisfactorily than they have been in Edouard Devrient's reminiscences of his friend. But Hensel's three rich volumes present him as he was and as he lived in the midst of that whole gifted family of Mendelssohns. And we are convinced by it that the only true way to write a life of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is to treat him in connection with his family, to present a pretty full sketch of his grandfather, his uncles, "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," all in the same broad and comprehensive picture. Accordingly the book opens with a charming account of that remarkable and noble Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing; then passes to his uncles, his two aunts, Dorothea and Henrietta, women of rare culture and intelligence, who wrote admirable letters, lived in Paris, and became Catholics; then to the father Abraham, who resolved to be Christian, but Protestant of the Protestants, one of the wisest, noblest, and most generous of men, who thoroughly appreciated his son's genius; then the mother and the daughters, and the circle of intimate friends, all intellectually gifted, forming a social sphere of culture, taste, high-toned character, and genial, happy life.

All this now was brought to a focus, as it were, when Abraham Mendelssohn, able to live like a prince, purchased the fine estate on one of the principal streets of Berlin, called the Leipziger Strasse, with its stately rooms, its large court and gardens, its conveniences for music and for private theatricals, and for the nursery and home of such a genius as Felix rapidly developed. There he produced his little operettas, or *Singspiele*, his *Heimkehr aus der Fremde* for his parents' silver wedding; there he composed the Octet, soon followed by his Shakespearian fairy Overture; there they were all busy as fairies, weaving and inventing witty, fantastic, and ideal things. And into that house, that life, we are now permitted to look and in fancy to participate. That too forms the centre of correspondence when the family are scattered; so that "Leipziger Strasse, Numero Drei," seems to sum up in itself all that we want to know of Mendelssohn and his surroundings. When we first read Hensel's description of that fine old house and garden, it recalled (and with a pang of disappointment) a picture from our own experience. In the year 1861 it was one day our fortune to be in that house, and yet without dreaming that it had been the Mendelssohn house. It was then, and is now, occupied by the Herrenhaus, or Prussian House of Lords; and our good friend, a liberal member of that body, who had spent some years in America, introduced us there, but strangely never breathed a word to us about the Mendelssohn family! Nor did any person whom we met in Berlin during that whole winter ever intimate to us that the Mendelssohns lived there. What an opportunity to be informed of only now! Yet not so very strange; for at that time the Mendelssohn letters had not been published, and to us Americans at least the *personal* Mendelssohn had scarcely begun to be a theme of interest. No musical American could go to Berlin *now* and not pay more than an accidental visit, even a devout pilgrimage, to the house (of course not a little changed) where sits the Herrenhaus in grave council and debate.

THAYER'S "BEETHOVEN."

The London *Times*, of Jan. 6, brings us an article on Thayer's "Beethoven," four columns in length, a large portion of which is made up of censure and ridicule of the manner in which he has done his work, closing with the *ex cathedrâ* statement that the (first) volume "has become totally unfit, at least for the English reader."

Perhaps so; but if so, it must be because no English reader has any curiosity to know the constitution and general regulations of those ecclesiastical and princely musical establishments which were, down to our own days, the great conservatories of music, and by means of which Germany became the leading musical country of the world. Mr. Thayer's history of music, and the Electoral "Kapelle" during the last century was, when published, and for aught we know still is, the *only* source of information for this subject.

We know not how it may be with the *English* reader, but we do know that the *American* (able to read German) is pleased to find a history, which, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to the musical establishments at Salzburg, dear to us for the Mozarts, at Esterhaz, the scene of Haydn's labors, and at Hanover, where Handel began his career as Kapellmeister, not to mention a score of others, which gave the world so many stars of the second magnitude.

We freely admit that much of the first volume is tedious reading; but all the first Book (as the translator, not Mr. Thayer, saw fit to call the historic introduction) can be passed over, and the reader need only begin with the biography.

In one instance only do we find the writer criticising Mr. Thayer's conclusions; and this, to our surprise and amusement, is upon the old, hackneyed question; whether Beethoven wrote his famous love letter to Giulietta Guicciardi, as Schindler stated, or to some other person not yet discovered. Mr. Thayer, as all our readers know, decided against Schindler, and his argument was printed in this journal two or three years since. The German critics have now (without exception we believe) accepted that argument as conclusive. But now comes this writer and assures us: "there is indeed, by Mr. Thayer's own showing, no absolutely cogent rea-

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son, why the letter should not have been written in 1802, before Giulietta Guicciardi had become Countess Gallenberg and had left Vienna."

Now the letter itself states that at four o'clock on some morning before the 6th of July, Beethoven had arrived at a watering place, after a terribly severe journey with four horses. Mr. Thayer shows that in the first days of July, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1807, etc., Beethoven was either in Vienna itself, or in some one of the villages in its immediate neighborhood. Only in 1806, he was not there. In that year he was visiting Brunswick and his sister Theresa early in the summer, and later Prince Lichnowsky. Between these two visits — in fact on the journey from Pesth to Silesia, he may well have written the love letter — and if so, to whom so likely as to his intimate friend Theresa Brunswick?

It strikes us, the fact that Beethoven was in Heiligenstadt, hard by Vienna, in June and July 1802, and did not make any distant journey, with four post horses, is a sufficiently "cogent" reason to convince even the writer in the London *Times*, — should his attention ever be called to it — that he, busy with his compositions, with lessons to Ferdinand Ries, and with his physician, Dr. Schmidt, just outside Vienna, could not at the same moment be writing love letters, from a watering-place two or three hundred miles away.

MUSICAL COMMENTATORS.

Most of us remember the delicious scene in Gulliver's Travels, in which the hero asks the Governor of Glubdubdrib to summon before him the ghosts of Homer and Aristotle, together with those of all their commentators, and how Gulliver says: "I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before."

One wonders whether Beethoven and Bach, when they take their afternoon walks in the Elysian Fields, acknowledge even a bowing acquaintance with the ghosts of those who have discovered "hidden meanings" and "evident intentions" in their compositions. It seems a little hard that the poor little men who have done great men the inestimable service of finding out what their works mean, should not be recognized as friends and supporters by the great men themselves. We can all work miracles, if we only have the due amount of faith; and no doubt we all should do so if the chance were a little greater of the person, for whose especial benefit our miracle is worked, noticing and applauding it.

It is a great mistake to think that artists and composers (not to speak of saints) are the only miracle-workers. A grand composition, a symphony, sonata, quartet, or what not, a whole ideal world made out of twelve miserable semi-tones, is a very respectable miracle, if you will; but what is it in comparison with the wonders which commentators know how to work?

A symphony is, after all, only a symphony and nothing else; it has its own definite functions to perform, and can perform them only — good luck if it even can do that. But the work of the noble commentator can do almost anything. Evolve a symphony out of the twelve notes of the chromatic scale! Pooh! Sheer child's play! One wonders how composers can win glory by such simple tricks. Just put any symphony you please into the hands of a commentator who is decently up to his work, and he will evolve the whole Mosaic cosmogony, or anything else, from the destruction of Jerusalem to the boiling of purple cabbages, out of it. Nor is this all; a commentator will discover that a certain composition plainly means the evolution of the horse from its five-hoofed prototype; but just as he is about to publish his world-thrilling commentary he may find (nothing is more likely) that a rival commentator has sent in *his* MS. to the printer, describing exactly the same process as indicated by the very same composition. Think you that commentator No. 1 is fool enough to burn his work because somebody else has anticipated his discovery? Not a bit of it! All he does is to go home, scratch out the name of the composition and its composer, and substitute for it some other composition by some other composer. His commentary applies to the new composition just as well as it did to the other one' and he can have his MS. published without fear of being charged with plagiarism or lack of originality. The little circumstance is even a lucky one; it brings grist to the commentating mill. For any one can predict to a certainty that so soon as the two pamphlets are published, commentator No. 3 will set to work on a third pamphlet, exhaustively explaining the extraordinary influence the evolution of the horse has had upon the minds of composers, and it will go hard with him if he is not rewarded by being elected an honorary member of six or seven æsthetic societies at the very least.

No, don't talk about miraculous compositions any more; for a good, solid miracle that is really worth being astonished at, give me a twenty-four page musical commentary in all its protean magnificence. It will fit any composition you please, from the Seventh Symphony to "Buy a Broom." It is even more wonderful than the picture painted by the painter in "La Cigale," which was divided fesse-ways through the middle, one half being blue and the other half gray. Look at it one way, and it represented the "clear tropical sky over the burning sands of the Sahara;" turn it upside down, and, *presto! change!* it showed the delighted spectator "the gray polar heavens over the deep azure of the Arctic Ocean."

We can easily see why commentators look slightingly upon programme-music. It encroaches upon their domain. What glory can a commentator get by finding out the meaning of a composition when the composer has given him the clue beforehand? Such a thing is not worth any man's while. Why, we even laugh at the foolish individual who laid claim to possessing some musical acumen because he discovered that a certain passage in the ball scene in Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony was descriptive of "Romeo driving up to the door in his cabriolet." Pooh, nonsense! Any fool could have found that out; the cunning fellow knew from the title that the music was about Romeo. No, commentators of true mettle confine their remarks to music that has no descriptive title, and their commentaries are hence not paltry little juggler's tricks, but full grown miracles.

The only danger in their path is that they are sometimes liable to find different meanings in the same composition, and so get to be at swords' points with one another. For it stands to reason that, if one man declares that a certain symphony means Moses and the Israelites passing through the Red Sea, and another announces his discovery that this same symphony means Emperor William and Prince Bismarck entering Paris, both of them cannot be right. The omniscience of one or the other is open to suspicion, and unless a commentator is omniscient, what on earth is he good for? Yet the world can console itself by thinking of the vast number of compositions now extant, and what a small chance there is of two commentators pitching upon the same symphony or sonata. But if they do, let them beware A commentator is always more sure of his own omniscience than of his reputation for originality. If he finds somebody else saying the same thing about the same piece of music as himself, he can easily preserve his commentary, merely changing the theme, and his reputation as an original thinker is safe. But if he finds somebody else differing from him, the old Adam of pugnacity within him will prompt him to publish his pamphlet unaltered; and as surely as he does so, just so surely is his infallibility endangered.

W. F. A.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The Apollo Club, in its concert of Jan. 27, contributed an important and most enjoyable event to the musical season, by its admirable performance of Mendelssohn's music to the *Œdipus at Colonus* of Sophocles, with its noble chorus of male voices, an effective orchestra, and with Mr. Howard M. Ticknor's readings of the connecting portions of the text, — the whole under the able conductorship of Mr. B. J. Lang. It was the worthy completion of the Club's noble work of last year, when the companion piece, *Antigone*, was given in like manner. It is good proof of the intrinsic power and charm of the music and the old Greek tragedy, and of the excellence of the interpretation, that the whole audience, crowding the Music Hall, listened with unflagging interest, and with frequent tokens of delight, to a work so far removed from all our modern tastes and ways of thinking, and so uniformly grave and tragical, in so monotonous a key of color and of feeling, albeit relieved by certain choruses, which charm by their beauty and cheerful picturesqueness, like the well-known remarkable one in praise of Athens: "Thou comest here to the land, O friend," and stirring ones like: "Ah, were I on yonder plain!" The moralising, fatalistic choruses, also, so true to a vein pervading all Greek tragedy, have a peculiar sweetness and a homelike fascination. It is needless to say that Mendelssohn's music is all worthy of the noble theme and, so far as we of the nineteenth century can imagine, conceived in the spirit of the old Greek drama. It is happily, scored for men's voices, and the instrumentation, while it is chaste and always thoughtful and appropriate, is rich and brilliant enough for our new school orchestra composers.

The Apollo Club never sang anything better, and that is high praise indeed; the orchestra had been carefully trained, and there was a finish and a smoothness in the whole performance, on which all the participants may well congratulate themselves. The few sentences of recitative were intelligently and effectively given by Mr. Clarence Hay. Mr. Ticknor read with excellent taste and judgment, with good voice and accent, and with becoming simplicity and dignity of style.

Harvard Musical Association. — The fourth Symphony Concert, Jan. 29, offered a varied and attractive programme and drew an uncommonly full house. The selections were —

Overture to "Genoveva" . . . . . *Schumann.*
Recitative and Air, from "Semele" . . *Handel.*
Miss Emily Winant.
Prelude to the third act of Medea . . . *Cherubini.*
Intermezzo, from the Symphony in F, *Hermann Goetz.*
[Second time.]
Overture to Rip van Winkle (MS.), *G. W. Chadwick.*
[Second time.]
Songs with piano-forte: —
(*a.*) "Ah! del mio dolce ardor" . . *Stradella.*
(*b.*) "Kennst du das Land" . . . . *Schumann.*
(*c.*) To Silvia . . . . *Schubert.*
Miss Emily Winant.
Symphony ("Scotch") in A minor, Op. 56, *Mendelssohn.*

Schumann's poetic, genial, and impassioned overture has become a standing favorite in these concerts, and its power and beauty were brought out remarkably well. We do not at all wonder at the different, the almost opposite, impressions produced on different hearers by the *entr'acte*, or prelude to the third act of Cherubini's *Medea*, the noblest of his dramatic works. Some found it dull, monotonous, and tedious, full of empty repetition, for the obvious reason that it is all in the same low tone of color, mostly for the lower strings, the basses being very prominent, and all in a slow tempo. Others felt it to be the most tragical music they had ever heard, and were profoundly stirred by the largeness, the simplicity, the depth and grandeur, and, indeed, sublimity of this dark prelude to the scene in which Medea is to murder her own children. We have even heard one truly musical and highly cultivated amateur, not lacking in appreciation of the *new* composer either, say that, compared with this, all the Mendelssohnian Greek drama music seemed to him like child's play! We, for our part, are of those who felt it to be simply grand, and grandly given; the basses were singularly majestic and effective, speaking in thunder tones; and the whole mass of strings still vibrates strongly in our feeling when we think of it.

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The charming intermezzo from the Goetz Symphony, and Mr. Chadwick's Overture were highly welcome repetitions, and both improved upon acquaintance.

We cannot recall at any time within our memory so smooth and satisfactory, so inspiring and delightful a performance of the "Scotch" Symphony, as this one was throughout; it held the audience spell-bound.

Miss Winant's wonderfully musical, rich, sympathetic contralto voice told to great advantage in her strong delivery of the jealous Juno's recitative: "Awake, Saturnia" and Aria: "Hence, Iris, hence." It was sung with judgment and considerable dramatic fire. By an unfortunate misunderstanding, however, the orchestral parts could not be found when wanted, and the piece had to be sung with mere piano-forte accompaniment (well played, of course, by Mr. Arthur Foote), so that the singer could not throw herself into it with all the freedom and *abandon* of which she is capable. The group of smaller songs was very choice, and partly new, although, owing to their uniformly serious character, they did not win their way, as they might have done singly, to every listener. The first, erroneously set down to Stradella — it is by Gluck — was finely suited to Miss Winant's voice and quiet, serious style. The Mignon song by Schumann is a rare gem, worthy of many hearings and hardly to be appreciated without. And Schubert's Shakespeare song: "Who is Silvia? what is she, That all our swains commend her?" is surely one of his most genial and charming.

University Concerts. — The third concert of the Sanders Theatre series, Feb. 5, was a remarkably interesting one, beginning as it did with three movements (Overture, Aria, and Gavotte) of Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, and ending with a capital performance of Schumann's first symphony (in B-flat) which has become a sure card with all true music lovers.

The intermediate orchestral selections were to us less edifying. Wagner's "Faust Symphony," an early work, never did achieve the mission of the "art divine" upon our spirit; it seems to dwell exclusively and with a morbid appetite upon the night side, the discontent, the groans, the helpless agonies and yearnings of its hero; there is in it not one spark of heavenly fire, not one thrill of hope and final joy and triumph, as there is in all Beethoven's dark and brooding moods and heroic struggles; nothing of that light from above, which in all true art gilds the edges of the cloud, and relieves, inspires, transfigures the darkest tragedies, like *Macbeth* and *Othello*. There are skillful and very striking orchestral effects, but these are often ugly and oppressive, like a vampire on the breast. We must admit, however, that the work was so well played, with such discretion in the use of ponderous instruments, as to seem less coarse, less exaggerated, than when we have heard it done before. The other middle piece, *The Youth of Hercules*, a work of considerable length, impressed us as the least successful of the always more or less fantastical *Poëmes Symphoniques* of Saint-Saëns. The opening, where the strong hero and demi-god finds himself at the parting of the ways, has beauty and considerable nobility, but the dance music, which represents the seductions of the senses, sounds rather cheap and common-place. Charms of instrumental coloring it has, of course. In all these pieces the execution on the part of Mr. Listemann's orchestra was characterised by precision, spirit, and good taste.

Mr. George L. Osgood was in his best voice and sang several tenor airs from Handel's *L'Allegro* in a most artistic style, with true feeling and expression. The *Siciliana*, especially, could not be dismissed without a repetition, which both song and singer thoroughly deserved. The orchestra, too (with the Robert Franz parts), afforded him a delicate and sympathetic accompaniment. Perhaps the ideal singer of Schubert's wonderful *Erl-King* — a song written in an hour — has never yet been found; but Mr. Osgood's interpretation, with Liszt's orchestral expansion of the accompaniment, gave a fresh charm to the almost too familiar work. Being encored with enthusiasm, he sang Schubert's *Serenade* very sweetly, also with orchestral accompaniment, but not so happily constructed; too much *flute* warbling lent a sentimental sweetishness to its chaste and simple harmony.

Mr. Ernst Perabo, during the past fortnight, has made his *rentrée* to the concert room, after spending a good part of a year among his beloved masters in his dear old Leipzig, and keeping quiet during the few months since his return on account of feeble health. Feeling himself strong again he has given three Matinées in Wesleyan Hall, showing all his old feeling and enthusiasm, and even more of finish and refinement in the large part he took in the execution of the following programmes: —

I. Jan. 30.

Partita I. in B-flat major . . . . *Bach.*
a. Prelude. b. Allemande. c. Courante. d. Sarabande. e. Menuet I. et II. f. Gigue.
Concerto for the Violin, op. 141, G. minor . *C. Reinecke.*
a. Allegro ma non troppo. b. Lento. c. Rondo. Moderato con grazia.
First time in this country.
Mr Bernhard Listmann.
a. Nocturne in F, op. 44, No. 5, from Soirées à St. Petersburg. Second time. . . . . . *Rubenstein.*
b. Prélude and Fugue in B-flat major, from the Well-tempered Clavichord, Book I. . . . *Bach.*
c. Prélude in E-flat minor, from the Well-tempered Claviourd, Book I. . . . . *Bach.*
d. Barcarole, "Auf dem Wasser zu singen." . *Schubert.*
Transcribed by Franz Liszt.
Impromptu, op. 90, No. 1, C minor . . . *Schubert.*
Sonata for Piano and Violin, in G. major, op. 96. *Beethoven.*
a. Allegro moderato. b. Adagio expressivo. c. Scherzo. d. Poco Allegretto.

II. Feb. 3.

Partita VI. in E minor . . . . *Bach.*
a. Toccata. b. Allemande. c. Courante. d. Air. e. Sarabande. f. Tempo di Gavotta. g. Gigue.
Sonata for Piano, in B flat minor, op. 35 . . *Chopin.*
Grave. Deppio movimento. Scherzo. Marcia Funèbre. Presto.
Mr. Edward B. Perry.
Trois Pièces pour Violoncelle, avec accompagnement de Piano. Op. 21 . . . . . . *Ch. M. Widor.*
1. a. Moderato. E minor.
b. Vivace. B minor.
c. Andante. G. major.
First time in Boston.
2. Morçeau pour Piano et 'Celle, op. 12, No. 1. *Fr. Kiel.*
Allegretto. A minor.
a. Scherzo, op 2, A major. Second time . *E. Perabo.*
b. Pensée Fugitive, op. 6, F major. Second time. *E. Perabo.*
c. Etude de Concert, op. 9, No. 2, A minor . *E. Perabo.*
New. First time.
Mr. Edward B. Perry.
Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, op. 52 . . . *Fried. Kiel.*
a. Allegro moderato, ma con spirato. b. Intermezzo. c. Adagio con espressione. d. Rondo. Poco. Allegretto a semplice.
Second time in Boston.

III. Feb. 6.

Praeludium und toccata, op. 57. D minor. *Vincent Lachner.*
New.
First Concerto for the Violin, in G minor, op. 26. *Max Bruch.*
b. Adagio. c. Finale.
Trio No. 2, op. 45. A minor . . . . *X. Scharwenka.*
a. Allegro non troppo. b. Adagio. c. Scherzo. Molto Allegro. d. Allegro con fuoco.
First time in this country.
a. Mélancolie, G minor, op. 51, No. 1 . . . *Rubinstein.*
Second time.
b. Menuet con trio, from Symphony in G minor, op. 43 . . . . *W. St. Bennett.*
First time.
c. "Novellette und Melodie," op. 22 . *X. Scharwenka.*
Second time.
1. Moderato, F minor. 2. Andante con espressione, F major.
d. Etude in A major, op. 9, No. 3 . . . *E. Perabo.*
First time.
Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, op. 69, A major . *Beethoven.*
a. Allegro, ma non tanto. b. Scherzo, Allegro molto. c. Adagio cantabile. d. Allegro vivace.

Mr. Perabo shows a certain heroism, even martyrdom, in his selections; that is, he thinks less of what may prove popular than of what commends itself to his own taste as good. Else he would hardly have chose that long and colorless Bach Partita in B-flat for a beginning. That such things reward the study of an earnest musician, there can be little doubt; but outside of the closet they seldom make their mark. We do not mean to say that it is so with *all* the Partitas. The artist's rendering was singularly smooth, refined, and delicate; he played as if it were all poetry to *him*, at any rate. We find it rather hard to become much interested in a Violin Concerto, especially a new one, without the orchestral accompaniment which makes it a Concerto. Reinecke's work contains good ideas, cleverly worked out in the approved style, though it did not strike us as particularly original. Mr. Listemann, of course, played it finely, and Mr. Perabo's piano accompaniment was all that that could be. The group of smaller piano-forte pieces was well chosen; they were all interesting gems, in fact, and charmingly interpreted, especially the Schubert things. It was a rare treat to listen once more to that bright and genial Sonata Duo of Beethoven.

To our great regret we lost the second Matinée, first on account of the storm, and again through other engagements when it was repeated. Truly it *was* a loss not to hear that excellent pianist, Mr. Perry, play the Chopin Sonata; as well as Mr. Perabo's own compositions, of which we have heard good things said, and the violoncello pieces played by Mr. Wulf Fries.

In the third concert we were much interested in the graceful prelude and toccata by Vincenz Lachner, — not his more celebrated brother Franz, the Munich Lachner. Mr. Listemann was hardly at his best in the movements from Max Bruch's concerto; plenty of execution, but tone not altogether smooth. The Trio by Scharwenka is a work which we must hear again in order to appreciate it; the atmosphere of the room (which seems to combine many obstacles to hearing music), or some fault in the subjective conditions, rendered it *ein Bischen langweilig* to us. It was of course well played by Perabo, Listemann, and Wulf Fries. The two smaller solos by the same composer we found charming; and they were placed in a congenial group. Mr. Perabo's A major Etude was most favorably received. That the Beethoven Sonata with 'cello was keenly relished may pass without saying.

The audiences have been large, and many will be glad to know that Mr. Perabo will soon give two more Matinées (16th and 14th of this month), besides an evening concert (March 8).

Mme. Luisa Cappiani's second concert with a number of her advanced vocal pupils, drew a large and interested audience to Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4. The concert was opened by the blind pianist, Mr. E. B. Perry, with three Schumann pieces ("Aufschwung," "Nachtstück" and "Traumeswirren"), very nicely and poetically rendered. He also, later, played the difficult *Fantasie Impromptu* of Chopin in a very satisfactory manner, and two compositions by Perabo. Mme. Cappiani herself sang a rather sentimental *Scena e Canto di "Dolores,"* by Mazzochchi, in good voice and artistic style. The first pupil who appeared, Mrs. T. B. Buxton, of St. John, N. B., showed excellent results of training, in her facile, fluent, graceful execution of a recitative and aria from Verdi's *Attila*. Miss Ida Kleber, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has a light and pleasing high soprano voice, reveled at ease in all the florid passages of a "Jewel Aria" by Pacini. Miss Emma Dearborn, of Worcester, though hardly so much at ease before an audience, showed sterling qualities of voice, style, and expression in the Aria from *I Puritani*. Up to this point we endured the wintry, breezy temperature of the hall, but deemed it safer to withdraw, so that we can only give the programme of Part II.

Aria "Parto." Titus . . . . *Mozart.*
(Mrs. T. B. Buxton.)
Song. The Angel at the Window . . . . *B. Tours.*
(Dr. Albion M. Dudley.)
(a.) O happy, happy little Birds.
(b.) Widmung. . . . . . } . . *Robert Franz.*
(c.) Expectation.
(Mme. Luisa Cappiani).
(a.) Pensée Fugitive."
(b.) Etude de Concert. } . . . . . . *Perabo.*
(Mr. Edward B. Perry.)

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Tortorella Valse . . . . *Arditi.*
(Miss Ida Kleber.)
Quartet. Ecco quel fiero istante . . . . *Costa.*
(Mrs. Buxton, Mme. Cappiani, Mr. J. M. Neal, and Mr. Charles Ross).

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Feb. 9. — Since my last letter quietness — comparatively speaking — has reigned in musical matters: that is to say, none of the larger and more important concerts have taken place. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, the N. Y. Quintet Club gave a soirée in Steinway Hall, with a programme entirely composed of Beethoven's works. A very excellent and attentive audience enjoyed this programme, and the performance was, in most respects, a satisfactory one.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 31, an audience of perhaps 2000 persons assembled in Steinway Hall for the purpose of hearing a so-called "Sullivan Ballad Concert." The programme was made up of selections from Mr. S.'s ballads, which were sung with more or less effect by different vocalists. It is unnecessary to mention any one especially except Miss Winant, who sang, as one of her solos, "The Lost Chord;" her noble voice was never heard to better advantage than upon this occasion, although her efforts were sadly marred by the dense ignorance and want of taste on the part of her accompanist, who indeed distinguished himself — during the entire evening — as utterly incompetent, and as a hopeless stumbler and blunderer. Miss W. received an encore in each part of the programme, and, in response to the second, sung a new setting of "My love is like a red, red rose," by Mr. C. F. Daniels of this city. Miss W. did justice to the author's purpose and intention, but the fullness and extent of the latter will never be known because of the manner in which the accompaniment was slaughtered.

There were two piano solos played in a nervous and jerky manner, and an unaccompanied vocal quartet, over which it is well to draw the charitable (and sadly needed) veil of oblivion; what can be expected if the soprano *will* insist upon singing nearly a semi-tone sharp, and the basso is as firmly resolved to take the opposite extreme?

I have dwelt at some length upon this concert for the reason that it was certainly a most curious affair; it must have been a great pecuniary success, and from the frequency and heartiness of the applause (everybody received a recall) I should say that the manager, or managers, had exactly succeeded in hitting the taste of our so-called musical public.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 3, the N. Y. Philharmonic Club gave the fourth concert of its series at Chickering Hall. Here is the programme: —

String Quartet, Op. 74 . . . . *Beethoven.*
a. Evening Rest . . . . *Kretschmer.*
b. Allegretto con moto . . . . *Krug.*
c. Turkish March . . . . *Beethoven.*
P. F. Quintet, A. minor, Op. 14 . . . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
Mr. Mills and N. Y. P. Club.

A stormy night was the order of things, as it had so frequently been on Tuesday evenings since December 1, and on that account a small audience of faithful ones assembled in Chickering Hall to hear as admirable a performance as the club has furnished us with during the entire season. The three shorter selections were given with a delicacy and finish that merited and received the hearty and spontaneous recognition of the auditors. The Quintet is a very interesting work, if not a beautiful one, and might have been quite effective if Mr. S. B. Mills could have divested himself of his unfortunate habit of *spreading* all his octaves and full chords in utter defiance of the composer's intentions. He is also addicted to the glaring error of playing fortissimo when the score is marked *double piano*. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Mills reconciles such incongruities.

On Thursday evening we had another evening of English Glees, which was, perhaps, less satisfactory than were its predecessors; at least two of the vocalists were entirely out of trim, and were therefore not so excellent as they almost invariably are. Miss Beebe gave us a "Cradle Song to a Sick Child," both the words and music of which were composed by one of our resident organists and composers. The composition is really a very beautiful one, although there is in one sense a certain absurdity in a careful mother singing to a sick infant with her own voice pitched on high A or B flat; still this is a blemish merely, and the song is really a charming one.

On Saturday evening Dr. Damrosch's Oratorio Society gave the *Creation* with but moderate artistic success. The only one of the soloists who was really excellent was, indisputably, your Boston basso, Mr. Whitney; he is always admirable.

Our well known American pianiste, Mme. Rivé-King, has been meeting with great artistic success. She played at the Peabody Concerts in Baltimore, Jan. 30 and 31; at the Concerts of the Mendelssohn Society in Montreal, Feb. 5 and 6, and is to play in Washington Feb. 17, to say nothing of her engagement for the Harvard Symphony Concerts in your city at a later date. Amicus.

— Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 21, 1880. — The following was the programme of the 288th concert of the Musical Society given Jan. 20: —

(1.) Overture, "Fingal's Cave" . . . *Felix Mendelssohn.*
(2.) Two songs for Baritone . . . . . *R. Schumann.*
(Mr. Eugene Luening.)
(3.) Romance: "To Spring" . . . . *G. A. Schanz.*
(Horn Solo by G. A. Schanz.)
(4.) German Dances . . . . *Franz Schubert.*
For Maennerchor and Orchestra, arranged by R. Heuberger.
(5.) Symphony No. 7. (A major.) . . . . *Beethoven.*

The orchestra, owing to a disagreement between Conductor Bach and the management of the Society, was made up entirely of men outside of Bach's orchestra; it included the Heine family, Professor Proll, Conductor Clauder and some of his men, with nine picked players from Chicago, — thirty six in all. Their playing showed the lack of finish and refinement inseparable from the bringing together of so many players unaccustomed to playing together; but they played with great fire and spirit, and gave evidence of vigorous rehearsal. Mr. Luening took the *allegretto* of the symphony too fast, as it seemed to me, and so injured the contrast intended between this movement and what precedes and follows it.

The male chorus sang admirably in all points, the tenors having improved in quality of tone since the last concert. Mr. Luening played a piano accompaniment, omitting the orchestra because the chorus and orchestra went badly together in rehearsal. He also played the accompaniments for his own singing, or rather *declamation*, for that more nearly describes his rendering of the Schumann songs. Considered as such it was admirable; he has a full, quite strong voice, and an excellent delivery of the words, but his voice lacks *singing* quality.

Mr. Schanz is a very excellent horn-player, but his solo was hardly in place on this programme. Indeed, the same may be said of the Schumann songs, admirable as they are for recitals or for private performance.

But the blemishes, both of the programme and of its performance, were slight as compared with its merits, and the old society may be proud of another successful concert.

J. C. F.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Herr Joseffy, the pianist, twice announced by Mr. Peck for three concerts in the Music Hall, with the Philharmonic Orchestra (the second time for this week) has again been compelled to cancel the engagement for the present, the injury to his thumb being not yet sufficiently healed. This is a great disappointment to the many hundreds who had secured tickets for the series; but it is presumed that it will only amount to another postponement for a short time of the promised pleasure. The *Advertiser* of Wednesday states: His injured finger is well to all appearances; but it causes him pain, and he is unable to touch the key-board. His physician consulted with two others, and it was not thought that the sensitiveness would last so long. Herr Joseffy was to have had a rehearsal in Boston yesterday, and even sent on the piano-forte he was to play. Suddenly all further preparations were suspended in consequence of a telegraphic despatch to the above import. The dates of the postponed concerts will not now be announced until Herr Joseffy is actually able to play. The recent announcement was in accordance with the physician's certificate that the artist would unquestionably be able to appear on the days named.

— Herr Hummel, the distinguished pianist, met with a serious accident in Providence last Tuesday night. On his way to the railroad station he fell and broke his leg. It was his purpose soon to leave for Europe. There seems an epidemic among pianists: Joseffy with his bad thumb, Sherwood with his sprained ankle, Petersilea only recently recovered from inflammatory rheumatism, Pease's lame thumb. Who will have the courage to be a pianist if it goes on in this way?

— Mr. Edward Dannreuther, one of our best violinists, for three years past a member of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, writes us that he has resigned his membership (being weary of continual traveling) and intends to settle down in Boston, devoting himself to his studies and to teaching. Mr. Carl Meisel takes his place as second violinist in the Club. The Mendelssohns were to start on Thursday last on a long concert tour westward, even visiting California.

— The fifth Harvard Symphony Concert, of last Thursday, offered two important works never before heard in America, namely, the Symphonie Fantastique ("Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste") by Berlioz, a piano-forte concerto by Louis Brassin, played by Miss Jessie Cochran. Besides these the programme included the romance "Sombre forêt," from *William Tell*, and songs by Grieg, sung by Miss Louis Homer; also the overture to *Fidelio*, — too late for review this week. The programmes for the remainder of the series have been partially announced as follows:

Sixth Concert, February 23. Fourth Symphony (B-flat) Beethoven; Octet (by all the strings), Mendelssohn. Mme. Julia Rivé-King will play the Piano Concerto in G minor, by Saint-Saëns. Miss May Bryant will sing a Scena from Max Bruch's "Odysseus," and Songs.

Seventh Concert, March 11. Professor J. K. Paine's new ("Spring") Symphony. Mr. William H. Sherwood will play the G-major Concerto, Beethoven; and Grand Fantasia, Schumann. Overtures, etc.

Eighth (last) Concert, March 25. The great Schubert Symphony, in C. Mr. B. J. Lang will play (first time in America) a Concerto by Bronsart. Concertstück, for four horns, with orchestra, op 86 (first time), Schumann. Overture, etc.

— The next University Concert, at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will take place on Wednesday evening, February 25, instead of the 26th, as before announced. Mme. Rivé-King will play the same Concerto, by Saint-Saëns, in this and in the Harvard Concert of the following afternoon.

— The *Herald* says: "It has been decided to postpone the season of English opera at the Globe Theatre by the Boston English Opera Society, under the direction of Mr. Charles R. Adams, until May, the labor of preparing for such a season making it necessary to take further time. The chorus has been hard at work, and may possibly appear in a sacred concert programme during the coming month."

— Mr. Anagnos, the director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, has recently received the following testimony in favor of the employment of blind tuners: —

New York, Jan. 9, 1880.

"*Dear Sir:* In answer to your letter of the 29th ult., we desire to inform you that one of our principal tuners is a blind man, named Armin Schotte.

"This gentleman tunes the concert grand pianos for the concerts at Steinway Hall, etc., etc., which work is considered the highest achievement in the art of tuning. Mr. Schotte's tuning is simply perfect, not only for its purity, but in his skill of so setting the tuning-pins that the piano can endure the largest amount of heavy playing, without being put out of tune. Very respectfully yours,

"Steinway & Sons."

— The seventieth birthday of Ole Bull was celebrated on the evening of Feb. 5 at his residence in Cambridge (Professor Lowell's house) in a most interesting and delightful manner, which gave great satisfaction to all the friends who assembled to offer their greetings. The party arranged by Mrs. Bull was a complete surprise to him. Among the guests were nearly all his warm personal friends. H. W. Longfellow and family, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, Professor Horsford and family, Madame Hegerman Lindenkrone, wife of the Danish minister, Dr. Doremus and family, E. W. Stoughton, ex-minister to Russia, Mrs. G. M. Tichnor and daughter, Mr. Thomas Appleton, Miss Susan Hale, Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Maria S. Porter, Mrs. Bates, Mr. E. F. Waters of the *Advertiser*, and many others. The floral gifts were very beautiful, consisting of a violin formed of white flowers, the strings being of violets, and the screws of red roses. Two bottles of Tokay of the vintage of 1810 were sent by Professor Horsford. Mr. Longfellow, with an appropriate speech, poured this wine, in which the health of Ole Bull was drunk by all present with wishes for many returns of happy birthdays. A birthday cake was brought in at the close of the evening, which Ole Bull cut, stating that a gold violin was embedded there, and amid a good deal of fun Mrs. Professor Horsford was so fortunate as to find it in her slice. At different times during the evening Mr. Bull treated his guests to some of the very best gems of his répertoire. Madame Hegerman Lindenkrone sang in a most charming manner German, Norwegian, and Spanish songs. Miss Doremus gave some lively selections on the banjo, and in hilarity and best wishes to all a most delightful evening closed. — *Transcript.*

— On Friday evening, Jan. 30, Mr. W. H. Sherwood gave a private concert at his rooms, 154 Tremont Street, with the following programme: —

C Sharp in Major Prelude and Fugue . . . . . *Bach.*
(Mr. Sherwood.)
Impromptu, B Flat, Op. 142, No. 3 . . . *Schubert.*
(Miss Lena Ames.)
Hochzeits Musik, Nos. 1 and 3 (four hands), *Jensen.*
(Misses Ida and Eva Van Wagenen.)
Songs. { (a.) Geheimniss. (b.) Wandervöglein } . . . *Hermann Goetz.*
(Mr. Charles F. Webber.)
{ Waldesrauschen, (concert étude) . . . . . . *Liszt.*
{ Nocturne, F Sharp, Op. 15 . . . . *Chopin.*
{ Toccata di Concerto, Op. 46 . . . . *Dupont.*
(Mr. Sherwood.)
Impromptu, on a theme from Schumann's Manfred (for two pianos), Op. 66 . . . . *Reinecke.*
(Miss Marie Moutonnier and Mr. Sherwood.)
{ (a.) Lithauisches Lied . . . . *Chopin.*
{ (b.) Die helle Sonne leuchtet, Op. 42, No. 2, *Robt. Franz.*
{ (c.) Mondnacht, Op. 17 (dedicated to Liszt) *Schumann.*
(Mr. Charles F. Webber.)
Fantasie, in C, Op. 17 . . . . *Schumann.*
{ (a.) Durchaus phantastisch und leidenschaftlich vorzutragen.
{ (b.) Mässig; Durchaus energisch.
{ (c.) Langsam getragen, durchweg leise zu halten.
(Mr. Sherwood.)

— Utopia is the title of a musical club formed in Philadelphia. A central location has already been secured, on Girard Street above Eleventh, and about thirty active members enrolled; among them such well-known artists as Thomas A'Becket, Henry Bishop, Michael Cross, Harry Hershurst, Wm. W. Gilchrist, A. G. Emerick, Henry G. Thunder, etc., and such educated amateurs and patrons of music as S. Decatur Smith, Wm. Foley, etc. The object is social intercourse between all music-loving people, artists, and amateurs, and to provide a sort of musical exchange in a central location.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

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HEGEL ON THE "CONTENT" (INHALT) OF MUSIC.

The recent publication of Mr. Bryant's translation of the second part of Hegel's *Aesthetik* ("The Philosophy of Art") calls new attention to his treatment of art. and especially of music. The part of the work now translated does not touch the separate arts, except, incidentally, architecture, sculpture, and painting; it has to do merely with the division of art progress into three epochs: the *Symbolical* (wherein man seizes the ideal imperfectly, and seeks to give it expression by means of a *symbol*, a form having a natural relation to the principal part of the conception, thus giving rise to Oriental art and such half-way productions as the Sphinx, Memnon, etc.); the *Classical* (wherein the beautiful is conceived of as spiritual, though scarcely as living, but rather in eternal and unchangeable form, of which classical sculpture forms the principal example; the distinguishing traits of the classic being the more perfect conception of the beautiful, and the exact expression of it in the form); and the *Romantic* (in which spirit has recognized itself as spiritual and separate from form, and labors constantly to express in art the *beauty of spirit*; that is, the deeper and more internal qualities which come to ontward realization only by means of *collisions* between opposing principles).

The nature of beauty, and the content (*Inhalt*) and scope of art in general, come in the first part of the *Aesthetik*. In defining the beautiful, Hegel seems to me not fortunate. He says that "beauty is only a particular utterance and representation of the True." The three chapters of this part of Hegel's work seem to be worth sifting by some competent person. They are on "The Conception [*Begriff*] of the Beautiful in General," "The Beautiful in Nature," and "The Art Beautiful, or the Ideal."

On the scope of art, Hegel is sufficiently broad and deep. He says, *e. g.*, "It is the task and scope of art to bring to our conception and spiritual realization *all that in our thought has a place in the human spirit*; to awaken and to animate the slumbering feelings, desires, and passions of all kinds; to fill the heart, and awaken to consciousness every thing, developed and undeveloped, which human feelings [*Gemüth*] can carry, experience, and bring forth in their innermost and most secret hearts; whatever the human breast, in its manifold possibilities and sides, desires to move and excite; and especially whatever the spirit has in its thought and in the idea of the most essential and high, the glory of the honored, the eternal, and true, — through all these to reach the feelings and intuitions for the sake of enjoyment. Likewise unhappiness and misery, thus to make conceivable wickedness and criminality; to permit the human heart to share everything horrible and dreadful, as well as all joy and happiness; and fancy at last to indulge itself in vain sports of the imagination, as well as to run riot in the ensnaring magic of the sensuously entrancing contemplations and sensations." All this can be done with effect, he says, because the outer world becomes known to us only through sense-perception; so that whether our attention is taken by the outer reality itself, or only by a representation of it (as a picture, a drawing, or poetry). "by means of which a scene, or relation, or life content of any kind is brought to us," it produces the same effect upon our feelings, arousing within us the corresponding sensation and passion. But I must not linger on this part of the work.

In the third part of the *Aesthetik* Hegel speaks of the content and meaning of the different arts. He traces a suggestive progress in the relation of the *material* in each art to the content. Thus, architecture deals with matter in great masses, seized and controlled by spirit, which leaves on it the impress of its idea. But spirit does not dwell in the mass. In sculpture the mass of material is very much reduced, and the form chosen is the only one in which spirit, as yet, recognizes itself as dwelling. Yet the soul does not dwell within the statue; the marble figure in space is lifeless, dead; out of its sightless eyes no soul looks forth; but it represents the spiritual idea in its permanent or eternal phase, — the repose of the immortal gods. In painting the material is still further reduced, namely, to a mere *appearance* of substance. There is, to be sure, the oil, the paint, the canvas. But these we do not see or think of, only the landscapes, persons, and scenes here represented. As Bénard phrases it,[1] "The true principle, the essential content, the centre of this art, is always the innermost life of the soul." "In the representations of nature, what constitutes the vital interest, the real sense, is the sentiment which beams through it, the reflex of the spirit, the soul of the artist which appears in his work, the image of his inmost thought, or a general echo of our impressions."

These three arts have this in common: that they deal with subjects conceived in terms of *space*, which endure permanently, or seem to do so, as objects distinct from and outside of ourselves. But "in *tone* [says Hegel] music forsakes the element of outward shape and its immediate visibility, and addresses itself to another subjective organ, the ear, which, like sight, belongs not to the practical, but to the theoretic, senses; and is indeed yet more ideal." Hence, "what is represented through music *is the last subjective inwardness as such*; it is the art of the soul [*Gemüth*], which addresses itself immediately to the soul. Painting, *e. g.*, as we saw, may likewise give expression in physiognomy and shape to the inner life and energy, the determinations and passions of the heart, the situations, conflicts, and fate of the soul; but what we have always before us in painting are objective appearances, from which the observing *I*, as inner self, remains entirely separate. One may ever so completely absorb and sink himself in the subject, the situation, the character, the form, of a statue or, painting; may admire the art work and come out of himself towards it; nay, may completely fill himself therewith, — it matters not! These works of art are and remain independent objects, in review of which we come not beyond the position of an observer. But in music this difference (between the observer and the work) vanishes. Its content is an independent subjectivity, and the utterance brings it not to a permanent objectivity in space, but through its ephemeral vibrations denotes that it is a communicator, which, instead of having a duration of its own, is drawn from the inner and subjective, and exists outwardly only for the expression of the subjective inner. The tone is indeed a form of utterance and an externality; but an utterance which, directly that the externality *is*, makes itself disappear again. Scarcely has the ear seized it than it is gone; the impression which takes its place immediately inwardizes itself; the tone sounds only in the depths of the soul, which is seized in its ideal subjectivity and set in motion."

The general content of music is *emotionality* as such. "It extends itself in every direction for the expression of all distinct sensations and shades of joyousness, serenity, jokes, humor, shoutings, and rejoicings of soul, as well as the gradations of anguish, sorrow, grief, lamentation, distress, pain, regret, etc.; and, finally, aspiration, worship, love, etc., belong to the proper sphere of musical expression." "Music builds up no permanently enduring structure in space; it has, indeed, no permanent existence, but whenever it would speak to us must, as it were, be recreated anew. Yet in its very nature as tone, and through the power of its *motion in time*, it pierces immediately into the inner of all motion, the soul." "Even if music lacks for us a deeper content, or a more soulful expression, even then we delight ourselves simply in the sensuous *klang* and the well sounding; or with an examination of the melodic and harmonic contents as such. Yet, on the other hand, if we refrain from this kind of technical examination of it, and abandon ourselves to the musical art work, it absorbs us completely in itself, and carries us forth with itself, quite otherwise than with the might which art, as art in general, exercises over us. The peculiar power of music is an elementary force; *i. e.*, it lies in the element of *tones*, in which here the art moves. Consequently, in conspicuously easily-moving rhythm, we delight to strike with the measure, to sing with the melody, and in dance music *it comes into the very bones*."

This results, he says, from "the connection of the subjective inner with *time* as such. The *I* is in the time, and the *time* is the being of the subjective inner itself. Because, now, time and not space furnishes the essential element, in respect to which tone acquires its

[1] Essay on Hegel's Aesthetik, Journal of Speculative Philosophy, vol. ii., No. 1., St. Louis.

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musical value, and the time of the tone is likewise that of the subject, so penetrates the tone immediately, by right of its very foundation, into the self; fastens there its simple design, sets the *I* in motion through the time motion and rhythm, while the other kinds of figuration (melody, harmony, etc.) serve as a determinate filling up of the subject."

There is much more in this great work equally well worthy of citation, and equally noticeable for depth of insight and picturesque and graphic expression. I have not been able to find elsewhere so clear an idea of the place and function of music; and this is the more to be wondered at because Hegel wrote rather in a spirit of prophecy than in view of actual achievement. He was born in 1770, the same year as Beethoven, and I suppose the *Aesthetik* was written somewhere about 1812, that is, about the time when Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was only four years old, having been played two or three times in Vienna, and the sixth, seventh and eighth quite new. Nothing of Schubert's work was known at that time. Bach was a sealed book, except the "Clavier" and a few of the organ fugues. Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann were children in pinafores.

That Hegel should have perceived the vital importance of the *time*-element in music lends confirmation to my suspicion that the artistic value of rhythm was better understood then than since, especially in its relation to sustained musical discourse.

On other points he is not so complete. The romantic nature of music, its inherent suitability as the voice of love, hope, joy, and worship, he seems to have felt in himself, as well as by means of his logic. But in the detailed discussion of its means of expression, he betrays the hand of the tyro, as well as the fact that he wrote before the real force of music was understood. Vischer's *Aesthetik* I have never seen. If now some benevolent student would inform us wherein, if at all, he advances beyond Hegel, I have no doubt it would be a favor to many, as well as to W. S. B. Mathews.

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.[1]

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

IV.

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS.

Dear Pōūnāmu![2] — When the poet Bodenstedt spoke of Russian art and folk poetry, in the lecture to which I alluded in my former letter, he did not give any of his own translations of these; and many persons, unacquainted, like myself, with his famous renderings of them into German, regretted it. He made a passing reference to Russian folk-songs, however, and observed that their general character was "sad and feminine."

It is impossible for us to ascertain with certainty how many of these anonymous poems and melodies were actually composed or written by women; yet there can be no doubt that the influence of woman — inspiring or depressing acknowledged or occult — is the strongest influence that impresses itself on works of art, even on folk-songs, which I may term irresponsible or unconscious works of art. Looked at in the mirror of Russian prose, down to the latest Nihilistic news, Russian women, at least of the middle class, appear to suffer more than Russian men from the present unsettled state of that empire; and the lower class of women must have suffered more, physically and morally, than men, from the degradation of serfdom in the past. Yet every Russian peasant, with mind and heart enough to create a folk-song, must have endured double slavery in his mother's, wife's, daughter's sadness and servitude.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free;
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall man grow?"

Russian folk-poetry is more continuously and monotonously melancholy than that of most folk-songs. Seldom does it rise above earthly care on the wings of supernatural aspiration, or ring with the glowing trumpet-tones of patriotic ardor. Seldom does the Russian sing with careless simplicity of joy or love, or for pure delight in beauty. The serenades are nearly all sad; the lover does not sing to waken his love, but to lull her to sleep, and "to dream of a sweeter future, after the cares of the bitter day." Some of the marriage-songs, and those of callings and occupations, too often remind me of Gogol's satirically sombre sketches, or of the mercilessly, morally realistic scenes in some of Turgenef's novels. The songs of monks and nuns are among the finest; yet these are filled with longings for death, regrets for shipwrecked hopes and lost illusions, echoes of the storms of nature in the repressed cries of the heart. The monk, seeing a bridal train, murmurs, "Alas, again I must pray!" and re-enters the cloister; the nun, praying for the recovery of another woman's spouse, at her request, sighs to think that he was once her own false lover. Here is the complaint of one who has mistaken her vocation: —

"What will end the bitter sorrow,
Wounded heart, that tortures thee?
Courage, hope, whence can I borrow?
Death, despair, alone I see:
Here I wither, here I perish,
Like a flower in polar night,
Where I thought to warm and cherish
Heart and soul in love and light.
From the world I fled, believing
Duty's call my life had crowned;
Longing, praying, hoping, grieving,
Heaven I sought, but hell I found!
Found but falsehood, fraud, and folly,
Envy, hatred, base deceit;
And the bridge has vanished, wholly,
That once heavenward wooed my feet!"

Some of the most deeply despairing of these cloister-songs were written by the monk Innokentij. Perhaps the key to that despair may be found in this song of his, —

"The ice breaks up, the rivers rise,
Along the shore free Moshoa flies,
In foaming rage wild gushing,
Swift rushing!
Heaven, in this mad, tumultuous hour,
Curb Moshoa's dread, destructive power!
Restrain the flood, strong swirling,
Wide whirling!
Let not the pitiless waters gnaw,
And down to hungry darkness draw
Yon churchyard by the river,
Forever!
There, long, long years ago, they laid
The best, the sweetest village maid.
Heart, when will cease thy aching,
Slow breaking?"

One of the so-called "heroic" songs tells us of the seven sons and seven daughters, each of whom becomes an idiot "through the Almighty will, through love and marriage," as it is — seriously or ironically? — said. Another sings of the hero, that his deeds "filled the heart of his mother with anguish;" another hero asks no one, not even Marfa herself, whether he may woo her, but he carries her off "the moment he saw he loved her." In the two following songs we find pathetic suggestions of peasant-girl life: —

I.

"Spake the bogar: 'Fairest maiden,
Small reward is thine for spinning!'
Thought he: 'Once within my dwelling,
Easy task would be thy winning!'
Spake the bogar: 'Best beloved one,
Let me press thy fingers lightly!'
Thought he: 'When the hand is granted,
Then the heart will follow, rightly.'
Spake the bogar: 'Ah, thou knowest not
How one kiss a lover blesses!'
Thought he: 'If she grants me kisses,
She will next permit caresses.'
Spake the bogar: 'Here I pledge thee
Love and truth, eternal duty!'
Thought he: 'None the less, to-morrow,
Will I woo another beauty!'"

II.

"From his couch the bogar brave at morn arises,
Buckles guns and bags and spears about him lightly;
Goes a-hunting; boar and deer must be his prizes.
On his way he whistles; loud the tune, and sprightly.
From her couch the peasant girl outglides at morning,
Takes her distaff, broken flax about it clinging;
Slowly, softly, towards the little cottage turning,
Low she hums a song, and softly weeps while singing."

Here is a short love-song, with something almost of a morbid "modern society" tone about it; yet it was written by a peasant whose name has been preserved: —

"Alas, my heart, my wounded heart,
How near art thou to breaking?
I feign a part, a jester's part,
Therein no pleasure taking.
Alas, to bliss that is not bliss,
My life is wholly given;
Against each kiss, yea, every kiss
I yield, my will has striven.
Why seek from me sweet love? From me
So wild, so melancholy?
Your aim I see, smile when I see,
Then weep, and mock my folly!"

Russians are said to be generally very light-hearted in manner, while the position of their women is said to be now legally superior to that of the women of other nations. Then why the sadness of their national poetry, the gloomy pictures of their greatest living novelist, the discontent of their present politico-social position? It is true that in a collection of national melodies, recently published in St. Petersburg, I find only about two fifths absolutely sad in character; the rest are of cheerful tone, many of them dance-songs. Hummel, sixty years ago or more, discovered a sufficient number of gay wedding-songs to make a very cheerful epithalamium, which he did in his "Polymelos," an arrangement, for voices and orchestra, of Russian folk-songs, dedicated to the queen-mother, Maria Fedorowna. This publication is so rare, and so little known, that I copy for you, as a curiosity, the first, and the only, melancholy air among those he adopted. It closes oddly on the dominant.

Here is one of the prettiest spring-songs I can find in an old and scarce collection. And yet the minor mode prevails in it: —

[1] Copyright, 1880, by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

[2] Te Pōūnāmu (the Pōūnāmu), is the Maori name for the Greenstone, which is a product of the Island of New Zealand, and which has always been held in high estimation by the natives, for hatchets, short hand-clubs (for war), as well as for ornaments. It is also rather admired by the European settlers. Te Pōūnāmu is the journalistic *nom de plume* of an Anglo-Maori gentleman, to whom the above letter is addressed.

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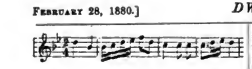
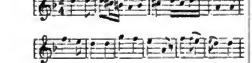


And take this song of happy love; yet even its character is also "sad and feminine!"



But if the greater number of Russian folk-melodies are of a resigned and cheerful, rather than of a melancholy, character, — though possessing the gravity of the old Greek modes, while the words set to them are so very often sad, — this apparent contradiction may be explained by the supposition, that in his poem the maker of the folk-song relates the realities of feeling, or experience, while with his melody he strives to console, to lull, or to cheer his own sense of these sad realities. This may be the reason, also, why so many of these major airs close suddenly in minor, as though hope and courage failed at once in spite of an effort to bear grief with a gay spirit. Let me also translate for you a few extracts from some communications on this subject, written by a traveler in Russia, nearly eighty years ago: —

"The Russian people are, above all things, musical.[1] The peasant, the artisan, lightens his labor by singing a folk-song. If the hardship or the monotony of toil they are forced to undertake is distasteful to them, they sing away their dislike of it. Observe the postilion, for instance. In rain or snow, as in sunshine, he travels thousands of wersts towards the borders of India, or in the direction of the North Pole: like a cloak, his songs enable him to defy the weather. At night he keeps himself awake with singing, but first politely asks the traveler: 'Little father, shall I sing you something pretty?' And if his request is not refused, he continues his travelling songs until he reaches the station. If the traveler cannot sleep while this singing continues, he begs the postilion to be silent, and the concert is at an end; but after having traveled much in Russia, one becomes so accustomed to singing, that one can scarcely sleep without it; and, besides, one is comforted by the reflection that singing postilions do not sleep.

"During the change of horses, or after he has received his *douceur*, he hastes to some singing society 'to practice his voice a little;' there I have often found a large company of men, a great-grandfather humming through his long, silver-white beard, and grandfathers, fathers, and sons singing together, the boys imitating the tones, expressions, and gestures of their elders, in folk-songs and romances, whose adventurous subjects, and their melodies, betray their age, or else chanting love-songs not less antique. . . . . The wedding-songs sung by women are unique of their kind; melodies on three or four high tones spoken rather than sung. What do you say to their odd custom of singing to the bride for twenty-four hours before the ceremony about the cares and duties of a wife? More necessary, generally, you will reply, in the bridegroom's case than in the bride's; but his attendants sing to him a similar lengthy sermon. *Charmant, n'est-ce pas?* . . . .

"When, for the first time, I heard and saw a widow declaiming her woe beside her husband's coffin, as is the custom here, I was deeply moved and surprised. Touched, — for what heart could withstand the influence of such a scene? Astonished, — for who could have expected such thrilling powers of expression in an uncultivated Russian peasant woman? How far behind this fell the most truthfully simulated theatrical sorrow, sung or recited by prima donna or first *tragedienne*? I doubt whether stage art could ever reach the height of tragic despair, the shuddering, stormy passion, the tender complaint of this Russian peasant's song. What a pity that the custom has not been adopted in European society! Fancy the effect on her masculine listeners, of such a lament, entoned by a handsome modern widow, especially if she heightened her singing by her own guitar accompaniment, and adopted some of Lady Hamilton's elegant and picturesque attitudes! . . . . During my residence in Moscow, I took a walk through the city, and happened to pass the government house while recruiting from among the young tradesmen and peasants was going on. A crowd of persons stood at the door, whence I heard a lament entoned. A well-formed peasant girl stood in the midst of the crowd; she had just heard that her bridegroom had been selected as a recruit, and she declaimed her grief with streaming eyes, often striking her head against the wall. As he was led past to swear his affidavit in the cathedral, she looked towards him, and fell to the ground in a swoon."

I believe that we can better understand the character of a people from their folk-songs, than from their laws, customs, dress, or their merely spoken language. The folk-song is a more intimate and certain guide, and the historian who has not studied this, only half understands the people he writes about, even if he be thoroughly familiar with their language. There are few English-speaking people who, when the word "Cossack" is mentioned, do not at once associate it with the idea of a cruel, half-savage northern bandit; yet the inhabitants of the Ukraine are the most musical in the Russian empire, and few folk-songs breathe softer and more tender feeling than those of those of the Ukraine; while through some others free airs from the immense and sonorous steppe, laden with the perfume of wild flowers and aromatic herbs, seem wafted. I will give you a prose translation of one: "Alas! the young shepherd is slain! He prays that they will bury him in his pasture, behind the fold, where in his sleep he may perhaps still hear the voices of his faithful dogs. Then he begs his soft little flute of beech-wood, his and little flute of bone, his fiery little flute of elder-wood, not to tell the sheep that their master has been murdered, lest they should die, mourning for him with tears of blood. But let them say that he is now wedded to a proud queen, the adored mistress of all noble souls, Liberty! At the wedding, the sun and moon carried the crown; the oaks and pines were witnesses; the high mountains were the priests; the birds, by thousands, the musicians; and the stars bore the torches."

Here is another, which, not so much, perhaps, for its superior beauty, as because it appeals more to womanly fancies, I long ago took the trouble of translating. Yet I will confess that this is a free translation, and that two or three of the verses are not entirely originate in the Ukraine! . . . . . .

Ah, why, my silken hair,
So richly flow thy tresses fine and fair,
If not, in their waves, flower-wreaths and gems to wear?
Ah, why, my slender feet,
So proudly arched, so strong and light and fleet,
If not in the dance a bounding rhythm to beat?
Ah, why, my lips, your blooms,
Smiles, kisses, sighs, and jests, and health's perfume,
If not with your spells to banish evil gloom?
Ah, why, my sparkling eye,
With morning sun and midnight shadow vie,
If not on another, magnet power to try?
Ah, why, my lone hand,
So pink thy palm, thy touch so light and bland,
If not in some life to wave joy's gay garland?
Ah, why, my rounded arm,
So satin smooth, so lithe, so rosy warm,
If not in some fate to wind Fate's choicest charm?
Ah, why, my thrilling voice,
So passionate or tender, at thy choice,
If not with thy songs to bid some soul rejoice?
Ah, why, my happy sprite,
So fountain-freshly flow thy fancies bright,
If not his delight to make with thy delight?
Ah, why, my heart, thy glow
Of Etna fire beneath a veil of snow,
If not for one heart to burn through bliss and woe?

I have now before me a singular representation, — a reproduction, from a picture by Josef Brandt, in the Koenigsberg Museum, of the figure of a Cossack of the Ukraine in the seventeenth century, armed and mounted, and apparently on the point of combat. Rough and unshapely are steed and rider; arms and accoutrements primitive and worn; the contour of the man's head is essentially combative, his hands and arms are enlarged by labor, yet wasted by privation. But in his formless cap he wears a flowering spray; and, as he rides, he carelessly plays a tasseled bandura, — an instrument somewhat similar to the antique lute, and used in the Ukraine; — he seems to sing through his wind-blown beard, while tenderness and regret speak from his dreaming eyes, that gaze beyond a limitless horizon, seeing nothing save some happy or unhappy past; not the battle before, not the birds of prey that slowly follow him! And the eye of the large-jointed equinal that carries him also expresses patience and fidelity. This rough soldier is surely, at this moment, recalling an old folk-song, or inventing a new one; and certainly its character is, or will be, that of most Russian folk-poetry and music, "sad and feminine," yet stamped with a brave, or, at least, a melancholy resignation to the decrees of Providence. Yours faithfully,

F. R. R.

[1] My readers will remember Robert Schumann's observation, in "Music and Musicians," respecting Col. Alexis Aweff, composer of the Russian national hymn, and adjutant to the Czar, who was a fine violinist, and whom Schumann and Mendelssohn met at Leipzig in 1840. "If there are many such amateurs in the Russian capital some artists may learn more there than they can teach." Prince George Galitzin, who conducted an orchestra in New York a few years ago, was also a finely accomplished musical amateur.

LISZT.[1]

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.]

THE following is a catalogue of Liszt's works, as complete as it has been possible to make it. It is compiled from the recent edition of the thematic catalogue (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 14,373); published lists, and other available sources.

I. ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

I. ORIGINAL.

1. Symphonie zu Dante's Divina Comoedia, orch. and female chorus; ded. to Wagner. 1. Inferno; 2. Purgatorio; 3. Magnificat. Score and parts. B. & H.[2] Arr. for 2 P. Fa.
2. Eine Faust-Symphonie in drei Charakterbildern (nach Goethe), orch. and male chorus; ded. to Berlioz. 1. Faust; 2. Gretchen (also for P. F. 2 hands); 3. Mephistopheles. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fa. Schuberth.
3. Zwei Episoden aus Lenau's Faust. 1. Der nächtliche Zug. 2. Der Tanz in Der Dorfschenke (Mephisto-Walzer). Score and parts: also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schuberth.
4. Symphonische Dichtungen. 1. Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne; 2. Tasso. Lamento e Trionfo; 3. Les Préludes; 4. Orpheus (also for organ); 5. Prometheus; 6. Mazeppa; 7. Festklänge; 8. Héroïde funèbre; 9. Hungaria; 10. Hamlet; 11. Hunnenschlacht; 12. Die Ideale. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fa. and P. F. 4 hands. B. & H.

[1] Continued from page 28.
[2] B. & H. = Breitkopf & Härtel.

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5. Fest-Vorspiel, for Schiller and Goethe Festival, Weimar, 1857. Score, Hallberger.
6. Fest-Marsch, for Goethe's birthday. Score and part, also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schuberth.
7. Huldigungs-Marsch, for accession of Duke Carl of Saxe-Weimar, 1853. Score: and for P. F. 2 hands. B. & H.
8. "Vom Fels zum Meer": Patriotic march. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 hands. Schlesinger.
9. Künstler Fest-Zug; for Schiller Festival, 1856. Score; and for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Kahnt.
10. "Gaudeamus Igitur": Humoreske for orch. soli and chorus. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schuberth.

2. ARRANGEMENTS.

11. Schubert's Marches 1. Op. 40 No. 3; 2 Trauer-; 3. Reiter-; 4. Ungarischer-Marsch; Scores and parts. Fürstner.
12. Schubert's Songs for voice and small orch. 1. Die junge Nonne; 2. Gretchen am Spinnrade; 3. Lied der Mignon; 4. Erlkonig. Score and parts. Forberg.
13. "Die Allmacht," by Schubert, for tenor, men's chorus, and orchestra Score and parts; and vocal score. Schuberth.
14. H. v. Bülow's Mazurka-Fantasie (Op. 13). Score and parts. Leuckart.
15. Fest-March on themes by E. H. zu S. Score; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schuberth.

16. Ungarische Rhapsodien, arr. by Liszt and F. Doppler: 1. in F; 2 in D; 3. in D; 4, in D minor and G major; 5. in E; 6. Pester Carneval. — Score and parts; and for P. F. 4 hands. Schuberth.
17. Ungarischer Marsch, for Coronation at Buda-Pesth, 1867. Score also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schuberth.
18. Rákoczy-Marsch; symphonisch bearbeitet. Score and parts: also for P. F. 2, 4, and 8 hands. Schuberth.
19. Ungarischer Sturm-Marsch. New arr. 1876. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schlesinger.
20. "Szózat" and "Hymnus" by Béni and Erkel. Score and parts; also for P. F. Rózsavölgyi, Pesth.

II. FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA.

1. ORIGINAL.

21. Concerto No. 1, E-flat score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. Schlesinger.
22. Concerto No. 2, in A. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. Schott.
23. "Todten-Tanz." Paraphrase on "Dies Iræ." Score; also for 1 and 2 P. Fs. Siegel.

2. ARRANGEMENTS, P. F. PRINCIPALE.

24. Fantasia on themes from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." Score: also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands, and 2 P. Fs. Siegel.
25. Fantasie über ungarische Volks-melodien. Score and parts. Heinze.
26. Schubert's Fantasia in C (Op. 15), symphonisch bearbeitet. Score and parts: also for 2 P. Fs. Schreiber.
27. Weber's Polonaise (Op. 72). Score and parts. Schlesinger.

[*Conclusion in next number.*]

BERLIOZ'S "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST."

(From the New York Tribune, Feb. 15.)

Dr. Damrosch accomplished last night an undertaking of extraordinary distinction. He produced for the first time in America "The Damnation of Faust," one of the most characteristic, if not the most colossal, of the greater works of Hector Berlioz; and the performance was witnessed, with the liveliest interest and with many manifestations of delight, by an audience which filled Steinway Hall to overflowing. . . . .

Berlioz had very little comprehension of Goethe, and when he undertook to make a libretto for his "dramatic legend" out of fragments of "Faust," he showed his lack of sympathy with the original, not only by his deviations from the poem but by his selections from it. This, however, is not a grave fault. He did not try to follow Goethe; he pleads, with perfect justice, that he was not obliged to; and "The Damnation of Faust" ought to be judged by its intrinsic qualities, without reference to the poet's ideal. We must take it as a series of splendid scenes, chosen for their picturesque effects and strong contrasts, rather than with any consistent dramatic purpose. They are joined together with such extraordinary art that every number seems to flow naturally and easily into the next, and yet the separate movements, — the reveries and aspirations of Faust, the rustic song and dance, the gorgeous march, the Easter Hymn, the bacchanalian revels, with the burlesque fugue, the wonderful slumber song, the ballad and plaint of Margaret, the fairy music, the superb love duet, the ride to hell, the chorus of angels, are wholly independent. Indeed, so far was the composer from aiming at the development of a clear poetic idea that he boldly carried Faust into Hungary for the sake of introducing his arrangement of the Hungarian Rakoczy March, because it had proved very "effective" in the concert-room; and not content with using it once he employed the same theme again, somewhat disguised, in an incantation scene where it has no dramatic reason. In this passage, where Mephistopheles calls up the will-o'-the-wisps to "charm the maid with baneful lights," Berlioz caused the devil to sing in Hungarian — a direction which was not observed last night. Little as the Rakoczy theme has to do with Faust the effect, both of the March and of the infernal Minuet, is unquestionably good in this glowing series of tone-pictures. We cannot say the same of the Song of the Rat and the Song of the Flea, with their grotesque imitations by the orchestra; nor for the horrors of the final pandemonium. These numbers illustrate the besetting sin of Berlioz, which was bad taste. Like certain passages of the "Fantastic Symphony," they recall that dreadful chapter of his autobiography, which describes the burial of the second wife. He was miserable and unfaithful in both his marriages; and when he tells of the removal of the body of the first unhappy woman to the side of the second, he takes us into the charnel-house with him, and tears open the coffin, and compels us to look on while the fair Ophelia is carried away in pieces, — not forgetting meanwhile to observe the agony of M. Berlioz, who is truly a person of sensibility.

But whatever may be the faults of his method of dramatic composition, — the tempestuous passion which left him only broken moments of repose, the tendency to exaggeration which hurried him far beyond the proper boundaries of romance, — nobody can deny to Berlioz an immense force and grandeur, of which the "The Damnation of Faust" furnishes an impressive example. Heine compared Berlioz to "a colossal nightingale." His music reminded the poet of gigantic forms of extinct antediluvian animals, fabulous empires filled with fabulous sins, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the stupendous temples of Nineveh. Mystery, magnificence, and awful magnitude are here; and we recognize all the characteristics which Berlioz himself called the dominant qualities of his music, — passionate expression, internal fire, rhythmic animation, and unexpected changes. His melodies are not fluent and spontaneous, but they are full of intense meaning; his rhythms are startling and irresistible; his skill in the indication of fine shades of expression is exquisite. His surprising and delicious combinations of instruments of different qualities show a keen sense for the color of tones analogous to the delicate ear which certain poets possess for fascinating rhymes and the musical collocation of words. This gift distinguishes his treatment of the voice as well as of the orchestra; and some of the happiest effects in the choruses of "Faust" are attributable far less to the melodic design than to the composer's rare knowledge of what he calls "vocal instrumentation." In the technical management of the orchestra he surpasses all other composers except Wagner. His instinct in selecting for each phrase the exact instrument that best suits it is infallible. Witness the beautiful picture of the waking morning in the introduction, painted in delicate neutral tints; witness the brutal "Amen" fugue of the half-drunken students, where the composer avoids every instrument that gives a clear tone, and uses the heavy utterances of the viola, bassoon, tuba, and double bass; witness the dainty devices of the Dance of Sylphs, dying away until the pianissimo ends with the softest of notes on the kettledrum — a delicious little touch which nobody else perhaps would have thought of, yet now nothing else seems possible in that place; witness, above all, the wonderful instrumentation of the whole of Margaret's second song, to which the English horn takes the leading part, and the orchestra seems to be the echo of sorrowful voices. Berlioz divides and groups instruments in the most ingenious ways; he multiples the parts which separate and interlace in harmonies of ravishing beauty; he combines different rhythms — harmonises them, so to speak — with astonishing boldness. In a word, his melody, rhythm, harmony, instrumentation, all are rich, varied, ingenious, poetical. Alas! that a musician so highly gifted should not have known how to avoid excess, and in the pursuit of an imaginary freedom and picturesqueness should so often, as Wagner complained, have allowed the sense of beauty to escape.

With regard to the performance last night — the fullness and force of the chorus, the animation of the orchestra, and the merits of the four solo singers — we have only to repeat the praise which we gave after the rehearsals. Mr. Jordan, who took the very trying rôle of Faust, has just left a sick-bed, and his voice was not so clear as at the private rehearsal on Wednesday, but he deserves a warm acknowledgment for the intelligence and spirit of his interpretation. He was especially good in the duo and trio of Part Third; and here, too, Miss Sherwin's pure and sympathetic voice was heard to particular advantage. The lady was also fortunate in her best song, "My Heart is Heavy," into which she threw a great deal of true feeling, and her singing was always in excellent taste. Mr. Remmertz was in the best of voice and spirits; and Mr. Bourne gave his Rat Song and his short solo in the epilogue to the entire satisfaction of listeners. The audience went away in a state of exultation, with loud cheers for the conductor.

THE ARCHIVES OF FRENCH OPERA.

A writer in the *Nation* says: High up in the top of one of the side semicircular pavilions of the magnificent Opéra of Paris, six or seven stories above the level of the surrounding streets, are the ample apartments set aside for the archives and the library. After the daring visitor has entered the stage door and mounted the seemingly interminable steps, he comes out into long corridors lined with presses in which are stored the many precious musical manuscripts of the Opéra, acquired during its two hundred years of existence; in glazed cases on the top of these presses are exposed certain of the more curious autographs. The musical manuscripts, and all the music in fact, printed or engraved, are under the care of M. Théodore de Lajarte, and he it is who has prepared the "Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra," now at last completed by the recent publication of the seventh and eighth parts. It forms two stout volumes of over seven hundred pages in all, made doubly useful by an index of forty pages to all works brought out at the Opéra. The seventh part, covering the time from the first performance of the *Prophète*, in 1849, to the middle of 1876, is in many respects the most interesting. In it we are reminded that M. Emile Augier once wrote an opera-libretto, *Sapho*, for which M. Gounod composed the music, and it was a failure; we note that M. Offenbach, in 1860, wrote the music of a ballet, *Le Papillon*, for which the celebrated dancer, Marie Taglioni, composed the dancing, and it, too, was a failure. Apropos of ballets, it is with some surprise that the name of Théophile Gautier is seen so often as the author of ballet librettos; his beautiful *Giselle*, for which Adolphe Adam composed the music, is an excellent example of the skill with which, catching at a suggestion of Hoffmann's, he could put a fanciful and fantastic subject on the stage. Among the opera-librettists the name of M. Got, the great comedian of the Comédie-Française, is twice to be found. M. Lajarte's mention of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which had three noisy performances in 1861, shows that the French are beginning to get over their extreme dislike for the German composer's work. "We ought to confess that his score contains beauties of the first rank in the midst of ridiculous insanities. The summary justice inflicted on it by the Parisian public is, consequently, a fault we shall not try to excuse." To the seven parts before the last are prefixed portraits, etched by M. de Rat, and at times a little thin and hard, of the seven typical musicians of the two centu-

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ries of French opera — Lully, Campra, Rameau, Gluck, Spontini, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. The eighth part has an etching, also by M. de Ret, of the ample oval room, at the top of the pavilion, in which is now ranged the dramatic, operatic, terpsichorean, and generally theatrical library of the Opéra, under the care of M. Nuitter, the archivist. This collection is perhaps the best theatrical library in Paris, and it is rapidly growing. Both English and German drama and dramatic biography are well represented in it, and it is generally more cosmopolitan than French collections usually are. M. Nuitter himself is our authority for saying that, as soon as he has filled a few more vacancies, he proposes issuing a catalogue, which will certainly be one of the most important in its class. We are informed that he is desirous of receiving all American publications in his line, and we happen to know by experience that both M. Nuitter and M. Lajarte are cordial in their welcome to Americans.

MUSIC ABROAD.

London. The chief theme of interest during the present musical season, thus far, has been the Shakespearian Comic Opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Goetz, as given by Carl Rosa's troupe. Out of many glowing accounts of it, we select, as one of the shortest, the following from the *Examiner* of Jan. 17 (before the performance): —

"Notwithstanding the utterly incomplete rendering of Goetz's opera when first produced at Drury Lane, eighteen months ago, there can be no question that in affording a preliminary study it placed at a great advantage all who will hear the music for the second time next Tuesday, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Like all true inspirations of genius, and as such we cannot hesitate to recognize it, the *Taming of the Shrew* grows upon the listener with further acquaintance, and every advance towards familiarity with its music reveals fresh beauties. It can hardly be said to fascinate at the outset. Rather is one struck by the thorough earnestness and power with which the composer has grasped his subject, his individuality of style, and the rich flow of melody running alike through voice parts and orchestra. When all is known and understood it is simply delightful to note the extraordinary skill with which Goetz has worked out and elaborated the various divisions of his score; to listen to the charming phrases that constitute the 'Leit-motives,' as they appear and reappear with ever-changing effect; to marvel at the splendid grouping of the choral and concerted pieces; and, above all, to revel in the masterly orchestration — tuneful and piquant as it is full of scholarly device — with which the composer has enriched his score. All who heard his symphony in F will have been prepared for the 'polyphonic' style, which is this musician's chief characteristic; but, clever as the score may be, no one can say that aught in the *Taming of the Shrew* smells of the lamp. Here, in fact, is an opera which may well form a model for composers of the future. They will find originality, without any outrage of orthodox forms. They will find every character possessing appropriate means of expression — each, as it were, with distinctive music of its own; and they will find, too, that it is quite possible to write a comic opera in four acts that need never for a moment become tedious to a fairly attentive and appreciative audience.

"The German libretto of *Der' Widerspänstigen Zähmung* is by J. Viktor Widmann, who very properly describes it as 'freely arranged' from Shakespeare's comedy. The order of the scenes is changed, many are left out, and others are compressed, with considerable gain of effect for operatic purposes. No fault can be found with this; but the English translation of the Rev. J. Troutbeck is not a thing to be accepted without protest. This gentleman appears to have made up his mind to have as little as possible to do with Shakespeare, and to rely almost exclusively on his own powers of adaptation, which are very poor indeed. The task may not have been an easy one, but something better than a mere literal translation of German sentences, with occasional incongruous mixtures of prepositions, adverbs, and conjunctions, might surely have been managed. Fortunately, however, Shakespeare's comedy will be at home here, and still more fortunately the success of Goetz's *chef-d'œuvre* will not depend on a comprehension of Mr. Troutbeck's version of the libretto. Whether the public take quickly to the music remains to be seen; but that cultivated opera-goers will at once recognize its claims we feel convinced. Apart from the general features of excellence already mentioned there are numbers in the work that require no second hearing to confirm as gems of the purest melody. Among these we may point out, in the first act, the duet between Lucentio and Bianca, and the soliloquy in which Petruchio determines to undertake the taming of Katherine; in the second, Katharine's song, 'Ich will mich Keinem geben,' her subsequent duet with Petruchio, and the quintet that concludes the scene; in the third, conspicuously, the opening quartet, Baptista's welcome to his guests, and the succeeding chorus — all charming pieces of writing, while the scene between Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca is worthy of Rossini in his best mood. Equally fine, in their way, are the remaining parts of this third act, which further includes the wedding and arrival of the newly-married pair at Petruchio's house. The famous scene with the tailor and servants in the last act is treated in masterly fashion; and from this point to the end of the opera, as if Goetz had now thoroughly warmed to his task, every phrase is instinct with genius and true musical feeling. A glorious duet between Petruchio and Katherine — shrew no longer, but loving and obedient — is followed by a septet full of rich harmony, and this leads up to the final chorus of joy and triumph, a fitting climax to a really noble work."

The opera seems to have been an unqualified success, and it was repeated during the week. The *Musical World* says: —

"A more attentive and intelligent audience has rarely assembled within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. The performance, under Signor Randegger's direction was admirable from first to last. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was, in all instances, highly efficient, while the orchestra and chorus left little or nothing to desire. Miss Minnie Hauk, as Katharine, has added another Carmen to her repertory — more than which, her inimitable performance of Bizet's gypsy-heroine borne in mind, it would be impossible to say. Miss Georgina Burns is a charming representative of Bianca, Katharine's less impetuous sister. Mr. Walter Bolton is an excellent Petruchio, and all the subordinate parts are adequately filled."

The career of the composer, his struggles and his premature decease, are already familiar to many music-lovers. *Figaro* tells us: —

It is curious, too, that there are two other opera-writers named Götz still living in Germany. Carl Götz is a chorister at Breslau, and he has written a five-act romantic opera, entitled "Gustavus Wasa," which has not succeeded either at Weimar or Breslau. Frederick Götz, a violinist, a native of Neustadt, and a pupil of Spohr, has also written an opera, "The Corsairs," which fourteen years ago failed at Weimar. Hermann Götz, the composer of "The Taming of the Shrew," was a native of Königsberg, where he was born in 1840. He studied in his native town under Ludwig Köhler, afterwards at the Berlin Conservatoire under Stern, and subsequently under Herr Ulrich and Dr Hans von Bülow. At the age of twenty-three he accepted the post of organist, recently vacated by Kircher, at Winterthur, near Zurich in Switzerland, and it was here that "Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung" was first sketched. For a dozen years, however, Götz was compelled to bear his disappointment as best he could. No manager would accept his work, and although his piano trio, his three duets for piano and violin, and his piano quartet had been brought out, no publisher would risk the heavy expense of printing his opera. At last his opportunity arrived, and "The Taming of the Shrew" was brought out at Mannheim on October 11, 1874. Then did the despised composer suddenly awake to find himself famous. The managers who had snubbed him were at his feet, the publishers begged for scraps from his pen. The success of "The Taming of the Shrew" was pronounced and decisive, and the work speedily ran through the leading theatres of Germany, being added to the general repertory at Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic, and other places. But the hard work, the troubles, the sorrows, and disappointments of former years soon told on the health of Herr Götz. Two years after his first and only success he passed away in a little village near Zurich, leaving the third and last act of his second opera, "Francesca da Rimini," to be finished by Herr Franck, conductor of the opera-house at Mannheim.

— Although the list of artists engaged for the Royal Italian Opera season is not yet definitively settled, it is at least likely that Madame Pauline Lucca will return to play the part of *Carmen*, at Covent Garden. At present, Mlle. Bloch, who made so great a success last year, does not seem to be engaged; but it is settled that Madame Albani will positively return to the opera. The list of names also include Mesdames Patti, Scalchi, Mantilla, and Corsi; Mlles. Valleria, Tarolla, Pyk, Schoen, Sonnino, Ghiotti, Pasqua, and Peppina de Malvezzi (a *débutante*); MM. Engel and St. Athos (*débutants*), Nicolini, Marini, Corsi, Sabatier, Manfredi, Gayarre, Graziani, Cotogni, Maurel, Lassalle, Ughetti, Gailhard, Silvestri, Ciampi, Capponi, Caracciolo, Raguer, Vidal, and Scolara. The novelties are not yet settled, but it is not unlikely that *Norma* will be revived for Madame Albani, while there is a talk of producing one of the *Nibelungen Ring* series. Two entirely new operas will, at any rate, be given. The season will begin on or about Tuesday, April 13, and will last, at any rate, till July 10, and perhaps to the 17th.

— To show what composers are popular in Great Britain, a statistician has compiled, for the list of the chief performances of the last year, the following figures: —

In choral works Handel heads the list with one hundred and ten performances, sixty-two of which are of the *Messiah*. Mendelssohn is next, with seventy-four performances, twenty-eight being of the *Elijah*. Sterndale Bennett comes next with forty performances (thirty of the *May Queen* and ten of the *Woman of Samaria*). Haydn next, with twenty-seven, fifteen being of the *Creation*. Rossini follows with sixteen, thirteen being of the *Stabat Mater*. Macfarren fourteen, ten of the *May Queen*. Then come Beethoven, Barnett, and Sullivan, with twelve performances each; Mozart with ten; Cowan with nine; and Spohr, Romberg, Weber, Schubert, and Henry Smart with five each; Cherubini, Schumann, Benedict, Gounod, Barnby, and Roots are credited with three performances each, and several others with one each. It must, however, be stated that difficulties exist against the performance of works by such writers as Weber, Schubert, Cherubini, Schumann, and others in country towns, and besides the list is probably incomplete.

At the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, however, no such difficulties stand in the way. The performers are the best of their sort, and the audiences are drawn from the pick of the flower of amateurs of chamber-music in this country. It is therefore by no means astonishing to find Beethoven heading the list during the past year with forty-one performances, followed, afar off, by Mozart, fourteen; Schumann, thirteen; Haydn, eleven; Schubert, eleven; Mendelssohn, ten; Chopin, nine; Bach and Brahms, five each; Spohr and Rubinstein, four each; Handel, Cherubini, Götz and Saint-Saëns, two each; and eleven other writers with one each. — *Correspondent of Musical Review.*

— The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed January 31, when the directors wisely took advantage of the anniversary of Schubert's birth to form their programme entirely of the works of that master. The scheme, indeed, very appropriately began with the first, and ended with the last, symphony of Schubert, concerning each of which a romantic tale may be told. Schubert's first symphony, a single movement of which was performed for the first time in England on Saturday, is an item of the "far richer booty" of which Robert Schumann so eloquently spoke. A note at the end of the score tells us it was written in 1813, when Schubert was sixteen, and not as Mr. Grove, by an obvious error of calculation, avers, when the composer was "far on towards eighteen." Schubert at that time could but a few months before have quitted the Konvictschule attached to the Emperor's chapel at Vienna, and there he had the great advantage of hearing the works of Haydn, Mozart, and others of the older masters performed at the daily practices by the school orchestra. That he was miserably impecunious is known by a letter quoted by Mr. Grove, in which poor Franz begs his brother for a few pence to buy bread, and also by the notorious fact that many of his inspirations of that period were lost, owing to the inability of the lad to buy music paper to put them down. However, there is little doubt but that this was Schubert's first symphony, and the fragment which Mr. Grove vouchsafed us on Saturday raised sufficient interest to cause Schubert lovers to wish for the entire work. Scored for a small orchestra, and cast in the recognized form, the most charming point of this section of the symphony is the evidence it displays of the budding Schubert, in the beautiful treatment of the wood wind. Further than this it would hardly be wise to go until the entire symphony — which is still in manuscript — is placed before amateurs. The selection from the "Rosamunde" music, comprising the entr'actes in B minor and B-flat, the Shepherd Melody, and the ballet air in G, were admirably played by the orchestra under Mr. August Manns, which also gave a reading of the great C major symphony which even the Crystal Palace band would hardly wish to surpass. Miss Lilian Bailey sang the romance in F minor in the "Rosamunde" music, and other songs; Herr Henschel singing also the "Erl King." — *Figaro.*

Dr. von Buelow introduced at last Monday's Popular Concert a genuine novelty: the first sonata for piano and violin, and one of the latest works written by Johannes Brahms. Although it is somewhat dangerous to judge a work of Brahms at its first per-

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formance, a single hearing is sufficient to perceive that the sonata for piano and violin has about it more of the elements of general popularity than many others of Brahms's more exacting compositions. Not only is the sonata of comparative brevity, but its structure is for the most part simple, and it obviously seeks rather to please by its beauty than to astonish by its intricacy. Further than this it would be unwise to go until a second performance is vouchsafed to the public by Mr. Arthur Chappell. If such a performance be given this year, it will, however, be without the assistance of Dr. von Bülow and Madame Néruda, the pianist making his last appearance, and the violinist her last appearance but two, this season, last Monday. — *Ibid.*

Hamburg. — A "Mozart Celebration" was held at the Stadt Theater, from the 17th to the 27th of January, the composer's birthday. It was a continuous performance of his operas, — a healthy antidote to the Wagner mania! They were given in the following order: *Idomeneus; Die Entführung* (followed by *Mozart und Schikaneder*, by Louis Schneider); *Figaro's Hochzeit; Don Juan; Così fan Tutte; Die Zauberflöte;* and *Titus;* supplemented by a grand scenic *Festspiel*, devised for the occasion by Herr Hock.

— A similar historical week dedicated to Mozart's operas was to be held simultaneously in Vienna and in Leipzig.

Leipzig. — The twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, January 8, again presented two symphonies: Spohr in C minor, and Haydn in C major (No. 7 of the Breitkopf and Härtel ed.). Mme. Joachim sang the aria from *Titus*, with clarinet obligato, the Spanish song by Brahms, "Das Sträusschen," by Dvorak, and "Wilkommen und Abschied" by Schubert. Miss Agnes Zimmermann, from London, was the pianist, and played the *Rondo brillant* of Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor of Bach, Novelette in E, Schumann, Etude in B minor, Mendelssohn. The orchestra also played an Air de Ballet and Gavotte from Gluck's *Iphigenia*.

The novelty at the thirteenth Gewandhaus Concert was a Symphony in C by Herr August Reissmann, who conducted in person. It was performed with great care, but received with comparative indifference. Mlle. Agnes Zimmermann played Sterndale Bennett's Piano-forte Concerto in C minor, a charming Gavotte of her own composition, and other pieces, Herr Carl Schröder, a member of the orchestra, giving Eckert's violoncello Concerto. Both lady and gentleman (lady especially) were warmly applauded. The concert ended with Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." — Herren Reinecke and Schradieck have given two concerts, at which they played Beethoven's ten Sonatas for Piano-forte and Violin, five at each concert. The proceeds were devoted to the sufferers by a recent accident in the Zwickau mines.

Vienna. — At a recent Concert of the Philharmonic Society the first performance of an overture to an opera by Franz Schubert, entitled "Des Teufel's Lustschloss," created much interest. The work was composed, to a libretto by Kotzebue, between the years 1813–14, when the composer was still almost a boy, and has never been printed. The first and third acts are said to be still in existence, the manuscript of the second having served to light the fire at the house of a friend of the composer. The overture is described as being sprightly and of sound workmanship.

— Herr Josef Joachim is just now engaged upon a most successful concert-tour extending over Austria and some parts of Italy, in conjunction with the Viennese pianist, Herr Bonawitz. At Milan, where the two artists appeared on the 6th of last month and on subsequent dates, their reception has been of the most enthusiastic kind, the eminent violinist creating a *furore* with his Hungarian Concerto and the Hungarian dances.

Brussels. — A festival in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence will be held this year at Brussels, preparations on a grand scale having already been made. A hall capable of holding some 6000 persons is being erected, where musical performances will take place during three successive days, the first being devoted to old Belgian masters, the third to solo performances and modern Belgian composers, while on the second the choral societies of Antwerp will unite in concert.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

LA DAMNATION DE FAUST.

There seems to be just now, among us as well as the Parisians, what the politicians call a "boom" for Hector Berlioz. To the old impression of unmitigated noise and fury with which a few, doubtless imperfect, renderings of some of his overtures, etc., had prepossessed most of us against his music as that of almost a madman, there have recently succeeded sweeter experiences on hearing his pastoral *Flight into Egypt*, and his song of *The Captive*. And now, while we in Boston have been listening for the first time to his *Symphonie Fantastique* (which is gentle and poetic in the first three parts, at least, though morbid, wild, and like a pandemonium in the last two), New York, through the enterprise and skill of Dr. Damrosch, has been waxing more and more enthusiastic over several performances of one of his greatest works, three hours in length, for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices. We would gladly have been of the Boston party who went on to hear it; but since that was impossible we have copied a large portion of the *Tribune's* excellent review of the performance, and will here add the analysis to which our New York correspondent refers elsewhere.

The legend commences with an *Andante placido* in D major, [illegible] time, without any overture. The motive is first given by the violas with no harmony, and then taken up by the wind instruments with Faust (who is meditating in the fields over the new-born spring) and further strengthened by the violins; at last it is interpreted by the full orchestra, in which the piccolo and horns suggest the Rackoczy March and the Rondo of the peasants, and prepare the listener for the subsequent development. The introduction closes with a *pp* symphony of the violins, and leads into the chorus and Rondo of the peasants, which is of a rather gay nature and once interrupted by a G major Presto in [illegible] time. At this point Faust appears again with his sad theme (this time in B minor); but he cannot compete with the gayness of the peasants. At last trumpets announce the approach of the army, which passes by to the sounds of the Marche Hongroise, in A minor, splendidly instrumented.

A double bass solo in fugue style (large [illegible] time, F sharp minor) initiates the second part, which finds Faust in his study. He sings: "Nothing takes away my sorrow." The accompaniment becomes more lively, the double basses play syncopes, and are followed by the violins. A recitative comes next; the syncopes rise from C major to A major, and fall suddenly with the commencement of the Easter Hymn (*Religioso moderato assai*, [illegible] time) upon F major. The Easter Hymn is an exceedingly beautiful chorus, in which Faust takes part with the words: "Memory of happy days." Mephisto, briefly and characteristically introduced, appears and mockingly interrupts Faust's happy mood. Then follows a dialogue, in which Mephisto succeeds in persuading Faust to go with him. This episode offers little musical novelty. Next is heard the chorus of the drinkers (C minor, [illegible]), a piece most interesting and beautiful as regards rhythm, full of vigor and life; and then follows the very original song of Brander: "There was a rat" (D major, [illegible]). The short refrain of the chorus, "As if he had love in his bosom," is of magnificent effect. Then follows an "Amen" fugue, which had better be left uncriticised, since the composer meant it for a joke. It is to be pitied that composers of Berlioz's standing make such jokes; one feels inclined to think of "sour grapes." Mephisto asks the drinkers' permission to sing a ditty, which is granted, and he sings the song of the "Royal Flea" (*allegretto con moto*, [illegible], F major), initiated by a powerful crash in the orchestra. Berlioz goes, perhaps, a little too far in this song as regards painting music, since he puts the task upon the violins to imitate musically the hopping of the much disliked insect.

The most interesting piece of the entire legend is the finale of the second part. It commences with a short orchestral prelude, which imitates the ride of Faust and Mephisto through the air. At the end of this passage, which is mostly executed by wind instruments with high notes, and violins, on the high part of the strings, the violins slowly go down into the lower notes, and Mephisto describes in a quiet and in no way demoniacally written Aria in D ([illegible] time) the friendly banks of the Elbe, and then calls upon his serving ghosts to sing Faust to sleep. The next chorus of the Elves is broad and excellently planned. For its basis it has nothing at all of a ghostly nature; but this latter is given by a middle passage in F sharp minor (the chorus is in D), and several features in the accompaniment. After a masterly continued organ-point on the lower dominant (G) the chorus closes softly. But the conclusive deep D is carried through *pp* by the double basses and violoncellos during the whole now following passage, and represents the sleeping Faust. At the same time the muted violins play a pretty dance movement, which is a shortening of the theme of the preceding chorus, and this again is occasionally implicated by chords of high wind instruments and solitary harp tones, together producing a great effect. One imagines the sleeping Faust in reality surrounded by graceful fairies. This orchestral number caused great enthusiasm with calls for repetition; this and the Hungarian Rackoczy March pleased the most of all the scenes. The conclusion of this part is formed by two male choruses in B-flat major, the one sung by soldiers, quite martial and energetic, and the other by students, very characteristic and wild. Both choruses united create a very exciting finale.

In the third part we find Faust in Margaret's room. After a sweet prelude, Mephisto announces her approach. Faust hides behind the curtain, while Margaret sings the "King of Thule" (F major). In this the composer succeeds less than in the humorous passages, but at the same time the obligato accompaniment of the viola (well played by Mr. Frisch) is very effective. After this song the scene changes and we find Mephisto conjuring ghosts before Margaret's house. Here again Berlioz has done some bizarre work. The involved ballet in D contains passages of the wildest affects. Now follows perhaps the most original song of the whole work, Mephisto's serenade in B major, with guitar-imitations, consisting of pizzicato arpeggios of the string quartet. A new finale brings the third part to a close. This commences with a Duo between Faust and Margaret, somewhat in the style of "music of the future," which leads to a trio by the entrée of Mephisto, and is heightened to a good effect by a chorus of citizens and workmen.

The fourth and last part commences with Margaret's song: "My heart is heavy," which falls from the simple and natural poem into a somewhat theatrical tone. The translation consists of nine verses, for which the composer did not repeat the melody, but composed the whole song. After this song the soldiers' and students' chorus is repeated, and is then followed by a recitative of Margaret in which she deplores the absence of the friend. Afterwards Faust is found in a forest, singing of the grandeur of nature, when Mephisto joins him and speaks of Margaret's misery. Faust demands of the devil to save her, which the latter promises after Faust has signed a contract. Both now mount black steeds to rescue the sinner. Here the orchestra splendidly describes the different scenes and incidents. How they pass a way cross before which peasants are praying, how a monster persecutes them, how skeletons dance, etc.

[Here the MS. suddenly comes to an end. Perhaps the missing leaf will follow.]

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

Harvard Musical Association. — The fifth Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon, February 12, drew the fullest audience of the season, partly owing, no doubt, to the novel features of the following programme: —

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1. Overture to "Fidello," in E . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
2. Recitative and Romance: "Selva opaca" (*Sombre forêt*), from "Guillaume Tell" . *Rossini.*
   Miss Louie Homer.
3. Piano-forte Concerto, in F, Op. 22 (First time in America) . . . . *Louis Brassin.*
   Allegro con fuoco. — Andante. — Allegro con fuoco.
   Miss Jessie Cochran.
4. Songs with Piano-forte . . . . *Grieg.*
   a. Ich liebe dich.
   b. Waldwanderung.
   c. Erstes Begegnen.
   Miss Louie Homer.
5. Symphonie Fantastique: "L'Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," Op. 14a (First time in Boston) . . . . *Hector Berlioz.*

Beethoven's bright overture, the fourth and last of the *Leonore* series, was played with spirit and precision, making a wholesome, lively opening, in contrast to the morbidly elaborate work of Berlioz, which formed the last and larger half of the concert. The intervening solo performances were highly interesting. Miss Homer, who sang the part of Penelope so well in the recent performance of *Odysseus* by the Cecilia, appeared now for the second time only in a large concert-hall. Her face and figure, somewhat suggestive of the young Jenny Lind when she grew radiant in the light of her own singing, seemed full of music and a native instinct of lyrical expression, winning sympathy at once. Yet the struggle to conceal her nervousness was but imperfectly concealed. Her voice is of a beautiful quality in the higher tones, sweet, rich, and powerful; but the lower tones seemed to lack substance and were often indistinctly heard; this may have been timidity. We heard the "color" of her voice throughout its principal range compared to that of her golden hair. Her delivery of the recitative from *William Tell* was well conceived, dramatic, and refined; and she sang the noble melody of the Rossini aria sweetly, chastely, and with taste and feeling. The good impression was more than confirmed by her delicate, fine rendering of the poetic little songs by Grieg, to which the rather difficult and by no means commonplace accompaniments were very nicely played by Mr. Preston.

The Concerto by Louis Brassin, a teacher of the piano at the Brussels Conservatory, is a graceful composition of a gentle, pastoral character, musician-like in form and treatment, but of no great strength or intensity in its ideas. It flows on very evenly, and is unique (so far as we know) among concertos by its clinging to the same theme through all three movements. The Andante, indeed, is but a continuation, without pause, of the first Allegro, only in a slower rhythm, so that when it began most listeners fancied it to be but a momentary slackening of the tempo. This is the most charming portion of the work. The finale, to be sure, starts off with a new and brilliant motive, which, however, proves to be only episodical, for it soon relapses into the original theme, and that rules to the end. The Concerto, as far as the piano was concerned, was well suited to the neat, sure, delicate, and finished execution of Miss Cochran. Had the great hall been equally well suited to her, and had the full orchestral accompaniment been less unremitting, she would have been heard to better advantage. Her interpretation of the work showed taste, intelligence, good culture, and *aplomb;* the only want was of physical strength sufficient to prevail in that great space. But the young lady was playing for the first time with orchestra; she has talent, and her day, no doubt, will come. Great interest was shown in her appearance.

The programme Symphony of Berlioz, of course, was the marked feature of the concert. The programme, or its substance, in Schumann's words, we have already given. It undertakes to describe the dream of a love-sick artist, who has taken opium, and is in five parts, — the first sentimental, the second gay and festive, the third pastoral, the fourth and fifth grim, funereal, ending in the wildest, seemingly chaotic, but by no means formless, Witches' Sabbath. We were agreeably disappointed in the freedom from extravagance, the absence of all noise and fury in the three gentler movements; through them all the noisier brass instruments are held in as abstemiously as in the first two thirds of *Don Giovanni*. In all these movements there are many delicate poetic beauties, charming melodic passages, and many original and lovely combinations and contrasts of instruments, especially the wood wind.

Part I. ("Reveries, Passions") begins *Largo*, in a vague, uneasy, melancholy strain, well answering to the composer's idea of restless love without an object. Then comes in the *melody*, which typifies the loved one, and which becomes the connecting thread throughout the Symphony. This melody is well pronounced and clear, and of considerable length; we must say it seems to us a little studied, artificial, and of a sickly hue. But it answers the end of convenient dismemberment and working up through many ingenious contrapuntal devices. The Allegro is impassioned, tender, delirious, peaceful, and serious by turns. Merely as music it is very interesting.

Part II. (The Ball) starts with a fresh and charming Waltz tempo, which grows a little vague as it goes on; but the movement is a happy relief to the dreamy sentiment of the first part. It has two harp-parts, which were here cleverly represented on pianofortes by Messrs. Preston and Fenollosa. The *melody*, the loved one, reappears amid the gay festivity. There is a certain luscious, sensuous tone-coloring throughout.

Part III., *Adagio*, is pastoral, a scene in the fields, opening with a *ranz-des vaches*, answered in the distance on two English horns. A warm, fresh, charming tone-picture of Nature follows; the dreamer is happy; till *she*, the melody, appears again, when doubts and fears cross the sunny picture like shadows of dark clouds. Much of this music bears resemblance to passages in the brook-side scene and the finale of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (Berlioz was full of Beethoven enthusiasm at that time). Then the shepherd melody is resumed but not replied to; for there are sounds of distant thunder, marvellously well rolled up by four tympani and other drums, for which Berlioz, who had studied all such means of effect more carefully than any other man, gives most minute directions in the score. Day dies out in silence. The whole scene was wonderfully graphic, and the hush of the whole audience complete.

Part IV. He dreams he has killed the Beloved and is led to execution. This *Marche du Supplice* brings in brass enough, with all the low and murky reed tones, and combines all sounds that are grim, coarse, ruthless, terrible, and startling. You hear the heavy footsteps, and the confused crowding in of the multitude as the procession nears the fatal spot. A portion of the March, however, is in a brilliant and triumphant strain, which sounds like Meyerbeer, but Berlioz was before him. The love melody begins, but is cut short halfway by the fall of the fatal axe! There is a certain terrible fascination in all this; it is done with consummate skill of instrumentation, and great originality of invention; but "Music, heavenly Maid," has fled away when we must listen to such things, and it is not wholesome to hear much of the sort.

Part V. The "Witches' Sabbath Night" is worse, — all pandemonium let loose, in fact. But the worst thing about it is that the *melody*, the ideal object of the dreamer's love, appears in the midst of it sophisticated, tortured, and degraded into a meretricious vulgar dance-tune, full of frills and trills, enough to shock a sensitive imagination; who but a Frenchman could have committed such a profanation even in a dream, or published it in music even if he had dreamed it?

The burlesque parody of the *Dies Iræ*, at first given out by the brass in grave plain chorale, with the appalling accompaniment of the *glas funèbre*, or funeral bell (here represented on a grand piano), then put through all sorts of grotesque variations, and finally worked up together with the reckless *Rondo of the Sabbath*, shows wonderful power as a mere sensational extravaganza. Nor is it wholly without form and void; there is a long *fugato* passage, almost a regular fugue, in the course of it, which again suggests Beethoven, that is to say, a similar orchestral passage which occurs during the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony. — The final rout is beyond all power of verbal description.

The conductor (Zerrahn) and orchestra deserve great praise for the really excellent performance of this strange and extremely difficult work after only three rehearsals. All the composer's minute directions in the score were scrupulously observed, so far as it was possible without a much larger orchestra.

Euterpe. For the third chamber concert, Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, the New York Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Arnold, Gansbach, Gramm, and Werner), were the interpreters of two extremely interesting and well contrasted quartets for first and second violin, viola, and 'cello. The first, Beethoven, No. 10, in E-flat, is exquisitely beautiful and full of subtle and original ideas, especially the Adagio with its spiritual variations and development of theme. Those who were somewhat prepared and who followed the movements closely, were profoundly impressed and delighted; but it is not a thing for superficial, careless hearing. The interpretation was appreciative and well nigh faultless. And so was that of the A major quartet, No. 3 of the three composing Op. 41, by Schumann, which was more readily appreciated by a large portion of the audience.

The fourth concert, Wednesday evening, March 10, offers one of the last quartets by Beethoven, in A minor, Op. 132, and one by Mendelssohn in D major, Op. 44, No 1, with the same interpreters.

Mr. Perabo has given two more matinées or recitals, of pianoforte music during the past week, being himself the sole interpreter. Of these hereafter. He furthermore announces an evening concert for March 8, when he will be assisted by several of the orchestral musicians in the production of an Octet by Bargiel.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Feb. 23. — Probably the most notable event of the present musical season has been the production of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* by the Symphony Society. Much money and labor have been expended upon it, and its success, both artistically and pecuniarily, has been most gratifying to the promoters of the best interests of the society. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, a full rehearsal was attended by some eighteen hundred people. At the public rehearsal on the next day (Thursday, Feb. 12), the hall was full, and on Saturday evening, Feb. 14, the concert-room was crammed to suffocation. By universal desire the *Damnation* was repeated on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, and is again to be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25. With regard to the work itself I prefer to give no opinion, and I send you herewith a carefully written critique by an accomplished musician, whose acumen is musical, and who is perfectly fearless in expressing his genuine sentiments.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 17, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert with the appended programme: —

Andante and Fugue, C minor . . . . *Mozart.*
(String Orchestra.)
Aria: "Il mio Tesoro" . . . . *Mozart.*
(Sig. Baldanza.)
Fourth Symphony, B flat. Op. 60 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Overture: "Penthesilea," Op. 31 . . . . . *Goldmark.*
Aria: "Nasce al bosco" . . . . *Handel.*
(Mlle. Belocca.)
Introduction and Finale to "Tristan and Isolde" *Wagner.*

The performance of the symphony showed the most careful preparation of any of the orchestral numbers. It was played with great finish and unity of purpose; albeit, Mr. Thomas has some singular whims with regard to tempos. Still, such things are matters of individual conception, and I do not intend to be hypercritical. In the Goldmark overture and in the Wagner selection there were many crudities of execution, and it is to be regretted that they could not have been overcome by more rehearsals than Mr. Thomas can possibly, under the circumstances, give to his programmes. The vocalists were successful in securing encores, and it is to be supposed that this was a gratifying fact to them, even if their efforts were less satisfactory to critical ears.

The stage was adorned, as usual, with exquisite flowers and growing plants, and there was that air of refinement and culture in all the details that at once makes it evident that genuine taste and enthusiasm is the animating spirit in the getting up of these very attractive and pleasurable entertainments. In the fifth concert we shall have Schubert's C major Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and a Slavonic Rhapsody (Op. 45, No. 3) by Dvorak: these for orchestra; the soloists are not yet announced.

On Wednesday evening was the extra performance of

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Berlioz's *Damnation*, and on Saturday evening the New York Philharmonic Society's concert with this programme:

Adagio and Fugue, C minor . . . . . . *Mozart.*
(String Orchestra.)
Fourth Symphony, B flat. Op. 60 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Piano Concerto, F minor. Op. 21 . . . . . *Chopin.*
(R. Joseffy.)
Introduction and Finale: "Tristan and Isolde" *Wagner.*

The feature of the evening was Joseffy's delightful interpretation of Chopin's wonderful tone and power. The artist was still suffering from his unfortunate difficulty with the forefinger of his right hand, and he wore upon it a leathern cover to protect it from any sudden knock against the keys. *Handicapped* as he was, he gave us the most delicious rendering of the concerto to which I have ever listened. As I have often said, he never forces the tone of an instrument, but yet every note is perfectly clear and distinct, while his shading is perfection, and his use of the pedal more than perfect. Nothing like his piano playing has ever been heard in the concerts of this society, and the large and attentive audience gave evidence of its appreciation of this fact by demanding in the most enthusiastic manner the pianist's reappearance; twice he simply bowed and retired in the modest way that is one of his most attractive characteristics, but the applause continuing with unabated fervor and persistency he played Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia (with orchestral accompaniments) in a most superb way. Loud and chaotic as the fantasia is, it really became, under his deft fingers, a marvellously effective and even beautiful work. The insatiable auditors applauded this with even more warmth than they had shown in the first instance (principally because the fantasia was *nearer* to their comprehension); but Joseffy, probably wearied with his efforts, declined to play again, although compelled thrice to bow his acknowledgments.

Joseffy is announced for a series of four chamber music concerts to begin on Wednesday, March 3, and to terminate on Wednesday, March 31 (March 24 being omitted): he is also to give a "Chopin night" on Monday evening, March 1. All of these concerts will, of course, take place at Chickering Hall, and will afford a rare musical treat to those who are wise enough to attend them.

I find that I have omitted to mention that on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 18, Mr. T. W. Morgan (organist) and Miss Maud Morgan (harpist) began (at Chickering Hall) a series of five organ and harp matinées to be given on successive Wednesdays and to terminate March 17. At the first matinée the programme included an arrangement of a portion of Beethoven's so-called "Moonlight Sonata," and many other good things. It was not my fortune to be present, but I shall doubtless hear the remaining four matinées, and then can give your readers a better idea of these entertainments, which open up a new field of musical enjoyment. ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 2. — The first Peabody Symphony Concert on the 31st ult. gave the following programme: —

Ocean Symphony, C major. No. 2. Work 42. . . . . *Anton Rubinstein.*
Allegro maestoso. — Adagio non tanto. — Allegro. — Adagio. — Allegro con fuoco.
Andante and Rondo from the violin-concerto. Work 64. . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Transcribed for the piano by Madame Rivé-King.
a. Hungarian Rhapsody, C sharp minor. No. 2 . . . . *Franz Liszt.*
For piano.
b. Songs with piano.
"Die Vätergruft."
"Angiolin dal biondo crin."
"Du bist wie eine Blume."
Mr. Franz Remmerts.
Raid of the Vikings. Overture to a Norse drama. Work 25 . . . . *Emil Hartmann.*
Composed 1878.

The orchestra, as stated in a former letter, has been increased to about forty-five pieces, and, under the direction of Mr. Hamerik, interpreted the orchestral selections as well as might have been expected for an opening night. Our musicians have so little good orchestral music to play the year round, that it always requires one or two concerts to produce the necessary spirit and put them into proper accord.

Madame Rivé-King played her transcription of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, and the Liszt Rhapsody with wonderful precision and spirit. Her technical ability is great, and she plays with an amount of power quite astonishing for a woman.

Mr. Franz Remmerts did not meet with his usual success in the Liszt songs. They were evidently not for him nor he for them.

At the thirteenth Students' Concert on last Saturday evening, the following programme was given: —

String-trio, C major. Work 87 . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
For two violins and viola.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Schaefer.
Theme with variations. "The Harmonious Blacksmith." . . . . *Handel.*
For piano.
Mr. Adam Itzel, student of the Conservatory, third year.
a. Cavatina from "Figaro's Wedding" *W. A. Mozart.*
Miss Rose Barrett, student of the Conservatory, first year.
b. Recitative and Air from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Mary Kelly, student of the Conservatory, first year.
c. Piano-trio, E flat major. No. 7.
For piano, violin, and viola.
Mr. Rose Jungnickel, student of the Conservatory, fourth year, Messrs. Fincke and Schaefer.

C. F.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—Since my last note to the JOURNAL quite a number of small musical entertainments have taken place, and others have been announced as being of uncommon interest. Mr. Emil Liebling gave a piano-forte recital in the early part of the month, at which he performed, besides a number of smaller pieces, the F minor concerto of Chopin, and with Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim, a Trio by Haydn. He was accompanied in the Concerto by a string quartet and a second piano-forte, which was played by Miss Ingersoll. The audience was an interested one, and gave evidence of a full appreciation. I have a number of times spoken of the impression that Mr. Liebling's playing left with me, and I still retain my opinion that he must be classed with the brilliant rather than the sentimental players. His technique is adequate for very difficult work, and there is a certain brilliancy about his playing that pleases an audience. In the more delicate phases of art, where the deep meanings of sentiment are to be interpreted, there seems to be much that is lacking in his playing. Gradations of tone are there, and many passages are given with a graceful intent; but it seems like meeting the music from the outside and adding to it an outside polish, instead of making the inner meaning seem a living reality. In a simple word, it is music as movement that I hear rather than a soulful utterance that breathes out tone-pictures which touch the emotional nature and quicken it into sympathetic life. Yet I am glad that Mr. Liebling, amid his many duties as teacher, finds time to prepare these recitals for the public, for we have far too little of this kind of music in our city.

The last Chamber Concert given by Miss Ingersol, Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim, offered the following programme: —

Quartet, Drei Tanze, Op. 24 . . . . *Bargiel.*
Landler. — Menuet. — Springtanz.
(Misses Ingersoll and Lewis. Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim.)
Sonata, in G minor . . . . *Hauptmann.*
(Miss Ingersoll and Mr. Lewis.)
Quartuor, for Strings, Op. 192, No. 2, ... *Raff.*
(First time in Chicago.)
Die Müllerin. — Die Mühle.
(Messrs. Lewis, Muhlenberg, Meyer, Eichheim.)
Quintet, Op. 114 . . . . *Rheinberger.*
(First time in Chicago.)
Adagio. — Scherzo.
(Miss Ingersoll, Messrs. Lewis, Muhlenberg, Meyer, and Eichheim.)

It will be seen at a glance that the modern school of music was given a hearing on this occasion. Yet the performance proved to be very interesting, for it gave us the opportunity of hearing what some of the composers of to-day are doing for art. The performers played con amore, and the hour was very enjoyable.

At the present time we are having what are termed popular concerts from Miss Emma Thursby and troupe. On Friday Evening the first performance in Chicago of Gilmore's "heaven-inspired National Hymn," called "Columbia" was said to be the attraction. For over a week all our street-cars and other public places have been filled with bombastic circulars, ornamented with wood cuts of Miss Thursby and the composer of the above mentioned "heaven-inspired hymn." At last, with the assistance of a chorus, mostly composed of our dignified Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, with Miss Thursby to sing a solo and a dramatic reader to make the words understood, the "heaven inspired" production has been given a hearing. As I looked over the doggerel, called by courtesy an ode, I could but wonder what our fair land had done that she should be forced to submit to being sung about in such a manner. Are there no poets left to sing, or have the Muses hushed their sweet voices forever, and are these inharmonious measures the last echoes of a lost art? And the music! If it is thus that the heavenly angels sing to Mr. Gilmore in that silent hour when inspiration lifts the soul beyond the busy rush of worldly toil into the sphere of beauty's enchantment, then I am thankful to be a common mortal, and commune with the spirit of art as I find it upon the earth. When we view this "heavenly inspired hymn" from the rational standpoint, and observe that a very common-place and badly written musical theme is repeated three times in a single verse, and that we are expected to sing a number of stanzas before the patriotic lines are finished, we feel something akin to madness filling the mind. And yet there is a thought of eternity in it after all, for the one little theme goes on forever and forever. It was rather an amusing sight to see a chorus of a hundred or more of our best singers, Miss Thursby, and Mr. Tomlins, with a dramatic reader striving to find the meaning of the text, all engaged in trying to interpret Mr. Gilmore's "Columbia" to a very large audience. The sensational might win a few dollars for the enthusiastic young manager of our New Music Hall for one evening, but the good sense of our community will be slow in admitting that music or America was honored by such an exhibition. It seems to me that the time is not far distant when our people will realize that the bombastic announcements made by concert managers are not to be depended upon, and that they will use their own judgment in such matters. That the performance of this so-called hymn fell perfectly flat, was in itself a lesson to the management, and also to our chorus singers. A dignified society like the Apollo Club, which has always given itself to what is best in art, should refuse to allow its members to take part in such sensational exhibitions. Miss Thursby sang a number of selections that have been upon her concert programmes for years, but with such brilliancy as to win the applause of her audience. Miss Amy Fay played some selections from Bach, Chopin, Schuman, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Liszt, and helped to give a little suggestion of real music to the very miscellaneous programmes.

At one of the recent chamber concerts at Hershey Music Hall we had this little programme: —

Pastoral Sonata (Manuscript) . . . *Henry Schoenefeld.*
I. Allegro giusto. (In the Green.) II. Andante con moto. (Serenade.) III. Scherzo. (Country Dance.) IV. Rondo. (Allegro moderato). (Festival.)
(Pianoforte and Violin.)
Messrs. Schoenefeld and Lewis.
Song: "There is a green hill far away" . . . *Gounod.*
Miss May Phoenix.
First Trio in D minor, Op. 49 . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Messrs. Eddy, Lewis, and Eichheim.

The occasion was particularly interesting, inasmuch as a composition by Mr. Schoenefeld was to be performed for the first time in this city. This young gentleman has been home from his studies in Germany but a short time, and from what I have seen of his compositions I must frankly acknowledge that he is a musician of much talent. He wrote the work called "Eastern Idyll," for the prize competition at Cincinnati, and although it did not reach the first rank, yet it received an honorable mention, and was classed with the four works that the judges regarded as worthy of commendation. A letter from Mr. Thomas, as chairman of the committee, announced the fact. The Sonata that is on the above programme is a very melodious work, being well constructed, and interesting all through. The Andante is particularly beautiful, and contains a theme that is very melodious, and yet tender in its sweetness. Whatever this young gentleman writes seems to be musical in character, and there is no striving for vain effects, after the manner of many of the imitators of the so-called "music of the future." If he remains loyal to the forms of pure art he will make a name for himself as a composer of more than ordinary merit. C. H. B.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE programme of the Harvard Symphony Concert for last Thursday included: the Overture "Weihe des Hauses," *Beethoven*; Rec. and Prayer of Penelope, from "Odysseus," *Max Bruch*, sung by Miss May Bryant; Piano Concerto, No. 2, *Saint-Saëns*, played by Mme. Rivé-King; Symphony No. 4, in B-flat, *Beethoven*; Songs; Octet, *Mendelssohn*, by all the strings. — The next programme, for March 11, will be found in our advertising columns.

— Herr Joseffy has recovered the use of his fingers, so that the concerts, which Mr. Peck has twice been obliged to postpone, will take place, with the programmes originally announced, on the evenings of March 11 and 12, and the afternoon of Saturday, March 13, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, in the Boston Music Hall.

— Miss Henrietta Maurer, the talented young pianist, who studied for several years in Moscow, announces two Matinées for Mondays, March 1 and 8, at Mechanics Hall. She will be assisted by Mrs. Marchington, Soprano, Mrs. Richardson, Soprano, Miss Lillian Shattuck, Violin, Sig. V. Cirillo, Baritone, Mr. B. Listemann, violin, and Mr. T. P. Currier, accompanist. The programmes are full of interesting matter.

— We have no hesitation in commending to the attention of all good music lovers the complimentary concert to be given next Saturday evening, March 6, at Union Hall, to Miss Teresa Careno Campbell, a young and highly gifted violinist, who has already acquired much skill upon her instrument, and won the sympathy of many friends. She can play that heavenly Aria from Bach's Suite in D with a style and feeling which any one can enjoy after hearing it by Wieniawski and Wilhelmj, and she is equal to the difficulties of Wieniawski's brilliant Polonaise. Her sister, Miss Mary Campbell, an excellent pianist, will take part in the concert; and she will also be assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, soprano; Mr. B. J. Lang, who will play one of the Chopin Scherzos; Mr. Edward Bowditch in songs by Franz; and Messrs. Allen, Fries, and Heindl in a Quartet by Haydn; also Mr. C. L. Capen as accompanist. One object of the concert is to enable this young girl to procure a violin worthy of her talent.

— Prof. J. K. Paine, of Harvard College, contemplates a series of chamber concerts in Boylston Hall, on the college grounds, before the close of the present season. The students are becoming more and more interested in good music, and the Professor's classes in harmony, counterpoint, musical history, etc., are much fuller than they have ever been before.

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MUSIC. — A SOMEWHAT PRACTICAL VIEW.

BY N. LINCOLN, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

It has been urged that music is a branch of study more ornamental than useful; which can be dispensed with altogether, or the expenditure in its behalf be greatly reduced. Yet, as a matter of fact, no such claim is made among prominent educators, or by those best informed on matters pertaining to public instruction. On the contrary, here in Massachusetts, music never stood higher on the list of studies than now; was never so thoroughly taught as now, never so justly appreciated as now. Our University has its professor of music, within the year has found it necessary to employ in addition a tutor in singing, and is granting diplomas to such as successfully complete the course prescribed.

The Empire of Japan has just concluded a contract with Mr. L. W. Mason, late superintendent of music in the schools of Boston, to introduce our system of musical instruction into that country. Arrangements are making at Tokio, on the most liberal scale, to furnish the means and appliances needed in the line of his profession, to promote his personal comfort, and to add dignity to the office he assumes.

Music has become, may we not say, the chief amusement of the people. As such it is innocent, it leaves no sting behind; and it is not every amusement of which this can be predicated. The love for it, moreover, in the household is limited only by the amount of talent in that direction possessed by the members of the family, or by their ability to procure for themselves the means of its gratification.

But it would be taking a partial view of the matter, were we to regard it merely in the light of a recreation. As a branch of study its value is beyond question. It cultivates the ear, informs the taste, trains the faculties of the mind, develops and invigorates the powers of the body. Of what other study can this be affirmed in an equal degree? Viewed simply as a resource for earning one's living, it is safe to say that a knowledge of music gives direct support to a vastly greater number of men and women than does an acquaintance with any one of the so-called higher studies pursued in our schools.

Consider the interests of music in their financial aspect. See the amount of capital invested in the manufacture of pianos, organs, band and orchestral instruments; the printing and engraving of sheet music and music-books; the various newspapers or journals devoted exclusively to musical matters; the fabulous sums lavished upon distinguished singers or players, who fill our largest halls at their concerts with eager listeners.

There has been heard here, this season, an artist who received for singing a couple of songs more than $300; while orchestral players have been paid for an hour's work $25 each. Members of church choirs obtain for their services from two dollars up to thirty dollars a Sunday. Boys from our grammar schools, even as low as the fourth class, are engaged in the choirs of Boston and vicinity, where, in addition to the instruction given them, they receive salaries corresponding to the degree of talent they manifest. Five dollars, for a couple of hours spent in church at the organ, is not uncommon.

A professional man, whose fees amount to one hundred dollars a day is looked upon as quite successful; a merchant, who clears the like sum of money, may well congratulate himself as being in prospering circumstances. But there are singers able to command twice as much for every appearance they make before the public. It is within the memory of some of us that Jenny Lind contracted with Mr. Barnum to sing one hundred nights in America for *one hundred thousand dollars*, and he never complained of the bargain.

A single song, the production of Dr. Arthur Sullivan, which may have cost him only a few hours' labor, has yielded its proprietor an annual income of $2,500. A second song of his, "The Lost Chord," well known in our concert-rooms and parlors, has proved a fortune in itself. "H. M. S. Pinafore," a work of the same composer, which has gone the length and breadth of the land both here and abroad, — a clean, charming, wholesome composition, admired alike by artist and amateur, has been a mine of wealth to many a manager and publisher, besides affording delight to thousands of hearers.

Music-selling and music-publishing houses in this country, if we consider the magnitude of their business, and the variety of their publications, stand second to none [?] the world over.

Pianos and parlor-organs are almost as common as tables and bureaus; or, at least it may be said with truth that a house without a musical instrument of some sort is a rarity. A family in which there is no music, and no love for it, must certainly be accounted unfortunate in that respect.

See how largely dependent we are upon the Germans in filling our band and orchestras; because, music having been so many years a regular study in their common schools, enjoying all the time the highest consideration in the community at large, they have become superior to us in the art, and are, for the present, beyond our competition.

Look at our conservatories and colleges of music, which already surpass those of Europe in the number of their students, and bid fair in due time to rival them also in the excellence of the instruction furnished, as well as in the talent and proficiency of their graduates.

The complaint is sometimes made against our schools that children are not taught what will be of practical use in after-life. What is learned of some subjects, it is said, needs to be so modified before it can be available in practice, that, aside from the mental discipline thereby secured, it may be a question whether time so spent could not be better employed in other ways. Such is not the case with music. Whatever is gained in that direction, though it be only the power of singing the scale, is immediately useful, and will form one of the inevitable steps to be taken sooner or later if one desires to become a musician.

Given the requisite amount of talent, with corresponding application under competent instruction, and the pupil finds himself in the possession of an accomplishment more or less adequate to his support in life, while leaving him opportunity to attend to other business. But whether he turn this acquirement to account pecuniarily or not, his knowledge and skill in the art will continue an unfailing source of delight to himself and friends as long as life and health remain.

Is there one of us who, when his son leaves school to take his place in society, would not be glad to know that he had gained a taste for music, and some knowledge of it? Should we not consider it, in some sense, as a safeguard to restrain him from the pursuit of other and less salutary modes of enjoyment? Where there is music at home and an appreciation of it, the various forms of dissipations to which, for want of something better to occupy their leisure hours, the young are so prone, will lose their charms, and fail to make felt their pernicious attractions.

All this goes to show how deep a root music has taken among us, how rapidly it is growing, how widely extending, and how it demands, — and reasonably too, — a fostering hand and liberal support from those who are charged with the administration of the interests of public education. — *N. E. Journal of Education.*

BERLIOZ ON BEETHOVEN'S FOURTH SYMPHONY.

Of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony we allow Berlioz to speak, not only because he wrote his tribute at a time when to most Frenchmen Beethoven was still a mad German ideologist, but also because this portion of Berlioz's writings has not yet been translated into English. He says: "In this symphony Beethoven leaves the epic and the elegy, to return to the lowlier and brighter, but by no means less difficult style of the Second Symphony. The character of the score is, speaking generally, lively and cheerful, yet of heavenly tenderness. The first movement might have been dedicated to Joy, if we except the thoughtful *Adagio* by which in is introduced. The first motive of the Allegro, which is played *staccato*, is only a thematic foundation on which, with masterly hand, Beethoven bases other ideas with fully developed melodies. So that, as the movement progresses, we gradually lose sight of the opening theme.

"This peculiarly happy device has been tried with good results by Mozart and Haydn.

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But we find in the second part of the *Allegro* a new thought, which at once commands the hearer's attention, and, after it has captivated him during its mysterious progress, surprises him by an unexpected termination. The effect is produced as follows: After a powerful *tutti*, the first violins discomfiter the theme, throw it over to the second violins and catch it again on the rebound. This dialogue ends on rests interrupted twice by the tympani, which sound a soft tremolo on B flat. Then the strings hum fragments of the theme, until the tympani find opportunity to take up the B flat again, which they roll during the succeeding twenty-five bars without interruption—growing louder with every bar. In the meantime fragments of the theme are heard with increasing strength on the other instruments, until the passage closes with a general *fortissimo*, ending with the B flat major chord in a majestic outburst of the full orchestra.

"This wonderful *crescendo* is one of the finest musical effects within my knowledge. It can be compared only to the *crescendo* which occurs at the end of the *Scherzo* of the symphony in C minor. Yet the latter is the weaker. It reaches the finale by a steady increase in the volume of sound, yet without once leaving the fundamental note. But in the Fourth Symphony the *crescendo* begins on a *mezzo forte;* weakens for a moment under harmonies of uncertain coloring, to *pianissimo;* then appears again in chords of more decided character, and shines in all its power only after the cloud of harmonies has dispersed. It might be compared to a river, whose peaceful current disappears awhile beneath the ground, to reappear a roaring torrent.

"It would be sacrilegious to analyze the *Adagio*. Its form is so pure, so clear, the melody so full of expression and of such amorous power, that the artistic design lies in the shadow of æsthetical beauty. The first few bars awaken the hearer's sympathy, and the movement plays upon his emotions until he almost succumbs to them. Only a hero among poets can approach this musical Titan. Only the pathetic episode which in the *Divina Comedia* Francesca di Rimini relates to Dante, who, when he heard the story, 'fell as one faint with a mighty sorrow,' can be compared with this *Adagio*.

"The *Scherzo* is full of thoughts which strongly incline toward the 2-4 rhythm, and enter into the 3-4 rhythm of the movement like mighty wedges. This method, which Beethoven frequently employs, makes the style unusually muscular; the melodic outlines are piquant and occasion surprise. In fact, rhythms which conflict with the tempo have a fascination not easy to explain. It gives pleasure to watch the dismembered form reunited at the end of every period, and to find the current of thought, which at times is interrupted, flow smoothly in the end. A delicious freshness pervades the *Trio*, whose melody is taken by wind instruments. The tempo is slower than that of the body of the *Scherzo* and its tasteful simplicity is more conspicuous by reason of contrast with the little phrases for the violins which tease the melody in a most charming manner.

"The lively and cheerful finale moves in the usual rhythmic form. It is an unbroken chain of sparkling tones, a continuous, bright conversation, which only occasionally is interrupted by rough, angry chords. The moody tone-poet indulged in these outbursts of passion quite frequently, as we shall point out in discussing other symphonies."—*N. Y. Musical Review.*

THE MOZART WEEK AT THE IMPERIAL HOUSE, OPERA VIENNA.[1]

III.

We are called on to witness a peculiar Mozart celebration; the performance in uninterrupted succession of the composer's seven operas from *Idomeneo* to *Titus*. "But why do we have this commemorative festival especially now?" we repeatedly hear persons ask. The present time has nothing in common with either Mozart's birth, (1756), the centennial of which was kept twenty-four years ago, nor with the date of his passing away (1791). Yet we have to do with a remarkable centenary: that of Mozart's *operas*. We have reached the commencement of a decennium in which the beautiness seven-headed family attain the age of a hundred.[2] A century ago Mozart moved permanently to Vienna, and created here in the short space of ten years (1781–1791) his indescribably rich treasures of composition. From all the fields of music he conjured up the most magnificent blossoms and fruit: his finest symphonies, quartets, sonatas, and sacred productions. But the Vienna decennium, the last of his earthly pilgrimage, was more important for his operas than for aught else. It, therefore, devolves on our Imperial Opera house to celebrate his incomparable dramatic labors in a comprehensive manner. It matters not that other cities have been the first to set a good example; it is sufficient that Vienna, in festive attire, now follows it. Such a Mozart Week imposes, both on the management and the singers, a most unusual task. Rehearsals and performances press each other closely: three operas (*Idomeneo, Cosi fan Tutte*, and *Titus*) have to be studied entirely afresh, while the others must be partially recast and provided with new scenery. Added to the strain put on every available resource is the worrying dread lest some malicious chance may interrupt or throw into complete disarray the entire stately operatic procession. There can be no question that the Imperial Opera house is entitled to our grateful acknowledgments for its extraordinary efforts.

How vivid are at present all our reminiscences relating to the early portion of Mozart's sojourn in Vienna! We stop before the German House in the Singerstrasse. There Mozart lived with the haughty Colloredo, Archbishop of Salzburg, to whose household he belonged, and who had commanded his attendance. Young Mozart was revelling in the triumph of his *Idomeneo* at Munich, when he received the summons to repair to Vienna. On the 16th of March, 1781, he arrived "quite alone in a post-chaise from St. Pölten." The continuously unbecoming treatment he experienced from his Archbishop at length exhausted his patience and ended the servitude he had borne so long. He resolved to live independently on his art, and he never regretted having done so. Despite an uncertain and modest income he felt in Vienna at home and happy. But how little his position here corresponded with his high artistic worth, is unfortunately only too well known. Let any one compare Mozart's position in Vienna with that of Beethoven ten years later! It was as a stranger, without an appointment or reputation, that the young fellow from the Rhine came to the capital; he did not possess Mozart's early fame, winning manners, or social talents, yet he at once put himself on an equal footing with the leading members of the Austrian aristocracy. It was exclusively in his artistic eminence that he perceived his title to perfect equality, and he enforced his right, which was at once acknowledged, on every one. Borne unnoticed on the *stormy* wind of revolutionary ideas which was already blowing violently from France, Beethoven won for musicians a social position of which Haydn and Mozart in their modesty never dreamed. It was under the patronage of the Emperor Joseph, the founder, properly speaking, of German opera in Vienna, that Mozart wrote his first German Singspiel,[3] *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. The work was produced, in July, 1782, with unexampled success, and a month later the composer's marriage with his beloved Constance, whom it had cost him such efforts to win, was solemnized in St. Stephen's Church. Thus, with every one of his operas are connected familiar reminiscences especially dear to us Viennese. It is in these reminiscences and in the biographical connection of the operas that we perceive the real idea which, after the lapse of a hundred years, lies at the bottom of a continuous representation of the seven operas in question. They are united by no inward necessity; the æsthetic thread on which the seven gems are strung in a row is so slender as to be invisible. As to any coherence like that of Dingelstedt's Shakespeare Cyclus at the Burgtheater, nobody thinks of such a thing. In this series of operas there is not even a constant growth, a sevenfold rise, as in the diatonic scale; far less the continuous development and gradual perfection of some musically dramatic principle which Mozart had in his eye from the outset. What strikes us most in the series is not so much their continuity as the absence of that quality. The Italian *Idomeneo* moves in the conventional forms of the old "*opera seria*," and immediately afterwards *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* opens a new era in operatic history. Yet, despite the extraordinary and lasting success of this national German *Singspiel*, which, to use Goethe's expression, "struck down everything else," we behold Mozart forthwith abandoning this field also, and writing three Italian operas (*Figaro, Don Giovanni* and *Cosi fan Tutte*) one after another. Then, in the last year of his life, he gives us another German opera, *Die Zauberflöte*, and after this, his greatest popular triumph, another conventional Italian "Court Festival" opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*. These are riddles to be solved only by impartial examination of the history of Mozart's life. His sympathies were, properly speaking, divided between Italian and German opera. His national feeling impelled him to German, but his sense of art and music to Italian opera. Italian opera possessed a fully developed form of art reposing on sure traditions; German *Singspiel* resembled an undeveloped, helpless child, who had yet to be educated. How richly was Italian opera then mounted, how admirably was it executed by the best singers, how was it honored and loved at all German Courts—how poverty-stricken and neglected was, on the other hand, German *Singspiel!* I believe that, as a man, Mozart sympathized more with German, but as an artist more with Italian, opera. Thus, partial to both kinds, he followed in every

[1] From the *Neue freie Presse*.

[2] When we speak generally of Mozart's operas, we refer, of course, to the last seven, written in the time of his full artistic maturity. If we include his youthful works, such as *Mitridate, Lucio Sylla*, &c., written in Italy, the total number composed by him is *nineteen*.

[3] *Singspiel*, a "play with songs," or an "opera with spoken dialogue."—Translator.

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case the changing circumstances, if not external pressure. He was no doctrinaire, no partisan of a certain fixed principle. He, therefore, eagerly seized on everything, either when commissioned to do so or urged thereto by his own feelings, which promised to advance him artistically. He felt probably in his heart that whatever he wrote, either to a German or an Italian text, would ultimately profit his country. He was a child of his time: the true expression of his time, then "becoming" new. The full reflection of Italian, and the modest morning-red of German opera, were visible side by side on the horizon. Mozart aided German opera to conquer, not merely by his writing German operas, but by his filling them with German feeling.

Mozart's operas, as they follow one another, not merely fail to illustrate the continuous development of a fixed theoretical thought or of a principle or style, but do not even testify to a constant increase of his creative power. After *Idomeneo* and *Die Entführung*, he soars up in an extraordinary degree to *Figaro* and *Don Juan*, those culminating points of his creations; then he sinks somewhat, as though with fatigued pinion, to *Così fan Tutte;* raises himself again marvellously in *Die Zauberflöte*, but finally, in *Titus*, is able to recover only partially his exhausted strength. The remarkable contrast between his first two operas — after *Idomeneo* comes *Die Entführung* — is repeated still more strangely in the last two; after *Die Zauberflöte* comes *Titus*. In vain will those æstheticians and puny historians of civilization, who hear the grass of necessity growing, attempt to prove here a necessary internal connection. Even Mephisto's all-powerful logic with "One, two, three," would have to renounce the task of demonstrating that the way in which Mozart's operas follow each other is an organic development of an "idea." The series, considered in relation to the energy of creative power, does not exhibit a rising step by step, a sinking step by step, or lastly, an unbroken stay on the same level. This inequality strikes us more forcibly, perhaps, in Mozart than in any one else, because his name suggests the highest possible excellence, but the case is by no means an isolated one. On the contrary, the great composers whose operas maintain an equal elevation, unless when they rise above it, form the rare exception. There are several insignificant operas, such as *Paris und Helena, La Cythère assiégée*, &c., embedded at a far greater depth below Gluck's masterpieces than *Così fan Tutte* for instance, is below *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte*. Beethoven stopped at *Fidelio*, in every sense his unique opera. And Carl Maria Weber? Any one considering *Euryanthe* an advance on *Der Freischütz* (the advance in my opinion, is rather one of desire than ability; an advance against one's own nature) must see a falling-off in *Oberon*. The stars of the second magnitude, Marschner, Spohr, and Lortzing, repeatedly fell off before, between, and after their best creations, not merely so many steps, more or less, but so many terraces. Meyerbeer — without experiencing any precipitous falls, (that is: thorough operatic failures) never reached a second time the height of *Robert* and *Les Huguenots*. Strictly speaking, Richard Wagner is the only operatic composer whose works show constant progress, a genuine evolution of style out of *Rienzi* to *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin:* then onward to *Die Nibelungen*, and probably still further to *Parcifal*. Whether his later operas exhibit a rise in his power of musical creation is a matter of opinion. We ourselves believe they do not, but they are unquestionably consistent realizations, constantly developed, more sharply marked, and further extended, of his peculiar art theory. He cannot be charged with sudden and abrupt changes; the atmosphere, as far as its component elements are concerned, is the same in *Lohengrin* as in *Tristan* or *Rheingold*, but it becomes with each succeeding work more rarified, sharper and colder, so that at length we cannot possibly breathe. All true lovers of music will probably welcome the solemn Mozart Week as a set-off for only once, against the *Nibelungen-Cycluses*, at present so popular. Now-a-days, a new and careful performance of Mozart's operas can, of a certainty, be followed only by the beneficial result of making people learn to feel more simply, to listen with greater pleasure, and to sing better.—*London Musical World.*

EDUARD HANSLICK.

LISZT.

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.]

(Catalogue of his works continued).

III. FOR PIANO FORTE SOLO.

1. ORIGINAL.

28. Etudes d'exécution transcendante. 1 Preludio; 2. 3. Paysage; 4. Mazeppa; 5. Feux Follets; 6. Vision; 7. Eroica; 8 Wilde Jagd; 9. Ricordanza; 10, 11. Harmonies du soir; 12. Chasse neige. B. & H.
29 Trois Grandes Etudes de Concert. 1. Capriccio; 2. Capriccio; 3. Allegro affetuoso. Kistner.
30. Ab Irato. Etude de perfection. Schlesinger.
31. Zwei Concertetuden, for Lebert & Stark's Klavierschule. 1. Waldesrauschen; 2. Gnomenreigen. Trautwein.
32. Ave Maria for ditto. Trautwein.
33 Harmonies poétiques et religieuses. 1. Invocation; 2 Ave Maria; 3. Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude; 4. Pensée des Morts; 5. Pater Noster; 6 Hymne de l'enfant a son réveil; 7. Funérailles; 8. Miserere d'apres Palestrina; 9. Andante lagrimoso; 10. Cantique d'Amour. Kahnt.
34. Années de Pèlerinage. Première Année, Suisse. 1. Chapelle de Guillaume Tell; 2. Au lac de Wallenstadt; 3. Pastorale; 4. Au bord d'une source; 5. Orage; 6. Vallée d'Obermann; 7. Eglogue; 8. Le Mal du Pays; 9. Les Cloches de Geneve (Nocturne). Seconde Année, Italie. 1. Il Sposalizio; 2 Il Penseroso; 3. Canzonetta di Salvator Rosa; 4–6 Tre Sonetti del Petrarca; 7. Après une lecture de Dante. Venezia e Napoli. 1. Gondoliera; 2. Canzone; 3. Tarantelle. Schott.
35. Apparitions, 3 Nos Schlesinger, Paris.
36 Two Ballades. Kistner.
37. Grand Concert Solo: also for 2 P. Fs. (Concerto pathétique) B. & H.
38 Consolations, 6 Nos. B. & H.
39. Berceuse Heinze.
40. Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen: Präludium nach J. S Bach. Schlesinger.
41. Variations on theme from Bach's B minor Mass; also for Organ Schlesinger.
42. Fantasie und Fuge, theme B A. C. H. Siegel. Also for Organ. Schuberth.
43. Scherzo und Marsch. Litolff.
44. Sonata in B minor. Dedicated to Schumann. B. & H.
45. 2 Polonaises Senff.
46. Mazurka brillante. Senff.
47. Rhapsodie Espagnole, Folies d'Espagne, and Jota Aragonesa. Siegel.
48. Trois Caprice-Valses. 1. Valse de bravoure; 2. V. mélancolique; 3. V. de Concert. Schlesinger.
49. Feuilles d'Album. Schott.
50 Deux Feuilles d'Album. Schuberth.
51. Grand Galop chromatique. Also for 4 hands. Hofmeister.
52. Valse Impromptu. Schuberth.
53 "M ...'s Grab-Geleit." Taborszky & Parsch, Pesth.
54. Elégie. Also for P. F., Cello, Harp, and Harmonium. Kahnt.
55 2nd Elégie. Also for P. F, V, and Cello. Kahnt
56 Légendes. 1. St. François d'Assise; 2. St. François de Paul. Rózsavölgyi.
57. L'Hymne du Pape; also for 4 hands. Bote & Bock.
58. Via Crucis
59. Impromptu — Thèmes de Rossini et Spontini, in E. "Op 3." Schirmer.
60. Capriccio à la Turca sur des motifs de Beethoven's Ruines d'Athènes. Mechetti.
61. Liebestraume — 3 Notturnos. Kistner
62 L'Idée fixe — Andante amoroso d'après une Mélodie de Berlioz. Mechetti.
63. Impromptu, in F sharp. B. & H.
64. Variation on a Waltz by Diabelli. No. 24 in Vaterländischer Künstlerverein. Diabelli (1823).

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65. "The Piano-Forte" — Erstes Jahrgang: Parts I.–XII. — 34 pieces by modern composers. Out of print.

2. ARRANGEMENTS.

66. Grandes Etudes de Paganini. 6 Nos. (No. 3, La Campanella.) B. & H.
67. Sechs (organ) Präludien und Fugen von J. S. Bach, 2 parts. Peters.
68. Bach's Orgelfantasie und Fuge in G minor: for Lebert & Stark's Klavierschule. Trautwein.
69. Divertissement a la hongroise d'apres F. Schubert, 6 parts; also Easier ed. Schreiber.
70. Marsche von F. Schubert. 1. Trauer-Marsch; 2, 3. Reiter Marsch Schreiber.
71. Soirées de Vienne. Valses-caprices d'après Schubert. 9 parts. Schreiber.
72. Bunte Reihe von Ferd. David. 1. Scherzo; 2 Erinnerung; 3. Mazurka; 4. Tanz; 5 Kinderlied; 6. Capriccio; 7 Bolero; 8 Elégie; 9. Marsch; 10. Toccata; 11 Gondellied; 12. Im Sturm; 13. Romanze; 14. Allegro; 15. Menuett; 16. Etude; 17. Intermezzo; 18 Serenade; 19 Ungarisch (2); 20 Tarantelle; 21. Impromptu; 22. In russischer Weise; 23. Lied; 24. Capriccio Kistner
73. Elégie d'après Sorriano. Troupenas.
74 Russischer Galopp von Bulhakow Schlesinger.
75. Zigeuner-Polka de Conradi. Schlesinger.
76. La Romanesca Schlesinger.
77. Leier und Schwert (Weber). Schlesinger.
78 Elégie, Themes by Prince Louis of Prussia. Schlesinger.
79 God Save the Queen. Concert-paraphrase. Schuberth.
80. Hussiten-Lied. Hofmeister.
81. La Marseillaise. Schuberth.

3. PARAPHRASES, TRANSCRIPTIONS, ETC., FROM OPERAS.

82 La Fiancée (Auber); Masaniello; La Juive; Sonnambula; Norma; Puritani (3); Benvenuto Cellini; Don Sebastian; Lucia di Lammermoor (2); Lucrezia Borgia (2); Faust (Gounod); Reine de Saba; Romeo et Juliette; Robert le Diable; Les Huguenots; Le Prophète (6); L'Africaine (2); Szep Ilonka (Mosonyi); Don Giovanni; König Alfred (Raff) (2); I Lombardi; Trovatore; Ernani; Rigoletto; Don Carlos; Rienzi; Der fliegende Holländer (2); Tannhäuser (3); Lohengrin (4); Tristan und Isolde; Meistersinger; Ring des Nibelungen.
83. Fantaisie de Bravoure sur la Clochette de Paganini. Schreiber.
84. Trois Morceaux de Salon. 1. Fantaisie romantique sur deux mélodies suisses; 2. Rondeau fantastique sur un theme Espagnol; 3. Divertissement sur une cavatine de Pacini, also for 4 hands. Schlesinger.
85 Paraphrase de la Marche de Donizetti (Abdul Medjid Khan); also Easier ed. Schlesinger
86 "Jagdchor und Steyrer," from "Tony" (Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg-Gotha). Kistner.
87. Tscherkessen-Marsch from Glinka's "Ruslan und Ludmilla" Also for 4 hands. Schuberth.
88. "Hochzeit-Marsch und Elfenreigen" from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream. B & H.
89. Fest-Marsch for Schiller centenary (Meyerbeer). Schlesinger.
90. Fantaisies (2) sur des motifs des Soirées musicales de Rossini. Schott.
91. Trois Morceaux Suisses. 1. Ranz de Vaches; 2. Un Soir dans la Montagne; 3. Ranz de Chèvres. Kahnt.

4. RHAPSODIES, ETC.

92. Rhapsodies Hongroises. 1 in E; 2 in F sharp (also for 4 hands, and Easier ed.); 3 in B flat; 4 in E flat; 5 in E minor; 6 in D flat; 7 in D minor; 8 Capriccio; 9 in E flat; 10 Preludio; 11 in A minor; 12 in C sharp minor (also for P. F. and violin by Liszt and Joachim); 13 in A minor; 14 in F minor; 15 Rákoczy March. Senff and Schlesinger.
93. Marche de Rákoczy. Edition populaire. Kistner.
94. Do. Symphonisch. Schuberth.
95. Heroischer-Marsch in ungarischen Styl. Schlesinger.
96. Ungarischer Geschwindmarsch. Schindler. Pressburg.
97. Einleitung und Ungarischer Marsch von Graf E. Széchényi. Rózsavölgyi.

5. PARTITIONS DI PIANO.

98. Beethoven's Septet. Schuberth.
99. Nine Symphonies B. & H.
100. Hummel's Septet. Schubert.
101 Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Leuckart. Marche des Pèlerins, from "Harold in Italy." Rieter Biedermann. "Danse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust." Ibid. Overtures to "Les Francs-Juges." Schott. "Le Roi Lear."
102. Rossini's Overture to Guillaume Tell.
103. Weber's Jubelouverture and Overtures to Der Freischütz and Oberon. Schlesinger.
104. Wagner's Overture to Tannhäuser. Meser.

6. TRANSCRIPTIONS OF VOCAL PIECES.

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106. Beethoven's Lieder, 6; Geistliche Lieder, 6; Adelaide; Liederkreis B. & H.
107. Von Bulow's "Tanto gentile" Schlesinger.
108. Chopin's "Six Chants Polonais," op. 74. Schlesinger.
109. Lieder. Dessauer, 3; Franz, 13; Lassen, 2; Mendelssohn, 9; Schubert, 57; Schumann, R. and Clara, 14; Weber, Schlummerlied, and "Einsam bin ich."

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110. Meyerbeer's "Le Moine." Schlesinger.
111. Wielhorsky's "Autrefois." Fürstner.
112. Alleluja et Ave Maria d'Arcadelt; No. 2 also for organ. Peters.
113. A la Chapelle Sixtine. Miserere d'Allegri et Ave Verum de Mozart; also for 4 hands and for organ. Peters.
114. Zwei Transcriptionen, "Confutatis et Lacrymosa" aus Mozart's Requiem. Siegel.
115. Soirées Italiennes, sur des motifs de Mercadante, 6 Nos. Schott.
116. Nuits d'été à Pausilippe, sur des motifs de l'Album de Donizetti, 3 Nos. Schott.
117. Canzone Napolitana. Meser.
118. Faribolo Pastour, and Chanson du Béarn. Schott.
119. Glanes de Woronince. 3 Nos. Kistner.
120. Deux Mélodies Russes. Arabesques. Cranz.
121. Ungarische Volkslieder, 5 Nos. Taborsky & Parsch.
122. Soirées musicales de Rossini, 12 Nos.; also for 4 hands and for 2 P. Fs. Schott.

(Conclusion in next No.)

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.[1]

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

V.

RUSSIAN, GREEK, ORIENTAL, MAORI FOLK-POETRY AND MUSIC; CANTERBURY IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, OCEANICA.

DEAR PÔÜNAMU![2]—In one species of national song, however, the Russian is *not* "sad and feminine," but actively tragic and masculine,—in the so-called "robber songs." Here we no longer find resignation, or the vicious excess of that virtue, gloomy, morose stagnation; here we leave the plain and the steppe, for heights and chasms; no more servitude; here is freedom, though perhaps only freedom to do evil. If woman is still sometimes half a slave, even among robbers and gypsies, the accomplice of the criminal, the booty of the victor, she sometimes appears, in these songs, free to take her own chances of life and death, and to have acquired at least the power to revenge herself when she will, though revenge may entail life-long remorse upon herself. Only the vampire songs of the Servians exceed these in darkly fascinating attraction. Among Russian songs of this class, there is one, powerfully impressive in its expression of the secret, concentrated revenge and hatred of a girl, who, having been deceived by her robber lover, slays him, and laughs in her sleeve, "with shuddering joy," at the grief of the returning robber horde, and their guesses at the possible manner of their chief's death. Some of these songs are brief dramas of recklessness and horror; some recount magnanimous deeds, of the Robin Hood kind, like that of the robber who empties his rubles into the sack of the poor traveler whom he had intended to plunder, when he finds that the object of his journey is the attempted release of his father from captivity. Here is a gentler song, but it is difficult to divine, from its tone, whether the abducted girl is likely to be regarded by her companions as a victim, or as a fortunate Cinderella, carried off by a fairy prince in the disguise of a bandit:—

Four maidens bathed in the azure waters,
Four shining planets, four rosy daughters;
Round them the soft wind sighed with emotion,
Round them caressingly fawned the wild ocean.
Lurking, the robber watched, in the rushes;
Saw their glad frolics, saw their red blushes.
Thought the dark robber, "Which shall be my maid,
Which my sweet booty, gay maids or shy maid?
One of the fair ones three, standing whitely
Over the waters, laughing so lightly,
Or yon shy beauty, so timid, so tender,
Rose-bud red, dew-fresh, raven-haired, slender,
Under the water veil sideways soft gliding,
Deep in the wave, like a lily-bud hiding?"
Silent the robber watched; happy laughter
Rang, and the rocky cliffs echoed after.
Three merry maidens, tossing from hollowed
Palms the sea-water, one maiden followed:
Mocked her, pursued her through the tall rushes,
With spray bedewed her eyes and her blushes.
"Modest Paraccha, so tender, so tearful,
When the wind touches thee, tremulous, fearful,
Ne'er will a valiant lover pursue thee!
Who will have patience, proud one, to woo thee,
If that some robber czar from the rushes
Sees not, desires not thee and thy blushes?
Then he may grasp thee, far away bear thee,
Heart-close enclasp thee, win thee, and wear thee."
Scarce was their mischievous mockery over,
Ere sprang the robber czar from his cover,
Caught the shy fair one, far away bore her,
Loved, soothed, consoled her, won her, and wore her.

Let me also mention *en passant* that while Russian folk-melody is not devoid of Grecian affinities, among the folk-poems of the modern Greeks, many robbers—or klepht—songs are to be found, similar in character to those of the Russians. I will give you an English re-production of one, the horror of which is almost dispersed by the breath of an unfettered, tempestuous mountain freedom:—

On high Olympus,—summit dread!
His heavy pinions folding,
An eagle rests, a human head
Within his talons holding;
He gazes on the wrinkled brow,
The neck, glaive-hewn and gory,
And screams, "When with thy body thou
Wert one, what was thy story?"—
"Feed, eagle, on my brain's sharp strength,
My manhood crushed, consume then!
Thy wings, thy claws, in breadth and length
Will double growth assume then!
Well knew Xeromeros my name,
Armatole, and Luros;
Twelve years a klepht of dreadful fame,
Mine eyrie great Olympus.
I slaughtered sixty Agas old,
Their hamlets burned and plundered;
Turks, Albanese, in scores untold,
I soul from body sundered;—
Let this much of my tale suffice.
Thy hunger now unchaining,
Eat! not unworthy is thy prize,
Winged klepht, unconquered reigning!"

The melodies of modern Greek folk-songs have less variety, and move within a narrower range than those of the natives of so large an empire as Russia; and we can only yield a conditional assent to the alleged high antiquity of this music, since doubt exists even regarding those few fragments now extant of antique Greek hymns, though these have been generally accepted as genuine. The modern Greeks, themselves, however, insist on claiming an extraordinary antiquity for their national dance of the Romaika; the annual festival upon which it is performed was instituted in the time of, and by Theseus, 1235 B. C., and the music which is now used to accompany it was, they say, expressly composed at the same date.

Songs of such wild strength as these robber-songs, alive with action, and not the flickering flame, but the blazing torch of passion, may or may not have been written by heroes and heroines inspired by the recollection of the adventures through which they passed; but if not, then by vigorous, imaginative minds, weary of dreams and disappointments, of servitude and stagnation, longing to feel, to see, to hear, to hate, to love, to act, unmistakably and in earnest! The same yearning desire for a life contrasting with the depressing reality of their own, has led men of a higher intellectual reach than the lyrists of folk-poetry and melody, into the Orient; like Bodenstedt, Heine, Freiligrath and other German poets; like Hamerling in his "Hero;" like Wagner amid his legendary characters; like Makart, Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema among the painters, with their subjects and types; like Robert Schumann in many of his compositions, they fly from the prosaic realities of the present to the past or the distant; nothing is too novel, too foreign, for them, nothing too dazzling, too pronounced: give us, they cry, the gold-dust of the East, amethystine haze, mirage, drums, trumpets, a labyrinthine chorus of voices! Displace the fogs of the North by a myriad-tinted glow, entangle the machine-like routine of a calculated existence in the mysteries of harmony forever unresolved! And what can better serve such a desire than the folk-song? He or she who is so fortunate as to possess a rare collection of these, to be familiar with half-a-dozen or more languages, and to be a good practical musician, can, while preserving the most exclusive isolation, travel round the world at will, and enter into the very core of the heart of opposite nationalities, living, for a moment, with all the life that vitalizes them. In singing a Scottish air, one glows with the obstinate patriotism, one laments with the mist-fed melancholy of the Scot; through the enchanting pulsations of a gypsy dance song, we see not alone the wild wood, illumined by red camp-fires, not alone the vast Hungarian puszta, but we enter into that passionate love of freedom, that untamable individuality, which is, for us, the chiefest charm of the Nomadic races. Follow me, then, for a few brief moments, with the folk-song as our guide, into the land of the "Thousand and one Nights," Arabia; I promised you a few Oriental folk-songs in my first letter. Naturally, I have preferred, in taking the trouble to translate them, those that most appeal to my own—to womanly—feeling; and, tell me, do not the following songs breathe a spirit of chivalrous delicacy and devotion, such as we—arrogant Western barbarians that we are!—are astonished to find among the tribes of the desert? The fourth is Turkish, and very nobly expresses a deep sentiment of constancy, above which plays the fleeting spirit of inconstancy. The fifth, by Ilmi, possesses a strong contemporary local color and feeling.

I roam through sandy, blazing wildernesses;
She rests beneath the Talha's leafy tresses.
Sharp thistles wound my feet, that wearied, daily;
She wanders down the violet-scented valley.
I hear the jackal's scream, the djinn's shrill hooting;
She lists the nightingale's melodious fluting.
Oh, would her tent dog, barking, run to meet me!
Oh, would her pleasant tent's sweet welcome greet me!
I sigh for thee, Suléikka, Kanab's daughter,
As pants the wounded hart for running water!

Vain are anguish and rapture, vain are labor and rest;
Soon in the tent of death man lies, a never departing guest.
Where, where is she whom once I deemed of houri's immortal race,
Reya, black-haired and sapphire-eyed, young Reya, with rose-bright face,
Fair as the morn, dark as the night? All women beloved before
Shrank in her presence like worthless dust, that drops from the golden ore.
Voice that rang, a crystal bell, to the beat of a heart of gold!
Smile, whose spell could swell one moment to aeons of joy untold!
Lips, the shrine of the roses' blush, where slept the breath of the rose!
Eyes, beside whose light all eyes paled, phantoms of buried woes!
Woe! I knew her, adored her! I basked in that vital ray!
Say not she died long years ago! She dies to my heart each day.
What now is left of the sun that once transfigured this world's wide gloom?
A lock of hair in my bosom; a handful of dust in her tomb.
Vain are anguish and rapture; vain are labor and rest;
Soon in the tent of death man lies, a never departing guest!

[1] Copyright, 1880, by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

[2] Te Pôünâmu (the Pôünâmu), is the Maori name for the Greenstone, which is a product of the Island of New Zealand, and which has always been held in high estimation by the natives, for hatchets, short hand-clubs (for war), as well as for ornaments. It is also rather admired by the European settlers. Te Pôünâmu is the journalistic *nom de plume* of an Anglo-Maori gentleman, to whom the above letter is addressed.

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I spake :— In the hushed encampment
Men, camels, and steeds, sleep still ;
Morn slips the bolt of the midnight ;
Sweet Ama, love's goblet fill!
She spake :— The spirits of evil
Close, close, o'er the desert fly ;
I hear them mutter and whisper ;
Pale gnoll are hovering nigh!
I spake :— From thy sweet embraces
I win the magical might
That rolls earth under my footstep,
Or stays the wheels of the night.
Fear not the rush of the sand-storm,
Fear not the leopard's breath ;
The kisses of happy lovers
Disarm the angel of death.

Because I strive in vain that heart to warm,
Shall this heart float adrift in passion's storm?
No, no! Enough Fate may bend not to my will,
Thy staff, Philosophy, consoles me still.
Away with dreams! I'll seek Stambouli's delight,
Where vain chimeras all are put to flight.
There Mauritanian figs in strong wine warm ;
There floats the Alnuc's alabaster form.
Yes, though thou scornest me, Aissa, bared too well,
Eyes dark as thine still burn, oh, wild gazelle!
Capricious, rose this aching heart away :
Rose-cheeks like thine still mock the aching day.
And yet, why shun thee? days n'erbrimmed with care,
And sleepless nights were mine, were thou not there.
Who will, may drain long draughts of charming fire ;
Love's bitter chalice be my sole desire!
Who will, may woo the Alnuc's soulless wiles ;
Lead me still captive to thy chary smiles!
Let frowns o'erglaum those eyes, let smiles illume,
Their rays alone shall light me to the tomb.
Though now thou scornest me, Aissa, patience! key
Some day shall ope the door of victory!

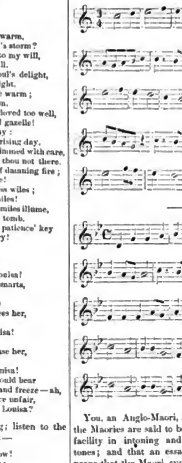
Bright sultana of all hearts,
Laughing, lovely Frank, Louisa!
Source of soulfelt cares and smarts,
Captivating young Louisa!
Fiery spears the heart impale
Of each fated youth who sees her,
Yet may never cruel veil
Hide the face of sweet Louisa!
Joy in Islam I have lost,
I can think but how to please her,
By a heretic pasolon test
For the peerless Frank, Louisa!
Though my soul, this love should bear
Thee where tortures burn and freeze — ah,
Would st thou count that price unfair,
Could st thou thereby gain Louisa?

But I will strike a wilder string; listen to the eager pulsations of this war song :—

Too pale the glow Love's blisses bestow!
A wilder transport these pulses know ;
When to songs of war my heartstrings vibrate,
A burning sand-storm, I rush on the foe!
They drone un mean of pitiful woe ;
Frenzy, flame, from those clangors flow ;
Through riot and rapture of slaughter, elate,
A hungry leopard, I spring on the foe!
Sand stings, thirst tortures, angry wounds glow ;
To joust with the lightning a thousand go ;
Through war's red roar rings the trumpet of Fate,
The right hand of Fate, I shatter the foe!

It does not always happen that a good-folk poem is wedded to a good melody. Sometimes the air is good of its kind, the accompanying poem insignificant; sometimes the verse is good, the melody weak. But as a folk-song is not an art-song, we cannot expect it to be complete, a work of art in music, words, structure, expression; if it prove so occasionally, it is only from an accidental, momentary concentration and heightening of comparatively inferior creative genius.

You must not expect from me a technical dissertation on the peculiarities of Oriental music; this is one of the especial provinces of historians and antiquarians, though composers also seek, and often find in such a study, and similar ones, many suggestions in regard to novel effects of melody, harmony, and rhythm. But the chief characteristics of all Oriental music may be summed up in two; syncopated or broken rhythm or measure, and inharmonic coloring, abounding in half, and even quarter tones. It is doubtful whether we ever obtain a just idea of Oriental music, by means of our system of notation, since it differs so greatly from the Oriental, and does not contain symbols of a nature to convey, through the eye, an adequate outline of that. However, I will give you two rare specimens; the first is the melody of an Arabian popular song, the second a Turkish march brought to Europe by the Marquis of Lothian.



You, an Anglo-Maori, are perhaps aware that the Maories are said to be gifted with a peculiar facility in intoning and distinguishing quarter tones; and that an essay has been written to prove that the Maori system of intervals closely resembles the inharmonic genius of the Greeks. A gentleman not unknown to you, Sir George Grey, has something to say about this in his book on Polynesian mythology. He (as well as Shortland and Davies), has given more than one specimen of Maori folk-song; one, a girl's complaint, and in as "sad and feminine" a manner as any Russian song: "Ah, how fine was the clothing of the fair fo. ign sea-god! But I, alas, must return to my rags, to my nothing-at-all!"

After your return to Canterbury in Maori-land, you may some day, in one of your country excursions gaze from Looker-on-Mountain through cloud diadems to the Kaikoura and the Amuri bluff; you will see the magnificent reach of the coast line, with the fringe of algae that imparts to the edge of the water its Rembrandtesque brown, and beyond the snowy surf, the aqua-marine tint of the dashing rollers, the more distant greenish hue that imperceptibly melts into the deep, dark blue of the fathomless ocean; think then, of those imperceptibly melting chromatic quarter tones of Oriental and Maori melodies, and search for some aboriginal airs, composed by some unappreciated, "inglorious" (though not "mute") semi-demi-countryman of your own, and send them to me, "for sweet remembrance' sake!"

My first letter to you began with an observation on the international and artistic nature of life and feeling on the island; the idea that originated that, and the tune succeeding ones, was quite in character with the spirit of such a life, though, superficially, far removed from Russian, Oriental, or Maori folk-songs. Bodenstedt, Hafiz or Poinnanu; yet enchained with them all as all human ideas, persons, things, must be with each other, no matter how distant apparently. It was in the lovely county of Kent, "the garden of England," not a thousand miles from Canterbury, that I first met one of my dearest friends, and the nearest of yours, now a Crown commissioner in the Canterbury of New Zealand. You know, that in the vicinity of the island there stands a college in which a certain gentle doctor in Apollo is practically interested. Thither I wended my way, a few weeks ago, in response to an invitation to attend a lecture on the architecture of the Cathedral of Canterbury, delivered by Professor Cady Eaton, an American gentleman of European culture, and travelled experience, fond of art, and formerly professor at Yale College. The lecture was accompanied by illustrations, collected in England, and giving a very fair idea to those who never saw it, of the most interesting of English churches after Westminster Abbey. But ah! to me they brought back far more than the antique and storied walls that enclose the shrine of Becket! They peopled the simple lecture hall with tones and visions,—of an ancient church, its square tower, lych-enlaspel; its deep portal, its carven marble screens, the quiet services in which birds were not infrequent choristers; of a secluded rectory, embosomed in soft and flowery fields and gardens, climbing roses nodding by scores, through the lattices, a scent of rose and lavender floating through all the house,—the coo of doves from the grove beside the stream, the swell and fall of chimes from the distant churches of three parishes,—the common, with its gorse and glowworms, the mill pond, the rookery, the hop gardens, and the wide, rich stretch of the Weald of Kent,—all enhanced by the "light that never was on sea or land," the light of memory and love! And thence, by a natural transition, from that rectory and its surroundings, which are so dear to you and to me, to Canterbury in New Zealand, to you, to your request in regard to folk-songs, to the recent arrival of von Bodenstedt in America, to Russian and Oriental folk-songs;—and hence these letters!

Yours faithfully, F. R. R.

ERRATA.—In Mrs. Ritter's letter of Jan. 1, the names of the poets Koslow and Dammer, were incorrectly printed as Koshand and Dammer. In the second Oriental song, line 9, for "*drop*" read *drop*; in the third, for "*foam-flesh*," read *foam-fresh*. In the letter of Feb. 28, five Russian folk-songs were inadvertently enclosed with quotation marks; these translations, however, are all Mrs. Ritter's own. In the two peasant songs in same letter, for "*bogor*" read *bogur*; in the note, for "Aweff," read Lweff.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON.—Herr Joachim, *the* great violinist, is on his annual visit here, and played in the Monday Popular Concert of February 16th, a Bach Prelude and Fugue for violin solo, besides leading in a Quartet of Beethoven, and of Haydn. The correspondent of our New York neighbor writes: "His tone is fuller, broader, and more majestic than that of any other violinist now before the English public; his repertory is confined to the noblest and the best music; while as a master of technique he has no superior and but one rival, Herr Wilhelmj." — Carl Rosa, with his English Opera Troupe, has brought out *Lohengrin* in a new version by Mr. J. P. Jackson, with the German tenor, Schott, in the part of the Knight of the holy Grail, Miss Gaylord (*American*) as Elsa, and Miss Josephine Yorke as Ortrud. *Aida*, too, is promised. Mr. Rosa is convalescent, and ex-

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pected soon from Nice.—The performances of Beethoven's Symphonies, in successive chronological order, commenced February 21st, at the Crystal Palace, under Mr. Manns. They are to be continued weekly, closing April 17th, with the Choral, No. 9.—The most recent number of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* contains a very interesting and exhaustive article, from the Editors's own pen which is doubtless a worthy companion piece to his admirable article on Beethoven. The issue of the quarterly number (January 1), was delayed by Mr. Grove's personal researches about Mendelssohn in Berlin and Leipzig; it has not yet reached us here in Boston.—The dates for the Grand Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, have been fixed for Friday, June 18, (rehearsal), Monday, June 21, Wednesday, 23, and Friday, 25.—Mr. Sims Reeves, the great English tenor, will retire from public life, after a concert tour extending probably over two years. He was born in 1821, and has been singing in public over forty years.

—One of London's most successful musical organizations is about to put out the lights and take in its sign; *Figaro*, (February 18) tells us:—

The farewell season of the Henry Leslie Choir began at St. James' Hall on Thursday. In a sort of preface to the book of words a brief account was given of the rise and progress of the famous choir, and of the reasons which have induced Mr. Henry Leslie to disband it at the close of this year. The scheme originated in the autumn of 1855, when thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen met Mr. Henry Leslie in one of the small rehearsal rooms of the defunct Hanover Square Rooms, for the purpose of practicing unaccompanied music of the English glee and madrigal school. The idea originated with Mr. Joseph Heming, an enthusiast in the cause, the voices hving been most carefully selected by him, and with such forces Mr. Leslie resolved to attempt to do for English music what had been so ably done by the Berlin Dom Choir and the Cologne students for German choral art. The first performances of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave it at once the position it has ever since held. Some years ago the number of the Henry Leslie choir was restricted to 240, and at that figure it has since remained. Altogether apart from its work in popularising some of the finest unaccompanied music of all schools, many of the greatest artists of the day have come from the ranks of the Henry Leslie choir. Chief, perhaps, among the "old choristers" are Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Joseph Barnby, while Miss Orridge, Mme. Mudie Bolinbroke, and many others have been members of the choir. The reason of the disbanding on the choir is plainly stated in the preface, to which allusion has been made. It is stated: "The time has, however, come within the heart and soul of this great choral body must have less arduous work than is necessitated by the elaborate and exhausting rehearsals essential to a continuance of the high standard of excellence aimed at throughout the existence of the choir, and though Mr. Leslie does not pledge himself to make a *last appearance in* 1880, but may from time to time appear as a conductor, yet, at the termination of the present season, the dissolution of the choir will take place, and its work of a quarter of a century be brought to a close." The date of the final, or "Festival," concert is not yet fixed, but in addition to the four concerts already announced, an afternoon performance will be given on June 10, and the "Festival" concert towards the end of the same month will, so far as England is concerned, conclude the choir's career.

The programme of the concert of Thursday was, as is Mr. Henry Leslie's custom during Lent, restricted to sacred music, and contained for the most part pieces selected from the choir's ordinary repertory. Among the chief works were Bach's motet for double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," a singularly complex work, which has been for some time past identified, at least in England, with the Leslie choir; Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," and the beautiful setting of the 23d Psalm by Schubert, sung by the ladies of the choir. A "Kyrie" from a Mass by Leonardo Leo, Dr. William Pole's setting for double choir of the 100th Psalm, and Mr. Alfred Gaul's "The Better Land," were also given; while an exceedingly graceful part-song, entitled "Homeward," by Mr. Leslie himself, was sung and repeated. Mr. Maas and Madame Patey were the vocalists, the gentleman singing "Comfort ye," in a manner worthy the traditions of our school of oratorio; while the lady was heard in Gounod's "There is a green hill," and in Mr. Leslie's own song, "I saw a golden sunbeam fall."

Crystal Palace.—From the same paper (February 14,) we learn that Mendelssohn's Octet has been played there too by all the strings of the orchestra, as well as here in Boston. "Cherubino" writes:

Once before, if I recollect rightly, in October, 1869, the same experiment was attempted with a result, that for nearly ten years it has not been repeated. Then, as now, if I remember correctly, Mr. George Grove offered manifold excuses, quoted the opinions of Schumann, and pointed out that the symphonic form of the octet rendered it peculiarly liable to the term of a "symphony in disguise." The best proof that the octet is not likely to suffer by its distribution among the strings of Mr. Manns's orchestra, lies, however, first, in the fact that Mendelssohn by implication and, it is understood, by words (though I believe their authenticity has been questioned) sanctioned the affair; and, secondly, that the effect gained by the body of instruments is undoubtedly new. As we all know, Mendelssohn himself orchestrated the celebrated scherzo for the symphony in C minor, dedicated to the Philharmonic Society, and generally known as No. 1, although it is numbered 13 in the Philharmonic catalogue. All these matters, therefore, afford sufficient justification to the Crystal Palace authorities to play the octet in E flat in symphony fashion, and if Mr. Grove were to seek for any further excuse, its magnificent performance by the Crystal Palace orchestra would supply it. In the programme itself there were no novelties. The "Dance of Sylphs" and the "Rakoczy" march, from Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust," have already frequently been heard in the concert room, to say nothing of the performance of the complete work a year or two ago on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mlle. Janotha played the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven, and Mme. Sinico sang.

Leipzig.—On the anniversary of Mozart's birth, the fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert had a Mozartian Programme. The fourteenth Concert offered: Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; two Choral songs ("Das Dörfchen" and "Das Schifflein") by Schumann; Bacchanal from the ballet, *Achille à Scyros*, Cherubini (first time); Overture to Calderon's *Dame Kobold*, Reinecke; "Schicksalslied," for chorus and orchestra, Brahms; Variations on Haydn's "God save the Emperor," by the whole stringed Orchestra; Chorus of Dervishes, Turkish March, and Solemn March and Chorus, from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*.

Paris.—The sixteenth Concert Populaire (Pasdeloup) opened with the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, which delighted the Parisians as usual. Two novelties were: the second Violin Concerto by Saint-Saëns, and the lyric poem, *Atala*, by Mme. de Grandval. The seventeenth programme included: Symphony in D (No. 45), Haydn; Offertoire, Gounod; Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by M. Marsick; *Kermesse* (first time) by B. Godard; Romance from Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*, sung by M. Naudin; and Overture to *Freyschütz*.

The ninth and tenth Concerts of the Conservatoire commenced with the Dramatic Symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*, by Berlioz, and finished with "the ravishing Symphony in G, of Haydn, the creator of the Symphony." There was also given a fragment of the *Prometheus* music by Beethoven, and a chorus from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.

—For the eleventh Concert (Sunday, Feb. 22), the programme offered: Symphony in F, Beethoven; *Pater Noster*, unaccompanied chorus, Meyerbeer; Overture to *Le Giaour*, Th. Gouvy; Chorus from *Armide*, Lulli; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn.

—At the Concert of the Châtelet, Mme. Essipoff achieved a brilliant success in the G minor Concerto of Saint-Saëns; and M. Camille Lelong, likewise, in the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn. The other selections were: Overture to *Le Vénitien*, by M. Albert Cohen; Symphony in D minor, Schumann, and a fragment from the *Romeo and Juliette* of Berlioz.

—At the Opera, in the same week, the pieces given were: *Der Freyschütz*, *Yeddar*, *Hamlet* and the *Muette de Portici*. At the Opéra Comique, *La Fille du Regiment*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Les Dragons de Villars*, *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Lalla Roukh*, *Le Maçon*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*, *Le Chalet*, and *Le Pain bis*. At the Gaîté, *Paul et Virginie*, *Pétrarque*, *La Traviata*. Verdi is in Paris and has commenced rehearsals of *Aïda* at the Opera.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

A full week's festival of harmony, all brought about by chance, concludes to-night. Concerts always thicken as the season draws to an end; but rarely are so many concerts of importance crowded into a single week, as we have now been having. Here is the calendar: Monday afternoon, Miss Maurer; evening, Mr. Perabo, with a remarkable quantity of *new* music, including an Octet for strings by Bargiel; Tuesday evening, the Apollo Club; Wednesday evening, the last University Concert, at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, with Prof. Paine's new Symphony, and the Euterpe Concert in Boston; Thursday afternoon, the Seventh Harvard Symphony Concert, with Paine's new Symphony and Mr. Sherwood in Beethoven's G major Concerto; Thursday evening, Friday evening, and Saturday afternoon, the three twice-postponed Joseffy Concerts; Saturday evening, Concert by Mr. Arthur Foote. To attend and appreciate them all, together with rehearsals, and such preparation as would ensure a fit state of mind for listening, would require a general suspension of business and a whole week's holiday. Even a poor musical editor, who is presumed to carry several extra pairs of ears about him, must lose some of it. For any extended review of it in this Journal, which goes to press on Thursday, a later number must serve. We turn now to things of a week or two past.

Mendelssohn's Octet, composed just before his Shakespearian fairy Overture, as a birth-day present to Rietz, full of artisic, plastic faculty, and full of spirit, and of *verve*, would no doubt, even with all the strings, have sounded better in a smaller hall, —say in the Sanders Theatre—and considering the lack of color contrasts through reeds, flutes and brass, may have been found somewhat monotonous at the end of so long a programme. But it was finely rendered, and heard with close attention by all who remained to the end. The work, in fact, is laid out on the broad scale of a Symphony and there is marked contrast of character between its several movements, especially between the airy, fairy, mystical and almost ghostlike Scherzo and the grand sweep and rush, like a freshet, of the Presto finale. The Overture to "Les Abencerrages" is a genial, spirited, enjoyable composition, ranking perhaps next in importance to Cherubini's *Wasserträger* and *Medea* preludes.

Mme. Rivé-King displayed rare strength, firmness and certainty of grasp, neatness, finish, fluency and grace in her execution of the brilliant and difficult Concerto of Saint-Saëns. She played with freedom and enthusiasm, making a brilliant mark for herself, especially in the much admired Scherzando movement, with its exhilarating hunter's rhythm.

Miss May Bryant, who seemed in a great measure to have overcome the nervousness which has partially defeated her few public efforts here before, has a simple, noble, large, artistic style of singing, which confirms the promise of her face and outward bearing. Her voice, a rich mezzo soprano, is very evenly developed; the tones are given out frankly and clearly; her phrasing is excellent; and she sings with soul and pure expression. She gave the Prayer of Penelope with chaste dramatic fervor; and she entered into the spirit of the three German Songs (her German pronounciation being remarkably pure), which were nicely accompanied by Mr. Foote.

We add the programme for this week's Concert (the last but one):

Overture to "Coriolan," . . . . *Beethoven.*
Piano Concerto in G. . . . . *Beethoven.*
William H. Sherwood.
New Symphony, "Spring" in A. . *John K Paine.*
Piano Solo: Grand Fantaisie, Op. 17,
middle movement. . . . . *Schumann.*
William H. Sherwood.
Overture: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage," . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

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The Concertstück of Schumann for four horns, promised for the last Concert, has been found impracticable for any horns now commonly in use. The programme therefore, of the Eighth and Last Concert, for March 25, stands thus:

Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," . . . *Beethoven.*
Piano Concerto in F sharp minor (first time in America), ... *Hans von Bronsart.*
B. J. Lang.
Three short Marches, from "Figaro," "Magic Flute," and "Fidelio," *Mozart, Beethoven.*
Symphony, No. 9 in C, ... *Schubert.*

UNIVERSITY CONCERTS. — The fourth and last but one, which we were disabled from attending, took place on Wednesday evening, February 25, when an enthusiastic audience listened to the two movements of Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor and to the charming E flat Symphony of Mozart; also to a quint "Rigadon de Dardanus," by Rameau; and to a brilliant performance by Mme. Rivé-King of the second Concerto (G minor) of Saint-Saens. The Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Bernhard Listemann, is said to have acquitted itself admirably.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The Sixth Symphony Concert (fifteenth season) which came right upon the heels of the Cambridge Concert, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 26, had a large audience to enjoy the following programme, whose only fault was its rather too great length:—

Overture to "Les Abencerrages" . . . *Cherubini.*
Recitative and prayer: Penelope Mourning.
Scene from "Odysseus" . . . . . . *Max Bruch.*
Miss May Bryant.
Piano-forte Concerto, No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22. . . . . *Saint Saëns.*
Andante sostenuto.—Allegro Scherzando. —Presto.
Madame Julia Rivé-King.
Symphony No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60 . . . *Beethoven.*
Song with Piano-forte
a. Rastlose Liebe (Restless Love). . . *Schubert.*
b. Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag" . . *Franz.*
c. Romanze . . . . *Brahms.*
Miss May Bryant.
Octet, in E flat, Op. 20. (By all the Strings) . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Allegro moderato ma con fuoco.—Andante.—Scherzo.—Presto.

The fourth Symphony, standing as it does between the two giants, the *Eroica* and the sublime one in C Minor, doubtless seems to some comparatively light for Beethoven; and indeed it has affinities, as Berlioz has well pointed out in the description which we copy in another column, with the fresh, elastic, joyous Number Two, in D. And joy, too, is a characteristic, is the whole tendency and last result of all Beethoven's Symphonies, and indeed of all his music; when you have heard that "Hymn to Joy" in the Ninth Symphony, you feel that his creative aspiration tended still to that. Beethoven, in his music, in his life, with all that he experienced, all that he expressed of struggle and of pain, all his Promethean agonies, all that there is dark and deep and mystically brooding in his thoughts and his imaginings, is still the greatest optimist. "Freude, schoner Gotterfunken!" is his creed, for to him Joy means love and brotherhood and the embrace of all the myriads of Humanity. But we think that Berlioz, in emphasizing the light-hearted, joyous and elastic character of this Symphony, does not quite recognize its tender, sentimental quality. He wrote grander Symphonies, but none more lovely, none more tender, delicate, and passion-fraught than this. It is *warm* music; a whole rhythmic history of deep, consuming love, with its hopes and its despairs, its fitful moods, its infinite longings, its Platonic meditations, reveries, exquisite caprices, depths "most musical, most melancholy," and heights of rapture unattainable and heaven-storming. In sentiment, spirit, age, (speaking as of the heart's lifetime), it has always seemed to us to class with the song "Adelaide," and such Sonatas as the *Pathetique* the "Moonlight," and that entitled *Les Adieux, l'Absence et la Retour.* At any rate, one feels this in the wonderful Adagio, with the throbbing figure that pervades its stately rhythm, and which beats beneath its exquisite, fond, long-drawn melody; and in the slow introduction to the joyous *Allegro vivace.* The Symphony was delicately, brightly and appreciatively rendered; it is one to which Mr. Zerrahn, we understand, is partial; well he may be.

CECILIA.—The second concert of the season (Feb. 27) had the usual eager audience, filling the Music Hall. It opened with one of the shorter ones of Bach's 250 or more sacred Cantatas: "Bleib bei uns" ("Bide with us, for eve is drawing onward"). The opening chorus, and the setting of the two chorals, in the middle and at the end, are in rich, massive, noble harmony for mixed voices, and were sung in broad, even style, with good ensemble, but seemed hardly to excite the general audience, although the few, who had made themselves more at home in the Bach music, enjoyed them sincerely. We do not know whether this music would have proved much more effective, had it been given with orchestra as Bach intended, instead of organ only. The Airs, for Alto [Miss Clara J. Poole] and Tenor (Dr. Langmaid) were finely sung, especially the latter, which was warmly received; and the Recitative, for Bass, was well delivered by Mr. Frank L. Young. —We wonder that the 43d Psalm by Mendelssohn, a very short, and a very vigorous and stirring one: "Judge me, O God," has not been heard here before. It made a decided impression, being finely sung and with a will.—This was followed by a Latin sacred song, "O quam suavis," which sounded very Italian for Mendelssohn, and which we know not where to look for among his works. It was very beautifully sung by Dr. Langmaid, who was in his best voice. Mendelssohn was still further represented by selections from *Athalia*, namely, the Trio and Chorus: "Promised joys! Menaced woes!" and the grand chorus of praise, "Heaven and earth proclaim." The Trio was very satisfactorily presented by Mrs. G. K. Hooper, Miss Ella M. Abbott, and Mrs C. C. Noyes.

The Second Part was secular and composed of choice part-songs and glees. First, the beautiful "Spring Night," by Robert Franz; then a lovely "Spring Song" for female voices, by Cade; then a funny ding-dong glee by Stewart: "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," which was encored. Three German songs, by Grieg, Ries, and Sucher, were sung with a hearty fervor and abandon (Mr. Lang accompanying), and with pleasing, sympathetic voice, by Miss Abbott; and the concert closed with a nicely wrought modern Madrigal, in old contrapuntal style: "Charm me asleep," by Leslie and the "Hunting Song" by Mendelssohn. All these pieces were sung to a charm.

The main feature of the next concert, April 12, will be Schumann's *Manfred* music, with orchestra, and a reading of portions of Byron's text.

MISS HENRIETTA MAURER.—The first of the two Matinées, by this young pianist who studied several years at the Conservatory in Moscow, took place on Monday, March 1, at Mechanic's Hall, exciting not a little interest, which was rewarded by the artistic rendering of the following programme:

SONATA FOR PIANO AND VIOLIN. . . . . *Niels Gade.*
Miss Maurer and Mr. Listemann
ARIA. "L'Eremita." . . . . *Coletti.*
Signor Cirillo.
ARIA CON VARIAZIONE. . . . . *Handel.*
Miss Maurer.
CONCERT-ARIA. . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Mrs. Marchington.
SERENADE. . . . . *Schubert.*
Signor Cirillo.
{a. NOCTURNE, F sharp. . . . . *Chopin.*
{b. MENUETTO. . . . . *Schubert.*
Miss Maurer.
"LA ZINGARELLA." Cansone. . . . . . *Paesiello.*
Mrs. Marchington.
VALSE DE CONCERT. . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Miss Maurer.
DUET. Corticelli's celebrated melody. . . . . *Cirillo.*
Mrs. Marchington and Signor Cirillo.

Miss Maurer's interpretations bore the marks of intelligent and earnest study, and of musical feeling; her touch is clear and vital; her execution facile, neat and often brilliant. The "Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations, and the Concert Waltz by Wieniawski, were particularly well played. Mrs. Marchington, a pupil of Signor Cirillo, sang the exacting "Infelice" of Mendelssohn in a clear, bright, even voice, and with good style and phrasing. The master himself has seldom used his rich baritone voice to better advantage; he sang the Schubert Serenade delightfully.

We were unable to attend the second Matinée (March 8), which we hear was found still more enjoyable. We can only give the programme:

RONDO BRILLANT FOR PIANO AND VIOLIN. . *Schubert.*
Miss Maurer and Miss Shattuck.
CANZONE AFRICANA. . . . . *Hackensellner.*
Signor Cirillo.
VARIATIONEN, C minor. . . . . *Beethoven.*
Miss Maurer.
ARIA FROM "LA JUIVE." . . . . *Halévy.*
Mrs. Richardson.
FINALE FROM VIOLIN CONCERTO. . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Miss Shattuck.
"IL SOGNO," . . . . *Mercadante.*
Signor Cirillo.
{a. PRELUDE AND FUGUE, F. sharp. . . . . . *Bach.*
{b. VALSE ALLEMANDE. . . . . *Rubinstein.*
{a. LIED DER MIGNON.
{b. AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN. } . . . *Schubert.*
Mrs. Richardson.
TARANTELLA. . . . . *Liszt.*
Miss Maurer.
DUET. Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga." . . . *Cirillo.*
Mrs. Richardson and Signor.

MISS TERESA CARRENO CAMPBELL'S Complimentary Concert last Saturday evening was in all respects a great success. Union Hall was completely filled with an audience in the best sense of the word "select,"—people whose presence was in itself flattering to the fair young violinist of sixteen. The programme was well selected and arranged:

QUARTET in D, ... *Haydn.*
Allegro Moderato. Adagio Cantabile.
Miss Campbell, Messrs. Allen, Fries, and Heindl.
PIANO SOLO — Polonaise in E flat, ... *Chopin.*
Miss Mary M. Campbell.
SONGS, {a. "Barcarolle." {b. "The Evening Hour." } . . *Robert Franz.*
Mr. Edward Bowditch.
VIOLIN SOLO — Polonaise in A, ... *Wieniawski.*
Miss Teresa Carreno Campbell.
ARIA — "Pur dicesti," . . . . *Lotti.*
Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen.
PIANO SOLO—Scherzo No. 2, in B flat minor, op. 31, *Chopin.*
Mr. B. J. Lang.
SONGS, ... *Jensen.*
Mr. Edward Bowditch.
VIOLIN SOLO — Air on the 4th String. . *Bach-Wilhelmj.*
Miss Teresa Carreno Campbell.
SONG — Kerry Dance, ... *Molloy.*
Mrs. Humphrey-Allen.
SYMPHONY CONCERTANTE — (Two Violins), . . *Dancla.*
Miss Campbell and Mr. Allen.

The talent and fine promise of the maiden violinist was very evident in all her performances, from her leading of the Haydn Quartet, to her sure and brilliant execution of the Polonaise, and her interpretation, with so much artistic feeling, of the Aria by Bach. For an encore she played the Album Piece by Wagner. The Duet, by Dancla, too, was very bright and full of life. Miss Mary Campbell proved herself an accomplished Pianist; and it need not be said that Mr. Lang's rendering of the Chopin Scherzo was masterly. The singing was excellent. Mrs. Allen was in remarkably good voice and won the warmest recognition. Mr. Bowditch, a Boston amateur, though living for some years past in Albany, gave unqualified delight by his sweet, manly voice, and the chaste, refined, unaffected style and feeling of his songs; his kindness was largely drawn upon for more and he responded with good grace.

The young lady has every reason to feel encouraged by her first Concert.

Due notice of a long list of concerts is unavoidably deferred.

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MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1. — On Tuesday evening, February 24, occurred the fourth and last concert of the N. Y. Quintet Club, with this programme: —

String Quartet, Op. 41, No. 3. in A, ... *Schumann.*
Piano Trio. G major, ... *Haydn.*
Reisebilder, (Piano and 'Cello), ... *Kiel.*
(Messrs Mills and Müller).
Piano Quintet. Op. 114, ... *Schubert.*

Schumann's lovely Quintet was played very well indeed, and Mr. Arnold's excellent technique showed to especial advantage. This gentleman has an excellent tone, a firm bow, and an admirable conception. He is a most capable leader in chamber music, and it is largely due to his ability that the soirées of the N. Y. Philharmonic Club have been of such artistic merit.

The Haydn Trio, — a melodious and unassuming work, was played by Mr. Muller ('cello), Miss Marie Lobeck (violin), and Miss Martha Lobeck (piano). Its performance introduced the element of variety, for it was a happy compound of professional ability ('cello and school-girlish capacity.) The violinist has a good tone, and fair execution; but the pianist had as much (or as little) idea of the proper use of the pedal as have most of the fair sex, and her execution was *slim*.

Messrs. Mills and Müller gave an effective performance of the next number, and somewhat raised our drooping spirits. Their "Travel-pictures" are beautiful little musical sketches, which have not before been given here; they are thoughtfully written, and some of the enharmonic transitions are very pleasing. They seem more dependent for their attractive qualities upon their "musicality," than upon any display of technique.

Schubert's charming "Trout" Quintet hardly received fair treatment, for the contra-basso artist insisted upon being a quarter of a tone below pitch, and there was much rudeness in the ensemble playing. Furthermore, Mr. Mills would persist in endeavoring to drown the other artists whenever he found a good fair and square opportunity. The performance could scarcely be regarded as an excellent one.

On Wednesday evening the *Damnation de Faust* was repeated for the second time, and again to a full house; there is a rumor to the effect that it is to be given again, but this is not authenticated.

On Wednesday afternoon the second of Mr. G. W. Morgan's organ and harp recitals took place at Chickering Hall: the programme was an excellent one, and the performance was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. Miss Emily Winant contributed undeniably to the success of the entertainment by her serious and dignified interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Rest in the Lord:" in response to a hearty encore she sang Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Miss Maud Morgan's harp playing is really admirable, and when to this fact is added the incidental circumstance that she is a young lady of very charming presence and modest demeanor, enough has been said, I am sure, to give a faint idea of the attractiveness of these interesting matinées.

MARCH 8. — On Monday evening, March 1, we had a Joseffy concert with the following programme:

Overture. "Fingal's Cave," . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
(Orchestra.)
1st Concerto, E minor, ... *Chopin.*
2d Concerto, F minor, ... *Chopin.*
Andante Spianato, and Polonaise, Op. 22, ... *Chopin.*

Nothing can be added to the praise which has already been accorded to the wonderful Hungarian pianist. He is probably the best interpreter of Chopin who has ever visited us, if indeed he be not the best living. His delicacy of touch and his perfect use of the pedal (an art in itself) are peculiar qualifications for the satisfactory performance of the exacting compositions of the greatest writer for the piano-forte (as such) who has ever lived. The audience was very large, appreciative and enthusiastic; and Joseffy must feel an artist's pardonable and natural delight in the knowledge that he has gained a footing here which he will never lose. The modesty and quiet of his demeanour have conduced greatly to his success; for we have been accustomed to the slam-bang order of piano thumpers and many had begun to entertain the idea that no refined and gentlemanly pianist could succeed in securing the good will of an American audience. Joseffy, therefore, may be regarded as a *reformer* as well as a marvellous pianist. Of course, the audience on Monday evening were clamorous for more than the programme promised, and Joseffy gave the lovely Prelude in D flat and a posthumous mazourka in A minor.

On Tuesday evening Mr. E. C. Phelps, of Brooklyn, brought out his new historic choral "Emancipation" Symphony at the Academy of Music in that city. It is in five parts, as follows: —

1st. Movement, ... *Adagio non troppo*
The long night of bondage. The cries of the oppressed.

2d. Plantation Dances. . . . . . *Allegro Moderato.*
(Lights and Shadows of Slave Life).

Nothing expresses more distinctly the emotions and characteristics of the African race than these mournful and grotesque rhythms in dance forms.

3d. "The Slave Girl's Dream," . . . . . *Allegretto*
In this Rhapsodie I have attempted to depict the unrest and aspirations of a young woman longing for liberty.

4th. The Conflict, ... *Allegro Agitato.*
This movement portrays the final arbitration of arms. The conflict of the opposing principles of freedom and slavery. In the Finale the death of Lincoln is indicated by a wild episode of universal grief, leading to the

5th. The Funeral March, . . . *Adagio con dolore.*

6th. "Laus Deo." Whittier's Hymn.
For Contralto Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.

In my opinion the author's ability to orchestrate is greater than his capacity to originate. His treatment of the different instruments is really excellent; but he has a tendency to be diffuse and monotonous. I find the 1st and 6th movements much superior to the intervening ones. Candor compels me to say that the "Funeral March" is weak and commonplace, but we all — we Americans — have reason to be thoroughly glad that we have among us men of pluck, energy, and devotion to art, who are surely laying the foundations for the musical eminence which is at some future day to be ours. All honor, then, to Mr. Phelps, Mr. Boise, and others who have given orchestral form and shape to their musical thoughts and aspirations.

The second part of Mr. Phelp's programme was taken up by Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, and a very good performance it certainly was. The chorus work was excellent, Miss Beebe (who took the 1st soprano) sang very finely; and everything went reasonably well and smoothly, albeit the conductor (not Mr. Phelps) was hardly equal to the task.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 23. — At the second Peabody Concert, on the 14th, the following programme was produced: —

Symphony, C minor, No 5, ... *Beethoven.*
Songs with Piano.
The dream. Work 8. No. 1 — The lark Work 33. No. 3 — The dew it shines. Work 72. No. 1. — When I see thee draw near. Work 27. No. 8. — Thou'rt like unto a flower. Work 32. No. 5. — Fly away, nightingale. Work 27. No. 1. — Miss Henrietta Beebe, ... *Rubinstein.*
a. Fragments from the "Condemnation of Faust." Hungarian March. — Dance of the Sylphs.
b. The Roman Carnival. Concert-Overture. Work 9. . . . . *Hector Berlioz.*

and at the third concert, last Saturday, the following:

Symphony, C minor. No. 2. Work 55 . . . *Saint Saëns.*
Italian Songs of the seventeenth century.
I return to my arms. — My sweet one, ope thine eyes. — Eyes of beauty. — Miss Antonia Henne.
Sonata Appassionata, F minor. Work 57.
Mme Nannette Falk-Auerbach, ... *Beethoven.*
Songs, with Piano,
Lov'st thou for beauty. — The red, red rose. Work 27. — Dedication. Work 25. — Miss Antonia Henne. . . . . . . *Schumann.*
Sclavonic Rhapsody, D major. No. 1. Work 45. . . . . *Anton Dvorák.*

With the increased orchestral facilities it seems the intention of M. Hamerik to wander from the beaten path of the older classics to a greater extent than usual and to devote more time to works of the newer schools. The attendance of the Peabody Concerts has thus far been very satisfactory, and the interest in orchestral music appears unusually strong.

On the 16th inst., the six leading German singing societies combined to give a concert for the benefit of the Silesian sufferers. What object really prompted this unusual combination of rival singing societies, and to what extent the destitute Silesians are to be benefitted thereby, is of no consequence musically.

It is sufficient to know that after a great amount of wrangling as to the momentous question: Who shall direct the combined chorus? the concert finally took place, and the two selections, *Ossian*, by Beschnitt, and "*Siegesgesang der Deutschen nach der Hermannsschlacht*," by Abt, were decidedly interesting, if only for the fact that the opportunity is not often afforded us of hearing 150 male voices all in a bunch. The remainder of the programme contained nothing of special interest.

MARCH 6. — Among the musical attractions of last week was the Mapleson (Her Majesty's!) Opera Troupe with the usual stale and hackneyed repertoire. The company was, however, taken altogether, very satisfactory, and what they did was done with more general evenness and attention to detail than has been the case for some time in this city. The *Aida* performance was a striking exception to the general run of opera production in scenic and choral effects, so necessary to a proper representation of this really interesting work of the composer of *Trovatore;* the orchestra was the best your correspondent has ever heard at any opera in Baltimore. *Faust* also was given in a most enjoyable manner, despite the fact that both the leading characters were far from satisfactory. The Faust was the usual little dapper Italian gentleman, with a diminutive black moustache, and as far removed from the German ideal of the German student, Faust, as could be supposed; and the Marguerite was anything but the picture of unconscious innocence and natural grace which enchants us in Goethe's Gretchen.

The fourteenth Student's Concert at the Conservatory last Saturday, presented the following programme:

String-trio, G major. Work 9. No. 1. . . . *Beethoven.*
For violin, viola, violincello.
Messrs. Fincke, Schaeffer and Jungnickel.
a. Scene and Air from Oberon. . . . . *Weber.*
Miss Rose Seldner, student of the Conservatory, first year.
b. Recitative and Air from Freitschutz.
Miss Rose Barrett, student of the Conservatory, first year.
"Trout" Quintet, A major. Work 114. . . *Schubert.*
For piano, violin, etc.
Miss Agnes Hoen, student of the Conservatory, fifth year.
Messrs. Fincke, Schaeffer, Jungnickel and Leutbecker.

Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach, who has won an enviable reputation as an interpreter of Beethoven's piano music, is giving three Beethoven recitals, of which two have taken place thus far. The sonatas selected are Op. 57; Op. 27, Nos. 1 and 2; Op. 81; Op. 32, No. 2, 110; 53; 106; and Op. 102, Nos. 1 and 2, for 'cello and piano, Mr. Jungnickel taking the 'cello part. At the closing recital on the 12th inst. Mme. Auerbach will also play Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*, Op. 13.

Last evening the Wednesday Club Chorus gave its second entertainment with the first part of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, using the original score. The chorus consisted of very nearly one hundred voices, and the solo parts were distributed among different members, an admirable plan for encouraging a particular interest in the work among the singers, and far preferable to the usual plan of assigning all the soli of any part to one particular voice. The orchestra was very small, as the whole performance was rather an experiment, it being the intention to produce the entire work at an early date with the assistance of all the instruments as laid down in the original score.

The committee and director deserve great credit for their earnest endeavors to school the singers in the grand choral productions of Handel, which are the foundation of all solid chorus training, and for presenting such works in a community where the name of Handel is rarely seen on a concert programme, although our city is profusely supplied with choral societies. The manner in which the piece was received would seem to indicate that the production of a Handel Chorus here is by no means a thankless undertaking.

C. F.

(From a private letter).

LEIPZIG, Feb. — Just home from a Gewandhaus Rehearsal. Yesterday was Mendelssohn's Birthday, and of course it was remembered in to-day's concert. It does seem as if people had *more* birthdays in Germany than elsewhere; there is always a "Fest" of somebody. We had to-day, the Overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a Symphony (A minor) of Mendelssohn. Then we had a violinist from Rotterdam, who gave us a Concerto of Vieuxtemps, and a Sonata of Tartini; and a Herr Hauser from Carlsruhe, with a magnificent baritone voice, who sang a good Aria out of the Opera *Johann de Paris*, and then the lovely Liederkreis: "An die ferne Geliebte" from Beethoven. As we were coming out of the concert room, a lady said to me, "how little we realize whom we hear in this Gewandhaus! Celebrities come and go like common mortals." And so it is. Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Prof. and Frau Joachim, Clara Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Sarasate, and hosts of secondary stars, follow each other, week after week, with no sounding of trumpets.

The resident operatic talent is not of so high an order at present, as one would expect here. The present Director has been trying to make money, and low salaries can't hold the best talent. So Peschka-Leutner, and Malknecht and other stars went elsewhere, where they could be better paid, and their places have not been worthily filled. They have no really fine prima donna now, but still some operas are well given. They have just been giving a Mozart Cyclus of 7 operas, planing it so that *Don Giovanni* came on Mozart's birth-day. We heard only two of them, the "*Entführung aus dem Serail, and Titus*." The latter was beautifully given, and has some delicious music in it. I had never heard anything of it, until Frau Joachim sang an Aria from it at one of the Gewandhaus Concerts. *Titus* closed the Cyclus. It is quite short, so at the close a Fest-Spiel in honor of Mozart was given. The curtain rose upon a sibyl (?) who recited a prologue in which something of the "seven stars" was said. (I didn't understand it all), and then with a few words characterizing each, she summoned the different processions, each representing the marked "motiv" of one of the operas, who passed across the stage while the orchestra played something from the corresponding music. Six (*Idomeneo, Figaro's Hochzeit, Cosi fan Tutte, Entführung, Titus, and Magic Flute*), having been represented, the curtain at the back of the stage rose on *Don Giovanni* and the Apotheosis. The group representing *Don Giovanni* in the centre; behind and above was an artistic cumulation of ballet girls with wreaths, etc., etc. In the centre, half way up a marble bust of Mozart, and behind and above the "Commendatore" on his horse. On the right and left of the Don Juan groups, filling up the sides of the stage, all the other groups. As the curtain rose, the sibyl, in her white trailing robes, slowly ascended, winding her way among the brilliant groups till she reached the middle point, and placed a wreath on the marble head. Now this is a very clumsy description, for it was really very pretty, and very well done. Beethoven's birthday, a short time ago, was marked by the 7th Symphony and *Coriolanus* overture at the Gewandhaus, and quite a good representation of *Fidelio* in the Theatre.

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BERLIOZ'S FAUST AT MANCHESTER.

(From the "Manchester Guardian.")

The interest excited by the production of this work was evinced by the unusually crowded state of the hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 5. It is long since we have noticed such unmistakable enthusiasm as was displayed during the whole evening. The rapidly changing and broadly contrasted scenes of the *Faust* legend afford a singularly favorable medium for the display of a genius of the somewhat erratic, and certainly unconventional, type of Berlioz. We might doubt his capacity for sustained and continued effort, but we need only one specimen of his work to discover a wonderful power of fantastic expression. Every subject is presented in its broadest lines, heightened by strongly contrasted colors, and set off by lurid lights. And of all men that have lived, Berlioz, perhaps, possessed the greatest mastery over the orchestra as a medium for descriptive power. Others have written what has been called "programme music" occasionally, and with a sort of apology for so far forgetting themselves, but the whole course of this composer's mind seemed to run in this direction and to unfit him for anything else. All his orchestral music has the same character. "Pure music" — music, that is, which need not necessarily be associated with any literary idea — he has scarcely attempted at all. His *Harold in Italy*, and the *Episode in the Life of an Artist*, not less than the *Faust* music, show how essentially his was a descriptive musical genius. And certainly he gave full play to the natural bent of his powers. Probably no instance is on record of one who, taking so late to the profession of music, achieved such a mastery over his art and so world-wide a fame. The orchestra in his hands developed capacities never before suspected. Not a movement that he has left hut bears evidence to the truth of this, Berlioz's highest claim to the notice of posterity. Here in England, we have been accustomed to hear more of Wagner and Liszt than of Berlioz, and we have often, probably, thought that original in the compositions of the two first named, for which they were, in truth, indebted to Berlioz. Mozart in this way made the the world forget Gluck, and, in a smaller way, Weber and Chopin obliterated the claims of John Field to consideration. But the world is just in the main, and sooner or later all who assist the progress of art obtain the recognition which is their due.

It will be gathered from what we have said above that the music to *Faust* is distinctly pictorial and descriptive. The soliloquies of Faust exhibit the deep, earnest longing of a strong human soul for capacities higher than life affords in a manner that must have struck all, while many to whom Goethe's story is a household word expressed their intense delight in the musical setting. Not the least competent person to give an opinion declared to us that nothing in the range of his acquaintance expressed so fully the unsatisfied longings of the Faust as the opening movement of Part II. We might cite other similar passages of almost equal force, but we turn to another phase of the composer's genius. "The Peasant's Chorus" early prepared the audience for what might be expected from Berlioz's descriptive powers. The gay refrain and the rustic freedom of the theme proved that he could be light and playful as well as meditative and gloomy. And the warlike strains that succeed prepare us so admirably for the "Rakoczy" march, that for its sake we feel that the composer had, as he claims, the right to take his hero into Hungary, or, indeed, wherever he pleased. The effect of the march was electric. An audience usually somewhat cold and receptive, were aroused to such unwonted enthusiasm that nothing short of an encore would pacify them. Following our catalogue of the descriptive music, we next notice the beautiful solemnity of the "Easter Hymn," and the startling musical phrase — short, sudden and incisive as a lightning flash — which announces the presence of Mephistopheles. The whole scene in Auerbach's cellar is descriptive. The drunken roystering of Brander and his companions is most cleverly brought to a climax in the fugue which they improvise. Some of the stricter of the Germans, who formed so large a portion of the audience, objected to the truth of the picture. "After all, it is but a Frenchman's conception of the subject." This may be perfectly correct, but it does not prevent the enjoyment of those who are less literal in their expectations or demands. And what could be more grotesquely humorous than the setting of the "Flea" song? One almost felt uncomfortable as the music suggested the too numerous gathering of the relatives of the glorified insect. But all this folly soon passes away, and we have a wonderfully conceived movement entitled "Faust's Dream," in which the fiend and his imps present Margaret's image to Faust. This is one of the most difficult numbers in the work, full of cross *tempi*, and needing the most perfect rehearsal and watchful attention of the conductor for its success. We need not do more than refer to the "Ballet des Sylphes," further than to say that it is more effective in its proper place than we had ever before thought it, while to the Chorus of Soldiers and Students, which closes Part II., our former remarks apply. It may not have absolutely correct "local coloring," but what matter? It pleases, and "local coloring" sometimes offends a stranger in the locality. Who that has not seen the hine of the Mediterranean can believe in the truth of the azure abominations sometimes exhibited in the picture galleries? Part III introduces us to the dwelling of Marguret, and, up to a certain point, fully sustains the interest of the work. The simple girl's song, "The lay of the good old King of Thule," is a most original setting of a favorite theme. The viola *obligato*, played by Mr. Otto Bernhardt, has a wonderfully original effect, as its tones take up the subject of the melody in response, as it were, to the voice. No more striking number can be found than that which follows, in which Mephistopheles calls around the spirits that attend his bidding to assist him in his assault on the souls of his victims. The Spirits of Fire and Evil, Will-o'-the-Wisp and Gnome, assemble and dance to sensuous strains around the dwelling where the lovers meet. The Fiend himself sings a serenade so mocking and devilish in its repudiation of all ordinary rhythm, but withal so attractive, that its theme is one that lingers longer, perhaps, than any other heard during the evening. The actual meeting of the lovers is, perhaps, the weakest scene in *Faust*, but the trio and chorus at the close of Part III. is worthy of comparison with any other portion of the work. The whole of Part IV. is marvellous. It is utterly impossible for us, within our limits, to attempt to do justice to the dramatic intensity of the "Ride to the Abyss." Its horror is unparalleled in the range of musical expression, culminating in a crash so awful that the precipitation into the gulf becomes visible to the mental eye; while the demoniac welcome Mephistopheles and his victim receive is a fitting conclusion to such a scene. The pure beauty of the melody of Margaret's "Apotheosis" comes like sunshine and the sweetness of the "upper air" after the lurid blackness of such a pandemonium.

The work was magnificently given. Immense pains had been taken with its rehearsal, which were amply justified by the result. One word as to the English translation, which was admirable, and which, we believe, we are violating no confidence in saying, is the work of one of Mr. Hallé's daughters. The principal singers were Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Henschel, and Mr. Hilton.

MENDELSSOHN'S MANY PURSUITS.

[Mr. GEORGE GROVE, in his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (No. IX. just published), has prepared a very exhaustive and altogether admirable article on Mendelssohn, from which we take the following extracts].

No musician — unless perhaps it were Leonardo da Vinci, and he was only a musician in a limited sense — certainly no great composer, ever had so many pursuits as Mendelssohn. Mozart drew, and wrote capital letters, Berlioz and Weber also both wrote good letters, Beethoven was a great walker and intense lover of nature, Cherubini was a botanist and a passionate card-player, but none of them approach Mendelssohn in the number and variety of his occupations. Both billiards and chess he played with ardor to the end of his life, and in both he excelled. When a lad he was devoted to gymnastics; later on he rode much, swam more, and danced whenever he had the opportunity. Cards and skating were almost the only diversions he

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did not care for. But then these were diversions. There were two pursuits which almost deserve to rank as work — drawing and letter-writing. Drawing with him was more like a professional avocation than an amusement. The quantity of his sketches and drawings preserved is very large. They begin with the Swiss journey in 1822, on which he took 27 large ones, all very carefully finished, and all dated, sometimes two in one day. The Scotch and Italian tours are both fully illustrated, and so they go on year by year till his last journey into Switzerland in 1847, of which, as already said, 14 large highly finished water-color drawings remain, besides slighter sketches. At first they are rude and childish, though with each successive set the improvement is perceptible. But even with the earliest ones there is no mistaking that the drawing was a serious business. The subjects are not what are called "hits," but are usually large, comprehensive views, and it is impossible to doubt that the child threw his whole mind into it, did his very best, and shirked nothing. He already felt the force of the motto which fronted his conductor's chair in the Gewandhaus — "Res severa est verum gaudium." Every little cottage or gate is put in with as much care as the main features. Every tree has its character. Everything stands well on its legs, and the whole has that architectonic style which is so characteristic of his music.

Next to his drawing should be placed his correspondence, and this is even more remarkable. During the last years of his life there can have been but few eminent men in Europe who wrote more letters than he did. Many even who take no interest in music are familiar with the nature of his letters — the happy mixture of seriousness, fun and affection, the life-like descriptions, the happy hits, the naïveté which no baldness of translation can extinguish, the wise counsels, the practical views, the delight in the successes of his friends, the self-abnegation, the bursts of wrath at anything mean or nasty. We all remember, too, the length to which they run. Taking the printed volumes and comparing the letters with those of Scott or Arnold, they are on the average very considerably longer than either. But the published letters bear only a small proportion to those still in MS. In fact, the abundance of material for the biographer of Mendelssohn is quite bewildering. That however is not the point. The remarkable fact is that so many letters, of such length and such intrinsic excellence, should have been written by a man who was all the time engaged in an engrossing occupation, producing great quantities of music, conducting, arranging, and otherwise occupied in a profession which more than any demands the surrender of the entire man. For these letters are no hurried productions, but are distinguished, like the drawings, for the neatness and finish which pervade them. An autograph letter of Mendelssohn's is a work of art; the lines are all straight and close, the letters perfectly and elegantly formed, with a peculiar luxuriance of tails, and an illegible word can hardly be found. To the folding and the sealing everything is perfect. It seems impossible that this can have been done quickly. It must have absorbed an enormous deal of time. While speaking of his correspondence, we may mention the neatness and order with which he registered and kept everything. The 44 volumes of MS. music, in which he did for himself what Mozart's father so carefully did for his son, have been mentioned. But it is not generally known that he preserved all letters that he received, and stuck them with his own hands into books. 27 large thick green volumes exist, containing apparently all the letters and memorandums, business and private, which he received from Oct. 29, 1821, to Oct. 29, 1847, together with the drafts of his Oratorio books, and of the long official communications which, during his latter life, cost him so many unprofitable hours. He seems to have found time for everything. Hiller tells us how during a very busy season he revised and copied out the libretto of his oratorio for him. One of his dearest Leipzig friends has a complete copy of the whole score of "Antigone," *including the whole of the words of the melodrama*, written for her with his own hand; a perfect piece of caligraphy without spot or erasure! and the family archives contain a long minute list of the contents of all the cupboards in the house, filling several pages of foolscap, in his usual neat writing, and made about the year 1842. We read of Mr. Dickens that no matter was considered too trivial to claim his care and attention. He would take as much pains about the hanging of a picture, the choosing of furniture, the superintending of any little improvement in the house, as he would about the more serious business of his life, thus carrying out to the very letter his favorite motto that, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." No words could better describe the side of Mendelssohn's character to which we are alluding, nor could any motto more emphatically express the principle on which he acted throughout life in all his work.

His taste and efficiency in such minor matters are well shown in the albums which he made for his wife, beautiful specimens of arrangement, the most charming things in which are the drawings and pieces of music from his own hands. His private account-books and diaries are kept with the same quaint neatness. If he had a word to alter in a letter, it was done with a grace which turned the blemish into a beauty. The same care came out in everything — in making out the programmes for the Gewandhaus concerts, where he would arrange and rearrange the pieces to suit some inner idea of symmetry or order; or in settling his sets of songs for publication as to the succession of keys, connection or contrast of words, etc. In fact he had a passion for neatness, and a repugnance to anything clumsy. Possibly this may have been one reason why he appears so rarely to have sketched his music. He made it in his head, and had settled the minutest points there before he put it on paper, thus avoiding the litter and disorder of a sketch. Connected with this neatness is a certain qualntness in his proceedings, which perhaps strikes an Englishman more forcibly than it would a German. He used the old-fashioned C clef for the treble voices in his scores to the last; the long flourish with which he ornaments the double bar at the end of a piece never varied. A score of Haydn's Military Symphony which he wrote for his wife bears the words, "Possessor Cécile." In writing to Mrs. Moscheles of her little girls, whose singing had pleased him, he begs to be remembered to the "drei kleine Diskantisten." A note to David, sent by a child, is inscribed, "Kinderpost," and so on. Certain French words occur over and over again, and are evidently favorites. Such are *plaisir* and *trouble*, *à propos*, *en gros*, and others. The word *Aisbach*, answering to our "nice," was a special favorite, and *nett* was one of his highest commendations.

(To be continued).

THE MOZART WEEK IN VIENNA.

II.

The joyous feelings of the audiences that witnessed the performances of the Mozart-week naturally reacted upon the performers. These all did their best; and, even where the best fell short of what it ought to have been, the public manifested itself kindly disposed and indulgent, it appearing almost as if this were done at the silent request of the ever benevolent Mozart. It was evident that the public considered the master's creations as the principal thing, and these covered over with their pure gold a few dark spots seen in the performances, especially in the field of the technique of song. "La musique de Mozart est bien difficile pour le chant," wrote Emperor Joseph on the 16 of May, 1788, to Count Rosenberg, as Herr Alfred von Arneth has kindly informed me. It is possible that the emperor's criticism had reference to the difficulties of intonation, modulation, and all the new demands of the dramatic expression so highly exalted by Mozart. The vocalists of that time encountered far fewer difficulties in coloratura singing, for this they studied and incessantly practiced. At the present time the opposite rule holds good, and our vocalists pay less attention to real song than to exalted declamation and the most glaring accents of passion. For this reason they doubtless agree with the criticism of the Emperor Joseph. The zeal manifested by all the members of the Hofopernthcatre during this trying week, and which it is impossible to praise too highly, makes criticism far and sharp-sighted for everything in which they succeeded, and permits it to put on at least the appearance of blindness in regard to all that wherein they failed.

The first opera performed during the Mozart week was *Idomeneo*, whose beauties its repeated performances caused one to see more clearly. The *Entführung aus dem Serail*, which immediately followed, called attention to many correspondences between these two works, otherwise not noticeable. However great may be the fundamental difference in their form and expression between *Idomeneo* and the *Entführung*, the latter nevertheless adheres to the manner of the former by means of some of its rootlets. Not only does the exceedingly great adornment of the passages in the arias of *Constanz* belong entirely to the former *opera seria*, but also the very character of the themes of these arias points to it.

The next two evenings *Figaro's Hochzeit* and *Don Juan* were given amidst the greatest enthusiasm. There are lovers and composers of music

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who place these two operas side by side. But, although I admire very much the beauties of *Figaro's Hochzeit*, its music, in comparison with that of *Don Juan*, appears to me to be only a glorious work of man beside a divine revelation. I can better understand the opinion which places the *Zauberflöte* and *Don Juan* on the same level, although it is an opinion which I do not share. What can be said of the music to the *Zauberflöte* is that it stands in the same relation to that of *Don Juan* as Gœthe's *Iphigenie* stands to *Faust*. In the inconceivable wealth of its musical inventions *Don Juan* is not approached by any other even of Mozart's works; and none of them is equal to it in its uninterruptedly flowing dramatic life, in its musical characteristics, and, above all, in its demoniac, spirit-compelling power.

It is better not to begin to talk of Mozart's *Don Juan;* for, after one begins, it is hard to stop. But also of its *mise en scène* one does not dare to speak, because so much has been said of it and such opposite views have been taken of it in articles without number. The Hofoperntheater has rightly given it with the same scenery with which Dingelstedt gave it and also the *Zauberflöte* in the new Opernhaus. Only to one wish would I here desire again to give expression: it is to leave out the comic rather than terrible looking red-headed imps which fight around Don Juan at the close. The decoration speaks here intelligibly enough. If Don Juan were engulfed or fell down dead in the storm of fire, whilst the chorus of the demons, according to da Ponte's directions, were sung *behind* the scene, the tragic impression were a more worthy one. In such matters, however, the taste changes often in a wonderful manner with the changes of the times; and not only the people in the galleries, but even such æsthetic epicures as Ludwig Tieck formerly lauded as a "most glorious climax of the closing tableau the monstrous, grotesque head, whose eyes move from right to left, and whose moveable jaws show terrible teeth." This wide open devil's gullet, into which the imps throw Don Juan, has long since been laid aside as a childish folly. The examination of *Don Juan* by the awkward Gerichtsdiener in the first act, and which has again been inserted, revived a youthful memory and amused me very much. This arbitrary insertion can be excused as a reminiscence of the first performances of *Don Juan* in German, which were ornamented with such comical additions; but yet it were better to leave them out in the regular performances.

The happy disposition which animated all, caused *Cosi fan Tutte* to please the hearers better than in former years. The artists helped to produce this result by bold accentuation of the comic and parodic element in this opera. The attempt would be altogether in vain to try to exalt, by means of an imposing æsthetic appearance, this foolish libretto, which makes such enormous demands on our credulity. Nor is it necessary to deny that Mozart's creative fancy was debilitated and beguiled into a weak formalism by this dull libretto, whose characters are so uninteresting. There are many musical beauties in the score; but unhappily they are nearly all of the same style and are wanting in the contrasting shades.

On the sixth evening the *Zauberflöte* was performed and produced among the audience a delight that increased from scene to scene. Its music lays itself like a dear, soft hand on the spirit tired or saddened by our every day-life. In Berthold Auerbach's romance "Auf der Höhe," it is a delicate stroke of genius which makes the unhappy Irma hear the *Zauberflöte* when, about to die on her last short visit to the city, she desires to hear some music before her end. This is true music, the best that man can produce. In regard to it Auerbach finally says: "Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is one of those eternal creations which stand outside of all passion and all human strife. I have often heard that the text is childish, but on this height all action, all that occurs, all human phenomena, all surroundings can be only allegorical. Gravitation and bounds are laid aside; man becomes a bird, becomes love, becomes wisdom, and his life a life of nature."

The performance was unexceptionable; in regard to the scenes I wished in all seriousness for one addition, viz.: the lions, bears and monkeys attracted by Tamino's flute. If the farcical scene of the Gerichtsdiener was put into *Don Juan*, although it has nothing to do with the action and is not in Mozart's opera, there was no reason for omitting that pleasant scene in the *Zauberflöte*, in which the author directed particularly that it should be introduced. And, besides, the words which Tamino directs to his flute: "Dear flute, thy sounds give pleasure even to wild animals," become nonsense when no such animals are seen.

Titus is an unhappy selection for closing a series of performances of all of Mozart's operas. Its text and music being entirely strange to us, it chills and almost depresses one to hear this solemn work immediately after the glorious *Zauberflöte*. And besides, it is not chronologically necessary to close the series with this performance. *Titus* is generally regarded as the last of Mozart's operas; and it certainly was composed only after the *Zauberflöte* was *almost* done. But *Titus* was performed *before* the other, namely on the 6th of Sept. of 1791, while the *Zauberflöte* was not performed until the 30th of that month. If, therefore, the rule is to be adhered to that the age of an opera dates from the day when it was first performed, then the *Zauberflöte* and not *Titus* is Mozart's last opera, and its performance would have been a worthy close to the Mozart-week. *Titus* returns to the conventional and obsolete style of *Idomeneo*, and for this reason a superficial judgment often puts the two on the same plane. But in reality *Titus* is much inferior to *Idomeneo;* in form they are much alike, but not in the musical spirit which animates them. In *Idomeneo* there is a mighty and youthful aspiration; Mozart, when he wrote it, being still young and taking delight in his work, felt in himself the power and the courage necessary to oppose the conventional form he was obliged to adopt; but when he composed *Titus*, this power and confidence had forsaken him, and, tired out and resigned, he submitted to the stiff and antiquated form which, after the creation of *Don Juan* and *Figaro*, must have appeared senseless and even despicable to him. The single, glorious scene of the high priest with the chorus in the third act of *Idomeneo* is, in my opinion, worth more than the whole of *Titus*. Even the brightest jewel of this opera, the first *Finale*, at the burning of the Capitol, is not a finished finale such as some which Mozart had previously created, but a single, though powerful scene. For the arias in *Titus*, even for the two most celebrated, those of Vitellia and of Sextus, I can feel no admiration, but simply a pious respect. Titus is a Sarastro dipped in milk, who is always talking, not only of his virtue and wisdom, but also of his skill in coloring. Much of that which sounds sweet and lovely in *Titus* is, on account of this very sweetness and loveliness, at variance with the seriousness of the matter and the passion displayed in the situations. A painful feeling of sadness and compassion seizes him who sees the great man, worn out, troubled with the premonitory symptoms of death already making their presence felt in his breast, called to go to Prague before he had quite finished the *Zauberflöte*, in order to write and rehearse, in eighteen days, and on a libretto prepared beforehand, a new opera for the coronation of Leopold II. This opera was *La Clemenza di Tito*, and at the same time it was a last *clemenza* of Mozart, ever ready to help others by word or deed and ever manifesting the most obliging disposition.

In order to counteract the impression which *Titus* would produce and also because this opera, with the necessary curtailments, would not fill up an entire evening, Director Jauner had it followed with the effective play of Joseph Weilen's *Salzburg's grösster Sohn* (Salzburg's greatest son). The poem, composed for the occasion, is rich in thoughtful allusions and was used as a frame for a series of picturesque tableaux from Mozart's life, to which Franz Doppler skilfully adapted a fine accompaniment of music, arranged from Mozartian themes. These tableau, in which all the members of the Hofoperntheater willingly performed the parts of statues, were highly applauded and again raised the feelings of the audience, which had been somewhat depressed, so that all carried away the most pleasing impressions, and as a consequence this Mozart-week will no doubt be held by all in grateful remembrance. —*N. Y. Musical Review.*

Eduard Hanslick.

HERMANN GOETZ.

(From the Programme of the Boylston Club. Concert of March 17.)

Of the life of this composer, the biographers have little more to tell us than that he was born in Konigsberg, Dec. 17, 1840; that, in youth, he gave evidence of musical ability, but not of precocious talent, and that it was not until he had reached his seventeenth year that he decided to make music his life-work. Of the rest of his life, we only know that he lived and labored in obscurity, struggling with poverty and a hopeless disease, yet following his art with patient and fervent devotion. Happily the clouds which had shadowed his life parted just as his earthly career was drawing to a close, and a sort of sunset glory illumined his declining days; for his opera, based on Shakespeare's comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," had at last been performed, and had made an undeniable success. For the rest, he was not permitted, save in his own consciousness, to know how well he had wrought; for on the 3d of Dec. 1876, his life's brief span of less than thirty-six years came to an end at Hottingen, Zurich.

If Goetz, influenced by a presentiment of his early death, directed his attention, in turn, to each of the forms of composition, that examples might remain to bear witness to his power, he certainly displayed admirable judgment in selecting the 137th Psalm, as the text of his only cantata founded on a scriptural subject. The interest and pathos of the scene portrayed by this Psalm, and the beauty of the diction, have engaged the attention, and taxed the resources of many composers. The text gives expression to feelings which embrace the whole round of human experiences; and in the strongly contrasted and rapidly changing emotions which this text records, Goetz found a brilliant opportunity to illustrate his rare and splendid genius.

The cantata opens with a short orchestral prelude in B minor, in which the theme of the first chorus is announced. This chorus is a beautiful and affecting utterance of the grief and desolation of the children of Israel, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon: its pathos and tenderness are something wonderful. Once only is the prevailing gloom broken by a ray of light as the captives remembered Zion, and the brighter emotion is set in delightful contrast; but the feeling is evanescent, and quickly relapses into the sombre minor mode, and, with the final cadence strangely impressive with its weight of grief and despair, the chorus closes. A passage for the orchestra leads, without a break, to a simple recitative in D major, in which a single soprano voice carries

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on the story, "And our harps we hanged on the willows." Suddenly a few agitated phrases in G minor, by the orchestra, announce that sadness has given place to a new and bitterer feeling, and the voice gives the reason for the change, "They who vexed and spoiled us have demanded a song;" "Sing us a song of Zion;" and, as if the shame and pain at this humiliation of their beloved Jerusalem were too deep for audible utterance, Goetz, with consummate skill, makes the solo voice repeat, as if aside, in a tone of wondering and questioning anguish, "A song of Zion?" The chorus catches at once the burden and spirit of the demand, and, at first quietly and as if under the breath, repeat the question, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a land of strangers?" Resentment at the affront rapidly succeeds their amazement, and the basses mark the change of feeling by thundering out, "How shall we sing, etc.?" Voice after voice takes up the theme with constantly increasing vehemence; the storm of indignation grows fiercer and fiercer, until, in the splendid climax, it bursts through all restraints, and culminates in a cry of angry despair. The length to which the author has carried this number is happily related to the situation; such bursts of passionata excitement cannot long be protracted, and so this short section is brought to a close in D major, leading directly to a melody, remarkable for its severe simplicity, its beauty and its unaffected expression of the deepest tenderness, as the solo voice, as if lingering over the memory of the city she loved, sings, "If I think not on thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning." But the remembrance of the lost Jerusalem and of its wrongs again proves too much for her self-control; again the key changes to G minor, the accompaniment becomes strongly agitated, and the voice breaks out into the imprecation, "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" The chorus here enters, emphasizing the passion of the speaker by repeating both the words and music of the imprecation, and passes suddenly, by a magnificent change to D flat, into an exquisite and pathetic mood of tenderness and affection, "If thou, Jerusalem, art not more to me than all my joy."

The concluding number of the work will give satisfying evidence of the dramatic power and boundless resources of the composer. A peculiar and vigorous introduction of the orchestral basses in unison, in E minor, gives the key to the feeling of the first section of this chorus, which is a wild cry for vengeance, as the voices shout, "Lord, remember the children of Edom." The angry and tumultuous movement of the basses of the orchestra, thundering beneath the voices, prepares the way to a splendid and striking passage of tremendous power and effect, in which the composer has given to the male chorus the words of the Edomites at the sacking of Jerusalem, "Destroy it, destroy it! yea, down to the ground!" while over and above all are heard the sopranos and altos excitedly crying, "Remember!" A short passage of great solidity and vigor, expressive of confidence and warning, for a bass voice, adjures the "daughter of Babylon, set for destruction;" this, repeated by the chorus, gives utterance to the assurance of their faith that their cry for vengeance will not be unanswered; and, as if inspired by this confidence, the tenors announce the vigorous and almost joyous fugue in B minor, "Happy he who thee repays what on us thou hast wrought," with which the action of the number really closes. But the wretchedness of their captivity was still too real to be forgotten in the expectation of future restoration and revenge, and after a repetition of the passage "Daughter of Babylon, set for destruction," which comes to a splendid and effective close on the dominant of B minor, to prepare the way for the return of the first theme and movement of the work, the excitement and passion abate, and the chorus sinks again into the same sad and despairing mood with which the work opened.

"The beautiful must perish! See how the Gods are lamenting that the Beautiful decays and the Perfect departs," is the burden of this composer's lovely cantata, "Noenia;" but he is himself a conspicuous proof that it is only the beautiful and the perfect which abide eternally. "The mean and the base pass to the grave unsung." The beautiful will not perish, nor the perfect depart from among men, so long as there shall be raised up among them prophets and apostles in art like Hermann Goetz. W. N. E.

A VIOLIN STORY IN V ACTS.

The following little story, illustrating our human weakness, was told in my presence by Mr. Reményi, the Hungarian violinist. It seems that Mr. Wilhelmj had seen some of the violins, made by Mr. George Gemünder of New York, and was very much pleased with them,—(for indeed they are really fine instruments, added Reményi in parenthesis),—and became greatly interested in the maker. So much so that he proposed taking him to Europe, and when there to introduce him to public notice, and aid him to make his violins known. Reményi on being informed of the project expressed his faith in its success with the following play;—which he related while in conversation with the violin maker and Wilhelmj.

ACT I.

Wilheimj and Gemünder arrive in Europe. Every one is delighted to see them. Their greeting is warm and enthusiastic. The violin maker is received with open arms, as a German returning to his Fatherland.

ACT II.

The violin maker, aided by Wilhemj, attempts to sell some of the instruments he has brought over with him. What a change! All the manufacturers of the violin begin to talk against him. Gemünder is no longer an acknowledged German, but is called a Yankee Charlatan, and condemned even before his violins are heard.

ACT III.

Through the friendly influence of Wilheimj, some few of the violins are sold for two hundred dollars each.

The European makers, upon hearing of the introduction of the American violins, cry "a cheat," "that they are bad instruments, and the buyers have been taken in by a Yankee."

Invectives ad libitum from the European makers.

ACT IV.

The purchasers of the violins, fearing that the American's instruments may be explosive machines disguised, become alarmed, and try to sell them.

They offer them for one hundred dollars; half their cost.

No buyers.

For fifty dollars?

Still no one.

For twenty-five?

Yet no one will buy.

They offer to give them away, and no one will even take them as a gift.

ACT V.

APOTHEOSIS.

Time passes. At last some one is induced by curiosity to try them. "What a lovely tone," exclaims a delighted listener.

"How beautifully it rings!" says another.

"Fine!" remarks a third.

"So true! with a grand carrying power," adds another.

"A magnificent instrument of great value," exclaims the owner; "there are but a few in the world, and I would not sell mine at any price."

Alas! the poor violin maker had been dead a hundred years.

"Ah! 'tis a beautiful, and short-sighted humanity," said Reményi, as he finished the little play, in which his imagination had pictured a reality from the sad experiences of life. C. H. Brittan.

Chicago, Ill., '79.

LISZT.

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.]

(Catalogue of his works concluded).

IV. 6 ARRANGEMENTS FOR 2 PIANO-FORTES.

123. Variations de Concert on March in I Puritani (Hexaméron). Schuberth
124. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Schott.

V. PIANO-FORTE AND VIOLIN.

125. Epithalam.; also for P. F., 2 hands. Táborszky & Parsch.
126. Grand duo concertant sur "Le Marin." Schott.

VI. FOR ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.

127. Andante religioso. Schuberth.
128. Einleitung, Fuge und Magnificat, from Symphony "Zu Dante's Divina Commedia." Schuberth.
129. Ora pro nobis. Litanei. Körner.
130. Fantasie und Fuge on the chorale in "Le Prophète." B. & H.
131. Orlando di Lasso's Regina coeli. Schuberth.
132. Bach's Einleitung und Fuge, from motet "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss." Schuberth.
133. Chopin's Praeludien, op. 28, Nos. 4 and 9. Schuberth.
134. Kirchliche Fest-Ouverture on "Ein' feste Burg." Hofmeister.
135. "Der Gnade Heil" (Tannhäuser). Meser.

VII. VOCAL.

1. MASSES, PSALMS, AND OTHER SACRED MUSIC.

136. Missa solennis (Graner). Festmesse in D. Score and parts; also vocal score, and for P. F. 4 hands. Schuberth.
137. Ungarische Krönungs-Messe in E flat. Score and parts, and vocal score; Offertorium and Benedictus, for P. F. 2 and 4 hands, P. F. and violin, organ, organ and violin. Schuberth.
138. Mass in C minor, with organ. B. & H.
139. Missa Choralis in A minor, with organ. Kahnt.
140. Requiem, men's voices and organ. Kahnt.
141. Neun Kirchen-Chor-Gesänge, with organ. 1. Pater Noster; 2. Ave Maria (also for P. F.); 3. O Salutaris; 4. Tantum ergo; 5. Ave Verum; 6. Mihi autem; 7. Ave Maria Stella, also for P. F.; 8. O Salutaris; 9. Libera me. Kahnt.
142. Die Seligkeiten. Kahnt.
143. Pater noster, for mixed chorus and organ. Kahnt.
144. Pater Noster et Ave Maria, a 4 and organ. B. & H.
145. Psalms. 13th, 18th (E. V. 19th), 23d, and 137th. Kahnt.
146. Christus ist geboren; chorus and organ. Arr. for P. F. Bote & Bock.
147. An den heiligen Franziskus, men's voices, organ, trumpets and drums. Táborszky & Parsch.
148. Hymne de l'enfant à son réveil, female chorus, organ and harp. Táborszky & Parsch.

2. ORATORIOS.

149. Christus. Score, vocal score, and parts. Schuberth. "Pastorale," No. 4, and "Marsch der heiligen drei Könige," No. 5, for instruments only; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. "Tu es Petrus," No. 8, for organ and for P. F. 2 and 4 hands, as "Hymne du Pape."
150. Die Legende von der heiligen Elisabeth. Score, vocal score, and parts. Kahnt. "Einleitung;" "Marsch der Kreuzritter" and "Interludium," for P. F. 2 and 4 hands; "Der Sturm," for P. F. 4 hands.

3. CANTATAS AND OTHER CHORAL MUSIC.

151. Zur Säcular-Feier Beethovens, for chorus, soli, and orch. Score, vocal score, and parts. Kahnt.
152. Choruses (8) to Herder's "Entfesseltem Prometheus." Score, vocal score, and parts. Kahnt. Pastorale (Schnitterchor) for P. F. 2 and 4 hands.
153. Fest-Album for Goethe centenary (1849). Fest-Marsch; 1. Licht! mehr Licht; 2. Weimar's Todten; 3. Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'; 4. Chor der Engel. Vocal score and parts. Schuberth.
154. Wartburg-Lieder. Einleitung and 6 Lieder. Vocal score. Kahnt.
155. Die Glocken des Strassburger Münsters. Baritone solo, chorus, and orch. Score, vocal score, and parts. Schuberth. "Excelsior" (Prelude) for Organ and P. F. 2 and 4 hands.
156. Die heilige Cäcilia. Mezzo-soprano, chorus, and orch., or P. F., harp, and harmonium. Score, vocal score, and parts. Kahnt.

4. FOR MEN'S VOICES.

157. 1. Vereinslied; 2. Ständchen; 3. Wir sind nicht Mumien; 4-6. Geharnischte Lieder (also for P. F.); 7. Soldatenlied; 8. Die alten Sagen; 9. Saatengrün; 10. Der Gang um Mitternacht; 11. Festlied; 12. Gottes ist der Orient. Kahnt.
158. Das düstre Meer. Unter allen Wipfeln. Eck.
159. Vierstimmige Männergesänge. 1. Rheinweinlied; 2. Studentenlied; 3. Reiterlied; 4. Ditto. Schott.

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160. An die Künstler. With orch. Kahnt.
161. Fest-Chor (Herder Memorial, 1850). Weber.
162. Festgesang. Kuhn
163. Das Lied der Begeisterung. Taborszky & Parsch.
164. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? Schlesinger.
165. Weimar's Volkslied. Also for Organ and P. F., 2 and 4 hands. Kuhn.

5. FOR SINGLE VOICE AND P. F.

166. Gesammelte Lieder. Kahnt. 1. Mignon's Lied (also with orch. accomp. and for P. F.); 2. Es war ein König (also for P. F.); 3. Der du vom Himmel bist (also for P. F.); 4. Freudvoll und Leidvoll; 5. Wer nie sein Brod; 6. Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'; 7. Der Fischerknabe (also with orch.); 8. Der Hirt (also with orch.); 9. Der Alpenjäger (also with orch.); 10. Die Loreley (also with orch. and for P. F.); 11. Am Rhein (also for P. F.); 12. Vergiftet sind mein Lieder; 13. Du bist wie eine Blume; 14. Anfangs wollt' ich; 15. Morgens steh' ich auf; 16. Ein Fichtenbaum (2); 17. Comment disaient-ils? 18. Oh! quand je dors; 19. S'il est un charmant gazon; 20. Enfant si j'etais Roi; 21. Es rauschen die Winde; 22. Wo weilt er? 23. Nimm' einen Strahl; 24. Schwebe, blaues Auge; 25. Die Vatergruft; 26. Angiolin dal biondo crin (also for P. F.); 27. Kling leise; 28. Es muss ein Wunderbares sein; 29. Mutter Gottes Sträusslein (1); 30. Ditto (2); 31. Lasst mich ruhen; 32. Wie singt die Lerche; 33. In Liebeslust; 34. Ich möchte hingehn; 35. Nonnenwerth (also for P. F.); 36. Jugendglück; 37. Wieder möcht' ich dir begegnen; 38. Blume und Duft; 39. Ich liebe dich; 40. Die stille Wasserrose; 41. Wer nie sein Brod; 42. Ich scheide; 43. Die drei Zigeuner (also with orch.); 44. Lebe wohl; 45. Was Liebe sei; 46. Die todte Nachtigall; 47. Bist du; 48. Gebet; 49. Einst; 50. An Edlitam; 51. Und sprich; 52. Die Fischerstochter; 53. Sei still; 54. Der Glückliche; 55. Ihr Glocken von Marling. Kahnt.
167. Il m'aimait tant (also for P. F.). Schott.
168. Drei Lieder. 1. Hohe Liebe; 2. Gestorben war ich; 3. O lieb'; also for P. F. as "Liebesträume." Kistner.
169. Tre Sonetti di Petrarca. Haslinger.
170. Die Macht der Musik. Kistner.
171. Jeanne d'Arc au bucher, Mezzo-Soprano and Orch., or P. F. Schott.
172. Ave Maria Stella. Kahnt.

VIII. PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT TO DECLAIMED POEMS.

173. Bürger's Leonore, Kahnt; Lenau's Der traurige Mönch, Kahnt; Jokai's Des todten Dichters Liebe, Táborszky & Parsch; Strachwitz's Helge's Treue, Schuberth; Tolstoy's Der blinde Sänger, Bessel, Petersburg.

IX. REVISED EDITIONS OF CLASSICAL WORKS.

174. Beethoven. I. & II. Sonatas complete. III. Variations for P. F. solo. IV. Various P. F. compositions for 2 and 4 hands. V. Duets for P. F. and violin. VI. Duets for P. F. and cello, or horn. VII. Trios for P. F., violin and cello. X. Masses, vocal score. XIV. String quartets. XV. Trios for strings, wind and strings, and wind only. Holle.
175. Field. 18 Nocturnes, annotated. Schuberth.
176. Hummel's Septet; also as quintet for P. F. and strings. Schuberth.
177. Schubert's P. F. Sonatas and Solos (selected); 2 vols. Cotta.
178. Weber's P. F. Sonatas and Solos; 2 vols. Cotta.
179. Viole's Gartenlaube; 100 Etudes in 10 parts. Kahnt.

X. LITERARY WORKS.

180. De la Fondation-Goethe à Weimar. Brockhaus, 1851.
181. Lohengrin et Tannhäuser de Richard Wagner. Brockhaus, 1851.
182. R. Wagner's Lohengrin und Tannhäuser; with musical illustrations. Eyssen.
183. Fréd. Chopin. B. & H. 1852.
184. Die Zigeuner und ihre Musik in Ungarn. In German and Hungarian; the former revised by Cornelius. Heckenast, Pressburg, 1861.
185. Ueber Field's Nocturnes; French and German. Schuberth, 1859.
186. Robert Franz. Leuckart, 1872.
187. Verschiedene Aufsätze in der "Gazette musicale" de Paris, und in der Neuen Zeitschrift für Musik. Kahnt.
188. Schumann's Musikalische Haus und Lebens-regeln; translated into French. Schuberth, 1860.

[F. H.]

— Mme. Julia Rivé-King will give three Subscription Recitals, at Concert Hall, Hotel Brunswick, on the afternoon and evening of April 5, and one at Palladio Hall, Roxbury, April 3. See Advertisement.

CINCINNATI. — the arrangements for the great May Festival go on as usual, under Theodore Thomas, who seems still to be the idol of all the members of the chorus, and the musicians generally. We have no room for the programme.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The first productions of the second ("Spring") Symphony, by Harvard's Musical Professor, at Cambridge, Wednesday Evening, March 10, and at Boston, on the following afternoon, formed an event of unusual significance in our musical world. The very long, elaborate and thoughtful work was heard with the deepest interest on both occasions, the composer being called out at the end of each performance to receive the hearty plaudits of an enthusiastic audience. At Cambridge, it formed the principal feature of the closing concert of the Sanders Theatre series, and was played quite well, all things considered, for the first time, by the Philharmonic Orchestra, somewhat enlarged, under Mr. Listemann. The Orchestra was larger, and the interpretation yet more satisfactory in the Harvard Symphony Concert, when Mr. Zerrahn conducted, with Mr. Listemann at the head of the violins. The new Symphony was a success in every way, and left in the great majority of listeners a beautiful and deep impression, and a desire to hear it more, — a desire which we trust will be gratified, not only for their own sakes, but also for the benefit of those who could not appreciate it fully on first hearing. It demands a more intimate acquaintance with this noble work than we possess to give anything like a complete analytical description and appreciation of its contents. What we offer is of course quite inadequate, but it may help to convey some vague and faint conception of its wealth of contents, breadth of plan and mastery of form.

The first movement is laid out on a very broad scale, and swarms with musical ideas, all springing naturally from a few leading motives, and worked up together into a complex whole, which is thoroughly consistent, while it is richly varied, and always fascinating, though it is exceedingly elaborate and very long. With such wealth of pregnant matter (*Inhalt*) claiming development, it could not well be shorter. The slow introduction (*Adagio sostenuto*), in A minor, 4-4, opens with a wintry motive in the tenors and 'cellos, to which the contrabasso and fourth horn presently supply a monotonous background, with continuous murmur, *pianissimo*, of the keynote in syncopated rhythm; higher parts swell the harmony, or rather polyphony, which grows more frigid and more wild and restless; then gathers itself into a little ganglion (three bars), of tranquil subtly woven string quartet, and subsides to a low protracted tremolo of the middle strings, while the clarinet, in a warm melodic passage, sings the hope and prophecy of Spring. By degrees all the instruments are roused to bear part in the rushing tempestuous crescendos, which alternate with softer moments; the promise of the milder season, (whether of Nature literally, or of the soul within) being all the while kept alive by the soft throbbing tremolo of strings, the warm clarinet and horn phrases, and little bird-like hints for flutes and oboes.

Now the key changes to the major, and the *Allegro ma non troppo* starts (in 2-4 measure) with the first violins alone, still humming the tilting figure of their old tremolo, first in deliberate half notes, then in eighths, then in sixteenths — an interval of fluttering suspense and sweet expectancy (one of the ways of Beethoven!) — and the joyful leading theme leaps up in the altos and 'cellos, and is joined at its height by violins, clarinets, etc., lending a rich, bright harmony, and carrying out the melody to a goodly and well rounded length, when the violins resume their tremolo in a higher octave, accompanied only by low clarinet tones in thirds, while flute and oboe pianissimo hold out the high E (dominant) like a pure blue sky above. It were in vain to try to tell in words how all this goes on. Side thoughts develop continually. There comes in presently a strong new motive in galloping triplets, which figures largely in the ensuing harmonic complication; then, the key having changed to F, enters a second theme, a musing cantabile; the first theme, however, is ever for scarcely a moment out of mind. And now all these elements — the main theme, the second theme, the tremolos, the galloping triplets — and many more besides, are worked up together, with rare and easy contrapuntal faculty, and great wealth and subtlety of instrumental color, into a beautiful and noble whole. When the original key comes back, the breadth and energy and massiveness of the large exposition of the subject-matter is increased; and there are many passing ideas which one would fain recall; for instance, one place where the bass slides slowly down by semitones, in syncopation, through a couple of octaves, while the other voices are about their business. And near the end comes in for a moment, episodically, a sweeter melody than all (*dolce*), which the violins keep all to themselves; it is but a passing reverie, a moment's all-forgetting ecstasy. The Allegro ends, as it began, with the same violin tremolo figure, beginning *ff*, and dying away to silence. — If you found this movement "long," hear it until you know it, and you will forget all about the length, just as you never think of age when a soul that has kept its youth converses with you. The fact is, it is just long enough, — that is to say, complete. Mozart, when the emperor complained of too many notes in one of his works, replied: "Sire, it has precisely the right number."

The *Scherzo* in D minor has been fitly enough characterized as a "May Fantasy." It is a light, airy, sketchy movement, with a bright, captivating theme, quite genial and original, and dainty little answering hints and phrases from the various instruments, full of birds and all blithe sounds of animated nature, with warm flowing passages of reeds and flutes in thirds, etc. Once, for some time, we hear echoing, plaintive cries of birds, etc. so characteristic of spring nights. The Trio, in D major, has an expressive cantabile melody, in good contrast with the tricksy character of the rest. The Scherzo is felicitous, the spontaneous product of a delicate and self-pleased fancy, and we are sure all who heard it must have enjoyed it.

Next to the first movement in weight of matter and in breadth of plan, and first in depth of feeling, is the *Adagio* in F, 4-4. It opens with a very tender, pensive, serious melody for its leading theme; and indeed the whole movement is of a most serious, meditative, brooding character — "most musical, most melancholy." To souls of any depth, Spring is indeed a serious, reflective, introspective season. We see and hear all these signs of a newly awakening life about us, but how is it with ourselves within? Do we, too, like the year, begin anew? And then all the soft desires, vague restless aspirations! What poet or musician can express Spring truly, who has not a serious Adagio for all this? This leading melody is presently intensified by repeating it in octaves; and as it goes on, pervading the whole movement, it draws to itself accompanying sympathetic voices, and delicate suggestive motives and phrases from all the instruments, clothing itself in trailing robes of beauty. We can only speak of the Adagio as full of beauty, of deep poetic feeling, earnest import, unmistakable, sincere expression, thoroughly artistic form and structure, and absorbing interest. It is all sweet as well as sad, and warm in atmosphere and color, save where brief reminis-

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cences of the cold winter theme come back. (Our own New England Spring perhaps!)

In splendid contrast follows the exhilarating theme of the *Allegro giojoso*, 4-4, a spontaneous, buoyant melody of goodly length, which is developed with a happy freedom, and finally is made to alternate with a majestic swelling pæan of gratitude and praise, in 2-3 measure. This finale is inspiring and impressive, and seems to be the portion of the Symphony that was composed with the most spontaneous impulse, and the greatest ease.

We cannot but regard this "Spring" Symphony as a remarkable, a noble work, by far the happiest and ripest product, thus far, of Prof. Paine's great learning and inventive faculty, and marking the highest point yet reached in these early stages of American creative art in music. It is worthy to hold a place among the works of masters, and will reward many hearings wherever the symphonic art can find appreciative audience.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

UNIVERSITY CONCERTS. — The programme of the fifth and last concert of the third season, at Sanders Theatre, March 10, was as follows:

Overture: "Fingal's Cave," . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Soprano Aria: "Ach nur einmal noch im Leben," from "Titus." . . . . *Mozart.*
Miss May Bryant.
"Spring" Symphony in A major, No. 2 (first time) . . . . *J. K. Paine.*
Introduction: Adagio Sostenuto (A minor), *Allegro ma non troppo* (A major); *Scherzo, — Allegro* (D minor), *Adagio un poco moto* (F major); *Allegro giojoso* (A major).

Concerto for Piano, in E. flat, Op. 73. . . . . *Beethoven.*
(Two movements), *Adagio un poco moto. — Rondo Allegro.*
Mr. William H. Sherwood.
Siegfried's Death and Funeral March from "Gotterdämmerung" . . . . *Wagner.*
Songs with Piano-forte.
a. Rastlose Liebe (Restless Love) . . . . *Schubert.*
b. "Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag" . . . . . *Franz.*
c. Romanze . . . . *Brahms.*
Miss May Bryant.
Overture to "Der Freischütz" . . . . *Von Weber.*

The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Mr. Listemann as Conductor, gave excellent renderings of the two sterling Overtures, but were less fortunate (owing to the many engagements, journeys and fatigue of the musicians about that time) in the *Siegfried* selection, which is questionable enough, however well done, in the concert room. Of course the central feature and event of the evening was the new Symphony, of which we have spoken above. — Mr. Sherwood gave a highly refined, finished, vigorous rendering of the *Adagio* and *Rondo* of the great "Emperor" Concerto. And yet the omitted movement, the first and greatest, is essential to the full impression of the two others, placing them in true relief. Being recalled, he played the middle and most spirited and bold movement from Schumann's great Fantasia, Op. 17, dedicated to Liszt. — Miss May Bryant was so afflicted by her chronic concert nervousness, that her fine large voice, and true artistic style, did not serve her to the best advantage in the Aria, from *La Clemenza di Tito.* But she won warm favor in the three German songs.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The Seventh Symphony Concert offered these selections: —

Overture to Collin's "Coriolan," Op. 62 . . . *Beethoven.*
Fourth Piano-forte Concerto, in G, Op. 58 . . *Beethoven.*
Allegro moderato (G). — *Andante con moto,* (E minor,) *Rondo vivace* (G).
William H. Sherwood.
"Spring" Symphony, (*as above,*) . . . . . *J. K. Paine.*
Piano-forte solo: Middle movement of Fantasia in C. Op. 17 . . . . *Schumann.*
Moderato, sempre energico.
William H. Sherwood.
Overture: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage." Op. 27 . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

Of the Symphony we have spoken above, Mr. Zerrahn's large and well-trained Orchestra brought out the distinctive character and spirit of the opening and closing Overtures remarkably well. They also accompanied with discretion and with sympathy Mr. Sherwood's beautiful rendering of that most poetic and delicate of the Beethoven Concertos.

JOSEFFY. — In this connection, also, we may make note (too briefly) of the three twice postponed concerts given in the Music Hall by Mr. Peck, in which this remarkably gifted young pianist had a fair field for the display of his consummate skill in some of the great Concertos, with the accompaniment of Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic Orchestra, as well as in a great variety of solos. The first programme, Thursday evening, March 11, was as follows: —

Overture, "Ruy Blas" . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Concerto in E flat . . . . *Beethoven.*
Two Character Pieces, Op. 15. . . . . . . *H. Hofmann.*
a. Ruhe im Schatten einer Ruine (Vision).
b. Im Sonnenschein.
Philharmonic Orchestra.
Piano Solo. a. Allegro and Passacaille . . . *Handel.*
b. Variations . . . . *Haydn.*
c. Aria . . . . *Pergolese.*
d. Auf dem Wasser zu singen.
(To sing on the Water) . . . . *Schubert — Liszt.*
Evening Song . . . . *R. Schumann.*
[Adapted for Orchestra by Saint Saën.]
Concerto in E Flat . . . . *Liszt.*

The whole vocabulary of praise, of wonder and delight, has been exhausted in the attempt to do justice to Joseffy's magical touch, the faultless perfection of his technique, the exquisite grace and finish of his every phrase and passage, and to the fine poetic feeling — at all events the poetry of motion — which pervades his whole interpretation of whatever subject. There is no denying that his playing is refined, in passages of strength and delicacy alike; that he is in the large and complete sense a pianist, and not merely, as some Viennese wag called him, a *pianissimist;* that he plays all *con amore,* and possesses easy, absolute mastery of all the means of giving expression to his feelings and intentions. It is always a delight to listen to him, even if you question here and there a tempo, or miss the wonted verve and force, the electric thrill, in certain passages of a strong work, at once subtle, tender and heroic, nay gigantic, like the E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, in the way in which he refines it all down to the most exquisite appreciation of detail. We must confess that we have *felt* that Concerto more, felt more of the great soul of Beethoven in it, felt more drawn to him and clasped and lifted in his strong arms, listening in times past to far less daintily finished and more rugged renderings, although Joseffy's rendering is in many respects so singularly perfect. The test would be to know Beethoven for the first time through him; should we after this performance have the same deep and great impression of the work, the master, that we had acquired already years ago, through our own Dresel, Leonhard, Perabo, Anna Mehlig, and others, none of them pretending to this marvellous perfection of technique, — not to speak of Rubinstein and Von Bülow? In some respects, no doubt, this young Hungarian's interpretation has surpassed them all; yet we are no converts to this or any other "new reading," if so it can be called, of a Concerto so great that it would seem to dictate its own one and only reading, simply *possessing* the interpreter. While he played we could but listen with delight and admiration; it was only when it was over that it occurred to many minds to ask themselves; But where, then, after all, is our Beethoven?

The Liszt Concerto is another matter, and although we never liked it very much, it did reveal new brilliancy and glory in this wonderful performance, which made the very most of it. In the group of piano Solos, he exhibited the utmost grace and ideal beauty of form and detail, and the fine poetic charm of feeling and expression. His arrangement and performance of the song by Pergolese: "Tre giorni son che Nina,," were simply exquisite, bewitchingly beautiful and tender. If in the Liszt transcription of the Schubert Barcarole he took the movement so extremely fast that you could hardly catch the outline of Schubert's unique and beautiful accompaniment, any more than you see the faces in the windows of a swiftly passing railroad train, yet so charming was the whole thing, so full of grace and fine aroma, as to beguile one for the time being into unquestioning and childlike acceptance both of the strange tempo and of everything about it. The enthusiasm of the great audience was unbounded, and the artist was repeatedly recalled, responding always in the most amiable manner. For an encore he astonished all by a couple of left-hand pieces: a Minuet by Rheinberger (!) and a Gavotte by Bach (his own transcription) — things with which he had amused himself while his right hand was slowly healing.

The second programme was the following:

Overture. "Egmont" . . . . *Beethoven.*
Concerto in E Minor., Op. 11 . . . . *Chopin.*
Introduction. "Lohengrin" . . . . *Wagner.*
Philharmonic Orchestra.
Piano Solos.
a. Fugue. (A minor) . . . . *Bach.*
b. Gavotte . . . . *Padre Martini.*
c. Warum? (Why?) . . . . *Schumann.*
d. Valse Caprice . . . . *Schubert-Liszt.*
e. Spinnerlied. (Flying Dutchman). *Wagner-Liszt.*
Danse Macabre . . . . *Saint Saëns.*
Hungarian Fantasie . . . . *Liszt.*
Herr Joseffy and Orchestra.

The general enthusiasm about Joseffy's playing seemed steadily on the increase. He is naturally very much at home in Chopin, and we found nothing in his rendering of the E-minor Concerto, to qualify our admiration when he played it here (without orchestra) in October. We have heard some charge it with want of poetry and feeling, and call it now glittering, now daintily and softly elegant, but mechanical and cold, while others found in it the very quintessence of poesy, and were thrilled and transported by the Concerto as they never were before. Each for himself; we can only say we listened with delight and wonder. No one has shown us so complete a mastery of Liszt's wild Hungarian Fantaisie in all its moods and kaleidoscopic changes; yet there is a great sameness in all these rhapsodical Hungarian things by Liszt. All the little pieces were played to a charm, particularly the Schubert Waltz and Wagner's Spinning Song, in Liszt's florid arabesque transcription; in things of this kind we never heard Joseffy's equal. His encore was a most generous addition to the programme, — a great piece with orchestra, namely Liszt's remarkable Fantasia, with extensive prelude, on the Dervish Chorus, and the Turkish March from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens,* this was a remarkable display of imaginative conception, intellectual grasp and power.

Here is the last programme (Saturday afternoon, March 13): —

Overture. "Jessonda" . . . . *Spohr.*
Concerto in E Flat . . . . *Beethoven.*
Andante for String Orchestra . . . . . *Tschaikowski.*
Concerto in F Minor. Op. 22. (First time.) . . *Chopin.*
Two Hungarian Dances . . . . *Brahms.*
Philharmonic Orchestra.
Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Op. 22 . . . *Chopin.*
Herr Joseffy and Orchestra.

We think it was a mistake to reverse the order of the two Concertos as at first announced. Chopin could but suffer after Beethoven; his delicate conceptions pale in presence of the "Emperor," just as one great picture puts out the light of another quite as fine, but not so great. Yet both were very admirably played, and so was the Andante and Polonaise of Chopin. After each the audience, crowding the great hall, seemed to go into raptures. As there were no smaller pieces on the programme, he was most generous and even lavish of *bonnes bouches* in answer to encores as if, inexhaustible in strength and patience, as well as in ever fresh resources. After Beethoven, he gave again the left-hand pieces; after the Chopin Concerto, the "Nina" aria of Pergolese, and the Viennese dances of Schubert-Liszt; and when the end of the concert found the public still insatiable, he came back again, smiling most amiably, and threw in a Nocturne of Chopin. And each thing seemed better than the last. — If in such playing as Joseffy's, all thought of ivory and wood and iron vanishes entirely, so that there seems to be no gross material medium between the musical conception, and the tones themselves, let us not forget that the Chickering instrument, which served him so admirably, was one of the best ever heard in this city, *facile princeps* among those of other makers which have figured lately in our concert rooms. This old firm is bringing out its very best in just these happy days.

We have allowed ourselves no room to say all the good things that could be said of the creditable work done in these concerts by Mr. Listemann's Orchestra, both in accompaniment, and in the various well selected Overtures and other less familiar pieces.

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MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 25. — The seventh concert of the "Cecilia," the third of this season, took place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, at the hall of the Amateur Dramatic Club. The artists were the New York Philharmonic Club, Mr. F. Rummel, Pianist, and Mr. F. Remmertz, Bass. The following programme was presented: —

Quartet, in F, No. 9, ... *Mozart.*
Songs: *a.* Fruhlingslied, ... *Mendelssohn.*
b. Fruhlingslied, ... *Rubinstein.*
Intermission.
Song: Aria in "Ezio"; "Nasce al bosco," . *Handel.*
Solos, Piano: *a.* Nocturne, in D flat,
Op. 27, No. 2. . . . . *Chopin.*
b. Polonaise Heroique, Op. 53, ... *Chopin*
Song: "The Storm," . . . . *Hullah.*
Quintet, Op. 114, ("The Trout)," . . . . *Schubert.*

Finer quartet playing than that of Mozart's work we scarcely remember to have heard. The composition itself is delightful, and was made doubly so by the rendering. Each instrument seemed to have a thorough knowledge of its part, and to perform it with due regard to all the others. This made the general effect well-nigh perfect. This quartet carried us back to the days when we first began to be acquainted with string chamber-music, when the faces of Schultze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries used frequently to greet us as they played so finely this and many another work of similar character.

The Schubert "Trout" Quintet is, if not a very great work, one well-worth hearing. It has the characteristic traits of its author, and, considering its many beauties, it is rather remarkable that it is so seldom performed. In the present instance, so much of the work as was given was excellently done by all the artists. With regard to the omission of one of the most interesting and important movements, — the Adagio — we must be allowed a word. Concerts of this character are confessedly undertaken, or should be, from an educational point of view, and their purpose is, as we understand it, to present complete works of the masters as the principal part of their programmes. Especially should this be the case when, as in the present instance, only two works are given. We do not mean to say that anyone has not the right to give parts, — complete parts — of a work, but we do deprecate strongly such a course in concerts of this character and aim. It was hardly fair to composer or audience to state on the programme: "Quintet, Op 114, (The Trout) Schubert," and then omit one of the chief movements of the work. The programme should have read, "*Selections* from the Trout Quintet." We should not perhaps mention this, but for the fact that a similar instance presented itself in the concerts of this Society last season; if anything a worse mutilation of another work of the same composer, the cutting out bodily of about one third of the Finale of the D-minor Quartet, a procedure at that time heartily condemned by us. Certainly the Adagio of this Quintet is worth hearing. To our mind, it is equal to any other part of the work. The Quintet, as we have remarked, is very seldom heard. Why not, then, give it to us in its entirety? The plea of length will not suffice for two reasons. First, the extra time required for the omitted movement was too short to be taken into the account, under the circumstances; and second, if there is insufficient time to give any specified work in its entirety, let one be chosen of such dimensions as there is time for. This is the only true course for such a Society to adopt.

Mr. Rummel's piano solos were on the whole very well given. If we take any exception to his interpretations it would be the misplacement of the climax in the Nocturne, making the *decrescendo* too soon, thus departing from Chopin's own marking of the piece; and a too loud rendering of the octave passages for the left hand in the E-major portion of the Polonaise. Otherwise his playing was very fine and enjoyable. To a hearty encore he responded with Handel's *Air Varié* in E.

The singing was superb. We have rarely if ever, heard German songs so well rendered. The artist seemed to catch thoroughly their spirit and to enter heartily upon his work. He showed his fine taste and sense of unity in musical impressions, by responding to the encore of his first two songs, with Schumann's "Fruhlingslied." Of the three Spring-Songs it is hard to say which is the best. Each has its own peculiar excellence. Mendelssohn's was to us the least interesting of all. Between the other two we do not care to choose. Rubinstein's is one of the finest, if not the finest, of his songs known to us. It closes similarly to the "Gold rolls here beneath me," a touch of real genius. Handel's Aria, in his broad grand style, was very enjoyable. We are glad to make its acquaintance and to notice how many fine selections our bass singers are bringing us from his works.

The concert was equal to any that the society have given, and they have every encouragement to go on with their work, — a work which is well worthy of all the labor and attention they can give to it. A. G. L.

NEW YORK, March 15. — On Monday evening we had a Joseffy-Liszt night, with an interesting programme, which included the E flat Concerto and the Hungarian Fantasia. The wonderful Hungarian outdid himself on this occasion, and the concert is to be repeated this (Monday) evening. The Joseffy Chamber music Soirée, which had been announced for Wednesday evening, was omitted, and *two* of the series will be given this week.

On Wednesday afternoon the fourth of Mr. Morgan's enjoyable series of organ and harp recitals occurred in Chickering Hall, and was attended by a large and interested audience. The fifth and last recital will be given on Wednesday of this week.

The fifth of Dr. Damrosch's Symphony Concerts was given on Saturday evening, with the annexed programme: —

Overture: Penthesilea. . . . . *Goldmark.*
2d Slavonic Rhapsody . . . . *Dvorack.*
3d Symphony. . . . . *Beethoven.*
Symphonic Poem: "Tasso." . . . . *Liszt.*

The orchestral forces were handled by Dr. Damrosch with rare skill and discrimination, and the result was a very admirable performance. The only novelties were the Goldmark Overture and Dvorak's Rhapsody. The former does not wear well, somehow; and I was less pleased with it than upon the occasion of its production at one of the concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, albeit it was conducted in a far more scholarly and masterly manner upon the later occasion. The Rhapsody has many fine bits of orchestration, and possesses a certain wild freedom, and even lawlessness that make it very attractive. There was probably a satisfaction (for many) in feeling that, after all Dvorak's wild and fantastic harmonic progressions, one could sober down by the aid of Beethoven, who can scarcely be deemed wild. The great advantage about *this* author is that you always feel so absolutely certain of what you are going to get. I have noticed the critics frequently find this fact a most serviceable one.

The Journal is of course already aware that Theodore Thomas has broken his contracts with the Cincinnati people, and is now on the wing, as it were. It is said that Chicago wants him, but the general impression here is that he will return to this city and take possession of us once more. It need scarcely be said that with Dr. Damrosch at the helm of the Symphony Society, and with Theodore in charge of both Philharmonic Societies, the opportunities for American composers, or for American piano-makers, will not be overwhelmingly frequent.

March 22. Unquestionably the notable event of the week was the concert of the Brooklin Philharmonic Society, which occurred on Tuesday evening, March 16, with the following attractive programme: —

9th Symphony C. . . . . *Schubert.*
Concerto, Op 10, F Major. . . . . *Brull.*
Mr Richard Hoffman.
"Midsummer Night Dream" music. . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Slavonic Rhapsody . . . . *Dvorak.*

Schubert's glorious work is always satisfying, although it is greatly to be regretted that the length of programme made it necessary for the chorus to omit all repeats, a proceeding which deprived the audience of almost seven hundred bars of this delicious Symphony. It was played measurably well, although the horns, which have so much to do, *would* "nobble."

Mr. Hoffman has never played the Brull Concerto (or any other), in a more thoroughly artistic way than he did upon this occasion. His phrasing was admirable, his technique clear and accurate, and his grace and ease of manner simply charming. His performance elicited the warmest applause and he was thrice compelled to appear and bow his acknowledgments.

The Mendelssohn music was interpreted well, so far as the orchestral work is concerned; but simple charity demands that the critic touch but lightly upon the efforts of the soprano, alto and female chorus whose valuable assistance had been secured for the occasion; they did succeed in keeping time, but they persisted in being *flat*.

Although the evening was wet, sloppy and intensely disagreeable, the audience was a very large one, and the orchestra and stage were one mass of bloom and foliage, as it always is in these charming entertainments. It must be remembered that the Brooklyn Society is in the hands of cultivated and refined Americans, and that explains the matter.

Mr. and Miss Morgan's very attractive series of Organ and Harp Matinées (or Recitals) terminated with the fifth and last on Wednesday, March 17.

The programme was an interesting one; a large audience evinced appreciation of the artists' efforts by every indication of approval. During the afternoon Mr. Morgan made a little speech, and in the course of his well chosen remarks he held out the hope that next season the Recitals would be resumed. It is to be wished that such may be the case, for it is rarely that a more delightful series of musical entertainments has been given in our city.

Joseffy's series of chamber music Concerts seem to have come to an untimely end, by reason of the pianist's indisposition. They were advertised for Wednesday evenings, March 3, 10, 17, 31; but only one has ever been given and so many dates have been at different times substituted for the original one that no one now seems able to understand the matter at all! whether this confusion means illness (as alleged,) or a second difficulty between Mr. Joseffy and his managers is a problem which time will doubtless solve.

ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, March 21. — The following were the programmes of concerts given since my last, at the Peabody Institute.

Fifteenth Students' Concert, March 6:

Piano Trio.
B flat Major. Work 10. For piano, violin and violoncello. Miss Mabel Latham, (student of the Conservatory, seventh year) Messrs. Fincke, and Jungnickel. . . . . *Emil Hartmann.*
Songs, with Piano.
O, Sunny Beam. — Drinking Song — Mr. H. Glase, (student of the Conservatory, first year.) . . . . *Schumann.*
Air from Elijah.
Mr. Wm. Byrn, (student of the Conservatory, third year.). . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Novelete, A Minor. Work 29. For piano, violin, and violoncello. — Miss Sarah Schoenberg, (student of the Conservatory, sixth year), Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel. . . . . *Gade.*

Fourth Symphony Concert, March 13:

Symphony, C minor, No. 5. . . . . *Beethoven.*
Compositions for Piano.
Nocturne G Minor. Work 37. No. 1. —
Cradle Song D flat Major, Work 57. —
Rondo E flat Major. Work 16. —
Mme. Julia Rivé-King. . . . . *Chopin.*
Songs with Piano.
I Love Thee. — In the Woods. — Good Morning. . . . . *Edvard Greig.*
Slumber Song.
Miss Fannie Kellogg. . . . . *R. Wagner.*
The Roman Carnival. Concert Overture.
Work 9. . . . . *Hector Berlioz.*

March 17, at Washington, under the auspices of the Athenæum Club, of that city:

Fourth Norse Suite.
D Major. Work 25. Composed in Baltimore, 1876-1877. On the Ocean. — In the Style of a Folk-song. — Mermaids' Dance. — Love Song. — Toward the Shore
Asger Hamerik.
Andante and Rondo from the Violin Concerto. Transcribed for the piano by Mme. Rivé-King. — Mme. Julia Rivé-King. . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Raid of the Vikings.
Overture to a Norse drama. Work 25.
Composed 1876. . . . . *Emil Hartmann.*
Hungarian Rhapsody.
C sharp Minor. No. 2.
Mme. Julia Rivé-King. . . . . *Liszt.*
Leonora Overture. C Major. No. 3. . . . . *Beethoven.*

March 20, at the Peabody Institute (Fifth Symphony Concert) Mr. Hamerik's Fourth Norse Suite was repeated and was received with much enthusiasm. It was quite natural for the director to take particular pains in rehearsing his own composition, which was superbly played by the orchestra. The work is characterized by luxurious melody, as in the Love Song, and by rich and powerful instrumentation and telling effects throughout.

Appropriate and very pleasing use is occasionally made of two harps in the second, third and fourth movements.

Beside the Suite, Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture No. 3 was performed, and Mr. Franz Remmertz sang the seven enchanting *Schöne Müllerin* songs: "Wohin," "Am Feierabend," "Der Neugierige," "Ungeduld," "Der Müller und der Bach," "Die böse Farbe," "Trockne Blumen."

It cannot but be said that in several of the songs, Mr. Remmertz with his rich voice was highly effective, but for the most part the proper spirit was wanting. What success he achieved was due almost entirely to the splendid telling calibre of his magnificent voice, but is there not something more required in songs like these? Mr. Remmertz's forte is evidently Oratorio music, for which his heavy voice and style are best suited.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS., March 20. — The Musical Society, Eugene Luening, Director, gave its 269th concert last evening. The following was the programme:

1. Wintersong. . . . . *W. Tschirch.*
Male Chorus.
2. Piano Solo—Ballad, A flat . . . . *C. Reinecke.*
Miss Bertha Barge.
3. Pagen Aria from the "Huguenots" . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Miss Jennie Jerzykiewicz.
4. Aria from Orpheus . . . . *Gluck.*
Miss Bella Fink.
5. a. Lerchenbaum. . . . . *M. Hauptmann.*
b. The Fisher. . . . . *Arno Kleffel.*
Mixed Chorus.
6. The Bird. . . . . *H. Lattemann.*
Piano Solo and Male Chorus.
7. Piano Solo.
a. Study. . . . . *Scarlatti.*
b. Vogel als Prophet . . . . *Schumann.*
c. Valse, E Minor . . . . *Chopin.*
Miss Bertha Burge.
8. a. Passing by . . . . *C. Loewe.*
b. Beware. . . . . *B. Ramann.*
Mixed Chorus.
9. a. Cradlesong. . . . . *J. Brahms.*
b. In the Forest. . . . . *M. Hartmann.*
Miss Jennie Jerzykiewicz.
10. a. Home. . . . . *C. F. Fischer.*
b. Soldiers Song. . . . . *F. Liszt.*
Male Chorus.

The chorus work was good, on the whole, though there were occasional slips in time. The shading and intonation were good. Miss Burge is a well schooled and musicianly pianist, and gave much satisfaction. Miss Jerzykiewicz's selections were well adapted to her voice, so that her fine training showed for all it was worth. Miss Fink is a young girl with a phenomenal contralto voice. Her singing shows marked improvement under Mr. Luening's tuition. Mr. L. is doing admirable work both as teacher and conductor. J. C. F.

Our space is exhausted, and there yet remain for notice numerous important Concerts of this memorable and crowded period. The very interesting one by Mr. Authur Foote; the still lengthening series of Mr. Perabo's recitals, rich in good things and in their bewildering array of *new* piano quartets, trios, etc.; the Concerts of the vocal Clubs, the Apollo and the Boylston, — of all these, and more, our notice is reluctantly postponed.

LOCAL NOTES.

The Harvard Symphony Concerts season, the fifteenth, was concluded this week, with the great Schubert Symphony, Beethoven's Overture in C, Op. 124, a new and brilliant Piano Concerto by Von Bronsart, played by Mr. Lang, and vocal solos by Miss Fannie Louise Barnes.

—Next in order comes the Handel and Haydn Society Easter Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, to-morrow evening. The soloists are Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. F. P. Whitney, Mrs. Frank Kinsley, Messrs. W. C. Tower, J. F. Winch and M. W. Whitney.

The fifth triennial festival of the Society will be held at the Music Hall in May. Seven concerts will be given, at which the following works will be performed: —May 4, evening, *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn; May 5, evening, *The Last Judgment*, Spohr; *Stabat Mater*, Rossini; May 6, afternoon, Ninth [choral] Symphony, Beethoven, 43d Psalm, *Judge me, O God!* Mendelssohn; May 6, evening, *Manzoni Requiem*, Verdi; May 7, evening, *Spring and Summer*, from *The Seasons*, Haydn; *The Deluge*, Saint Saëns; May 8, afternoon, a miscellaneous concert, including *Utrecht Jubilate*, by Handel; May 9, evening, *Solomon*, Handel. The following vocalists will appear, Miss Emma C. Thursby, Miss Annie Cary, Miss Emily Winant; Italo Campanini, C. R. Adams, W. H. Fessenden, W. Courtnay, M. W. Whitney, J. F. Winch, G. W. Dudley. Orchestra of seventy, including the best Boston players, under Listemann. B. J. Lang will be the organist, and Carl Zerrahn, conductor. Season tickets at $12 each, will be for sale on Monday, March 29, at Music Hall. Holders of Season tickets for the winter's course of oratorios may secure their present seats before that date. Orders for season tickets may be addressed to Mr. Peck, at Music Hall, or to A. P. Browne, secretary, Postoffice box 2504.

—It is rumored that Mr. J. K. Paine's brilliant and masterly "Spring" Symphony is to be performed at one of the concerts of the Handel and Haydn May Festival. We trust that this may be so. The Society will show good taste, judgment, and appreciation by affording the musical public another opportunity of hearing this beautiful work.—*Gazette.*

—The Sanders Theatre Concerts have resulted in some pecuniary loss. To make this good, a concert of a somewhat miscellaneous, yet artistic character, will be given there next Tuesday evening, for which Messrs. Ole Bull, Listemann, Geo. L. Osgood, Arthur Foote, Warren A. Locke and others, have volunteered their aid.

—That conscientious and accomplished artist, Mrs. L. S. Frohock, will give a Matinée at Wesleyan Hall, at 3 P. M., next Tuesday, with the assistance of Messrs. Listemann and Fries. Selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Saint Saëns.

—On the 15th of April, Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* will be brought out for the first time in Boston, at the Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. The chorus rehearsals are making satisfactory progress. There is a carefully selected chorus of 200 voices, all pledged to punctual attendance at every rehearsal; the orchestra will be the best and most complete that Boston can supply; and the solos are distributed as follows: — Marguerite, Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen; Faust, Mr. W. J. Winch; Mephistopheles, Mr. Clarence E. Hay; Brander, Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger. No musical event of the season is more eagerly looked forward to.

—The Cecelia, at its next concert, April 12, will give Schumann's music to Byron's *Manfred*, with readings of a portion of the tragedy by Mr. Howard M. Ticknor.

—A concert will be giveo in Mechanic's Hall on the afternoon of April 12, by Mr. John Orth, assisted by Mr. George L. Osgood and Mr. Gustav Dannreuther.

—Besides the *Faust* of Berlioz, Mr. B. J. Lang will give two concerts, on the 1st and 23d of April, at Mechanic's Hall. In the first, a Bach Concerto for four pianos will be played for the first time in public here.

— The fifth Euterpe concert, originally announced for April 14, has been postponed. The date has not yet been settled upon. The Beethoven Quintet Club will play. A concert will also be given in May, of which further particulars will be duly made known.

—Mr. Peck's benefit concert, to be given in Music Hall, April 14, will be an attractive entertainment. For vocalists there will be Miss Gertrude Franklyn and Miss Emily Winant. There will also be piano solos by Mr. Joseffy, and a large orchestra will take part under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas.

EUTERPE. — We had to forego the temptation of the fourth concert (March 10), the more reluctantly that it offered the fine contrast of two such Quartets as the Op. 132 in A minor, of Beethoven, and the more clear and readily appreciable Op. 44, No. 1, in D, by Mendelssohn. The former had been played here three times (in 1865 and 1873) by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and, so far as we remember, with pretty general acceptance. Yet now we read such criticisms as these upon it: —

"Probably it would not have been thought worthy the attention of the Euterpe had not the name of Beethoven been associated with it. As the great composer was in all probability afflicted with total deafness at the time it was written, he never could have heard it performed. The opening movements are rendered fairly tedious by the extravagant attention that has been paid to thematic development, and throughout the musical ideas advanced are vague and mysterious, the most beautiful of the melodies being obscured by a strictly polyphonic and for the most part uninteresting treatment."

"Beethoven's work, which is rarely heard, is an abstruse, elaborate, diffuse, and vague composition. Like nearly all of Beethoven's later writings, repeated hearings and close study of the quartet are necessary before one can even acquire a knowledge of the construction of the work, and admiration is then excited more for the ingenuity displayed in the treatment of the themes, than for the beauty of those themes."

We are tempted, if only for the sake of showing how different an impression the work *has* produced upon some minds, to reproduce here a part of what we wrote about it in Nov. 1873. If it gets no justice now, let it appear that it was *once* in some humble degree appreciated: —

"We hardly dare to say more of it now than we did in 1865, and that is all expressed in two words: wonder and delight. We had never known so great a work on first hearing so to to take hold of a whole audience. It was followed with breathless interest, every movement heartily applauded, reaching a fine climax of excitement at the end of the very impassioned Finale. It should have been heard since, season after season; indeed it is one of those works which, to be fully understood, and more and more enjoyed and inwardly possessed, might well be listened to as often as once a week throughout a season. Its beauty and its sentiment are inexhaustible. Beethoven composed it after a severe and painful illness, and in its successive movements gave expression to the various alternating moods of fever, convalescence, gratitude and joy. The first movement is a fitful, restless and imaginative Allegro, springing from a slow, deep musing introduction of a few bars of rich, strange harmony, in which the instruments appear to yearn and strain to reach above their sphere, the tenor and the bass soaring above the violins at times. The whole is strangely beautiful, the sickness of a great mind; clear, consistent, musical throughout; hope and faith and courage never lost. The second movement (*Allegro ma non tanto*) in the 3-4 Scherzo measure, is not a Scherzo in spirit, but does express the awakening of a new hope; the heavy palsying hand is lifted, and we seem to move once more and with a measured content. Then comes the *Adagio — molto* Adagio it begins — over which he has inscribed the title: *Canzona di ringraziamento, in modo Lidico offerta alla divinità da un guarito*, that is: "Song of thanksgiving, in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one recovering from sickness." The Lydian is that one of the old Church modes which makes our diatonic major scale of C begin with F; in other words it is our key of F major with a B natural always in the place of B flat. This gives a peculiar church-like flavor to the harmony, and as Beethoven here handles it the expression is religious and sublime. But presently this broad 4-4 measure gives place to and alternates with an *Andante*, 3-8 in D major, as the convalescent feels within him a new force ("*Sentendo nuova forza*"). This is marvellously beautiful and full of delicate and subtle fancies: genius feels "the vision and the faculty divine" returning. And there is the deepest tenderness and loveliness in the lingering, fond variation of the Adagio where it comes back to close the movement ("*con intimissimo sentimento*"). A most spirited and reassuring march (*Allegro Marcia assai vivace*) in A major, heralds the Finale, — a wonderful piece of eloquent impassioned recitative forming the transition to the still more impassioned and exciting last Allegro. Yet in all this there is nothing morbid; it is the conquering spirit looking down over its ascent of suf[illegible]og and trial and celebrating the divine secret learn[illegible] in infirmity and pain. If ever for a moment the strain sickens, it is but the text and foil to instant glorious recovery. Wonderfully clear, too, is all this complex, subtle, ever varied musical discourse, or rather self-communion.

NEW YORK. — What promised to be a most important event of the season, the performance under Dr. Damrosch, of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, seems to have fallen rather short of expectation. It needs our Boston Music Hall to display the forces for so great a work to good advantage. But little more than half of the work was given. *Here* the whole required two concerts on one day (Good Friday).

The separation of the orchestra into two distinct divisions, being necessary by the conveniences of St. George's Church, where the performance took place, seriously marred its success. The solos were taken by Mrs. Granger Dow (soprano), Miss Mathilde Phillipps, (alto), Mr. William J. Winch (tenor), Mr. John F. Winch and Mr. George E. Aiken (bassos).

CINCINNATI. — The serious division between Theodore Thomas, and Mr. George Ward Nichols and his associates of the Board of Directors of the College of Music, resulting in the resignation of Mr. Thomas, and his return to New York, has been pretty thoroughly ventilated in all the newspapers throughout the land. We have no desire to enter into the merits of the controversy, but can easily presume that each party, from its own point of view, is in the right, and that it has all resulted for the best. At all events we can congratulate the founders and directors of the College, that they feel so strong in means and confidence for going on as well as ever, if not better, in spite of the secession of the great orchestral leader, whom New York of course is only too glad to be able to call her own again. The Directors of the College have issued a very cheerful, reassuring circular, by which it appears that the entire Faculty of thirty-one professors and teachers retain their places, and that the institution is to be divided into two departments—an Academic Department, and a General Music School. We hope to find room for the full statement in another number.

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MENDELSSOHN'S MANY PURSUITS.

BY GEORGE GROVE.

(Continued from page 30.

Add to those just mentioned, the many concerts, to be arranged, rehearsed, conducted; the frequent negotiations attending on Berlin; the long official protocols; the hospitality and genial intercourse, where he was equally excellent as host or as guest; the claims of his family; the long holidays, real holidays, spent in travelling, and not, like Beethoven's, devoted to composition — and we may almost be pardoned for wondering how he can have found time to write any music at all. But on the contrary, with him all this business does not appear to have militated against composition in the slightest degree. It often drove him almost to distraction; it probably shortened his life; but it never seems to have prevented his doing whatever music came before him, either spontaneously or at the call of his two posts at Berlin and Dresden. He composed *Antigone* in a fortnight, he resisted writing the music to *Ruy Blas*, he grumbled over the long chorale for the thousandth anniversary of the German Empire, and over the overture to *Athalie*, in the midst of his London pleasures; but still he did them, and in the cases of *Antigone* and the two overtures it is difficult to see how he could have done them better. He was never driven into a corner.

The power by which he got through all this labor, so much of it self-imposed, was the power of order and concentration, the practical business habit of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well. This no doubt was the talent which his father recognized in him so strongly as to make him doubt whether business was not his real vocation. It was this which made him sympathize with Schiller in his power of "supplying" great tragedies as they were wanted. In one way, his will was weak, for he always found it hard to say No; but having accepted the task it became a duty, and towards duty his will was the iron will of a man of business. Such a gift is vouchsafed to very few artists. Handel possessed it in some degree; but with that one exception Mendelssohn seems to stand alone.

Of his method of composing, little or nothing is known. He appears to have made few sketches, and to have arranged his music in his head at first, much as Mozart did. Probably this arose from his early training under Zelter, for the volumes for 1821–2–3, of the MS. series now in the Berlin Library appear to contain his first drafts, and rarely show any corrections, and what there are, are not so much sketches, as erasures, and substitutions. Devrient and Schubring tell of their having seen him composing a score bar by bar from top to bottom; but this was probably only an experiment or *tour de force*.

Alterations in a work after it was completed are quite another thing, and in these he was lavish. He complains of his not discovering the necessity for them till *post festum*. We have seen instances of this in the *Walpurgisnight*, *St. Paul*, the *Lobgesang*, *Elijah*, and some of the Concert-overtures. Another instance is the *Italian Symphony*, which he retained in MS. for fourteen years, till his death, with the intention of altering and improving the Finale. Another, equally to the point, is the D minor Trio, of which there are two editions in actual circulation, containing several important and extensive differences. This is carrying fastidiousness even further than Beethoven, whose alterations were endless, but ceased with publication. The autographs of many of Mendelssohn's pieces are dated years before they were printed, and in most, if not all, cases, they received material alterations before being issued.

Of his pianoforte playing in his earlier days we have already spoken. What it was in his great time, at such displays as his performances in London at the Philharmonic in 1842, '44, and '47; at Ernst's Concert in 1844, in the Bach Concerto with Moscheles and Thalberg; at the British Musicians' matinée in 1844; and the British Quartet Society in 1847; at the Leipzig Concerts on the occasion already mentioned in 1836; at Miss Lind's Concert, Dec. 5, 1845, or at many a private reunion at V. Novello's or the Horsleys', or the Moscheles' in London, or the houses of his favorite friends in Leipzig, Berlin, or Frankfort — there are still many remaining well able to judge, and in whose minds the impression survives as clear as ever. Of the various recollections with which I have been favored, I cannot do better than give entire those of Madame Schumann, and Dr. Hiller. In reading them it should be remembered that Mendelssohn was fond of speaking of himself as a player *en gros*, who did not claim (however great his right) to be a virtuoso, and that there are instances of his having refused to play to great virtuosi.

1. "My recollections of Mendelssohn's playing", says Madame Schumann, "are among the most delightful things in my artistic life. It was to me a shining ideal, full of genius and life, united with technical perfection. He would sometimes take the *tempi* very quick, but never to the prejudice of the music. It never occurred to me to compare him with virtuosi. Of mere effects of performance he knew nothing — he was always the great musician, and in hearing him one forgot the player, and only revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. He could carry one with him in the most incredible manner, and his playing was always stamped with beauty and nobility. In his early days he had acquired perfection of technique; but latterly, as he often told me, he hardly ever practised, and yet he surpassed every one. I have heard him in Bach, and Beethoven, and in his own compositions, and shall never forget the impression he made upon me."

2. "Mendelssohn's playing," says Dr. Hiller, "was to him what flying is to a bird. No one wonders why a lark flies, it is inconceivable without that power. In the same way Mendelssohn played the piano because it was his nature. He possessed great skill, certainty, power, and rapidity of execution, a lovely full tone — all in fact that a virtuoso could desire; but these qualities were forgotten while he was playing, and one almost overlooked even those more spiritual gifts which we call fire, invention, soul, apprehension, etc. When he sat down to the instrument music streamed from him with all the fullness of his inborn genius, — he was a centaur, and his horse was the piano. What he played, how he played it, and that he was the player — all were equally rivetting, and it was impossible to separate the execution, the music, and the executant. This was absolutely the case in his improvisations, so poetical, artistic, and finished; and almost as much so in his execution of the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or himself. Into those three masters he had grown, and they had become his spiritual property. The music of other composers he knew, but could not produce it as he did theirs. I do not think, for instance, that his execution of Chopin was at all to be compared to his execution of the masters just mentioned; he did not care particularly for it, though when alone he played everything good with interest. In playing at sight his skill and rapidity of comprehension were astonishing, and that not with P. F. music only, but with the most complicated compositions. He never practised, though he once told me that in his Leipzig time he had played a shake (I think with the second and third fingers) several minutes every day for some months, till he was perfect in it."

"'His staccato,'" says Mr. Joachim, "was the most extraordinary thing possible for life and crispness. In the *Frühlingslied* (Songs without Words, Bk. v, No. 6) for instance, it was quite electric, and though I have heard that song played by many of the greatest players, I never experienced the same effect. His playing was extraordinarily full of fire, which could hardly be controlled, and yet was controlled, and combined with the greatest delicacy." "Though lightness of touch, and a delicious liquid peariness of tone," says another of his pupils, "were prominent characteristics, yet his power in *fortes* was immense. In the passage in his G-minor Concerto where the whole orchestra makes a *crescendo* the climax of which is a 6–4 chord on D, played by the P. F. alone, it seemed as if the band had quite enough to do to work up to the chord he played." As an instance of the fulness of his tone, the same gentleman mentions the 3 bars of *piano* which begin Beethoven's G-major Concerto, and which, though he played them perfectly softly, filled the whole room.

"His mechanism," says another of his

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Leipzig pupils, "was extremely subtle, and developed with the lightest of wrists (never from the arm); he therefore never strained the instrument or hammered. His chord-playing was beautiful, and based on a special theory of his own. His use of the pedal was very sparing, clearly defined, and therefore effective; his prasing beautifully clear. The performances in which I derived the most lasting impressions from him were the 32 Variations and last Sonata (op. 111) of Beethoven, in which latter the Variations of the final movement came out more clearly in their structure and beauty than I have ever heard before or since." Of his playing of the 32 Variations, Professor Macfarren remarks that "to each one, or each pair, where they go in pairs, he gave a character different from all the others. In playing at sight from a MS. score he characterized every incident by the peculiar tone by which he represented the instrument for which it was written." In describing his playing of the 9th Symphony, Mr. Schleinitz testified to the same singular power of representing the different instruments. A still stronger testimony is that of Berlioz, who, speaking of the *color* of the *Hebrides* Overture, says that Mendelssohn "succeeded in giving him an accurate idea of it, such is his extraordinary power of rendering the most complicated scores on the Piano."

His adherence to his author's meaning, and to the indications given in the music, was absolute. Strict time was one of his hobbies. He alludes to it, with an eye to the sine of Hiller and Chopin, in a letter of May 23, 1834, and somewhere else speaks of "nice strict tempo," as something peculiarly pleasant. After introducing some *ritardandos* in conducting the introduction to Beethoven's second symphony, he excused himself by saying that "one could not always be good," and that he had felt the inclination too strongly to resist it. In playing, however, he never himself interpolated a *ritardando*, or suffered it in any one else. It especially enraged him when done at the end of a song or other piece. "Es steht nicht da!" he would say; "if it were intended it would be written in—they think it expression, but it is sheer affectation." But though in playing he never varied the *tempo* when once taken, he did not always take a movement at the same pace, but changed it as his mood was at the time. We have seen in the case of Bach's A-minor Fugue, that he could on occasion introduce an individual reading; and his treatment of the arpeggios in the *Chromatic Fantasia* shows that, there at least, he allowed himself great latitude. Still, in imitating this it should be remembered how thoroughly he knew these great masters, and how perfect his sympathy with them was. In conducting, as we have just seen, he was more elastic, though even there his variations would now be condemned as moderate by some conductors. Before he conducted at the Philharmonic it had been the tradition in the Coda of the Overture to *Egmont* to return to a *piano* after the *crescendo*; but this he would not suffer, and maintained the *fortissimo* to the end—a practice now always followed.

(Conclusion in next number.)

"LA DAMNATION DE FAUST."

(From The Musical Review, Jan. 29.)

When Berlioz was induced by Liszt (to whom he dedicated *La Damnation*) to read for the first time the French translation of Goethe's *Faust*, by Gérard de Nerval, he was profoundly impressed. "The marvellous work fascinated me. I could not put it down. I read it everywhere, at table, at the theatre, in the streets." Under its influence Berlioz wrote, and had printed at his own expense, his work, *Eight scenes from Faust*, the principal ideas of which were developed and retouched in *La Damnation*. Dissatisfied with this first work, he caused the plates and copies to be destroyed. It was during a journey in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Russia, that he began the composition of his *Legend of Faust*. He had long been considering it, and found that he must decide upon writing most of the libretto himself. The few fragments of a French translation of Goethe's *Faust* which he had put to music twenty years before, and which he wished to introduce into the new score, would not form a sixth part of the whole work. It is most interesting to gather from his "Mémoires" something concerning the rise and growth of this great conception and the circumstances under which it took form. He says:

"As I rolled along in the old post-chaise, I tried to make the verses, without translating or even imitating the great masterpiece, but endeavoring so to inspire myself with it as to extract its musical substance. I began by *Faust's Invocation to Nature* and, once started, I made the verse accordingly, as the musical ideas presented themselves. I composed the score with unusual facility and wrote it down where I could. In the carriage, on the trains and boats, and even in the cities, in spite of my labors in giving concerts. In a little inn on the borders of Bavaria, I wrote the introduction, *Old Winter yields to Spring*. At Vienna, I wrote the *Scenes on the banks of the Elbe*; the air of *Mephistofeles*, *Voici des Roses*, and the *Ballet of the Sylphs*. The March on the Hungarian *Rakoczy* theme, written in one night at Vienna, produced so extraordinary a sensation at Pesth, that I introduced it into my *Faust* score, taking the liberty of putting my hero in Hungary at the beginning of the action and making him witness the passage of a Hungarian troop across the plain where he is wandering in reverie. In Pesth, I lost my way and wrote, by the gaslight in a shop window, the chorus refrain of the *Peasant's Rondo*. In Prague, I wrote at midnight, trembling lest I should forget the song, and wrote the *Chorus of Angels* in the apotheosis of *Marguerite*. At Breslau, I wrote the words and music of the Latin song of the students. On my return to France, being at a country seat near Rouen, I composed the trio, *Ange adoré*. The rest was written in Paris, at home, at the café, in the garden of the Tuileries, and even on a bench of the Boulevard du Temple. The ideas came to me in most unforeseen order. The score sketched out, I worked over the whole, polished and united the parts with all the patience and intensity of which I am capable, and finished the instrumentation which I had only indicated here and there. I consider this work one of my best, and the public, so far, agree with me." Berlioz here refers, not to the French, but to the German public. Later on he exclaims: "It was nothing to have composed *La Damnation de Faust*; the labor consisted in having it performed."

At last, after many efforts, he succeeded in gathering together sufficient material to produce a work which he hoped would contribute greatly to his celebrity. Accordingly, on Sunday, December 6, 1846, at a day concert at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, Berlioz conducted the first performance of his Dramatic Legend, *La Damnation de Faust*. The weather was snowy and stormy; and the room half filled. This work, from the hand of a young composer who fearlessly courted opposition, was the realization of ardent musical theories. It was a brilliant stroke, but far from being a success. The public, accustomed to ridiculing this artist with his "pretended" music, was only too happy to pronounce upon so important a work, without a candid hearing,—turning a deaf ear to its great beauties and listening only to its "eccentricities," the better to cry: "Heresy!" Berlioz had expended much money upon this performance and was profoundly wounded by the indifference his work encountered. "The discovery," he says, "was cruel, but useful. Never since has it happened to me to venture twenty francs on the chance of the Parisian public's caring for my music." Soon afterwards, in Berlin, whither Berlioz had been summoned by the King of Prussia, he again produced the *Faust* and received from the King distinguishing marks of favor and appreciation. This admirable work awakened, indeed, the enthusiasm of all Germany. After a splendid concert in Dresden, for instance, at which his legend, *La Damnation de Faust*, had been given, Lipinski introduced him to a musician, who, he said, wished to compliment him, but who did not speak French. So, as Berlioz did not speak German, Lipinski offered to act as interpreter. When the artist stepped forward, he took Berlioz by the hand, stammered out a few words and burst into sobs which he could no longer control.

The *Faust* of Berlioz can not be taken as an exact paraphase of the poem of Goethe. But, if the author makes undeniable omission of some important scenes, such as in the prison and in the church, and if he deprives himself of the character of Valentine with its admirable episodes, he treats certain situations neglected by earlier (and by later) composers, and has known how to compose a poem with two essential qualities, *color* and *life*. Berlioz carefully justifies his free use of the original poem in these words: "The title of my work sufficiently indicates that it is not based upon the principal idea of Goethe's *Faust*, for in the illustrious poem *Faust* is saved." Berlioz has borrowed from Goethe only a certain number of scenes which entered into his plan and which seem to have attracted him irresistibly. The very fact that he should have substituted Faust's descent into hell for that portion of the German work in which the hero is saved, shows a characteristic phase of his genius. Berlioz, not unlike Edgar Allen Poe, took a peculiar delight in the horrible; and he could not possibly resist so favorable an opportunity to send a man to the devil, with all the accompanying terrors.

The score of *La Damnation de Faust* is divided into four parts, containing nineteen scenes and an epilogue. The scene opens without an overture. Faust is wandering amid the plains of Hungary, singing a monologue to the awakening spring, accompanied by a soft murmur in the orchestra. Then follows a lovely symphonic pieture. A thousand pastoral sounds mingle, until the fresh, joyous *Rondo de Paysans* bursts forth. It is important to note in these passages the fragments of the march, introduced later, for horn and piccolo in condensed rhythm and suggesting the approach of the Hungarian soldiers. The *Rondo* is cleverly orchestrated, so as to preserve the pastoral tone throughout. Flutes and oboes in unison have the melody, which is accompanied almost entirely by the clarinet, bassoons and horns, and only occasionally by the reluctant strings.

This gayety calls from the unhappy Faust a regretful sigh, breathed forth in a musical phrase

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of deep melancholy. Then passes a troop, with its martial sounds. This is the popular *Rakoczy March*. Berlioz here developed the theme of the Hungarian National Hymn wonderfully, and then arranged it for orchestra, and it is to his brilliant scoring that the march owes its universal popularity. While he himself considers its introduction here a caprice, it is of deeper poetic import. For it enables Berlioz to present in the first part two powerful contrasts: Faust's melancholy and the peasants mirth; Faust's renewed gloom and the boisterous joy of the Hungarian soldiers.

The second part begins — Faust is in his laboratory eager for knowledge, weary of life. As he raises the poisoned death-cup to his lips, comes the sound of Easter music. This scene, taken textually from Gœthe's poem, is of great beauty. The *désillusion* and the ardor of Faust are painted with a masterhand. The Easter hymn, after a short introduction for sopranos and altos accompanied by double basses, is sung by male voices only, with a sparsely scored accompaniment. The apparition of the demon is treated in a few highly colored measures, and the concise motive with which Mephistopheles is introduced, and which occurs several times later on, is the earliest example of a leading motive in an operatorio. The demon transports his lord and master to the tavern of Auerbach. Here Berlioz has given a literal rendering of the original scene and words. The drinking chorus has an irresistible "entrain" Then Brander, heavy and vinous, as suits his listeners, sings the stanzas of the *Song of the Rat*. Hardly has the crowd pronounced its lamentable *Requiescat*, when begins a "dishevelled" fugue on the word *Amen*. This is a musical jest on the part of the composer, who was glad thus to turn the tables upon his detractors, the ardent defenders and compilers of pseudo-classical fugues. For Berlioz himself by no means underrated the power of the artistic fugue, and has introduced several fugatos into *La Damnation de Faust*. The fugue ended, the devil flings at the gaping crowd his bizarre *Song of the Flea*. This is one of the most interesting parts of the work. For Berlioz has described, by means of clever forms in the accompaniment, the skipping of the flea in various directions. Further on occurs what might be described as a skipping climax; and that part of the song which mentions the stinging flea is accompanied by a quick thrust on the kettle-drum. It is interesting to note the fact that even Beethoven, not disdaining programme-music, has composed music to the same text with an equally descriptive accompaniment, ending with a rapid passage whose notes are all, with Beethoven's characteristic humor, marked to be run down with the thumb. To accomplish this, the tip of the thumb closes on the third finger tip — an exceedingly suggestive position under the circumstances.

Under the title, *Bosquets et Prairies au bord de l'Elbe*, Berlioz has transcribed the end of the third scene and composed a marvel of graceful, fairy-like inspiration. The demon murmurs into the ear of Faust a softly penetrating melody. The *Chorus of the Gnomes* and the *Ballet of the Sylphs* defy all word-description. The slumber-chorus in this scene is perhaps the most difficult number of the work. The rhythm of the soft melody taken by the soprani is exceedingly catching. It begins with a part for chorus and orchestra in 3-4 time (*Andante*) then the chorus sings it 6-8 time (*Allegro*), while the strings continue in the old tempo, so that three of the bars of the chorus correspond to one bar of the strings.[1] In the following ballet of the sylphs the melody is that of the slumber song, built on the organ-point, D, which the basses sound throughout the entire movement. Afterwards it is combined with the students' and soldiers' chorus. The close connection between these parts and, indeed, the intimate poetic relation existing between all the numbers of this work, show how necessary to its unity a complete performance is, and how ill advised it is to present only fragments of it to the public. Faust perceives, amid his dreams, the fair image of Marguerite and the demon hurries him away through the groups of soldiers and students, who are singing of war and of love.

[1] The rest of the orchestra continues all through in the same tempo with the chorus.

The night falls; drums and clarions sound the "retreat." Faust penetrates into the young girl's chamber. Marguerite enters, disturbed and troubled. She sings, to distract her thoughts, an ancient ballad of archaic form, of which the last words die like a soft kiss upon her lips.

Here reappears the poem of Berlioz. All the end of this part, excepting the serenade and the dialogue of the lovers, is his invention. At a sign of the demon, the *Follets* (will o' the wisps) come flying to Marguerite's door — (this charming minuet is a worthy pendant of the ballet of the sylphs) and Mephistopheles warbles, with his scoffing voice, an enchanting serenade. At the end of the *Evocation des Follets*, which is superbly orchestrated, occurs a *Presto*, whose melody is new and which eventually developes into the serenade of Mephistopheles — as though he had imbued the *follets* with his spirit. In the accompaniment of the serenade, Berlioz has reproduced the peculiar effect of the mandolin by pizzicato *crescendos* for violas and second violins. Faust and Marguerite are alone, intoxicated with the song, and Faust breathes forth his love in a phrase of deepest passion. Their voices unite; they soar together. The demon enters — "Fly!" he cries, "The mother — the friends are at hand!" And the final trio and chorus close in a superb sweep of passion and Satanic joy. The danger presses, the tumult increases, and the demon drags Faust away, leaving the defenceless, unhappy Marguerite. In this end of the third part, the composer's inspiration, untrammeled by an impossible theatrical representation, has produced a picture above praise, taking rank with the noblest examples of dramatic music.

At the opening of the fourth part, Marguerite is in her chamber, weeping, despairing, hoping. She seats herself at her spinning-wheel and murmurs a melody full of anguish. As Marguerite's passion awakens at the thought of her lordly love, a plaintive echo of this first love passes over the orchestra, and she flies to the window. In the distance is heard the song of the students, the last echo of the "retreat." Night falls. Everything recalls to the unhappy child the remembrance of the one evening without a morrow. "He comes not!" she cries, and falls, half dead, with remorse and anguish. In the following number, *Forests and Caverns*, the musician has been inspired by the fine *Invocation to Nature*, which is in the corresponding scene of Gœthe's poem.

The orchestral and vocal composition translates marvellously this burning cry, this ardent aspiration after infinite happiness. But the demon appears, recounting in darkly colored harmonies the remorse of the loved one, her crime, her imprisonment, her approaching death. It will be remembered that nothing has been said as yet of a compact between Faust and Mephistopheles. With delicate poetic feeling Berlioz has allowed Mephistopheles to appear only as the jolly companion, not as the tempting demon. But now, after playing upon Faust's sympathies for the unhappy girl until he is seized with terrible anguish and remorse, he throws off the mask; and Faust willing to sacrifice all, even eternal happiness, for his love, seals the compact. It is then Mephistopheles calls for the black steeds of hell. "To me, Vortex, Giaour!" he cries, and, mounted on them, the devil and Faust rush into space. It is a flight to the abyss. Here Berlioz gives free rein to the boldest imaginings. The unbridled race of the coursers of hell, the incantations of witches, wild exclamations of Faust, the sneers of the devil — all are depicted in a frightful unloosing of orchestral masses.

Berlioz ends the legend with two strange compositions of rare energy, and sharply contrasted: — *Pandemonium*: it is hell with a sinister gnashing, with its devouring joys; it is the triumph of the demon, clutching his prey in his talons. *Heaven*: it is pure, ineffable bliss; it is the apparition of the unhappy sinner; it is the divine, angelic concert, calling to the abode of the blessed, the repentant, purified Marguerite.

Special mention should be made of the skilful treatment of the bass voices in the *Apotheosis*. They are reserved until the very last, when they are introduced to swell the climax with wonderful effect.

La Damnation de Faust is a work of great worth. Berlioz has been helped in his perilous attempt by the richest imagination, fired by the grandeur and the ideal beauty of his model. Even when he departs from the original text and, by combining several episodes, produces an entirely different situation, such as the love-scene interrupted by the arrival of the demon, the musician is still sustained by the poet, and his inspirations pour richly, grandly forth. It is a work worthy to be placed forever side by side with the original drama.

THE VIOLIN FAIRY.

[Under this title Dr. Hans von Bülow sends the following characteristic and eccentric letter to the Leipzig *Signale*. The translation is from the London *Musical World*.]

The country of optical is not that of acoustic fogs. The subjects of the house of Hanover on the other side of the Channel invariably enjoy during the bad season — if indeed we can speak of such a season as anything exceptional — a musically-blue sky such as the inhabitants of the art-loving Semitic metropolises of the continent can scarcely boast of possessing. True, this paradise is not so full of joys as it is of pianos. Nowhere does the "Pianoforte-Witch," from the green Miss of the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor to the mature party of Brahms' in D minor, hold more locust-like and fearful sway than in London. Thanks, however, to the great number of concerts, it is not impossible to get out of her way, without directing one's steps to those resorts which Hector Berlioz characterized so appropriately as "*les mauvais lieux de la musique*, namely: the operatic theatres. As a rule, the Pianoforte-Witch is unfortunately hard to avoid in that *Sanctissimum Sanctæ Cæciliæ*, Arthur Chappell's famous Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, where on Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings the most precious treasures of classical and likewise of post-classical chamber-music are, as most persons know, revealed to a reverently attentive and enthusiastically grateful gathering of 2,000 listeners (of whom the half, in the gallery and on the platform, pay only a shilling each) and interpreted in a manner far above all praise. With the king of violoncellists, Alfredo Piatti, and the Grand-Dukes of the second violin and tenor, Messrs. Ries and Zerbini, there is regularly associated during the last two months before Easter, the Prince Consort of the Queen of Instruments, on whom, even without any suitable Versailles preparatory ceremonies, we may (as a sequel to the recent lavish distribution of honors)

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bestow the title of *Emperor*. Before, however, the illustrious Director of the High School makes his appearance, the first violin is played by some one else, namely his—rival.

"Good Heavens! Has Joachim, then, a rival—can he possibly have one?" is the interrogation which I suddenly hear addressed to me through you, my respected editor.

Well—in Germany, during a quarter of a century I, like others, have never come across anybody who could be violently suspected of rivalry with him. There is scarcely a single one of his "colleagues" who can possibly dream of wearing *the* crown which the illustrious *ami de Brahms* has won. The great Nassauer, at present in the New World, plating his laurels with dollars, is, apart from his immeasurable artistic inferiority compared with Joachim, among the popular celebrities of the violin a personage endowed with far less individuality than, for instance, the fiery Pole or the fascinating Spaniard, who have found out, and still know, how to win by their "play" the ears and the hearts of the educated and the uneducated mass. In the younger generation, and more especially among his own pupils, in connection with whom nothing in the remotest degree like the good luck of his old master, Ferd. David, has down to the present date smiled on him, there is no one growing up to compete with Joachim for his pedestal. After a little Rode, Viotti, Spohr—or Bruch—Beethoven's two Romances, and, perhaps, Bruch's as well, Tartini's good-natured "Devil's Shake," and possibly half a Chaconne by Bach, have been filtered *over* rather than *into* them, the said scholars are as we know, dismissed at a most defective stage of general musical education with a certificate of maturity. The more they need recommendation, that is, the less they possess to recommend themselves, the warmer are the recommendations, apportioned with true Meyerbeerian generosity, which are stuffed into their coat-pockets. Intendants and chapel-directors, either from an easy way of doing business, or from indifference in matters in art, and not considering it an act of robbery sometimes to buy a pig in a poke, appoint violinists of this kind, who, as regards Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, might go and learn of little Dengremont, as *Concertmeister* for life. This is a curse for chapel-master and orchestra. The former finds an insurmountable drag, where he expected an intelligent adjutant; the latter obtain a more or less welcome, but at any rate a most reliable demoralizer.

As I have hinted, however, where Joachim's rival is to be found, it is not necessary for me to add where we must at present seek that personage. The only rival of the Unrivalled One lives in England; that rival is a lady; and the name of that lady is

WILMA NORMAN-NERUDA.

I have christened her the Violin Fairy, and I should have thus characterized her, even though her anti-type, the Pianoforte-Witch, had not floated before my mind.

A man may be highly respected and a great favorite with the Shah of Persia, and yet King Cetewayo (speaking figuratively: where, by the way, does that sovereign not possess cousins?) may not have heard of the great pet of Teheran. I am prepared, when giving the earthly name of the Violin Fairy, to encounter numerous looks of astonishment. Persons thoroughly up in the chronicles of music will recollect the sensation created some twenty years ago by a travelling child-wonder, called Neruda, whom they subsequently forgot in company with others that have vanished, doing so, probably, in the belief, so often corroborated by facts, that wonderful children tread themselves down—as they do the shoes they wore at the wonderful period of their life. It is quite possible that Dengremont, the wonderful boy, may not turn out a wonderful youth, nor the wonderful youth, Sarasate, a wonderful man; there is, however, one thing which I can assert with unqualified certainty: the wonderful girl, Wilma Neruda, has become a wonderful woman, reigning in England as Sovereign of the Violin, by the grace of Apollo, and with approbation of all who understand and all who love music.

To the writer of these lines, who had the honor and the happiness of playing with her four times last month, the Violin Fairy has done so much mental good, that he must be on his guard not to fall into too suspiciously enthusiastic a tone. As you are aware, respected Sir and Editor, he had for some time been knocking about in not very musically-aristocratic society, in the "*mauvais lieux de la musique*," to quote Hector Berlioz once again. Not so much *tired* of, as *disgusted* with, music—because I had been compelled to gulp down so much that was un-music—I went to London, partly to play back into English coin my lost salary as a Prussian Chapel-master, and partly in the hope of seeing disagreeable impressions washed out by others more joyful and more pleasant. Thanks to the fair enchantress, this hope was fulfilled far more speedily and far more amply than I had ever dreamt it would be. During previous visits of mine to England the lady had filled me with the warmest sympathy and admiration—if I recollect aright, one of my ill-famed Letters of Travel in last year's series of the *Signale* bears witness to this—but never had her playing overpowered me with such electric force. "If I am not wrong," I said inquiringly of my highly respected colleague, Mr. Charles Hallé, "she really plays more finely than she did?" "No, you are not wrong," was the reply; "she really plays more finely not only every year, but every time she appears." Where is this to end?

To praise Mad. Neruda's technical skill would be as absurd as materialistic. Who talks about Joachim's mechanism? The mind, the soul, the life, the warmth, the nobleness, the style, the exquisite bloom of ideal individuality developed out of the closest identification with the work of art, and the most affectionate blending of self with the latter, the glorious resurrection of the subject as reward for devotion to the object—these are the things in which the secret of the enchantress's power over the hearts of those who hear her is to be sought. In these she is great and pure like Joachim; in these she is, like him, *unique*. This is the reason why we must allow her to possess what is more than "*talent hors ligne*," namely: *genius*, that is: *talent raised to the highest power*. And what variety, too! With regard to this particular, however, we will postpone the comparison with Joachim till the time, not, let us hope, too far distant, when Mad. Neruda, ceasing to be for us merely a legendary personage, will no longer disdain to reveal in Germany her "name and quality."

I have just now employed the word "genius," and ought to justify myself in the eyes of those who reserve it for *creative* efforts, properly so termed. But the feminine of the notion strikes me as admissible; it strikes me that we may speak of *receptive* genius, whenever the latter rises and develops into reproduction. Let us give unto the ladies the things that are the ladies'; this is, it is true, sometimes less than they demand, but, thank Heaven, the reasonable and not the outrageous ones still constitute the majority among the "*potenzirte Kinder*" (as Goethe calls them). We may allow that the fair sex possesses *reproductive* genius, just as we unconditionally deny they possess *productive* genius. The rare exceptions in French and English literature, Georges Sand and Elliot, cannot constitute a precedent in music, such a precedent having hitherto not had absolutely a single pretext for its justification. There will never be a *compositoress*, there can be only, at most, a *copyist* spoilt. My excellent fellow-pianist, Herr Alfred Jaell, must not be offended if, in conclusion, I describe, as bearing on this theme, my meeting him (some years since), because my account of the event has, like many other utterances of mine, which have undeservedly become winged, suffered all kinds of oral distortions.

Herr Jaell honored me one day with a visit. As active in his fingers as, on account of a corpulent habit, he is heavy on the pedals, he was so out of breath when he came in that I laid the blame of his distressed condition on the heavy parcel of music (manuscripts of his wife's) with which he was loaded), rather than upon the third floor, where I lived. He entreated me most touchingly to devote my eyes and mind to the said compositions. This was my answer:

"The tidings I hear, but faith is wanting. I do not believe in the feminine of the notion: *Creator*. Furthermore, everything with a flavor of woman's emancipation about it is utterly hateful to me. I consider ladies who *compose* far more objectional than those who would like to be elected *deputies*. The last is, to a certain degree, already a usual thing, since, for instance, Herr Lasker, and others like him, can be classed only as old women fond of wrangling. Let me remain, therefore, for a time, unblessed with the hallucinations of your better half. In return, I promise most solemnly that, on the *lendemain* of the day that you announce your (own) happy accouchment of a healthy baby, I will make the first serious attempt at converting myself to a belief in the vocation of the female sex for musical productivity. Till then, farewell!"

HANS VON BULOW.

BAYREUTH, 15 Feb., 1880.

A LADY FLAUTIST.

VIENNA, Feb. 24.—At length we have a variety in the grand concert market; Signora Bianchini, a *virtuosa* on the flute! "*Sie ist die Erste nicht*" ("She is not the first"), says Mephisto. In the year 1827, a Mme. Rousseau, and between 1830 and 1840, a Mdlle. Lorenzino Meyer, played the flute in public here. Since then the strange phenomenon was not repeated; nay, even male flute-players have become very scarce. How and when an instrument achieves popularity in the concert-room, becomes fashionable, and then goes out of fashion, is one of the most interesting things in musical history. "Travelling virtuosos" upon a wind instrument are now extremely uncommon; at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present century, they held their own equally with other concert-givers. To-day the piano has seized not only on the supremacy, but nearly on exclusive sway, and driven the other instruments, save the violin and also the violoncello, out of the concert-room into the orchestra. Formerly the flute was such a favorite with amateurs and concert-givers, that composers could not write enough for it, and we read in Werden's *Musikalisches Taschenbuch* for 1803: "For all instruments capable of beautiful expression there are concertos in large numbers, but more for the flute than for any other." Beethoven wrote spontaneously, in 1801, to the Leipsic publisher, Hoffmeister, that he should like to arrange his Septet for the flute: "This would be rendering a service to lovers of that instrument, who would swarm around and feed upon the work." How quickly have the tables been turned! Between 1840-50, we had in Vienna only two non-local virtuosos on the flute who performed with

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anything like, success: Briccialdi and Heindl. Since then, that is for more than thirty years, concertos upon wind instruments have been dying out. In the ten years from 1855 to 1865, there were no non-local and only two local flautists, the brothers Doppler, as concert-givers here in Vienna. The above incomparable pair succeeded by their splendid concerted play in curing many a person of his antipathy for their instrument, and in permanently fascinating the public. They triumphantly put to shame the old joke: "What is a greater bore than a flute?—Answer: Two flutes," and awoke, on the contrary, a conviction that two were more entertaining than one. At first people could only feel pleased that an end was put to their being flooded with concertos for the flute, the oboe, the bassoon, and the clarinet, because the place for these instruments, which require to be supplemented, as they themselves supplement others, is the orchestra, and because they possessed no literature of their own. The fearful manner in which the piano—an independent instrument, it is true, but more obtrusive than any other concert instrument—has taken the upper hand, causes us now to entertain far more friendly feelings towards the dethroned wind-instrumentalists, and would, for example, find us perfectly willing to hear one of the best of C. M. von Weber's clarinet concertos performed by a first-rate *virtuoso*. With regard to our fair Venetian flautist, Maria Bianchini, her performance on her difficult instrument was well worthy commendation. Her *embouchure* is good; she has a long breath, and as powerful a tone as can justly be expected in a lady. The superior qualities of the "Bohm flute," which is easier to play and less fatiguing to the lungs, rendered her in these particulars good service. In her execution of the cantilena, she displayed much good taste, while in run-work she was rapid, certain, and elegant. She was especially successful in a Fantasia by Franz Doppler, the pleasing effect of which is enhanced by the exotic charm of national Wallachian melodies. The unusual sight of a lady playing such an instrument did not strike people as so strange as we thought it would; Signora Bianchini, who has a tall figure and whose demeanor is characterized by sympathetic, unaffected simplicity, avoids the ugly contortions of the lips and short-breathed blowing which may so easily jeopardize the æsthetic effect of flute-playing. Managed as it was on the occasion in question, the flute is decidedly not an unfeminine instrument. Signora Bianchini was liberally applauded and her concert well attended. Mdlle. Marie Keil, a clever vocalist, and Mdlle. Josephine Ziffer, an interesting young pianist, received some very friendly encouragement. But much more boisterous was the applause bestowed on the singing of a barytone of elegant appearance, with a strong and agreeable voice. We feel indescribably comforted at not being compelled to say anything unfavorable of him, because, as we are informed, he is not a professional singer, but an assistant at one of the first chemists in Vienna. The mere fact that, in the exercise of his calling, he might be irritated and disturbed by an adverse newspaper criticism, makes us shudder.—*Neue Freie Presse.* EDUARD HANSLICK.

GLASGOW.—The Orchestral Subscription Concerts have presented the following works this winter:

"First concert—Weber's Overture to *Oberon*: Schubert's (unfinished) Symphony in B minor; Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and orchestra (Signor Sarasate); Berlioz' Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*: and selections from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. Second concert—Bach's Concerto in G for strings; Beethoven's Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica"; Bennett's Overture, to *Paradise and Peri* and Gounod's ballet airs from *Polyeucte*. Third concert—Gluck's Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, with concert-coda by Wagner; Haydn's Symphony in G, "Oxford"; Schumann's Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra (Miss Helen Hopekirk, a hopeful aspirant); and Beethoven's Overture, *Leonore*, No. 3. Fourth concert—Mendelssohn's Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (exquisitely played); Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll"; A. C. Mackenzie's "Rhapsodie Ecossaise" (a marvellously fine work, and in it for the first time our national airs have been treated in classic fashion); and Beethoven's Sympony, No. 5, in C minor. Fifth concert—Handel's Oboe Concerto, No. 2, in B flat; Mendelssohn's *Scherzo* from the Octet (adapted for the full orchestra by the composer); Goetz' Symphony in F; Sullivan's Incidental Music to *Henry VIII.*; and Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*. Sixth concert—*Allegro* from Beethoven's unfinished Violin Concerto (Herr Franke): Beethoven's Symphony, No. 7, in A; and Verdi's Prelude to *Aida*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

EASTER ORATORIO.—The Handel and Haydn Society gave Handel's colossal chorus Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, as the third and last of the subscription series, on Sunday evening, March 28. The Music Hall was crowded. The great work was produced on a grand scale, with the chorus ranks full; an excellent orchestra of sixty musicians (Mr. Listemann at their head), fine organ accompaniment by Mr. B. J. Lang, and on the whole a very satisfactory array of solo singers. Most of the choral work was admirably done, but there were instances of uncertainty, unsteadiness, and lack of perfect tune; it was not zeal in the singers that was wanting, nor skill and tact on the part of the conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn; it was simply that the overcrowded season did not allow of so many rehearsals as so difficult and great a work must have in order to go perfectly. In was impossible, however, not to feel the grandeur, and the now graphic, now triumphal power of this whole series of choral illustrations of stupendous scenes in history.

The solos are comparatively few, and by no means the most interesting portion of the work. Those contained in the "Appendix," (the Bass airs: "He layeth the beams," and "Wave from wave," sung by Mr. J. F. Winch and Mr. M. W. Whitney, respectively, with some recitatives) were introduced from other works of Handel by Sir George Smart. They are among the most interesting that were sung; but being taken evidently from Handel's Italian operas, they seemed hardly of the same cloth with the rest of the garment, and one needed but to hear to know that it was patched; excellent music these; but Handel did *not* treat all occasions and all themes alike. These airs were nobly sung, and so was the great duet of basses: "The Lord is a man of war," by the same two gentlemen, creating such enthusiasm that they had to sing it a second time. It is an artistic mistake, however, ever to repeat that very long, exhaustive, difficult duet. It repeats itself full enough when once sung through; its peculiar charm, too, is one that loses freshness on an immediate second hearing; invariably our mind wanders away from it during the repetition, for it was never made to be a "twice told tale;" and it never goes so well a second time. A conductor ought to be a despot with his audiences (who in Art are children), no less than with his choir and orchestra. The tenor solos could hardly have been given to a more effective singer than Mr. W. C. Power, who has a resonant, robust voice, and has made great improvement in the use of it, we understand, within a year. His style is manly, and full of fervor, and he was obliged to repeat the air: "The enemy said, I will pursue." Miss Fanny Kellogg, called upon at a day's notice, on account of the sudden hoarseness of Mrs. H. M. Smith, and so soon after her own severe bereavement (of both parents,) kindly undertook a considerable portion of the soprano solos, having never seen or heard the *Israel* before, and sang it in a manner that won warm approval. Mrs. F. P. Whitney sang very satisfactorily the soprano solos of the first part, and with Miss Kellogg the duet: "The Lord is my strength." The alto solos, and the alto part in the duet with tenor: "Thou in thy mercy," were sung by Mrs. Frank Kinsley, of New York. She has a light, pleasing voice, and sang with intelligence and care; but her efforts were somewhat marred by a habit of forcing her lower tones into a somewhat boy-like quality.

Now it is all busy hum of preparation for the fifth Triennial Festival next month. The programme, so far as yet announced, is as follows:

May 4. Evening, "St. Paul." . . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
May 5. Evening, "The Last Judgment." . . . . *Spohr.*
(First time in 66 years.)
"Stabat Mater." . . . . *Rossini.*
May 6. Afternoon, Ninth (Choral) Symphony. *Beethoven.*
(First time in 6 years.)
43 Psalm, "Judge me, O God!" . . *Mendelssohn.*
May 6 Evening. Manzoni Requiem. . . . . . . *Verdi.*
May 7. Evening, "Spring" and "Summer"
from The "Seasons," . . . . *Haydn.*
The "Deluge." . . . . *Saint-Saëns.*
(First time.)
May 8. Afternoon,—A miscellaneous Concert by the Solo Singers, Orchestra and Chorus, including "Utrecht Jubilate" (first time) by Handel, and a chorus by *J. S. Bach.*
May 9. Evening, "Solomon." . . . . *Handel.*
(First time in 25 years.)

The following distinguished Vocalists will appear during the Festival:—

Sopranos, Miss Emma C. Thursby, and others to be engaged.
Contraltos, Miss Annie Cary, Miss Emily Winant.
Tenors, Italo Campanini, Charles R. Adams, William H. Fessenden, William Courtney.
Basses, Myron W. Whitney, John F. Winch, Geo. W. Dudley.
Orchestra of seventy performers, including the best Boston orchestral players, under Bernhard Listemann. Chorus of five hundred voices.
B. J. Lang, ... Organist.
Carl Zerrahn, ... Conductor of the Festival.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The fifteenth season of Symphony Concerts ended gloriously with the great Schubert Symphony in C—the Symphony of the "heavenly length," as Schumann called it—on Thursday afternoon, March 25. This was the eighth Concert, and notwithstanding that it was "Holy Thursday," and the March east wind of the harshest and most discouraging, the largest audience of the season came to listen and seek inspiration, which in such harmony they surely found. The programme was as follows:—

Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," in C, Op. 124 *Beethoven.*
Cavatina: "Bel raggio lusinghiero," from "Semiramide,"
Miss Fannie Louise Barnes. *Rossini.*
Piano-Forte Concerto, in F-sharp minor (first time in America) . . . *Hans von Bronsart.*
Allegro maestoso.—Adagio ma non troppo.—Allegro con fuoco. B. J. Lang.
Aria: "O del mio dolce ardor" . . *Gluck.*
Miss Fannie Louise Barnes.
Symphony, No. 9, in C . . . *Schubert.*
Andante; Allegro ma non troppo (C).—Andante con moto (A minor).—
Scherzo, Allegro vivace (C, Trio in A).—Allegro vivace (C).

Beethoven's Dedication, or Inauguration, Overture (for the opening of a theatre, and the restoration of high Art, in Pesth), with its broad, majestic introduction, with trumpet proclamation, and curious rhapsodical running bassoon accompaniment, and the vigorous Handelian fugue of its brilliant Allegro, was well played, and awakened expectation of good things to come. The Concerto by Von Bronsart is full of life and verve in the

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first movement, which is laid out on a large plan, teeming with intentions which seem rather unattainable and vague, and somewhat overgrown with the too full and crowded orchestration. Of the pianist it demands any amount of execution, fire and indomitable energy; it has also its sweet and gracious passages; and to all Mr. Lang proved himself quite equal. There is more repose in the short, subdued Adagio, which is modeled somewhat upon those to Beethoven's G-major, and Chopin's Concertos. The Finale is a swift and fiery Tarantella, in which you feel whirled away with irresistible force. It was altogether a splendid interpretation of a work more rewarding than most of the recent ambitious compositions in this form.

Miss Fannie Louise Barnes, the daughter of the well-known ex-President of our Handel and Haydn Society, has been for some time a pupil of Signor Errani, the distinguished vocal teacher in New York. This was her first public effort in a large concert hall with orchestra; and naturally in the Rossini Cavatina she sang a little too overcarefully and conscientiously, to allow full, free sweep to the florid melody; giving the same kind of phrase always in precisely the same way, like a faithful pupil. Nevertheless she made an excellent impression by the interesting tone-color of her fresh, pure, evenly developed voice, by her honest, finished execution, and by her freedom from all affectations and all the common faults of tremolo, of nasal singing, and what not. Her modesty was not a small part of the charm. The Aria by Gluck was beautifully sung, with simple, true expression. Certainly here is a voice and talent of much promise.

Of the great Symphony—an inspired work, if there ever was one—we need only say, since all true music-lovers know and love it well, that the performance by Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra was altogether worthy of the work. Perhaps never before in Boston has a great audience listened to it, from beginning to end, with such enthusiastic interest, such thorough and renewed conviction of the intrinsic and immortal beauty of this great work of Schubert. On account of its great length most of the repeats were wisely omitted.

Apollo Club.—The last concert dates so far back (March 9), that our impressions of it in detail have lost their freshness. The programme was miscellaneous, containing things of a high artistic order, and nothing commonplace. The singing seemed to us extremely good,—almost too good, that is to say, too daintily refined for certain things, say "drinking songs," which owe much of their charm to a certain off-hand freedom. Here is the programme in full:—

The Stars in Heaven	*Rheinberger.*
King Wilfid's Drinking Horn	*Hatton.*
Songs:—	
a. Thou Hast Left Me Ever, Jamie	*R. Franz.*
b. Spring Song	*Mendelssohn.*
[Sung by Miss Ida W. Hubbell.]	
The Tears	*Witt.*
The Three Fishers	*R. Goldbeck.*
[Sung by Mr. Parker, Mr. Want, Mr. Chubbuck and Mr. Babcock.]	
The Nun of Nidaros, op. 83	*Dudley Buck.*
The tenor solo sung by Mr. Want, organ accompaniment played by Mr. J. A. Preston, Jun., piano accompaniment by Mr. Arthur Foote.	
Night Greeting	*Max von Weinzierl*, op. 17.
[The tenor solo sung by Mr. Want, the baryiono by Dr. Bullard.]	
Which is the properest day to drink	*Dr. Arne*, 176.
[Sung by the tenors principally.]	
Songs:—	
The Lily and the Violet	*S. P. Warren.*
I Love my Love	*S. P. Warren.*
[Sung by Miss Hubbell.]	
Thou'rt not the first (Austrian Waltz)	*Storch.*
The Sea King	*B. T. Lang.*
[Sung by Dr. Bullard and Mr. J. F. Winch.]	
O World, thou art Wondrous Fair	*F. Hiller.*
[The soprano solo sung by Miss Hubbell.]	

Miss Hubbell, the soprano of Grace Church, New York, has a good voice and style, and sang with intelligence; to better advantage, however, in Mendelssohn's bright "Spring Song," than in the Burns song set by Franz. Mr. Lang's "Sea King" duet is in the rollicking old English bravura style, with plenty of "go" in it, and made a lively effect as sung by the two basses. Dr. Arne's Shakespearian round is charming in its way. The first and last were perhaps the noblest numbers of the programme, and were admirably sung.

Boylston Club.—The third concert (March 17) was distinguished by the employment, for the first time, of an orchestra, and by the production therewith of two of the posthumous choral works of the lamented Goetz, namely, his 137th Psalm: "By the Waters of Babylon," (op. 14), and the romantic bacarolle, it might be called, were it not so elaborate,—"The Lake is Hushed at Evenglow," for tenor solo and double male chorus (op. 11). These suggested the necessity of an orchestra, having which, the Club made use of it in all the remainder of the programme. As so many of the pieces were of the modern German, nasty, sentimental, moonlight part-song character, lengthy and elaborate, there seemed to be a need of some relief, such as the Club could easily have furnished by the singing of one or two short things with the orchestra,—say a couple of unaccompanied choruses by female voices only, which would have added a refreshing *divertissement*, and made the larger pieces more appreciated.

The psalm by Goetz needs no description after the excellent one by Mr. Eayrs, which we copied from the programme in our last number. We can only say that the work fulfilled to ear and soul, all that was promised there. It made the impression of a noble, a profound religious work of genius, alike admirable in its vocal construction, and in the rich and graphic orchestration. It was very finely sung, with spirit and understanding; but it should be heard more than once to make its power completely felt.

"The Lake is Hushed" failed to interest us to the same degree. It also has great merits; but, being wedded to one of these vague, misty, moonlight German poems, now a-days common, it seemed to us as if the music were vainly clutching at a shadow. Some of the orchestral effects are fine, and not without propriety, and the singing was excellent, saving some short-comings in the tenor solos. Part 2 was as follows:—

Sunset	*Gade.*
Miss Gertrude Franklin.	
Recitative and Aria, "O Didst Thou Know," from Acis and Galatea	*Handel.*
Miss Gertrude Franklin.	
Night Song in the Wood	*Schubert.*
[Accompanied by horns.]	
Boylston Club.	
Morning Song	*Raff.*
Mixed Chorus and Orchestra.	

Gade's "Sunset" is a sweet, and lovely piece of harmony and color, but too much of the misty moonlight character to come right after the preceding piece. Miss Franklin has good voice and training, and sang Handel's "As When the Dove" quite well, although neither this nor the solo in the Goetz psalm seemed to be of kind of music in which she is most herself. Her forte, as we have since learned, is in the florid kind, like "Rejoice Greatly," or the Jewel Aria in *Faust*.

Schubert's "Night Song," with the four horns, was the triumph of the evening. It is a thoroughly imaginative woodland poem, in many moods, and both voices and accompaniment expressed it to a charm; the encore was irresistible. Raff's "Morning Song" is a rich and splendid composition, but it came too late, in such a programme, to fairly hit the apprehensive sense. It was, on the whole, a noble programme, and the style in which it was executed was most creditable to the Club, and its thoughtful, indefatigable conductor, Mr. George L. Osgood.

Piano-Forte Matinees, &c.—Their name is legion, and the chief contributor in this line has been, and will yet be, Mr. Ernst Perabo. We have already spoken of his first three matinées, given in that hot, close, gloomy, noisy little hall in Bromfield Street, always full of the faithful ones, who count it joy to listen to his music, even at such sacrifice of physical comfort, and perhaps of health. Since these, he has given four more matinées and one soirée, besides an extra matinée yesterday, for the benefit of the artistic violinist, Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, who took part in it.

It is impossible to keep in mind distinct impressions of so many programmes crowded with new works. It is a laudable ambition in Mr Perabo, which prompts him to try to make his friends acquainted with so many new works and new composers admired and honored by himself, but hitherto sealed books to nearly all of us. But in the execution, or rather say the administration of this piece of work, we think his judgment hardly equal to his zeal, his love, and his unquestionable ability as an interpreter. New and important works in music have to be introduced somewhat sparingly, one at a time, and the way to each prepared, if it is to secure the full, intelligent attention and appreciation of an audience. When new Sonatas, Trios, Quartets, and Concertos without orchestra are heaped upon us pell-mell, two or three of them in one programme, besides all the smaller novelties, the total impression is so miscellaneous that one wonders whether he has actually been listening, or only wool-gathering. It is true Mr. Perabo has also played, and played admirably, many familiar standard masterpieces, but unity is wanting. Take, for instance, that Soirée of March 8. It opened with the Beethoven Sonata A flat, op. 26 (the one with the Andante and variations, *Marcia Funebre*, &c.), which surely Mr. Perabo can play as well as anybody, but which, owing no doubt to the nervous strain and exhaustion of getting up the novelties that followed, he did not play well. These were, first the Scherzo and Finale of a Piano Quintet in B flat, op. 30, by Gadsby (received time in Boston); then a String Quartet, No. 1, in E minor, op. 25, by Richter; then the Romanze and Finale *alla Zingara* of Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, played by B. Listemann; finally, an Octet for strings, in C minor, op. 15, by Bargiel,—a clear, well-written early work, with some very interesting movements, but not making its due impression at the end of such a programme, for there had also been three of Perabo's transcriptions from a Ballad: "Melek am Quell," by Löwe, and two charming songs by Riebter. It is true, the concert-giver did not play himself in all of these things, but the inward wear and tear with them must have been all the same as if he did; he played with his nerves, if not with his fingers.

In the sixth Matinée we had these selections, all virtually novelties:—

a. Prelude and Fugue in D, op. 35, No. 2.	*Mendelssohn.*
b. Prelude in B minor, op. 35, No. 3	"
c. Fugue, from "Drei Stücke," op. 7.	"
sharp minor	*Jos. Rheinberger.*
[New.]	
Trio No. 1, for Piano, Violin and 'cello, op. 85. A major	*Fr. Kiel.*
a. Allegro con passione, b. Intermezzo, Allegro schermando. c. Largo con espressione, d. Vivace.	
[First time in this country.	
a. Moment Musical, op. 94, No. 1. C, major	*Schubert.*
b. Menuetto, from Octet, op. 166. F major	"
Arranged for two hands by Ernst Perabo.	
Second Grand Trio, for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello	
a. Allegro appassionato, b. Romanze, Andante. c. Scherzo, d. Finale, Allegro con brio	*N. Jadassohn.*
[First time in this country.	
Mr. Perabo's solos were all interesting, fresh, and charmingly interpreted. The Trio by Jadassohn, we can hardly say, was to us positively refreshing by its clearness, its conciseness, its spontaneous geniality of musical feeling and conception. That by Kiel we found rather dry. And here is the seventh programme, March 19:——	
a. Prelude in E flat minor, op. 27, No. 4	*X. Scharwenka.*
[First time in Boston.]	
b. Prelude in A flat major, op. 24, No. 21	*Rubinstein.*
[Second time.]	
Trio No. 2, for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, in G minor, op. 68	*Fr. Kiel.*
a. Allegro moderato, ma con passione, b. Adagio con molto espressione. v. Rondo. Poco Andante: Allegro con moto.	
[First time in this country.]	
Trio Moments Musicals, op. 7	*M. Moszkowski.*
No. 1. Allegramente, B Major	
No. 3. Tranquillo e semplice. F sharp major.	
[New.]	

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Quartet for Piano and Strings, op. 38, E flat major, *Jos. Rheinberger.*
a. Allegro non troppo. b. Adagio, c. Menuetto, Adantino, d. Finale, Allegro,
(Second time in Boston.)

Other programmes have contained, for novelties: a fascinating Prelude and Toccata, in D minor, by V. Lachner; a Quartet for piano and strings, in F, op. 37, by Scharwenka, and more new things in smaller form than we have room to enumerate, by Rubinstein, Rheinberger, Kiel, Mozkowski, Jadassohn, and Gernsheim; also of older masters: a Suite in D minor, by Handel; a Sonata in B flat, op. 147, by Schubert; and Beethoven's early Trio (op. 1, No. 3) in C minor, which was a conclusion most delightful, besides many smaller solos. In all the concerto pieces, Mr. Perabo had the valuable assistance of such artists as Messrs. B. and F. Listemann, Allen, H. Suck, H. Heindl, Dannreuther, Fries, and A. Heindl.

Two more Matinées are announced, for April 23 and 30, with Scharwenka's Second Trio, his new Sonata for piano and 'cello, op. 46, and works by Bargiel.

—Mr. Arthur Foote's very interesting concert, at Mechanics' Hall, March 13, must not be forgotten. He was assisted by Messrs. Gustav Dannreuther, Violin; Henry Heindl, Viola; and Wulf Fries, 'Cello. The programme was a choice one:—

Pianoforte Quartet in G minor, (Op.?) 25 *Johannes Brahms*
Allegro — Intermezzo — Andante con moto — Rondo alla Zingarra?
Praeludium and Romanze from Suite in F (Op. 27) for violin and Piano-forte . . . . . *Franz Ries.*
Piano-forte Solos:
Prelude and Fugue in E major . . . . . *Rubinstein*
Etude on the Duet from "Der Freischütz." . . . . *Stephen Heller.*
Rondo in E flat . . . . *Field.*
Piano-forte Quartet in E flat . . . . *Mozart.*
Allegro — Larghetto — Allegretto.

The two Quartets, new and old, made good contrast. That by Brahms is a vigorous work; its themes worked out with his usual skill and fervor, and each movement has its individual charm, especially the Intermezzo and Andante. It was admirably interpreted, and so was the more spontaneous, melodious, and familiar sounding one by Mozart. Mr. Foote's group of solos was selected with fine taste, and we were surprised at the great progress shown both in the finished technique and the clear, decided, and intelligent expression of every one of his performances. In the duet by Ries, a fine selection, Mr. Dannreuther proved himself a sterling violinist, of a sound artistic quality, and with a large tone, and straightforward, unaffected style that recalled to us Joachim. The concert was keenly relished by a large and musically appreciative audience.

Mrs. L. S. Frohock, better known as one of the best organists of this city, but who has recently been studying the piano-forte in Germany, gave a Matineé at Wesleyan Hall on Tuesday, March 30. She has always been noted for her devotion to the best kind of music, playing a great deal of Bach upon the organ. The same earnestness enters into her piano-forte readings, only a certain nervousness before an audience seems somewhat to benumb her fingers, and render the performance sometimes lifeless and even clumsy. This was most apparent in the Beethoven Sonata at the beginning of the following programme:

Sonto in G. Op. 31. . . . . *Beethoven.*
Allegro vivace — Adagio grazioso — Allegretto
Carnival, Op. 9 . . . . *Schumann*
Preambule—Pierrot—Harlequin—Valse Noble—
Eusebius—Florestan—Coquette—Papillons—
Lettres Dansantes—Charina—Chopin—
Estrella—Reconnaissance—Pantalon et Colombine—
Valse Allemande—Paganini—Promenade—Pause—
Marche des Davidsbundler contre les Philistins.
Andante Spianato Op. 22, ... *Chopin.*
Etude in F. Op. 25, ... "
Nocturne C minor. Op. 48, ... "
Prelude in B. Op. 28, ... "
Rondo, ... *Bach.*
Ricordanza, ... *Liszt.*
Trio in F. Op. 18, ... *Saint-Saens.*
Allegro vivace — Andante — Scherzo — Allegro.

But in the following pieces the nervousness wore off, and her rendering of the little Carnival fancies of Schumann, the Chopin selections, and the sentimental *Ricordanza* by Liszt, was much more satisfactory; in these she had not so much the air of a victim set up for the sacrifice. In the Trio by Saint-Saëns, a characteristic work, she was ably accompanied by Messrs. B. Listemann and Wulf Fries.

It yet remains to speak of Mr. Lang's extremely interesting concert at Mechanics' Hall, April 1; but as we have not room to say all that should be said of it, and as he will give another on the 22d, we may include them both in one review.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, April 5.—The concert season has been dull during the two weeks since my last letter. The Mapleson Opera Troupe has been winning golden opinions since the opening of the spring season. It is true that the same old operas have been produced, and no attempt has been made to give the public any novelties. Still, perhaps the public wouldn't understand the novelties if it had them, and so it is probably just as well to go on having *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, and all the rest of those time-worn (and mouldy) affairs.

On Tuesday evening, March 30, Messrs. Fischer ('cello) and Max Pinner (piano), gave a most interesting Soirée at Steinway Hall, assisted by Mr. Richard Arnold (violin), by a lady vocalist, and by an accompanist who was simply perfect. I have been attending concerts of all sorts for the last seventeen years, and I have never heard a pianist who accompanied with such exquisite taste, grace, and delicacy; let us thank God for him and let us trust that he may again appear in our concert halls. To return to the Soirée; the programme included the following selections:—

Sonata (P. F, and 'cello) Op. 18, ... *Rubinstein*
3 Etudes, ... *Chopin*
Trio, G major, ... *Raff*

Mr. Fischer renewed the very favorable impression made by him at one of Dr. Damrosch's Symphony concerts and at a Brooklyn Philharmonic concert. His execution is perfection itself, and his delicacy of touch and purity of intonation are marvellous. Mr. Pinner's success was less marked, for his rendering of the Chopin Etudes was very weak and purposeless. He did better with an Air and variations by Tschaikowsky, although it is a hopelessly tedious and entirely uninteresting composition. The Raff Trio—a most charming work—was capitally played, Mr. Arnold giving his valuable assistance and most excellent execution.

Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was again given to a patient public on Saterday evening, April 3. The house was crowded, the orchestra performance admirable, the chorus work very efficient and creditable, and Dr. Damrosch has every reason to be satisfied with the success which has crowned his efforts. It must have been a most colossal task to drill the large chorus so that the *unsingable* music could be sung at all. Of the work itself one can say truly that the orchestration is superb; as for the musical ideas they are (to my mind) chaotic, turgid, utterly unpleasant.

Arous.

Philadelphia, April 5.—The course of music for the past season in this city, like that of true love, has not run smoothly. Firstly, Max Strakosch disappointed the public by his grandilloquent announcements, which had more froth than beer in them, put his weakest artists forward at first, disgusted the people, who consequently, but very universally, absented themselves from after performances that were well worthy of generous support. Suffice it to say the season was a most disastrous one, and Mr. Strakosch has not returned to us yet.

Next Maurice Grau came along in a *veni-vidi-vici* humor with his French company. The stunning beauty of Angèle, the piquant manner of the petite Marie, the grace of the handsome tenor Capoul, the dramatic talent of other members of the company, all sank into nothingness in the eyes of the public. Opera Bouffe had seen its day, and it could not be resurrected by Mr. Grau with his augumented prices of seats. This has been a stumbling-block to other managers. Strakosch succumbed to it, so did Mapleson, of whom I come to speak now. The latter gentleman's failure was, if anything, yet more ruinous than his predecessor's. The good orchestra, the large chorus, the excellent consequent ensemble, failed to arouse the public which wanted to hear great artists, and they were not present. There is a great deal to be thought and said on this subject, but it will take a big book to hold it; for it comprehends the question as to the position future opera is to maintain in the great republic. —*Per contra*, the local concerts, I mean those of resident musicians, have been supported with more than usual liberality, which they fully merited by their improved character.

Carl Gaertner's series of three soirées in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, were the best we have had for many long years, and it is pleasant to be able to record the public appreciation and support. The performance of Beethoven's Grand Septet was so admirable that the subscribers and the press insisted on its repetition. Charles H. Jarvis has just completed his series of six soirées, which have been better attended than in any former year. Some of the best piano-forte-music, ancient and modern, has been heard from the concert-giver in his masterly style, and quartets and quintets, notably the Mozart Clarinet Quintet, have been rendered with superior skill and taste. Messrs. Stoll and Kauffman, have also given a series, not closed yet, of vocal and instrumental classical music, much to the delight of a large number of music-friends. These concerts, as well as Mr. Jarvis's, are given in the lecture-room of the Academy of Fine Arts.

A few of the theatres have done opera—so called, in a various manner so to speak, and almost always with indifferent success. Some of these performances have been beneath criticism, and not entitled to support from the public. In oratorio, the Cecilian Society has done itself credit by the production of Handel's *Samson*, and Haydn's *Creation*, both of which were sung by the chorus of the society; but the solo vocalists were freely criticized, more among accomplished amateurs than by the press, which was amiable to a fault. The Mendelssohn Club under Mr. W. L. Gilchrist, has done some good work this season, and they have a large public at their back, for St. George's Hall is always crowded when they sing their delightful programme of choruses, motets, contatas, etc.

Baltimore, April 5.—The sixth Peabody Symphony Concert was given on Saturday evening with the following programme:—

a. Ocean Symphony, C Major, . . *Anton Rubinstein.*
b. Songs, with piano:
The dew-drop. Work 33. No. 2.
Spring-song. Work 32. No. 1.
When I see thee draw near. Work 27.
Mr. Theodore J. Toedt.
Piano Compositions: . . . . *Fr. Chopin.*
Prelude, D flat major. Work 28. No. 15.
Nocturne, D flat major. Work 27. No. 2.
Polonaise, A flat major. No. 6. Work 53.
Madame Teresa Carreno.
Norwegian Rhapsody, B Minor, No. 1.
Work 17. . . . . *Johan S. Svendsen.*

Mr. Theodore Toedt, who comes from Washington, and who is new here, sings with much taste and sentiment, and although the possessor of comparatively little voice, created great enthusiasm by the admirable manner in which he used it.

In response to a recall, he gave Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume," with a better understanding, and with greater effect than any other singer your correspondent has yet heard here in this much sung selection.

Teresa Carreno showed herself a Chopin performer, *par excellence* by her thoroughly poetic rendering of the *Prelude*, *Nocturne* and *Polonaise*, and exhibited her magnificent technical ability in the difficult Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, of Liszt, which she played with astonishing ease of execution, and with a spirited and powerful conception that could not but carry her listeners with her.

C. F.

Chicago, March 20.—The quiet season of Lent has had its effect upon our musical entertainments, for there have been very few concerts of late in this city. True, we have had one or two so-called "popular concerts," in which the sensational element has been the actuating influence. Among these one may class the Remenyi Concerts, which have recently taken place at Central Music Hall. Music as an art commands much more respect and support in the West, than may be supposed by the cultured people of the older Eastern cities; and yet, musical progress is not a little hindered by a sensationalism kept alive by managers, who view all there is in art from its commercial side. Thus we have, what may be termed, with much justice, the musical speculator, who endeavors to bring out for public performance whatever he thinks will attract the lovers of the sensational, and thereby bring him in that harvest of dollars, for which he plans and works. Every announcement made in the behalf of any "popular concert," or musical entertainment, is filled with bombastic statements which deal alone with the superlatives of the language. Thus every singer of any rank whatever, and all performers of even moderate talents, are classed as being the "greatest upon the earth," until our honest English is perverted beyond recognition, and does not contain even a shadow of the truth. It is in these sensational announcements, made by speculating managers, that real art is burlesqued, and re-

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ceives for the time being a hindrance; for the people become dissatisfied with promises, which from their very superlative nature can have no fulfillment, and at last, they grow distrustful of even honest efforts made for music by sincere and honest workers. Our musical journals should use their influence against this growing sensationalism, and thus endeavor to keep art upon the foundation of truth, where it alone can flourish. I am led to make these remarks by seeing some of the announcements made in our city of recent concerts. Not long since, Mr. Gilmore's so-called "National Hymn" was the subject matter of a sensational circular, and in a recent programme of a Remenyi concert, the violinist was termed a "Modern Paganini," and "the universally acknowledged greatest violinist of the world." Mr. Gilmore's Hymn sank into a well-earned oblivion after its one performance, and Mr. Remenyi will have his title as "greatest in all the world," until the next violinist of any note is engaged to play in a "popular concert" in our city. That Mr. Remenyi is a good violinist, and a gentleman of talent, I well know, and that he is able to delight an audience his last appearance in this city made plainly manifest. But he should also be so much of an artist as to make modesty one of the elements of his very talent, and suppress the enthusiastic manager who wishes to advertise him in terms that offend both the truth and good taste. I append a programme of one of the concerts: —

Solo: *a.* The Enquirer, ... *Schubert.*
b. If, ... *Marti.*
Mr. Decelle.
Quintet, ... *Schumann.*
The Liesegang String Quartet, and Mme. Teresa Carreno.
Song, Loreley: . . . . *Liszt.*
Mrs. Thurston.
Concerto for violin, ... *Mendelssohn.*
Adagio. Rondo.
Liesegang String Quartet and E. Remenyi.
Piano Solo Polonaise in E minor, ... *Liszt.*
Mme. Teresa Carreno.
Violin Solos.
a. Nocturne G minor, ... *Chopin.*
b. Barcarole, ... *Schubert.*
c. Valse Noble, ... *Remenyi.*
Edouard Remenyi.
Andante and Canzonetta, ... *Mendelssohn.*
Liesegang String Quartet,
Song "Devotion," . . . . *Schumann.*
Mrs. Thurston.
Violin Solo: The celebrated Hungarian March
Rakoczy, ... *Composer unknown.*
With martial introduction for violin, by . . . . *Remenyi.*
Edouard Remenyi.
Duet: Una Notte in Venezia, ... *Lucantoni.*
Mrs. Thurston and Mr. Decelle.

There has been an "Amateur Musical Club," started in our city. It consists of a number of talented amateur lady pianists and singers. They have a reunion every two weeks, and give very enjoyable programmes. At the last meeting a very interesting translation from Jean Paul, upon the "Muse of Song," was read before the society. The translation was made by Mr. Edward Freiberger of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. I append the last programme given by this little society, for it is from knowing what our amateurs are doing for music that we realize the condition of art in our city.

Three Preludes, Nos. 1, 2, 18, ... *Bach.*
Miss Jessie Root.
L'Addio. Duet, ... *Cirillo.*
Mrs. Knickerbocker and Mr. Gill.
a. Novelette, ... *Schumann.*
b. Minuet. (Boccherini), ... *Joseffy.*
Miss Allport.
To Earth May Winds are Bringing, ... *Schumann.*
Violin Obligato by Mr. Lewis.
Mrs. Clarke, Miss Ward, Miss Harmon.
Aria from "Carmen," . . . . *Bizet.*
Mrs. Robert Clarke.
Rondo, Op. 16, ... *Chopin.*
Miss Van de Venter.
a. Flower Greeting, ... *Curschman.*
b. "Thou Heaven Blue and Bright," . . . . *Abt.*
Mrs. Clarke, Miss Ward, Miss Harmon.
Fantaisie, Op. 27. Two Pianos, ... *Raff.*
Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. Haines.

April 3. — We have had one or two more musical entertainments of importance. The first was the Beethoven Society's concert, which took place March 23. The programme consisted of "Paradise Lost," by Rubinstein; Redemption Hymn, J. C. D. Parker; Aria, "Ah Perfido," Beethoven, Festival Chorus, from "Queen of Sheba," Goldmark. The society had the assistance of Mrs. Stacy, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Knorr, and Mr Gill, as soloists, and a full orchestra, under the direction of Carl Wolfsohn. A very large and fashionable audience greeted the Society, and in one point of view the concert was a success, for the financial gain was enough to enable them to more than meet their large expenses. As a composition, Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" did not interest me as much as I expected. Many of the choruses are rich in effects, and colored by a descriptive orchestration. One number was particularly striking. It was descriptive of the awakening of creative life, the lines running thus:

"All around
Rose the sound
Of the strife
Of life;
How it rushed
And roared,
How it gushed
And poured,
All creation with life overflowing."

There are a large number of recitatives for tenor, which at times become a little trying for the listener, as well as exacting upon the singer. They require a tenor with a powerful voice, and good dramatic powers. Mr. Knorr is a gentleman with a sweet but light voice, and although he sang the part with much taste, and expression, there was at times a lack of power, which indicated, not that the singer was at fault, but that his voice was not suited to the music. A dramatic tenor is rather hard to obtain at the present time. Parker's Redemption Hymn was well received by the audience, and the alto solo, which the work contains, was finely sung by Mrs. Hall. The grand Scena and Aria of Beethoven suffered somewhat, Mrs. Stacy has not the voice for such dramatic music. It requires the method and voice of a Parepa to do it justice. To attempt the great things in song is to awaken contrasts; to do them requires powers of a high order. For a voice of a dramatic mould, they are fitting, but when a vocalist allows ambition to carry her beyond her powers, the result must be any thing but satisfying. Yet I must do this lady the justice to say, that she was honored by a recall, and that the critics of our daily press extended to her the compliment of highest praises.

Last Monday evening our old friends, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave a concert in this city. The following was the programme: —

Introduction and Allegro, from the Septet, op. 20, arranged by the author for Quintet . *Beethoven.*
Solo for Flute "On a melody by Abt," . . . . . . *Popp.*
William Schade.
Quartet in A, op. 41 . . . . *R. Schumann.*
Grand Scene and Aria, "Ah 'fors è lui,'" from La Traviata . . . . *Verdi.*
Abbie Carrington.
a. Canzonetta . . . . *Heimendahl.*
b. Bagatelle . . . . "
Larghetto, from the Clarinet Quintet . . . . . *Mozart.*
Fantasie for Violoncello on "Le Desir" . . . . *Servais.*
Frederick Giese.
English Ballad, "The Flower Girl" . . . . . *Bevignani.*
Abbie Carrington.
Finale from the Septet, op. 20 . . . . *Beethoven.*
Adagio and Allegro.

The club has changed its membership since its last visit to Chicago, but the familiar faces of Mr. Ryan and Mr. Meisel recalled the old days when this organization was introducing chamber music to Western audiences. Miss Carrington was well received by our concert-goers, and although she did not give us any very trying, or classical selections, proved herself to be a very pleasing singer. The club will return next week, and favor us with two more concerts.

Friday evening the Apollo Club, assisted by the Arion Society of Milwaukee, gave a performance of Max Bruch's "Frithjof." They were assisted by Mr. Remmertz, of New York, and Mrs. Elliot. The performance was a fine one. As I gave a full description of the work last year in my letter to the Journal, I will not do more than make a record of the concert at this time.

Florence, Italy, March 17. — The munificent humanity of the late Prince Demidoff won for his memory a noble monument on the banks of the Arno, wherein expressive statues in white marble commemorate his worth.

This quality of mercy is strained through a sieve of fantastic art into the heart of his kinsman, the actual Prince, who offers for sale at public auction the Palazzo San Donato, with all its contained treasures, one-half the proceeds to go to the relief of the poor of Florence.

The palace is within a short drive from the Cascine; is planted in the midst of a vast pleasure-garden with pine and other evergreens, and is filled with costly china, carved furniture, tapestries, vases, and supplemented by extensive galleries of painting and sculpture. I found it rather an exponent of wealth than a palace of art. It was a collection of bric-a-brac, — a magnificent caprice, bizarre, indiscreet, heterogeneous, expensive, — showing neither the outgrowth of a refined personal taste, as a human dwelling should do, nor any touch of that winnowed preciousness which marks the great public galleries of Europe. It is a sop or sponge of a part of the enormous income the Prince receives from his mineral resources in the Ural Mountains.

The story goes that Peter the Great, on his return from Holland, and, filled with a wholesome respect for the mechanic arts, found himself, one day, remote from his capital, and the pistol that he carried not in working order. The Demidoff of that epoch took the weapon, repaired it on the spot, and returned it to the Tzar, who subsequently recognized the service by the grant of a barren tract in the Ural. The ingenious Prince, finding the land unproductive, sought below the surface, and the result was the development of quarries of malachite, and mines of coal and iron that were practically inexhaustible. Let the yield of these mines, on its transit from the Asian frontier to Paris (the residence of the Prince), suffer what it may from pickings and stealings, still the residuary income is sufficient to answer the call of the costliest and most unexpected whim.

Good God! How it stirs the imagination of one tried by experience of poverty to think what a power for benefit lies sleeping in those Russian mines, if only the owner had faculty and soul enough (benefactor to some extent as he confessedly is), to organize relief, say, for the poor of one European city in the construction, ventilation and warming of houses, the discontinuance of beggary, and stimulus to the lagging industries of the people.

Let us go back to the palace. Among all the art objects I saw but one that I should care to own, — a painting by Terburg, representing a Dutch burgher in a suit of black, with pointed hat. The father of the present Prince married a grand-niece of Napoleon I. and perhaps the most interesting group of objects was a series of portrait busts in marble of the Bonaparte family. There was the old lioness, Letitia, and all her whelps, male and female, with their handsome, unscrupulous faces, — Lucien, Joseph, Jerome, Pauline, Caroline, Napoleon, Louis. The best as well as the plainest, was that of Louis, King of Holland. I lingered about this head and found it a study of peculiar interest; there were the small protrusive eyes, the large, loosely-modelled nose, and other features of Louis Napoleon, but blended into a kindlier look than sat upon the stolid face of the last usurper of the throne of France. So striking was the resemblance as to afford a physiological and artistic proof of the legitimacy of the "nephew of his uncle," cleansing from stain the name of his mother, and blowing a certain Dutch admiral of ill-repute clean out of water. Let "Napoleon the Little," then, be accorded the small praise of consanguinity with Napoleon the Great, or, in the scornful phrase of Victor Hugo, "Toi, son singe, marche derrière, Petit, petit." There is Josephine with her quaint creole features, small arched laces at the shoulder, and voluptuous bust. And there the *bourgeoise* head of Maria Louise beside the bust of her son, with his thin face, abundant hair, and speculative, ineffectual forehead.

But if the architecture of this extensive pile is incongruous, and the art within as a whole at once costly and meritricious, the conservatory of plants wins unqualified admiration, — enormous palms, cacti in magnificent flower, and every variety of native and exotic growth flourished within the glazed domes, — the long labyrinths and fountain-freshened recesses of the vast pavilion, a zone of perpetual summer filled with wafts of fragrance, and penetrated with fiery balm, while the keen winds of March were blowing outside.

Everything is offered for sale, while a report is also current that the palace itself may be reserved as an asylum for the Tzar, should he escape explosion and be forced to flee from the scenes of his familiar despotism.

The musical event of the season is the production, for the first time in Florence, of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the grand choral hymn. The credit of this achievement is entirely due to Sig. Jefte Sbolci, director of the Florentine Orchestral Society, a gentleman who unites an Italian virtuosity with a quiet, masterful personal magnetism that is more frequently found in the people of the North. He has endeavored in former years to introduce Beethoven to an Italian audience, but with only partial success. At one concert, last year, I saw with mingled delight and disgust, that the Andante movement of the Fifth was included in the list of pieces. There it stood in the programme torn from its relation to the remainder of the Symphony, preceded by something from Spontini, and followed by an aria by some thin soprano.

Was it owing to a maturer and more intimate feeling of the grandeur of the work that I enjoyed the hymn even more than in the old Odeon days in Boston, of sacred and rapturous memory. The suspended intervals of the hymn were filled with "ravishing division" by the orchestra, until the chorus, strengthened by repression, resumed the theme, and rolled upwards a thrilling and victorious tide of song.

The orchestration of the Symphony began and proceeded with commendable precision, under the sentient and commanding baton of the director. "The music yearning like a god in pain" until it burst into that triumphant Hymn to Joy, which is yet so deep as to search out and draw from the very source of tears.

I should judge one half of the audience to be Italians. It was curious to watch the effect of this music on their susceptible organization. They seemed to be listening to moving eloquence in a foreign tongue only half understood, but growing clearer to their apprehension every moment. There sat near me a lady with light-olive skin, lustrous eyes, and aquiline nose, an Italian of the Italians. She wore huge claw-hammer ear-rings that swung in cyclopean curves as her head bent and swayed to the music. The charm of this grand music was cumulative, and included all the house. At the close the audience rose *en masse* and greeted the performers with wild plaudits. Sbolci bowed his acknowledgments gravely. The columns of the newspapers on the following day kindled and corruscated with superlative appreciation, and Beethoven was domesticated in Florence.

Oro.

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SPOHR'S "THE LAST JUDGMENT."

From the Programme of the Handel and Haydn Society's Triennial Festival, May 4th to 8th, (1880).

Let not the title appall; it is a very mild Last Judgment, compared with Verdi's realistic and terrific picture of the awful scene in his *Manzoni Requiem.* Spohr, in this his second oratorio upon this subject, dwells more on the goodness and mercy of God, and on the reward of the righteous, than on any attempt to harrow up the imagination with literal and musically intensified description of the everlasting torture of the wicked. Most of the music is distinguished by that gentle, flowing melody, that daintily refined, sometimes cloying sweetness of harmony, that restless, creeping, chromatic modulation and frequency of enharmonic changes, which is characteristic of all his compositions. He preferred to treat the gentler texts, from which he could create tone-poems steeped in sentiment and beauty. His aim was to charm, rather than to astonish and to strike with awe. His weakness is sentimentalism rather than sensationalism.

But Spohr, too, had written an earlier oratorio on the same theme, which seems to have been sufficiently sensational, and more in the vein of his opera of *Faust.* Thirteen years before the present work, he brought out *Das Jüngste Gericht* (of which the present English title is the literal translation), once in Erfurt and once in Vienna (1813), since which time it was never heard again. Probably few now living ever heard of it. A Viennese criticism of that day speaks of a chorus of devils at the end of the first part as being better fitted for a ballet; and another writer thinks him successful in the choruses, and particularly in the part of Satan, while the rest is not of much account. The German title of the work now to be performed is *Die Letzten Dinge,* another term for the Last Judgment. For this a noble text was prepared, mainly from the Book of Revelations, by the distinguished musical scholar and critic, Rochlitz, and here Spohr's genius found worthier material to work upon. Hauptmann, in his letters to Hauser, alludes to a "ludicrously superficial" biography of Spohr by Malibran, who, in his unbounded enthusiasm for his hero, calls his *Letzten Dinge* a musical copy of Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment* (!), evidently confounding the latter with the earlier oratorio.

The *Last Judgment,* as we now have it, is one of the chief masterworks of Spohr, and ranks, after those of Handel and of Haydn, as perhaps the noblest specimen of oratorio, until it was eclipsed by Mendelssohn. Its general characteristics, as a musical production, we have already briefly mentioned. The texts of the first part are all of praise and glory, comfort and humortal hope; the terrors of the awful day are briefly but powerfully suggested, not portrayed, in the first half of the second part, and the oratorio concludes with visions of a new heaven, praise, and hallelujahs.

1. The overture is very long, opening with a grave and dignified Andante in D minor, from which soon springs the Allegro in D major, in which a theme in whole notes, constantly accompanied by one in quarters, is developed in a most interesting and exhaustive manner.

2. The first chorus, "Praise his awful name," in F, is one of the best in the work, — wholesome, strong, and noble music, full of striking points; and the solos for treble and bass, which occur in it, with their exquisite accompaniment, are full of beauty.

3, 4. Fine bits of melodic recitative for bass and tenor lead up to the short "Holy, holy" of the chorus, unaccompanied except by horns.

5–8. Three short recitatives, "Behold the Lamb," etc., treated with great seriousness and with all Spohr's fine-felt modulation in the accompaniment, lead to the somewhat familiar solo and chorus, "All glory to the Lamb," in 6–8 measure; one of the loveliest numbers.

9, 10. A more important, broadly laid-out solo and chorus is that on "Blessing, honor," etc. The tenor solo is very short; and here we may remark that Spohr seems to have avoided putting the personal singer persistently forward, making his short bits of solo mostly subordinate to the general plan and treatment of the whole. The chorus opens with a very tranquil, subdued, flowing piece of harmony, not without canon and imitation, and then sets in a strong and concise fugue. Tenor solo and chorus conclude in a sort of lengthened Coda, in the same tranquil vein with the beginning.

11. Tenor, followed by treble, recitative, "And lo! a mighty host." This is melodramatically treated, being mainly instrumental, the voice but supplying brief interpretation to the agitated and graphic movement of the orchestra, which begins pianissimo and waxes to a climax, subsiding to a gentler accompaniment as the treble voice comes in. All this, being in F, very gradually modulates towards the key of G flat major, in which the first part ends with

12. Chorus and quartet, "Lord God of Heaven," full of rich, warm, sunset color, and gentle as the benediction at the end of a religious service.

13. Part II. opens with another long orchestral symphony, the prelude to the Day of Doom. We shall not attempt to describe it, nor the long bass recitative (No 14), announcing that "The end is near," most of which is delivered in detached fragments during the graphic melodramatic accompaniment.

15–18. This is followed by the pleading and pathetic duet: "Forsake me not," to which gravely responds the chorus, "If with your whole heart ye humbly seek me," all in unison, except at the words, "Thus saith the Lord." And then a short tenor recitative heralds in the most exciting and appalling number of the work, the chorus, "Destroyed is Babylon," which summons all the powers of the orchestra to its aid. The instruments continue at some length after the voices have ceased, only pausing once for the tenor to announce, "It is finished."

19–21. Soothing, beatific strains succeed: a sweet and gentle quartet and chorus, "Blest are the departed;" a soprano recitative, "I saw a new heaven," with a few bars of lovely instrumental prelude; a short tenor recitative, "Behold, he soon shall come," with quartet response, "Then come Lord Jesus." This leads to the finale:

22. The chorus, "Great and wonderful," which is lengthy and elaborate, including several distinct movements, beginning with a vigorous fugue in C, followed by a middle portion not so clear and simple as one commonly expects at the end of an oratorio; then soft ballelujahs echo one another as from a distance, and a new fugue, "Thine is the kingdom," sets in, losing rather than gaining force as it goes on, through Spohr's besetting mannerism of chromatic modulation, but ending grandly with loud Hallelujahs and Amen.

J. S. D.

MENDELSSOHN'S MANY PURSUITS.

BY GEORGE GROVE.

(Concluded from page 58.)

He very rarely played from book, and his prodigious memory was often shown in his sudden recollection of out of the way pieces. Hiller has given two instances (pp. 28, 29). His power of retaining things casually heard was also shown in his extempore playing, where he would recollect the themes of compositions which he heard then and there for the first time, and would combine them in the happiest manner. An instance of this is mentioned by his father, in which, after Malibran had sung five songs of different nations, he was dragged to the piano, and improvised upon them all. He himself describes another occasion, a "field day" at Baillot's, when he took three themes from the Bach sonatas and worked them up to the delight and astonishment of an audience worth delighting. At the matinée of the Society of British Musicians in 1844, he took his themes from two compositions by C. E. Horsley and Macfarren, which he had just heard, probably for the first time — and other instances could be given.

His extemporizing was, however, marked by other traits than that of memory. "It was," says Professor Macfarren, "as fluent and as well planned as a written work," and the themes, whether borrowed or invented, were not merely brought together but contrapuntally worked. Instances of this have been mentioned at Birmingham and elsewhere. His tact in these things was prodigious. At the concert given by Jenny Lind and himself on Dec. 5, 1845, he played two songs without words — Bk. vi, No. 1, in E♭, and Bk. v, No. 5, in A major, and he modulated from the one

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key to the other by means of a regularly constructed intermezzo, in which the semiquavers of the first song merged into the arpeggios of the second with the most consummate art, and with magical effect. But great as were his public displays, it would seem that, like Mozart, it was in the small circle of intimate friends that his improvisation was most spendid and happy. Those only who had the good fortune to find themselves (as rarely happened) alone with him at one of his Sunday afternoons are perhaps aware of what he could really do in this direction, and he "never improvised better" or pleased himself more than when *tête-à-tête* with the Queen and Prince Albert. A singular fact is mentioned by Hiller, which is confirmed by another friend of his:—that in playing his own music he did it with a certain reticence, as if not desiring that the work would derive any advantage from his execution. The explanation is very much in consonance with his modesty, but whether correct or not there is no reason to doubt the fact.

His immense early practice in counterpoint under Zelter—like Mozart's under his father—had given him so complete a command over all the resources of counterpoint, and such a habit of looking at themes contrapuntally, that the combinations just spoken of came more or less naturally to him. In some of his youthful compositions he brings his science into prominence, as in the Fugue in A (op. 7, No. 5); the Finale of the E♭ stringed Quartet (1823); the original Minuet and Trio of the stringed Quintet in A (op. 18), a double canon of great ingenuity; the Chorus in *St. Paul*, "But our God," constructed on the chorale "Wir glauben all"; but with his maturity he mostly drops such displays, and *Elijah*, as is well known, "contain no fugues." In extemporizing, however, it was at his fingers' ends to the last. He was also fond of throwing off ingenious canons.

Of his organ-playing we have already spoken. It should be added that he settled his combinations of stops before starting, and did not change them in the course of the piece. He likewise steadily adhered to the plan on which he set out; if he started in three parts he continued in three, and the same with four or five. He took extraordinary delight in the organ; some describe him as even more at home there than on the P. F., though this must be taken with caution. But it is certain that he loved it, and was always greatly excited when playing it.

He was fond of playing the Viola, and on more than one occasion took the first Viola part of his own Octet in public. The Violin he learned when young, but neglected it in later life. He however played occasionally, and it was amusing to see him bending over the desk, and struggling with his part just as if he were a boy. His practical knowledge of the instrument is evident from his violin music, in which there are few difficulties which an ordinary good player cannot surmount. But this is characteristic of the care and thoughtfulness of the man. As a rule, in his scores he gives each instrument the passages which suit it. A few instances of the reverse are quoted under CLARINET (vol i. p. 363b), but they are quite the exception. He appears to have felt somewhat of the same natural dislike to brass instruments that Mozart did. At any rate in his early scores he uses them with great moderation, and somewhere makes the just remark that the trombone is "too sacred an instrument" to be used freely.

—*Dict. of Music and Musicians.*

MUSICAL NOTATION.

In a recent number of the Journal, we became interested in an article on Lowell Mason, from the pen of the noted biographer of Beethoven, Mr. Thayer, in which we find the following paragraph: "The first step was so to explain the elementary rules of writing and reading music, that every one might be made easily to understand them. His success in this was such that no quack method of 'making music easy' has ever been able to obtain any lasting footing in New England; nor does any pupil of a New England public school desire any other notation than such as was good enough for Handel and Beethoven."

The italicized sentence is what has prompted the few remarks we wish to make.

As the sentence reads, it may be true enough for many reasons, but we have our doubts about even that; but when we read that which lies between the lines, that no one *ought* to desire any other notation; that the notation good enough for Handel and Beethoven is good enough for everybody, it becomes quite another matter. To us it seems as absurd, as it would be to say that a notation good enough for the preservation of the works of a David or Homer, is good enough for everybody now. A notation good enough for a Beethoven and a Handel, may be, and as we think we can show, is in this case altogether too good for people in general. It goes far beyond their powers of readily understanding it, hence they cannot easily translate it into sound.

Besides, if that logic is to rule, why not go back to the Handelian notation, when every voice had its own peculiar clef? That was good enough for Handel and Bach also, but it has been relegated in the main to the category of studies for the professional student, who must understand it, just as a professional linguist must go back and dig up the dead bones of a forgotten form of the language he wishes to master. But we doubt whether any one would advocate the resuscitation of those old clefs for the purposes of popular musical culture. The discarding of so many clefs simply shows that there has been a change in the notation since Handel's time, which has had for its purpose the simplifying of the means of representation.

Undoubtedly a Bach or Handel would have used the current notation, had it been ten times as difficult, for it was not their mission to improve notations. Men of their creative power would have been in small business had they given themselves up to that work. On the other hand, had there not existed a notation sufficiently perfect for their purposes, and which, for the representation of instrumental music to musicians, is undoubtedly the best that can be devised, so far as we now see, these men would not have been ushered into the world when they were. The grand mission they were to fulfill, demanded that the proper material with which to represent their works to the world and preserve them for posterity should be ready to their hands. While the means for interpreting their works, the orchestral instruments, piano and organ, were sufficiently developed for their purposes at the time, it is no less true that the hidden depth and power of their works demanded and resulted in a development of these means to a degree of perfection equal to all demands; and because Bach preferred his clavichord to the pianoforte is it logical to say that what was good enough for Bach is good enough for to-day; or in the case of Beethoven's Sonatas, for example, to say that the Hammerclavier of his time is good enough for the interpretation of his Sonatas today? I must say, if I may be allowed a side remark, that I am frank to admit that a tendency in that direction would be quite beneficial. The question therefore here involved is not what is good enough for a Handel or a Beethoven.

It is not a question as to what is the best method of representation for the few who spend a lifetime in the special study of the art, nor which would appeal perhaps more quickly to those who, in the reproduction upon instruments of fixed tones, can gain to a certain degree more dexterity in execution (we will not say interpretation) through the eye. Further, it is not a question of *making music easy*, but rather of making music *more difficult* in one sense, because it is a question of how we can best help the masses of the people to *think musically;* and that is a thing which cannot be made easy; but the *medium for representing* the thing to be thought may be open to improvements, which would make it much easier of mastery. Music is not for the cultured few, else it fails of its mission, and our Heavenly Father made a great mistake in providing so many of the sons of men with the most perfect tone-receiving and producing apparatus. So that the point made above is of vital importance to the dissemination of musical thought.

Now improvement in the means for assisting in the development of musical thought among the masses, is exactly the glorious work that Lowell Mason did; and all honor be to him for what he did, but it does not necessarily follow that he made all the improvements necessary, that he was the *ne plus ultra*. We must remember that the most of his work was done when the helps to the analysis of musical thought, which science and philosophy have given us, were in the bud, but just being developed. And secondly, we want to remember in what that improvement consisted. Setting aside the beneficent effects of his introduction of the Pestalozzian method of teaching, this improvement is seen when we contrast the old Italian method of syllabic teaching, which is held on to, to this day, with a tenacity inexplicable, by many of our best educated musicians, and the movable *Do* system. The former system consisted in representing an absolute or arbitrarily named tone, C, by the same syllable, no matter what its position. The latter was based upon the idea that relationship is the thing to be learned; that C, in one position or surrounded by certain tones, has an effect which was termed *Do*, but when it is surrounded by another set of tones, it presents a totally different effect, and to call it by the same mnemonic would result in confusion, especially as in its new surroundings another tone has usurped its throne, and conveys the same relative meaning which the former occupant C did. Mason was clear-sighted enough to see the immense advantage of the latter method, because it was in accordance with the nature of most people. Now it is not strange, nor does it show the want of intelligence or a desire to promote quackery, or make music easier, that when the proper time came, people felt the necessity of departing from the beaten paths, made by the fathers; felt the necessity for improvement. We say that it is not strange that this change was needed, because the methods of thought had changed. These two systems are based upon two totally different methods of tone thought. The immovable *Do* system sprang out of the necessities of the case; for with the old system of Ecclesiastical keys, tones were essentially

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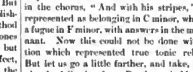
absolute, and relationship arbitrary and artificial. C was the same tone essentially, because its effect was essentially the same, whether found in the Dorian, Phrygian or any other — lan mode, and hence, in accordance with that fact, they gave it always the same mnemonic, for the syllables were only used for mnemonic purposes. But with the growth of harmony and the establishment of our modern tonalities, the method of thought has been revolutionized, and tones are no more absolute, nor artificially related, but are found to have each its special mental effect, according to its key relationship, and hence the mnemonic methods for helping the thought of the people needed to be revolutionized. The change was simply a better adaptation of means to ends. Now this undoubtedly produced favorable results, but these results have been solely in assisting the mind to grasp the relationship, when that relationship has been pointed out, that is, when the student has found out, for example, that two tones represented stand in the relation of tonic and dominant, the mnemonics assist the mind to a conception of the relationship itself; but it has not been of any assistance to the determination of what relationship is expressed in the representation. On the contrary in some cases, it has the effect of modelling matters considerably, and we think it is a question open to serious debate: If the change from a mnemonic means for assisting the mind in right tone thought, based upon the old system of tonalities, to one based upon the new, has wrought such good results, is it not reasonable to expect like good results, if a system of representation like our staff notation, which grew out of the same old root, the old system of tonalities, should be replaced by a notation based upon the principles of the modern system and methods of thought, especially if this system of notation contained within itself the mnemonic power which has proved so effective. In discussing this question we must consider what the staff notation does and does not represent, and what it ought to represent. Historically the staff grew out of the attempt to represent the rise and fall of tones the *same* indicating the pitch name at first, but eventually transferring their original function to the lines themselves, and changing their forms, assumed the power of rhythmic representation. The idea of relationship as we understand it, was far from being a factor, since the idea of scale keypoints was a very vague one, and at one time was virtually lost, because purely artificial means like the *tropes* were invented to indicate the beginning and ending tone. And the idea of a tonic was not once thought of. The signatures are the result of a growth of modern tonalities, and the only thing about the notation which at all assists the mind to a ready comprehension of the true relationship of tones. Now if we examine into what the staff notation does not represent, we find a marked deficiency, considering how remarkably it has lent itself to the needs of harmony, when once its inferential mysteries have been mastered.

The staff notation does not represent key or mode relationship except indirectly. This is evidenced by the fact that it oftentimes causes the skilled harmony analyst considerable thought to determine the true relationship hidden in the notes; and it is but comparatively lately that prominent musicians were in the habit of putting a sharp for a flat, and vice versa, in the most indiscriminate way; and it is not an uncommon thing now even to see diminished chords, or the augmented chords, put together in a way as misleading as ludicrous.

For example, we lately came across the following representation of the augmented six-five chord in D minor.

Another notable instance of misrepresentation may be found in Novello's edition of the *Messiah*, in the chorus, "And with his stripes," which is represented as belonging in C minor, whereas it is a fugue in F minor, with answers in the minor dominant. Now this could not be done with a notation which represented true tonic relationship. But let us go a little further, and take, for example, the following from Beethoven's Mass in C.



Now what assistance does the staff give in determining the relationship of the tones to the key tone? What assistance does even the signature render?

What is there to indicate that there is a modulation from C to E♭, D♭ and back to C?

The only representation here is that of a purely interval relationship, that is, that from C to D is a major second, and D to E♭ a minor second and so on. But even that is not truly represented, because the true character of the interval is determined by the key, or mode. That is, since we have two kinds of major seconds, which are determined by their key position, the true character of any major second, represented on the staff, will therefore depend upon a knowledge of its key relationship. The first D in the above example, in its purely interval relation to C, will be larger or smaller according to whether it belongs to the dominant of C or the dominant of E♭. Hence it is obvious that the only possible way for a singer to understand this passage is by determining the key; and that he can only do by analyzing the harmonic progression, which is determined by an examination of the whole score. Now how many can gain a sufficient knowledge of harmonic analysis to enable them to determine the key relation of any tone by a glance at the score, and how many can possess such a knowledge of absolute pitch (if there be such a thing in reality) as to determine it in any other way?

We leave the thousands of stumbling guess-work readers throughout the country to answer that question. According to present methods the majority have all they can do to determine even the absolute names of the tones of a single part, translating the character into sound, mainly by a guess-work method.

But we gain another and perhaps clearer view of the real difficulty, if we examine into the mental processes every individual has to go through with, consciously or unconsciously, slowly, tediously or quickly, almost intuitively according to the amount of time one has had for study, together with a genius for the thing.

These mental processes are first, determining what the tone is, namely, c, d, or e, etc.; second, what the key is; third what relation the tone represented sustains to the key. We can cut out the second, and attempt to determine the new tone's character by the tone just preceding. But that is a precarious method. If anything like certainty is desired, or true intonation, these three steps must be taken whenever the staff notation is used; and, given but one part, the singer is absolutely at sea, or given the score, even, he is in a similar condition, unless he has had special training in harmonic and melodic analysis.

The question resolves itself, therefore, into the simple one, whether a notation is possible which would eliminate any of these steps; certainly, a notation which eliminated the second only, would be an advantage, as it would remove the most difficult. If, for example, in connection with our staff notation, any simple method could be devised of indicating the key tone, in every modulation, it would be a great help. But a notation that would eliminate the first and second, and directly express the third, which really contains the others, would be, other things being equal, of the greatest benefit to singers in general. By other things being equal, we mean, as simple in its method of representing all the rhythms used by singers, and as cheaply printed.

Now such a notation is not only possible, but is already at hand, — a notation which does just exactly what was needed, represents the tonic relationship directly, and also in a simple manner all the rhythms used by singers, and can be printed much more cheaply than the staff notation. A notation which is backed up by the best results during more than a quarter of a century's trial; that has the sanction of such men as a Sedley Taylor, Sir Alexander Ellis, and Helmholtz, and the enthusiastic support of a constituency numbering its hundreds of thousands. A notation which sprang up, not out of theories, but practical experience, and around which has grown up a method of choral development that, while it adapts itself to the masses, goes to the tap roots of all musical thought, and produces in its students genuine musical thinkers.

This notation and system of musical development is known as the Tonic-Sol-Fa system, which has done, and is doing more for the production of singers in England than all others combined; and to any one who thinks that a notation which was good enough for a Handel or a Beethoven is good enough for everybody, we would recommend the careful study of the Tonic Sol-Fa notation and method.

C. B. CADY.

DETROIT, Feb. 17, 1880.

LISZT'S FAUST SYMPHONY.

From the London Times, March 12.

The 16th of Mr. Walter Bache's annual concerts was given on Thursday night at St. James's Hall, before a numerous audience. Mr. Bache, our readers are aware, is a faithful disciple of Liszt, and to the propagation of that master's fame, much more than to the display of his own skill as a pianist, his concerts are usually devoted. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether, without Mr. Bache's unselfish and energetic endeavors, much of Liszt's music would have been heard in this country, and to him London amateurs mainly owe their acquaintance with one of the most extraordinary artistic individualities of modern times. The chief piece of Thursday night's concert was Liszt's Faust Symphony, the other components of the programme being Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute," and Chopin's pianoforte concerto in F minor, the orchestral accompaniments of which have been ably re-written by Herr Klindworth. The solo part was played in his best style by Mr. Bache, who earned the unanimous applause of the audience. To speak adequately of so complicated and original a work as Liszt's Faust Symphony, is for the present impossible. Liszt, according to the verdict of enemies as well as friends, has here reached the climax of his power, and the subject, indeed, is well adapted to draw forth all the mental resources of an artist. It is curious to note how the irresistible fascination of Goethe's Faust has stimulated the most differently gifted composers to efforts commensurately various. No greater contrast can be imagined than that existing between the unsophisticated incidental music supplied by Prince Rad-

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ziwill and the mystic strains with which Schumann has accompanied Goethe's words, or between the thoroughly human and thoroughly dramatic treatment to be found in Gounod's opera and the enrious mixture of romantic and classic elements which Arrigo Boito has drawn from the two parts of Goethe's tragedy. Wagner's Faust Overture is avowedly but a fragment, and Beethoven's long cherished wish to wed Goethe's words to music has, alas! remained a wish.

Liszt's Faust Symphony differs *in toto* from all previous and subsequent treatments of the same subject. It has, indeed, little in common with his own musical illustrations of other poetic subjects, technically known as "symphonic poems." Take, for instance, "Mazeppa," the symphonic poet most familiar to English audiences. Here an external incident—the mad career of the horse—has given the chief suggestion to the musician, who throughout attempts to illustrate the course of the story in a more or less symbolic manner. All this is different in the present work. Here Liszt has almost entirely avoided any allusion to the dramatic situations of the tragedy. All he gives us is a delineation of the three principal characters—Faust, Marguerite, Mephistopheles—in their various psychological developments, a kind of *développement* being suggested only at the end by the introduction of Goethe's *chorus mysticus*, which indicates Faust's final salvation and reunion with the sublimated form of his earthly love. The intention of Liszt, such as we have ventured to interpret it, is sufficiently indicated by the names of the *dramatis personæ* already mentioned attached to the three movements of which the symphony consists.

A further explanation or programme the composer himself has not vouchsafed. But something of that nature is supplied in a recent able article in one of the German musical papers, the anonymous author of which is evidently one of Liszt's most intimate friends, and therefore may at least claim what politicians call "semi-official" authority. According to this source the Faust Symphony, and more especially the first movement, is designed to depict man himself in all his longings, aspirations, and sufferings. With that explanation the structure of the opening movement is in perfect accord. If Liszt had wished to render the individual Faust of the tragedy, the words of Goethe, "Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust," would have supplied him almost naturally with a first and second theme, the melodic materials at the same time of an orthodox symphonic movement. But orthodoxy in musical matters is not the mental attitude of Liszt. The changes of key and of tempo follow each other with bewildering frequency. We have in rapid succession, lento assai, allegro agitato, and so forth; the only distinct impression which after the first movement remains being the grand and impressive themes identified throughout the work with Faust. The second movement, surnamed "Marguerite," is of a tender, melodious character; and the chief theme first given to the oboe is more especially of great loveliness. In the further course of this movement a rhythmical phrase is evidently designed to indicate Marguerite's tender question, "Er liebt mich—liebt mich nicht?" thus in a manner suggesting the garden scene in the play, a suggestion further emphasized by the appearance of the Faust motive, which in combination with the materials already referred to leads to developments of passionate beauty. But a very ideal tone is throughout sustained, and the allusion to an individual pair of lovers is very slight.

The third movement supplies the place of the orthodox scherzo, and the ironical laughter of Mephistopheles, who has given it his name, is heard from the beginning. The nature of the fiend is indicated by Liszt in a very ingenious manner. He is the "Spirit who denies," the sarcastic critic of the universe. He accordingly has no melodic embodiment of his own; all he can do is to laugh at and pervert the motives of his intended victim, Faust. The themes characteristic of the latter in the opening movement here accordingly re-appear in the most curious distortions, showing the ascendency gained over Faust's higher aspirations by the evil principle. The pure womanhood of Marguerite alone is proof against the fiend's power, and her melody is heard again in its pristine sweetness.

By a sudden transition we are at last transferred from the weird atmosphere of the Mephistophelian movement to the purer heights, where the mystic chorus intones Goethe's "All that passes away is but a semblance" to a grave melody suggestive of the *canto fermo* of the Catholic service. To the words, "The eternal-womanly draws us onwards," the tenor solo enters with the Marguerite motive, and soon the movement, and with it the symphony, comes to a triumphant close. The impression of the work on the audience was evidently of a most powerful kind, the beautiful melodies of the second movement especially being received with marked favor. Even the most hostile critic must admit that here more than ordinary genius has been brought to bear on a theme of more than ordinary sublimity.

[From the *Athenæum*.]

The title "Symphony" in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is a misnomer here; the name given by Liszt to other compositions similar in form though smaller in scale—that of "symphonic poem"—would be more appropriate. Some critics have found fault with the work as having no "form." Nothing can be more erroneous. Those who from its name looked for the plan of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's symphonies would doubtless be disappointed. We have here a combination of the orthodox form with that of the variation; and the design of the work is so novel that it is hardly surprising that those who heard it without previous acquaintance with the score should be unable to follow its structure. In order to understand the music, it is needful to bear in mind that Liszt entitles it a symphony "*in drei Characterbildern*"—in three character-pictures; and that he presents us not with scenes from Goethe's drama, but with a musical portrayal of the characters of Faust, Gretchen, and Mephistopheles. The first movement is occupied with Faust—his doubts, his despair, his noble aspirations. All these are depicted in the various themes, and the form is in its general outline (exposition, development, repetition) precisely that of a Beethoven symphony, though the details are considerably modified, particularly as regards the sequence of keys. The slow movement, which represents Gretchen, is on a first hearing the most readily appreciable part of the work; the melodies are remarkable for purity and beauty. In the course of the developments the Faust themes appear in an entirely changed though easy recognizable form, the idea of the composer being evidently to show how the character of Faust was modified by the influence of Gretchen. The third movement, "Mephistopheles," is in some respects the most striking portion of the symphony. Mephistopheles is the spirit of negation, "*der Geist der stets verneint;*" he mocks at Faust's doubts and despair, he scoffs at his high aspirations. Accordingly we find here no theme characterizing the fiend himself, but, instead of this, Liszt, with rare poetic insight, has given us a parody, a distortion, a "blackguardizing" (if the word may be excused) of the whole of the Faust themes. A bitter, ironical, sardonic tone is the chief characteristic of this *finale*, which is almost throughout a paraphrase of the first movement, with all the pathos and all the nobility taken out of it. A point worthy of notice, as showing how thoroughly the composer has entered into the spirit of the work, occurs in the course of this movement where the Gretchen theme is introduced. "An die," says Mephistopheles, "*hab'ich keine Gewalt;*" and while everything else is caricatured and burlesqued, the lovely melody associated with Gretchen appears in all its original purity. The Mephistopheles movement leads without a pause to a final chorus for male voices—Goethe's "Chorus Mysticus," "*Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss,*" in which, at the words "*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan,*" the Gretchen theme is once more appropriately introduced. From this brief outline it will be seen that the "Faust" Symphony is highly intellectual. Those who regard music as a merely sensuous enjoyment would find little in this work to suit their taste. There are, it is true, passages of extreme beauty, and there is much gorgeous orchestral coloring; but without the clue to its meaning it is impossible to understand it, and it is probable that a large majority of the audience left St. James's Hall with merely the impression that they had been listening for more than an hour to some of the most extraordinary noises that ever entered their ears. On the other hand, many will doubtless be ready to endorse our decided conviction that the symphony is one of the most remarkable and interesting works of modern times.

JOACHIM RAFF.

Translated from "Ueber Land und Meer."

BY WM. ARMSTRONG.

Joachim Raff was born on the 27th of May, 1822, in Lachen, Canton Schwyz, his parents having removed to that place from the Würtembergian village of Wiesenstetten, district of Horb, in the Black Forest, shortly before his birth.

He obtained his literary education at institutions in Würtemberg, and the Jesuit Lyceum in Schwyz (a school that he still has in the warmest remembrance), remaining in the latter institution until his eighteenth year. He left the Lyceum with the most brilliant testimonials, but was unhappily unable to pursue his studies further at a university. Finding himself prepared, however, he accepted a position as teacher in an institution of learning.

At this early period his study of music exhibited itself by industrious application in several instruments. The result was different attempts at composition. Raff was not of a disposition to decide the most important question of life in a light manner. He knew that only too often the love for a particular calling is mistaken for the qualification. Wrestling with a feeling of diffidence in his own talent for composition, he turned to Mendelssohn for advice, sending him several of his productions for examination. The warm recommendation of these compositions, on the part of Mendelssohn, to one of the first publishing houses (Breitkopf & Härtel), followed soon after by the publication of his first works, in the year 1845, encouraged the young tone-poet to such an extent that, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, he decided to dedicate his powers entirely to music.

Like a *Deus ex machina*, Liszt appeared in Switzerland in 1845. Perceiving the great talent of Raff, he made him a generous offer to accompany him on a projected tour through Germany. Raff gladly accepted the proffered honor, accompanying the master on his travels through entire Germany. They separated in the border town of Cologne, Liszt going thence to Paris, Raff remaining for some time a resident of the former city.

During his stay there he made the personal acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who interested himself for him to a great degree, making him the proposition to remove to Leipzig, and, under his direction, to continue his musical studies. As Raff was about to accept this kindly invitation, Men-

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delssohn died, in the autumn of 1847, having hardly completed his thirty-eighth year.

Raff had, in the meantime, worked very assiduously, applying himself, also, to musical literature. From Cologne, he contributed to the *Cäcilia* (a work edited by the celebrated theorist, S. W. Dehn, in Berlin) some very valuable and widely comprehensive articles.

Meanwhile the desire grew very strong in Raff to establish his home in one of the larger cities of Germany. Liszt again took him by the hand. With a recommendation from the master to a Viennese publisher by the name of Karl Mechetti, Raff undertook the journey to the Austrian metropolis; but while on the way hither he learned of the death of Mechetti, and immediately decided to return to his fatherland, Würtemberg. During the ensuing period he remained in Stuttgart, where he composed his first great works, among others the four-act opera "König Alfred."

Bülow, who at that time made a protracted stay in Stuttgart, learned to know and value Raff, and in one of his concerts before the Stuttgart public, introduced several of his compositions, one of which Raff had just completed and given to the pianist two days before; he playing it without notes; both player and composer were rewarded with a storm of applause.

For the further pursuit of his studies Stuttgart failed to offer enough opportunities; and, besides this, it was the revolutionary year of 1848–49,—that period which so seriously affected art and music. On this account, Raff journeyed to Hamburg, where he again met Liszt; shortly after, he accompanied him to Weimar. There, in an atmosphere laden with the highest love of art, Raff found at last the deepest appreciation for his ripened talent, associating, as he did, with the local and many visiting art notabilities. In Weimar he wrote his first chamber music; different compositions for piano; songs; overtures; the orchestral suite in E minor; the 121st Psalm for soli, chorus and orchestra; the Ballade: "Traum König," and "Die Liebesfee;" a concert number for violin and orchestra; the music to the drama "Bernhard von Weimar," by Wilhelm Genast; and revised his opera "König Alfred," which was given at that time at the court theatre in Weimar. From this last composition, Liszt arranged two numbers for the piano.

Not only as an artist, but in social circles also, Raff understood how to make friends. When Berlioz (who did not understand the German language) was in Weimar, at a banquet given in his honor, it was Raff who made his speech at table in Latin—an attention which astonished and delighted that gifted Frenchman.

While in Weimar, Raff engaged himself to the talented actress, Doris Genast, a grand-daughter of the well-known character delineator, for whom Goethe had such preference. As this lady soon afterwards accepted an engagement at the court theatre in Wiesbaden, he followed her in the year 1856.

Raff was very soon the most noted music teacher in Wiesbaden. All of the time devoted to his muse was occupied in sketching new works. Meanwhile followed his marriage in 1859, from which union a promising daughter is the issue.

After Raff had won for himself fame, both at home and abroad, through his symphony "An das Vaterland," which was crowned with a prize in Vienna, and numerous other larger works, he gave up private teaching entirely, in the year 1870, determining to live only for his family and his art. To this period of ideal retirement, only broken in upon for a few hours at a time by the visits of artist friends, is the musical world indebted for his most important works, including: the "Wald Symphonie," the "Leonore" symphony, the heroic opera of "Samson" (the text of which he had written himself several years before), the comic opera of "Dame Kobold," which was given in the year 1870, in Weimar—a number of two and four-hand compositions for the piano, choruses, an octet, a sextet, eight string quartets, trios, piano quartet and quintet, concertos for the violin, violoncello, and piano; besides the three aforementioned symphonies, five others, arrangements of different compositions by Bach, etc., etc. All of these first saw the light in Wiesbaden.

After twenty-one years of such extraordinarily fruitful labor, Raff left Wiesbaden, in the autumn of 1877, to accept a position which had been offered him, as director of the newly-founded "Hoch's Conservatory" for music, in Frankfort-on-the-Main. In a short time he had procured for this institution several very celebrated artists as instructors: Clara Schumann, Cossman, Böhme, Stockhausen, Urspruch, Gleichauf, Heermann.

The Conservatory was opened for instruction in the spring of 1878, with sixty pupils, the number being increased to one hundred and thirty-nine before the close of the year.

Although Raff never exerted himself to obtain outward distinction, high honors have been conferred upon him by princes, and both home and foreign musical societies, that would require too much space to mention here. Notwithstanding all this, Raff has preserved a very great degree of modesty. A mark thereof is that works of all the old and new classical masters are played at "Hoch's Conservatory," with the exception of one, and that one, Raff. This trait of his character is also well illustrated in the following: so long as Frau Raff (who was known as an excellent actress played at the theatre in Wiesbaden, he never attended the representations.

In his intercourse, amiable and communicative, he understands, as few others, how to stimulate and instruct young and striving artists, so that they are very fond of seeking him out (fonder than can sometimes prove agreeable to him), to listen to his conversation, which is full of droll and spicy sallies of wit.

A detailed catalogue of Raff's works, of which over two hundred have already appeared, is contained in that excellent work, "Mendel's *Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon*.

Of course his latest work, which has just been completed, is not mentioned. It is his ninth symphony, entitled "In Summer," being the second number of a cycles; the eighth, "Spring," being intended for the first. The tenth and eleventh symphonies, according to this, will be descriptive of autumn and winter. The musical world will await the appearance of this work with great interest.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LEIPZIG.—Holy week was the occasion of some fine musical performances at the St. Thomas Church; especially that of Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music, under the direction of Reinecke. The Viennese pianist, Robert Fischhof, of established reputation in Austria, gave a concert on the 24th ult., at the theatre, with the aid of the Gewandhaus orchestra. He obtained a great and a legitimate success in the F-minor concerto of Chopin and the fourth Rhapsodie of Liszt. The directors of the Gewandhaus concerts have put in competition (confined to German and Austrian architects,) plans for the construction of the proposed new music hall. Two prizes, one of 3,000 marks, the other of 2,000, will be awarded to the two best plans.

Weissheimer's opera, *Meister Martin und seine Gesellen*, was performed for the first time at the Stadt theatre, on the 6th March, and, though not of equal merit throughout, well received by the public. The story has already furnished a libretto for Herr Kruk, now chorus-master at the Carlsruhe Theatre, and another for F. W. Tschirch, conductor at the Theatre in Gera.—The proceeds of the nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert were devoted to charitable purposes. The programme comprised only two compositions; Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

The programme of the twentieth Gewandhaus Concert comprised an air by Beethoven and Swedish Songs, sung by Mlle. Louise Pyk, of Stockholm; Chopin's Piano Forte Concerto in E minor; and Piano-Forte Solos (Prelude and Fugue in A minor, J. S. Bach; "Des Abends," R. Schumann; "Elfenspiel," Heymann), played by Herr Heymann, of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Both lady and gentleman were liberally applauded. The orchestral pieces were Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Gade's Symphony in A minor, No. 3.

—COLOGNE.—An International Singing Match will be held here in August. The Emperor Wilhelm has given a gold medal, the Empress Augusta an object of art, and the Prince von Hohenzollern two gold medals, to be distributed as prizes. The Minister of Public Instruction contributes for the same purpose 1,500 marks; the Administrative Council of the Province, 3,000; the City of Cologne, 2,000; the Cologne Men's Vocal Association an object of art, worth 1,000, and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, 500, while innumerable other contributions are promised on all sides.

BERLIN.—Sternscher-Gesangverein (Feb. 20), Oratorio, "Samson" (Handel). Wagner society (Feb. 27): Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," and first act from "Walküre" (Wagner). Singakademie (March 19): St. Matthew Passion-music (Bach), and (March 26) Oratorio "Der Tod Jesu" (Graun).

The series of Subscription Concerts at the Singacademie was brought to a close by a fine performance of Handel's *Saul*.—Among the pianists who have lately given concerts here are Herren Bülow, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Moszkowski, and Heymann.

Adolphe Adam's one-act comic opera, *La Poupée de Nuremberg*, has been produced (under the title of *Die Nürnberger Puppe*) at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre, but not, as the bills erroneously announce, for the first time in Berlin. It was performed at the same theatre between 1850 and 1860. Mdme. KüchenmeisterRudersdorf, since well-known in London, assuming the principal female part.—There have been plenty of concerts lately. Foremost among them may be mentioned the concert given in the Singacademie by Mdlle. Jlonka von Rawasz, a young Magyar lady, a pupil of Franz Liszt's. She was assisted by Mdlle. Marianne Stresow and Herr Moritz Moszkowski.—By the permission of Herr von Hülsen, *Robert le Diable*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Gounod's *Faust*, will be included this season in the repertory at Kroll's.—M. Camille Saint-Saëns has just composed and dedicated to the Countess von Schlienitz a four-hand pianoforte piece founded on Heine's poem, and entitled "König Harfagar." It is published by Bote and Bock.

BONN.—The monument to Schumann will be inaugurated on the second of May. A grand concert will be given in the evening under the direction of Joachim and of Wasielewski (Schumann's biographer). The E flat ("Cologne") Symphony, the *Requiem für Mignon*, and the *Manfred* music of Schumann will be performed; and the violin concerto of Brahms will be played by Joachim. There will also be a musical matinée devoted to Schumann on the third.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The London *Figaro*, of April 3, says:

Correspondence from St. Petersburg speaks with enthusiasm of the production a fortnight ago, under the direction of the composer, of M. Rubinstein's new opera, "Kalaschnikoff." The libretto is in the national Russian language, and is the work of a native, M. Nayravnik. The scene is laid at Moscow, in the reign of the Czar Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible. This monarch, hated by his people, and fearful of his life, confided his safety to the hands of his private guards, the celebrated Oprichniks, whose duty it was to secure the safety of their sovereign against real or imaginary enemies. These Oprichniks, brave as they were, had social powers which were almost unlimited, and the populace were given up to the unbridled license of the soldiers. One of the body, the favorite of the Czar, has, we find, dishonored the wife of Kalaschnikoff, a rich merchant, who, swearing vengeance against the villain, challenges him in one of the tournaments which were among the amusements of the court, and kills him. For this offence the merchant is condemned to death by the Czar Ivan, who, however, in accordance with the dictates of rough and Russian justice, promises to guard his wife and children against further harm, and to transfer the privileges of commerce to his brother. M. Rubinstein's music is described by competent critics as purely symphonic. To the choral and instrumental

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masses the chief portions of the opera are assigned, the solos being very few, and the chief personages of the drama bearing their portion of the music chiefly in declamatory recitative. M. Rubinstein, it is stated, makes free use of the *leitmotif*, but although his work is not a little tedious, it is by no means devoid of melody. Written in grandiose style, the religious choruses made a special impression; while the baritone Korsoff, in the part of the merchant who gives his name to the opera, and the tenor Stravinsky, in the rôle of Ivan the Terrible were, it is said, admirable. At present the opera is in the Russian language, but it will probably soon be translated into German, and probably also into French.

MOSCOW.—Henri Wieniawski, the great violinist, died here in the beginning of this month. He was born at Lublin, Poland, July 10, 1835. He entered the Conservatory of Paris as a pupil in 1843, and received instruction on the violin from Clavel and Massart, and took lessons in harmony from Colet. He gave his first concert in Europe in 1852, and subsequently visited most of the great cities of Europe. He came to New York in the fall of 1872, with Rubinstein, and made his first appearance at Steinway Hall, on September 23. After concluding his engagement with Rubinstein, he gave a series of concerts in New York and Brooklyn during the following season. While he was thus engaged, in December, 1873, he was offered the position of professor of the *classe de perfectionment* in the violin section of the Brussels Conservatory of Music, succeeding M. Vieuxtemps, who was compelled to retire by ill health from the position. He accepted the office and entered upon his duties in 1876. During the month of January, 1874, he gave a series of concerts with M. Victor Maurel, the baritone, at that time, of the Strakosch Opera Troupe, and in the following spring he returned to Europe. Wieniawski was a man of large stature and commanding presence. His hair and moustache were jet black, and he weighed fully two hundred and fifty pounds. His manner of playing was at once the wonder and admiration of all violinists. His bowing was magnificent, the delicacy of his staccato playing being a special feature of his performance, every note in a run of four octaves in one bow being given with an easy grace and perfect tone that could not be surpassed. He never appeared to exert himself, and in the most intricate passages played with a calm repose of manner which was an assurance to his hearers of his consummate ability. Those persons who heard him in such works as the "Kreutzer Sonata," with Rubinstein and other notable compositions, will not forget the profound impression he made on his audiences. His technique was remarkable. Wieniawski was also distinguished as a composer. His "Legende" may be said to be a classic which every violinist of high aspirations has in his répertoire, and which one may often hear, though it has never been rendered with such exquisite perfection as at the hands of its composer. His fantasie on airs from "Faust" was another notable composition. Rubinstein wrote one of his great works, a violin concerto, expressly for Wieniawski. He was the owner of several instruments of great value, a Guarnerius of powerful and rich tone, and a Stradivarius being among his collection. His rank among violinists was universally recognized, and but two other artists in the world, Joachim and Wilhelmj, could claim professional equality with him.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880.

THE FESTIVAL.

OUR great Triennial Feast of Harmony,—the fifth which the old Handel and Haydn Society have prepared for us,—is near at hand. In ten days it will begin, namely, on Tuesday evening, May 4, and will close its series of seven Oratorios and Concerts on Sunday evening, May 9. The zeal, the completeness, and the wealth of programme with which these festivals have always been prepared, and the deep impression they have made, each more inspiring than the one preceding, give sufficient assurance that this one will be a great success. The sale of season tickets has been larger than ever before, and no pains have been spared to make the festival as perfect as the improved means of to-day will enable.

The great chorus of five hundred singers was never better in the quality of voices and the balance of the parts, never in better training, nor animated by a more true enthusiasm. The conductor, Carl Zerrahn, the hero of so many festivals, has lost no whit of his inspiring energy, and wields all the forces at his command with the same sure aim and efficacy that he has always shown on such occasions.

At the great organ he will have, as so often before, the able and judicious aid of Mr. B. J. Lang (now happily recovered from his threatening illness); and, at the head of the violins of the very efficient orchestra of *seventy* instruments, he will have Mr. Bernard Listemann. This orchestra is made up very nearly, if not altogether, of our own resident musicians, who, in the Symphony and other concerts of the past six months, have proved themselves entirely competent to any orchestral work which the best musical taste of Boston can require.

The list of solo singers also is inviting. The standard of this Society in this regard is high; indeed, never more exacting; and if no famous artists from abroad are imported for the occasion, it is because none really are needed. It is one sign of the musical progress in this country that all the principal vocal parts in the exacting programme of this Festival can be with confidence intrusted to our own native, with, we believe, only two adopted singers. The list includes: *Sopranos*, Miss Emma C. Thursby, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Fanny Kellogg, and Miss Ida W. Hubbell; *Contraltos*, Miss Annie Cary, and Miss Emily Winant; *Tenors*, Sig. Italo Campanini, Mr. Charles R. Adams, and Mr. Wm. Courtney; *Bassos*, Messrs. M. W. Whitney, John F. Winch, and G. W. Dudley.

Here are the programmes:—

1. Tuesday evening, May 4, Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *Saint Paul*, with Miss Thursby, Miss Winant, Mr. Adams and Mr. Whitney in the principal solos.

2. Wednesday evening, Spohr's Oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, which has not been heard here by this generation, although the Society performed it several times nearly forty years ago,—notably when the daughter of the composer, Mme. Spohr-Zahn, was here to sing the contralto part. We have given a brief sketch of this mild *Last Judgment* (so it must seem now that we have heard Verdi's *Dies Iræ*), on another page. The soloists will be: Miss Kellogg, Miss Cary, Sig. Campanini and Mr. Winch.

3. Thursday afternoon, at 2·30. An admirable miscellaneous programme, the lighter numbers of which are placed first, namely: Mr. Chadwick's *Rip Van Winkle* overture, which so pleased in two of the Harvard Symphony Concerts; Schubert's *Erl-König*, sung by Mr. Adams; a scene from *Hamlet*, by Ambroise Thomas, sung by Miss Thursby; and an aria from Handel's *Semele*, sung by Miss Annie Cary. Then comes the noble short Psalm (unaccompanied) for double chorus, —"Judge me, O God,"—by Mendelssohn; and then, as one of the grandest features of the festival, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with chorus, —the quartet of solos to be sung by Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Dudley.

4. Thursday evening, Symphonic Overture, "Marmion" (in Sir Walter Scott's poem) by Dudley Buck (new), followed by Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem Mass*. Principal vocalists: Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Annie Cary, Sig. Campanini, and Mr. Whitney.

5. Friday evening, two parts ("Spring" and "Summer") from Haydn's Oratorio, *The Seasons*, —the solos by Miss Thursby, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Whitney. Also (first time in this country) Saint-Saëns's Cantata, *The Deluge*, with Miss Hubbell, Miss Winant, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dudley for the solos.

6. Saturday afternoon, May 8, a miscellaneous concert, of which the most important features will be the *Utrecht Jubilate*, a very noble early work of Handel; solos by Miss Cary, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Whitney; and the sublime concluding chorus to Bach's Cantata,—*Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*. Other selections are: Weber's Overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*; Aria from Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* (Sig. Campanini); "La Calendrina," by Jomelli (Miss Thursby); Aria from "Il Duca d'Ebro," by Da Villa (Mr. Courtney); the Cobbler's Air from Wagner's *Meistersingers* (Mr. Whitney); Aria from Handel's *Julius Cæsar* (Miss Winant); Scherzo from the Symphony by Goetz (Orchestra); "Voi che sapete," from Mozart's *Figaro* (Miss Cary); "Miriam's Song of Victory," by Reinecke (Miss Hubbell); Love Song from Wagner's *Walkyrie*, (Campanini); Duet from Rossini's *William Tell* (Messrs. Campanini and Whitney).

7. The Festival will close on Sunday evening, May 9, with Handel's Oratorio *Solomon*, which has not been given here for twenty-five years. Miss Thursby and Miss Kellogg will sing the parts of the two queens and the two mothers; Miss Annie Cary, the contralto part of Solomon; Mr. Courtney, Zadoc, the high priest (tenor), and Mr. Whitney, the Levite.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

A WEEK OF DISAPPOINTMENTS.—The illness of Mr. Lang, which threatened to be somewhat serious, but happily has not proved so, caused the postponement of two concerts which had been eagerly looked forward to as among the most important musical events of the season. These were the concert of the Cecilia, which was to have taken place on Monday, the 12th inst., with Schumann's *Manfred* music and Gade's "Fair Ellen;" and on the 15th, Mr. Lang's production (for the first time in Boston) of *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz. Also on the 14th, many were disappointed at not hearing Joseffy at Mr. Peck's annual benefit. Had these concerts taken place, we should have been tempted to remark upon the singular fortuitous conjunction in the same week of two great compositions on s ch kindred themes as *Faust* and *Manfred*. Goethe who was a great admirer of Lord Byron, speaking of *Manfred*, writes: "This singularly clever poet has absorbed my *Faust* into himself, and, hypochondriacally, has sucked the strangest nourishment out of it." It would have been interesting to compare the music's treatment of these texts, and see whether Berlioz could assimilate and reproduce in tones the poetry of Goethe's *Faust* with anything like the wonderful truth and beauty of Schumann's musical illustration of the *Manfred*.

But now the close conjunction of the two is broken; the Triennial Festival will part them. Mr. Lang is happily himself again, and the Cecilia concert will take place *this evening*, while the *Faust* is postponed to May 14, allowing time for more complete rehearsal, with an undivided mind on the part of the conductor.

Another singular conjunction during our present season, of musical treatments of one sombre and appalling topic, may be found in the large repertoire of compositions having Hell and Judgment for their poetic subject-matter. First, we have had the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, which takes us to the nether world, among the demons. Now comes Verdi's *Requiem*, with the *Dies Iræ* painted out in all its imaginable terrors. Then we have the gentler side of the *Last Judgment* in Spohr, and a watery judgment in the *Deluge*, by Saint-Saëns; and the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, with its *Inflammatus* and *in die judicii*; and finally (if so it may be)

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Faust's Damnation and the "Ride to Hell." We may add to the list the *Lenore* Symphony by Raff, and the *Danse Macabre* by Saint-Saëns. What does it all mean? Are all the sweet and heavenly subjects so exhausted that our modern composers find themselves driven for new themes to the guilty imagination's world of endless retribution? Or do they so distrust their own inventive genius, so feel their own inferiority to the great, wholesome masters of the past as to see no chance of being thought original except by turning away from earth and heaven, and drawing lurid and appalling pictures from the world below? Perhaps the next great composer is to be a musical Jonathan Edwards!

Organ Recitals. — Mr. Henry M. Dunham has already given three of a series of four recitals in Boston Music Hall, on successive Tuesday afternoons. They are remarkably well worthy of the attention of lovers of good organ music. In them, Mr. Dunham, who is the successor of Mr. Whiting in the N. E. Conservatory, has proved himself one of the best organists we have. He is equally at home in the works of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and of the modern organ writers, like Thiele, Merkel, Batiste, etc. He plays with great clearness, so that you trace all the polyphonic parts; his time is firm and even, and he combines and contrasts the registers with judgment and facility.

He has commonly a singer to relieve the programme. In the first concert (which we were unable to attend) it was Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes; and the principal organ pieces were the Sonata in F minor by Mendelssohn, and the *Concert Satz* in E-flat minor by Thiele. The second programme (April 13) was as follows:—

Sonata in G minor . . . . *Merkel.*
Maestoso, Piu moto — Adagio — Introduction and Fugue.
Andante in A flat . . . . *Dunham.*
{ a. Ben-di t sereno al ciglio (Susarmo) . . . *Handel.*
{ b. Immer bei dir . . . . *Raff.*
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Passacaglia in C minor . . . . *Bach.*
Elsa's Wedding March to the Münster . . . . *Wagner.*
Grand chorus in A major. . . . . *Salomé.*
Serenade, "The Star of Love" . . . . *Wallace.*
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Concerto in A minor . . . . *Whiting.*

The singing was omitted, Mr. Wilkie having a sore throat. The organ compositions of Gustav Merkel (born in 1827 and pupil of the old Johann Schneider of Dresden) are unsurpassed by any living composer for that instrument. He seems to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Bach, and masterly in counterpoint and fugue, as well as rich in musical ideas and a poetic sentiment. This Mr. Dunham made apparent in his fine rendering of the Sonata in G minor. Bach's great *Passacaglia* is something that we would fain miss no opportunity of hearing, at least when so well interpreted. Mr. Dunham's own *Andante* proved a pleasing composition.

In his third recital, Tuesday last, Mr. Dunham offered the following selections:—

Toccata in F major . . . . *Bach.*
Adagio . . . . *Volckmar.*
March, from "Ruins of Athens" . . . . . . *Beethoven.*
{ a. Die blauen Frühlingsaugen . . . . . . *Ries.*
{ b. Liebesfruhling . . . . *Sucher.*
Miss Ella Abbott.
Grand Sonata for four hands and double pedal *Merkel.*
Allegro Moderato — Adagio — Introduction and Fugue.
Messrs. Arthur W. Foote and H. M. Dunham.
Si t'amo, o cara . . . . *Handel.*
Miss Ella Abbott.
Fantasia, "The Storm" . . . . *Lemmens.*
Grand march and chorus from "Tannhäuser" *Wagner.*

Here were at least two very noble numbers: the brilliant and majestic Bach *Toccata*, and the four-hand Sonata by Merkel. The latter was played *con amore* and with inspiring effect by the two young artists. The Allegro is a superb movement, large and full of life and power; the Adagio tender and subdued; and the Fugue, with a very long and fascinating theme, with charming sequences, is developed in a masterly manner. The Adagio by Volkmar doubtless pleased many of the audience — at all events the sentimental portion — better than Bach himself, but we prefer small doses of such sugary sweetness; it displayed, however, the *vox humana* and other reed and flute stops to advantage. Organ "storms" are rather played out; this one by Lemmens opens with a pleasant serenade, or concert, and the interruption by the whistling chromatic wind is very graphic; a return to the first part is very natural and proper, but it is spun out to tedious length. The noble march (not the Turkish March) from the *Ruins of Athens* made a fine effect. The song selections, and their interpretation by Miss Ella Abbott, were excellent. She has a clear, frank, charming voice, and seems to sing out from a full heart, like the birds.

In his last Recital, at 4 P. M. next Tuesday, which we trust will have the large audience that he deserves, Mr. Dunham will be assisted by the Athene Quartette (vocal) of young ladies.

Mr. John Orth, the pianist, gave an interesting concert at Mechanics' Hall on Monday afternoon, April 12. The assisting artists were Mr. George L. Osgood, vocalist, and Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, violinist. The hall was well filled with an attentive and pleased audience. The programme was unique and included:

Sonata, piano and violin, op. 78 (new). . . . . . *Brahms.*
Adagio and Allegro, from Phantasie for Piano and
Violin, op. 17 (new) . . . . *Hans Huber.*
Songs, a. Nachtgesang, op. 31, No. 2 . . . . . . *Haupt.*
b. Spring Flowers, op. 26 No.2 . . . . *Reinecke.*
With violin obligato.
Romance, for piano, op. 25, No. 2 . . . . . *J. K. Paine.*
Polish Dances, op. 3, No. 1 . . . . *Scharwenka.*
Etude: "Pensez au peu." . . . . *Henselt.*
Polonaise, No. 1, C minor (new) . . . . *Liszt.*
Mazurka, op. 50, No. 2 . . . . *Chopin.*
2d. Sonata, violin and piano, op. 121 . . . *Schumann.*

An accident deprived us of the pleasure of hearing all but Mr. Orth's last pianoforte solos and the great Sonata Duo by Schumann. The last is full of life, originality and charm, and was most satisfactorily interpreted by the two artists. Mr. Orth's piano playing shows very marked improvement. His renderings were refined and tasteful, showing sympathy with the composer, while his execution is clear, finished, brilliant and effective, or delicate, as the case may require. Mr. Dannreuther is certainly showing himself to be one of our best violinists. His style is honest, broad and manly, free from all affectation.

Boston Conservatory of Music. — Another interesting concert of Mr. Julius Eichberg's Violin Classes took place at Union Hall, on Saturday afternoon, April 17. The following programme will show what tasks these young aspirants are equal to:

Gavotte. . . . . *Eichberg.*
Master R. Stearns.
"Voi che sapete." (Transcribed for Violin.) . *Mozart.*
Master Waldo Cushing.
Theme Varié. . . . . *Eichberg.*
Master Albert Lithgoe.
Largo, from Concerto for two Violins, D minor. . *Bach.*
Misses Lillian Shattuck and Lettie Launder.
Hungarian Airs. . . . . *Ernst.*
Mr. Willis Nowell.
Adagio, from 2d Concerto. . . . . *De Beriot.*
Miss Georgiana Pray.
Fantaisie. — "Faust." . . . . *Wieniawski.*
Mr. Placido Fiumara.
Duett. . . . . *Dancla.*
Misses Edith Christie and Georgiana Pray.
Romanza, E major. . . . . *Wilhelmj.*
Miss Lettie Launder.
Allegro, from 3d Concerto. . . . . *De Beriot.*
Miss Edith Christie.
Finale, from Violin Concerto. . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Miss Lillian Shattuck.
Fantasie — "Othello." . . . . *Ernst.*
Miss Lillian Chandler.

These, of course, were among the foremost of Mr. Eichberg's scores of pupils. After hearing the concert through, one goes away wondering at the skill, the good style and method displayed by *every one*, from such really accomplished artists as Miss Lillian Chandler and her fair quartet associates — from Mr. Nowell and Mr. Fiumara, down to the small, bright boys by whom the concert was opened. It all shows true and thorough training; all are making progress in the right way. The Concerto Duo movement from Bach was beautifully rendered. So were all the more important numbers.

In Prospect. — This evening Schumann's *Manfred* music, with Mr. Ticknor's reading, and Gade's "Fair Ellen" cantata, by the Cecilia.

— Mr. B. J. Lang's second concert, at Mechanics' Hall, is postponed to the afternoon of Thursday, April 29. His programme includes that string quartet by Raff ("Die schöne Müllerin") which was heard at one of the Euterpe concerts; eleven songs, to be sung by Mr. W. J. Winch; and a new quintet for piano and strings by Goldmark. The brothers Listemann, Mr. J. C. Mullaly and Mr. A. Heindl take part in the two concerted pieces.

— Mr. Ernst Perabo's last two matinées, at Wesleyan Hall, fall on the 26th and 30th of this month.

— Mr. S. Liebling, the pianist, will give a concert on Friday evening, April 30, at Union Hall, assisted by well known local talent.

— Mr. Liebling and Mr. Ben Wood Davis, a young lawyer of this city, are engaged upon a comic opera, which will be brought out in the fall. The subject is an American one, and those who have heard fragments of the libretto and music predict for it a great success.

— On April 26, the "Ideal" Opera Company will return to the Boston Theatre and present Gilbert and Sullivan's modern comic opera, *The Sorcerer*, with a completeness which will merit the favor of all lovers of melody and fun.

— Mr. Charles R. Adams is preparing to bring out Halevy's opera, *The Jewess*, at the Boston Theatre, some time in May. It will be given in English, and his company includes Miss Laura Schirmer and other artists who sang in the *Crown Diamonds*, at the Globe, some months ago.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Providence, R. I., March 25. — The Cecilia gave its eighth concert, the fourth and last of the present season, on Tuesday evening, March 9. The artists who united in the presentation of the following excellent programme, were the New York Philharmonic Club, the Beethoven Club, of Boston, and Miss Emily Winant, of New York, contralto.

Second Serenade, in C, Op. 14 . . . . *Fuchs.*
Songs: a. An Sylvia (*Shakespeare*) } . . . . . *Schubert.*
b. Ungeduld }
Song: "L'Addio" . . . . *Mozart.*
Selections: a. Hungarain Melody . . . . . . *Hofmann.*
b. Hungarian Dances . . . . . . *Brahms.*
Book 1, Nos. 2 and 3; Book 2, No. 6.
Song: Sunset (*Sidney Lanier*) . . . . *D. Buck.*
Octet, Op. 20 . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

The Fuchs Serenade, three of the four movements of which were given, is a pleasing work, and made an enjoyable opening to the entertainment. It is carefully written, each of the movements possessing merit in itself while they are well contrasted. We enjoyed most the Larghetto. We understand the work belongs to a series of similar compositions. If the others are equal to the one here presented, it would be pleasant to hear them. The Serenade was finely rendered.

Hofmann's Hungarian Melody pleased very much. It is simple, beautiful, and not marked by that apparent straining after effect which meets us in so many of the modern works, excellent as very many of them are.

The Hungarian Dances were given with splendid effect. They must be extremely difficult to render, so sudden and unexpected are the changes of tempo and sentiment. They showed the skill of the two clubs, and the ease with which they can unite their somewhat different styles and methods. We were privileged to hear one or two of these dances as given by the Boston Philharmonic orchestra at one of the Joseffy concerts during the same week, and can say that the arrangement for nine strings appeared to us to be excellent, and to represent very successfully the original, which, of course, is richer in tone-color, and, so far, more impressive. The compositions are interesting, and well worth hearing in either form.

The splendid Octet of Mendelssohn is so well known that little need be said respecting it. It was finely given and made a brilliant ending to the Cecilia's second season. We heard the work a few days before as given by all the strings at the Harvard Symphony Concert, and while it was there rendered in fine style and with the combined power and richness of the whole body of strings, we think, on the whole, we prefer it in its original form. The double-bass was added here, as at the symphony concert, to strengthen the second 'cello part, — a custom followed, we are told, in Europe, whenever the work is given. If one may venture to criticize so great a master as Mendelssohn, it seems to us that the accompaniment parts in the first movement are rather heavily written: so much so, indeed, that

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they almost cover up the first violin which carries the melody. It seems as if for once Mendelssohn had miscalculated the power of a single violin, in marking as he has, all the parts *ff*. Would it not be as legitimate to add an extra violin to the upper part, and so attain a better balance of tone, as it is to add the double-bass to strengthen the second 'cello? We understood from one of the artists that they themselves felt the want of another violin on the part in question. If this is impracticable, why not modify the marking slightly in the accompaniment, at least, say *f*, instead of *ff*. We think Mendelssohn's intentions would be more successfully attained by such treatment, and his work rendered more effective.

The songs were carefully selected and well rendered. The first two pleased us most. Miss Winant's voice is full, rich, and sympathetic. We have heard her several times this season, and each time with growing interest.

Mr. Bonner supplied as usual the accompaniments.

The Society has had a very successful season in every way. Financially, its wants are all provided for by the subscriptions. Only through subscribers is it possible to get tickets to the concerts. We hope it will enlarge its list of members — now limited to one hundred — and we think it can profitably do so, as there has been quite a demand for tickets. It could thus increase its means, and so the excellence of its work. It is doing a good service for Providence, and we wish it the highest success in its future efforts. This can only be attained by a strict adherence to its present high standard, and by a constant endeavor to carry it up still higher. A. G. L.

New York, April 19. — The N. Y. Philharmonic Club gave the last of its series of six chamber music concerts on Tuesday evening, April 6, with this programme: —

Serenade, Op. 25. . . . . Beethoven.
(Flute, violin, viola).
Hungarian Song. . . . . Hofmann.
Menuette. . . . . Schubert.
Turkish March. . . . . Mozart.
(Philharmonic Club).
Quintet, C. Op. 5. . . . . Svendsen.
(2 Violins, 2 violas, violoncello).

This efficient club never played to better advantage than upon this evening; the little gems (bracketed together) were rendered with a delicacy, a precision, and finish that were indeed remarkable. The Turkish March is taken from the well known Harpsichord Sonata in A, which has been played of by almost every aspiring young miss between Maine and California; in its present shape, however, it proved much more effective than in its original guise, and deserved the encore it received.

The Svendsen Quintet proved to be a most interesting and attractive composition. The rhythms are of a strange, wild sort, and there are many harmonic progressions which startle by their boldness; but the treatment of the instruments is masterly, and there are many melodic phrases of exceeding beauty.

The audience was not a very large one, but its quality was excellent. I do not intend to intimate that the attendance was painfully small, but only that it is a shame that the house was not filled to overflowing. Messrs. Arnold, Weiner, and their colleagues, are honestly endeavoring to establish a series of chamber music concerts which shall be a permanent thing; they can do this if the public is even *half* grateful; but they must fail, like so many of their predecessors, if the public remain apathetic and indifferent.

On Saturday evening, April 10, Mr. Richard Arnold gave a concert at Chickering Hall. The principal numbers upon the programme were the Piano Quintet (E flat) by Schumann, and a new String Sextet by Dvorak. In the former selection the artists were Mr. Arnold (violin), Mr. Gramer (viola), Mr. Weiner ('cello), and Mrs. Arnold (piano). So much depends upon the interpretation of the piano portions of this lovely work, that I experienced some disappointment upon this occasion. Mrs. Arnold plays with much earnestness, and is evidently imbued with a thoroughly artistic comprehension of the composer's intention; but her touch lacks force and elasticity. The pedal is her *bête noire*, and she frequently came to grief.

Dvorak's Sextet is a charming work, which abounds in fine progressions, and seemingly bristles with difficulties. The concerted work is exceedingly able, and the interest is sustained from the beginning of the first movement to the final note of the last one.

Mr. Arnold played Wieniawski's "Legende," and "Rondo Brillant," in a style that fairly electrified the house. I have long known this gentleman's ability as an orchestral performer, and as a leader of quartets, quintets, etc., etc., but I frankly confess that I had not the faintest idea of his capacity as a soloist. His execution is remarkably brilliant, his bowing neat, his intonation almost unerringly accurate, and his phrasing admirable. His staccato (pianissimo) is simply wonderful. Mr. Arnold has scored *the* great success of the season. He received the most enthusiastic recall, to which he responded with a selection which displayed to the best advantage his remarkable technique.

Mr. Weiner contributed a long and most elaborate fantasia on the flute, and did it wonderfully well; but I cannot say that I yearn and pine for that charming instrument. The audience was not large, although appreciative and enthusiastic.

On Saturday evening, April 17, the Symphony Society gave its sixth and last concert with this programme: —

9th Symphony. . . . . *Beethoven.*
3d act, "Siegfried." . . . . *Wagner.*

Soloists.

Mrs. Swift, Soprano. Sig. Campanini, Tenor.
Mrs. Norman, Alto. Mr. Remmertz, Basso.

The house was packed with an enthusiastic audience, which sat and seemed to enjoy the programme, although the performance extended from 8 to 10.45. Of the soloists there is nothing to say, for they are well known artists of tried ability; but one of them, Mr. Remmertz, *must* endeavor to correct the error, into which he seems of late to be falling; he cannot afford to sing false, and this he repeatedly did that evening.

As for the chorus work (in the Symphony), it was well done, when we consider that the music was written for cast-iron lungs and throats, and that no human effort can make anything of those upper notes other than a series of ear-piercing howls; either the instruments and voices should all be lowered, or the whole work should be transposed, or it should never be performed! Argus.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 14. — The Arion Club did nothing at its third concert of this season, beyond furnishing about half the numbers in the shape of male choruses, not extraordinarily well done, according to the Arion standard. The staple of the concert was supplied by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mrs. Carrington, a singer, who, in purity and power of tone and perfection of technique has not been *surpassed* by any singer who has appeared here within the last two years. The Club gave us only portions of three noble works of chamber music, but gave them most admirably in every respect. The solos were all very brilliant and effective, and the rich, mellow and refined tones of Mr. Ryan's clarinet were something wonderful after what we ordinarily hear in the orchestra.

The Heine Quartet is giving a second series of chamber music recitals, with excellent programmes. It is a very good sign that Milwaukee should support a course of six such recitals by local players. I wish I could think this represented any very deep or permanent interest in the best music; but I fear it is largely a matter of fashion, and will pass away, as the interest in the work of the Arion seems to be passing; but we shall see.

Both the Arion and the Musical Society will produce great choral works at the next concert. J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Detroit. — William H. Sherwood, of Boston, one of the most accomplished pianists America has produced, gave a recital at Merrill Hall last evening in presence of an audience composed almost exclusively of professional musicians (local teachers) and their advanced pupils. The programme was well chosen, both as to quality and variety of compositions, and the artist victoriously demonstrated his mastery of the instrument. It is an extremely rare occurrence that one hears such tones as Mr. Sherwood produced last night, and still more rare that a piano is heard to sing as it did under his consummate touch. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Field, Schumann, Liszt, and that young and growing composer, Moritz Moszkowski, were all nobly interpreted, both musically and intellectually. Mr. Sherwood is a fine type of the American virtuoso — unpretentious, earnest, enthusiastic, absorbed in his art, and endowed with qualities that entitle him to rank among the undisputably great pianists. He has power, delicacy, fire, poetic instinct, remarkable technical skill, and a "school" that enables him to take advantage of every possibility resident in the instrument. He can stand before the musical world upon his merits, without dependence on imitations of any artists. — *Free Press*, April 16.

Cincinnati. — The following is the circular to the public issued by the Board of Directors of the College of Music, March 15.

"In connection with the retirement of Theodore Thomas from the Musical-directorship of the College of Music of Cincinnati, declarations of a general character have been made, which, unanswered, do the College serious injustice, and may impair its usefulness.

"The Faculty of the College remains altogether unchanged. They are the actual instructors of the pupils, are artists of high standing, many of them graduates of celebrated Conservatories, and with long experience as teachers. At a Faculty meeting, after careful consultation, the following plan for the organization of the school was recommended and adopted:

"I. There shall be two departments — an Academic Department, and a General Music School.

"II. The Academic Department, for those who desire to become professionals, or amateurs who enter for graduations, all of whom will be required to pursue a definite course of studies for a period of time.

"III. The General Music School, for general or special instruction, where any one may enter for a number of terms, receiving the valuable instruction which is afforded by the presence of a large number of excellent teachers (with the advantage of "Chorus," "Orchestral," "Ensemble," and other classes, either free, or at nominal charges), with the best methods, exercises, text books, and the discipline of a well-appointed school.

"The Academic Department affords the opportunity for a complete musical education.

"The General Music School gives to many thousands of persons, who have neither the means nor time for graduation, a certain amount of the best kind of musical instruction. At the present moment there are in the College over five hundred students; some hoping to graduate, others gaining musical knowledge and taste, which they will carry to their homes in distant parts of the country, where each will be the nucleus . refinement and healthy sentiment. It is the resolve of the founders, directors, and faculty of the College of Music that no effort of theirs shall be wanting to provide for that great necessity for better musical instruction which the success of this school has proved to exist.

"The College will go on in its appointed work. It invites, with the strongest assurances that it is equal to every requirement of musical instruction, the attendance of students and support of the public." To this is appended a list of the Faculty of over thirty teachers and professors.

New York. — The Oratorio Society, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch, has during the seven years of its existence performed the following works:

Bach, J. S. — Chorals; Actus Tragicus, (first time in America); St. Matthew Passion, (first time in New York).

Berlioz, H. — Flight into Egypt, (first time in America; La Damnation de Faust, (first time in America).

Beethoven, L. van — Ninth Symphony, (four times); The Ruins of Athens; Choral Fantasie, (twice).

Brahms, J. — Requiem, (first time in America).

Damrosch, L. — Ruth and Naomi, (first time in America).

Gluck, J. C. — Orpheus, Act II.

Handel, G. F. — Coronation Anthem, No. 2: Zadoc the Priest, Messiah, (seven times); Samson, (twice); Judas Maccabæus; Alexander's Feast.

Haydn, J. — Creation, (twice); Seasons; The Storm.

Haydn, M. — Tenebræ factæ sunt, (motet).

Kiel, F. — Christus. Parts I. and IV., (first time in America).

Lasso, Orlando di — And the Angel, (motet).

Liszt, F. — Christus. — Part I., (first time in America).

Mendelssohn, F. — Elijah, (three times); St. Paul, (twice); Psalm 114th; Walpurgis Night; Midsummer Night's Dream; Laudate Pueri (motet); Glees.

Mozart, W. A. — Ave Verum Corpus, (motet).

Palestrina, G. P. — Adoramus Te.

Rossini, G. — Stabat Mater.

Schubert, F. — Mass in E flat: (Kyrie, Agnus Dei and Sanctus).

Schumann, R. — Paradise and the Peri.

Wagner, R. — Choral from Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg; March from Tannhäuser.

Wellesley College. — The sixty-seventh concert, March 1, offered the following interesting "Song Recital." Mr. Wm. J. Winch was the vocalist, Mr. Arthur B. Whiting, pianist, and Mr. C. H. Morse, the Wellesley musical professor, the director:

Sonata: Appassionata, Op. 57 . . . . *Beethoven.*
(First Movement.)
Songs: "Si t'amo, o cara" . . . . *Handel.*
"Unter blühenden Mandel-Bäumen" *Weber.*
"Die Wasserrose" . . . . *Franz.*
"Ach; wenn ich doch ein Immchen wär" *Franz.*
"Klinge! Klinge! mein Pandero" *Jensen.*
"Murmelndes Lüftchen Blüthenwind" *Jensen.*
"The Post" . . . . *Schubert.*
"Du bist die Ruh" . . . . *Schubert.*
"Erl King" . . . . *Schubert.*
Piano Solos: *a.* Fantasie, C. minor . . . . *Bach.*
b. "Erotikon" (Kassandra), Op. 44-1, *Jensen.*
c. "Erotikon" (Die Zauberin), Op. 44-2, *Jensen.*
Songs: "Cara sposa," . . . . *Handel.*
"Reiselied" . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
"The Asra" . . . . *Rubinstein.*
"Adelaide" . . . . *Beethoven.*
"Im Abendroth" . . . . *Schubert.*
"Ständchen" . . . . *Franz.*
"Be not so coy, beloved child" . . . *Rubinstein.*
"Would it were ever abiding" . . . *Rubinstein.*

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SCHUMANN'S MUSIC TO LORD BYRON'S "MANFRED."

BY PAUL GRAF WALDERSEE.

[We translate a portion of the Essay contained in the valuable series of "Musikalischer Vorträge," published by Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig].

That Schumann should have felt powerfully attracted by this gloomy, but highly poetical text, can be a matter of no wonder. Wasielewski tells us, that once in Düsseldorf, while he was reading the poem *tête-à-tête* aloud, his voice suddenly failed him, tears started from his eyes, and he was so overcome that he could read no further. This would seem to show that Schumann became all too deeply absorbed in this appalling subject, until it had become at least a fixed idea with him.

. . . . The composer has shortened the dialogue considerably. The seven Spirits, which the poet has introduced in the first part, are reduced to four, perhaps to obviate fatigue through too long solo singing. The Incantation, to be spoken by *one* voice, is here given to four voices. In the concluding scene Schumann has added to the text the

Requiem æternam dona eis,
Et lux perpetua lucent eis!

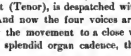
The score, which consists of fifteen numbers besides the overture, contains six pieces of music complete in themselves; the rest are treated melodramatically. . . . .

For long years the theatres maintained a passive attitude towards this drama, owing possibly to the difficulties involved in a suitable *mise-en scène* for such a work. The performances were confined to the concert-room. Richard Pohl, abridging the original, composed a connecting text for concert performances; but declamation hardly supplies the place of action on the stage, and a great part of the dramatic effect is lost. In the year 1852, Liszt first brought out the work upon the stage in Weimar; several other theatres followed the example, and adopted it into their repertoire; so far as I know, the theatres in Munich, Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg.

Byron always protested that the poem was not intended for the stage; if it is capable of stage performance, it has become so through the addition of the music. And truly Schumann, in his *Manfred*, has bequeathed one of his ripest and most genial compositions to the world. He *wished* to achieve something unique, and he has succeeded. "Never before have I devoted myself with such love and such outlay of force to any composition, as to that of *Manfred*," he remarked in conversation.

The Overture to the *Zauberflöte* is regarded as unique. No one has ever had the boldness to attempt to imitate it; only the genius of a Mozart could succeed in such a thing. Equally unique in its way, although radically different from that, stands the *Manfred* Overture, a deeply earnest picture of the soul, which describes in the most affecting manner the torture and the conflict of the human heart, gradually dying out, in allusion to the liberation wrought through death. It is always a dangerous thing to approach such a creation with the intellectual dissecting knife, and seek to read from it the definite ideas of the composer. In this special case one can hardly err, if he assumes that the master wished to indicate two fundamental moods of feeling: on the one hand that of the anguish, which is the consequence of sin,—the unrest that is coupled with resistance to divine and human laws; on the other, that of patience, of forgiveness—in a word, of love—so that to the soul's life of Manfred he might offset that of Astarte. The rhythmic precipitancy in the first measure of the Overture transports us at once into a state of excited expectation. After a short slow movement, the introduction of the following development (*Durchführung*) begins, in passionate tempo, the portrayal of the restless and tormented mood. It is the syncope, employed continually in the motive, that indicates the conflict of the soul. This storms itself out, and then appears the expression of a melancholy, milder mood. Mysteriously, in the *pianissimo*, three trumpets are introduced in isolated chords: a warning from another world. But the evil spirits cannot be reduced to silence; with increased intensity of passion the struggle begins anew. The battle rages hotly, but in the pauses of the fight resound voices of reconciliation. At last the strength is exhausted, the pulse beats slower, the unrest is assuaged, the music gradually dies away. A slow movement, nearly related to the introduction, leads to the conclusion. With this Overture Schumann has created one of his most important instrumental works.

To the monologue of Manfred succeed the songs of the four spirits. Each one of these songs requires a special characterization. This Schumann reaches by choosing different vocal registers; soprano, alto, tenor and bass, thus enabling himself to employ also four-part harmony, while at the same time he uses different keys, and carries out the orchestral accompaniment in various ways. The Spirit of the Air begins. A muted solo violin supports the alto voice in the higher octave; while a triplet figure, apparently formed after the words, is given to the violas. No such embellishment falls to the share of the Spirit of the Water (Soprano), while in the song of the Spirit of Earth (Bass), certain allusions, which stand in connection with the text, are expressed through imitations of the violin and of the flute strengthened by a piccolo. The Fire spirit (Tenor), is despatched with a few notes. And now the four voices are united and bring the movement to a close with the following splendid organ cadence, though it



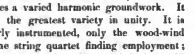
may be doubted whether it be here in place.

We turn now to the first piece of melodramatic treatment. *Manfred*, in ecstasy at the magical apparition of "a beautiful female figure," speaks:

"Oh God! if it be thus, and thus
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy,—I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—"

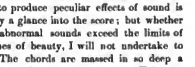
[The figure vanishes].

The movement (No. 2) is formed by a melody as follows:



This melody does not disappear, but reproduces itself continuously; always modified a little in the second half, it requires and it receives a varied harmonic groundwork. It shows the greatest variety in unity. It is tenderly instrumented, only the wood-wind and the string quartet finding employment; even the double bass is excluded; it would be too rude for this aerial picture. Divided violas take upon themselves the filling out of the harmony, the wind instruments entering now and then. After the first violin has twice sung the theme, the wind instruments take it up; then it is intoned anew by the violin imitated by the violoncello. The mood is that of longing expectation; a romantic breath pervades it all; while a *diminished seventh* chord resounds, the magic figure vanishes, and *Manfred*, exclaiming: "Woe, woe, my heart is crushed!" falls senseless to the ground.

3. With weightier steps the Incantation (*Geisterbannfluch*) announces itself. The song consists of four bass voices, which appear now in unison, now singly, once in three-part harmony. The full orchestra accompanies, but the deeper instruments have the preference. That Schumann in this movement seeks to produce peculiar effects of sound is seen by a glance into the score; but whether these abnormal sounds exceed the limits of the lines of beauty, I will not undertake to say. The chords are massed in so deep a stratum at the cost of clearness. Take for an example the following measures:



The text will bear a gloomy shading; but whether the tints which are laid on needed to be so intensely black, I almost doubt; a few gleams of light would have made the shadows stand out all the more. When four sonorous bass voices unite in unison, tone-waves are begotten, which not only affect the sense of hearing in a peculiar manner, but also set the other parts of the body in vibration, which extends throughout the whole nervous system. Add to this the deep wind instruments, bassoons, trombones, violas and string basses, and there arises a tone-color, than which nothing duskier can be imagined. As we have said before, Schumann departs here from the poet, who has this Incantation spoken by *one* voice; he pleases himself with his own individual conception, and with a

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still more awe-inspiring illustration of a text already gloomy in itself:

"When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass," etc.

The next section loses something of its dukiness from the fact that it is delivered by only *one* bass voice, while the instrumentation is more simple. The following Terzet is only accompanied by violas and string basses. The concluding words, "Now within!" unite the singers, as at the beginning. The composer reflects his own mood in his works; does this shine through this Incantation?

4. Manfred awakes from his swoon. The morning dawns and lights the highest mountain peaks. During the dialogue between Manfred and the chamois hunter an English horn resounds in the distance. This instrument, so often used for a purely theatrical effect, is here introduced most naturally, and produces an agreeable impression. We find ourselves in the midst of an Alpine landscape. Sheep-bells are heard tinkling in the valley; the shepherd's song resounds from the Alpine horn. The measures which Schumann brings before us will awaken involuntary recollections in one who has ever heard the sound of the shalm in the high Alps of Switzerland. The shepherd's tune begins in a melancholy strain; the echo is not wanting. But the player has his roguish humor; he knows also how to play up a little dance, and he skillfully interpolates a merry measure. But his calling is a dangerous one. Earnestness is the fundamental trait of his character, and so he soon gravitates back to his first melancholy song.

5. We have now reached the point where Manfred is rescued by the chamois hunter; this ends the first division of the drama. A new division begins; to mental strain and excitement succeeds relaxation. As the following dialogue between Manfred and the chamois hunter contrasts in clearness with the rest of the poem (the simple hunter would have no understanding for Manfred's wild, fantastic imagery) so, too, in the same sense does the composer express himself in the *Entr'acte* music. In contrast to the overture, which depicted the conflict of the passions, this piece bears the stamp of mild repose. The melodic passage through the tones of the chord forms the motive of the first part; violoncello, horn and violias alternate with one another; reeds and flutes answer in the most graceful manner. The second part begins with a theme of almost pastoral suggestion; but the leading thought of the first part is soon taken up again, and passes before us once more in a varied and expanded form. Manfred leaves the chamois hunter, climbs the crag by the waterfall, and invokes the Witch of the Alps. Monologue with melo-dramatic treatment (No. 6). It seems almost as if Schumann, in the composition of this piece of music, had Mendelssohnian reminiscences floating before him. Single features speak for it; yet it is possible that the two masters, in the representation of the supernatural, met in one point. Be that as it may, we have here before us one of the most delicate pieces of the work. Though different in text, the situation is the same as that at the magical appearance of "a beautiful female figure;" in both cases it is the invocation of a spirit, whether it be a magical image or the Witch of the Alps. The musical problem was to form a contrast to what had been before. The muted first violins, in an almost continuous figure of sixteenths, hover, as it were, over the spoken word, leaving the harmonic filling up to the rest of the string instruments. The reeds and flutes partly attach themselves to these, partly support, in the most discreet manner, the voice that bears the melody; the harmonics tone of a harp mingles itself with it, producing a mysterious *timbre*. A comparative analysis of the compositions of these two spirit conjurations would be useless considering how different their whole conception. Let us thank the genius who created them for us.

The vanishing of the Witch of the Alps is followed by a monologue of Manfred. It is to be regretted that Schumann suffered it to pass unregarded. Goethe speaks of this. The following verses may have moved him especially:

"If I had never lived, that which I love had still been living;
Had I never loved, that which I loved would still be beautiful—
Happy, and giving happiness. What is she? What is she now?—
A sufferer for my sins."

[Conclusion in next number.]

FERDINAND HILLER AND ZELTER IN VIENNA.

Our readers will remember that, a short time since, Ferdinand Hiller delivered here a lecture on "Vienna fifty-two years ago." Many friends of music and literature will probably be pleased to hear that the lecture is published in the last number of Paul Lindau's *Nord und Sud*. We have read it with double pleasure from the fact of our comparing it with the letters written to Goethe by Zelter, the composer and musical director, concerning his own visit to Vienna in the summer of 1819—that is, only seven years earlier than Hiller's. The Goethe-Zelter Correspondence is far from being as familiar to the general public as might be supposed; this is demonstrated by the astounding fact that, though the Correspondence appeared in six parts in 1834, it has not up to the present (that is, six-and-forty years afterwards!) reached a second edition. With the reader's permission, we will, therefore, here give—as marginal notes, so to speak, on Hiller's lecture—a few reminiscences from the work on the musical Vienna of Zelter's day.

The beginning amuses and flatters us, both in Hiller and Zelter, for we are always fond of hearing how slowly people travelled only fifty years ago. It took Hiller quite eight-and-twenty hours to go from Weimar to Leipsic, and nearly as many from Leipsic to Dresden; Zelter informs us that his voyage on the Danube from Regensburg to Vienna lasted six days. Immediately after his arrival, Zelter hurried off to the Karntner-thor-Theatre, to hear Rossini's *Otello*. For a strict musician of the epoch, his opinion is remarkably tolerant: "Rossini is, beyond doubt, a man of genius; he plays with tones, and so tones play with him." Zelter is of the opinion that he had heard Mozart's *Titus* performed better in Weimar then in Vienna. "All female singers (four in number) who might have been grandmothers, but all well-trained." The singers and musicians at the Karntnerthor-Theatre were, we are informed, too hard-worked, and the members of the orchestra badly treated beyond conception. Despite of this, "all children of the muses are," in Vienna, "as plump and merry as weasels."

Of the joyous goings-on in the Prater Zelter writes in high glee, but adds sadly even then (1819) the melancholy statement: "I am told *things are no longer what they were*." "For such views," he wisely goes on to observe, "a stranger has no taste, and I feel glad when I can throw off the Berliner." We also find that, manifesting as he does a passionate love of fireworks, he remarks sympathetically of Stuwer, that the good pyrotechnist is, as a rule, so unfortunate as to have bad weather, a fact for which the public evince the greatest commiseration. Himself a man of the people, Zelter retained all his life a frank liking for everything of a folk-like nature, and direct from the heart comes the assertion: "In Vienna you may find everything except weariousness. Any one who chooses meets here with genuine humanity."

There are two striking observations of his on theatrical orchestras. He says first: "The double bass is *laid* here in a *slanting* position when it is played, so that the performer is *seated*." This strange fashion, which appears to have soon gone out, pleased Zelter, and he would like to have seen it adopted everywhere, "for the confounded cross-necks with their spikes" offended his eye. Quite as striking is his second remark that at the Burgtheater he found that they had carried out his old idea "of placing the *orchestra so low* down that people do not see the shockheads of the musicians, while the music issues forth clear and plain." He cannot "imagine anything more unbecoming to a stage, than that any one has to see for hours together the fine shapes of the characters in magnificent dresses and everything which goes to make up a good scene, flitting here and there between the infamous bushes of hair of people in front of them." That Richard Wagner's idea of sinking the orchestra should have existed as a wish of Zelter's is very intelligible, and we look upon such an arrangement as a simple postulate of scenic illusion; but that Zelter should have seen his wish fulfilled in the Burgtheater, Vienna, astonishes us. His demands in this line were probably very moderate, for it is only a few years since the orchestra of the Burgtheater was lowered to a really useful and practical depth. Of the musical notabilities of Vienna, Salieri appears to have interested Zelter most. "The old fellow," writes Zelter, "is still so full of music and melody, that he speaks in melodies, and is, as it were, only thus understood. It is the greatest pleasure for me to creep after this example of genuine nature and find him invariably as true as he is cheerful." The company, too, of Joseph Weigl was exceptionally agreeable to him. "Weigl is a handsome, stately man of the world. His productions are correct, reasonable, natural, and possessed of character; he is most successful in middling subjects, and whatever effect he makes he will make in his lifetime." It is a remarkably long time before Zelter comes to speak about Beethoven, though Goethe took far more interest in that master than in Salieri and Weigl. Zelter understood music far too well and was, generally speaking, far too artistically organized, not to appreciate Beethoven's mighty genius, but he did not like Beethoven, whose music went decidedly beyond the measure of the notions to which he was accustomed. "I admire Beethoven with affright," Zelter once wrote to Goethe. So, too, the wish to make Beethoven's personal acquaintance appears to have been mixed up in

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Zelter with a kind of dread. Two months did he tarry in Vienna without seeing Beethoven. It is true that he informs Goethe, from time to time, that he intends visiting Beethoven, but he is always easily consoled when the project comes to nothing. "Beethoven lives in the country, but no one can tell me whereabouts. I thought of writing to him, but am informed he is well nigh inaccessible because his hearing is nearly gone. Perhaps it is better for us to remain as we were, since it might put me in a bad temper to find him in one." At length, he set out to visit Beethoven in Mödlingen. "He wanted to come to Vienna, so we met on the high road, got out of our conveyances, and embraced each other most cordially." Beethoven then went on to Vienna, while Zelter proceeded to Modling, and to that "indescribably beautiful spot," Bruhl. The following "joke" is related to Goethe with especial satisfaction: "On this trip, I had Steiner, the music-publisher, with me, and, as there cannot be much intercourse with a deaf man on the highway, a regular meeting was arranged for 4 o'clock in the afternoon at Steiner's music-shop. After dinner, we drove back directly to Vienna. As full as a badger and as tired as a dog, I lay down and so over-slept myself that everything escaped my memory. So I went to the theatre, and there, on perceiving Beethoven at a distance, I felt as though I had been crushed by a thunderbolt. The same thing happened to him on catching sight of me, but the theatre was not the place for coming to an understanding with a man who had lost his hearing. The point now follows; Despite the large amount of blame, deserved or not, which is bestowed on Beethoven, he enjoys a degree of consideration paid only to pre-eminent men. Steiner had forthwith made known that Beethoven would personally appear for the first time, at 4 o'clock, in his (Steiner's) narrow shop, which holds only some six or eight persons, and thus he issued, as it were, invitations, so that half a hundred clever people, who filled the shop and spread over the space before it, waited altogether in vain. I learned the rights of the case the next day, when I received a letter from Beethoven, in which he apologized very earnestly (and for me very fortunately), because, like myself, he had indulged in a pleasant sleep and missed the appointment." For us, this Comedy of Errors possesses, independently of the joke, the higher recommendation of bearing testimony to the general and high esteem in which Beethoven was held in Vienna.

Of the musical nature of the Viennese Zelter formed a very favorable opinion; he was not deceived by hearing scarcely aught but Italian sung in society. "Rossini rules, whether he will or no; that is freedom. And the Italians are right. The voice wants to sing for its own sake, and whoever lets it have its way is its man." He judges the musical public of Vienna thus: "They know something here about music, and that when compared with Italy, which fancies itself the sanctifying church. But they are really profoundly learned here. *They are pleased with anything, but the best alone retains a permanent hold on them.* They will listen to a mediocre opera, if well cast; but a good work, even when not confided to the best hands, affords them lasting delight. Beethoven is lauded by them to the sky, because he really works hard, and because he is alive; but the man who causes to flow past them the national humor like a pure spring unmixed and mingling with no other stream is Haydn, who lives in, because he comes from, them. They seem to forget him every day, and yet every day he is born afresh for them." And with these significant words we will close our short anthology. — Eduard Hanslick, *Neue Freie Presse.*

HANDEL'S "SOLOMON."[1]

(Composed between May 5 and June 19, 1748.)

Less uniformly sublime in subject and in treatment than the *Messiah* or *Israel*, this oratorio has ll the noble Handelian characteristics: choruses ranging through a great variety of expression, from the most grand and solemn or triumphant to the most graceful, pleasing, and descriptive; songs, duets, and recitatives, which, though they must be somewhat tedious if given entire and by any but the best of solo singers, are yet full of character and beauty; instrumental accompaniments, limited to the orchestral resources of those days and somewhat homely in their lack of richer modern coloring, yet always apt and strong by the pure force of musical ideas. In England and Germany it has been customary for some competent musician to fill in new orchestral parts, whenever *Solomon* has been performed.

The following brief sketch of the contents of the work is gathered from a somewhat hasty perusal of the original score, with its spare instrumentation; consisting only, in addition to the string quartet, of a pair of oboes (mostly in unison with the violins), a pair of bassoons (mostly in unison with the bass), flutes for nightingales, and occasionally, in the grand triumphal double choruses, a pair of trumpets and of horns, with tympani. We make no reference to passages necessarily omitted on account of the extreme length of the oratorio.

First we have an overture in the manner of the day, most meagrely instrumented, — only strings and oboes, running with the violins, — vigorous and quaint, as Handel always is, forming a homogeneous prelude to the whole, and not an abstract of it, like our modern overtures. A simple Largo movement leads into a fugued Allegro (4-4 measure), which winds up with a few Adagio chords, and is followed by a moderate movement in 3-4, suggestive of coming pomp and majesty. This is all in B flat.

No. 2 (same key) is a double chorus of priests, a spirited movement, commenced by the basses of both choirs in stately unison, "Your harps and cymbals sound to great Jehovah's praise." The voices pause, there are ten or twelve bars of lively instrumental symphony, and then the phrases, "Your harps," etc., and "Sound, sound," are passed from chorus to chorus in light and joyous harmony; then, while the tenors on both sides give out the syllables, "To great Jehovah's name," in long, majestic notes, the sopranos of one choir introduce a new theme, with florid accompaniment by the altos, "Unto the Lord of hosts your willing voices raise"; the different phrases alternate from part to part, and the whole is worked up with great brilliancy and majesty, with all a Handel's learning, all the eight voices coming together upon long notes of plain harmony at the end. It is truly a sublime chorus, and the echoes take some time to spend themselves in the instrumental symphony, after the voices have ceased.

No. 5 introduces us to Solomon, a part for the alto voice. (In the performance here in 1855, by what strange precedent we never knew, the part of Solomon was given to the baritone!) It is a recitative, with beautiful, slowly flowing, pensive introductory symphony, in which he invokes God's presence in the "finished temple."

No. 6. Zadoc, the priest (tenor), recites, "Imperial Solomon, thy prayers are heard"; fire from heaven lights the altar; and then he sings an animated, florid air, "Sacred raptures," etc., which has all the mannerism of Handel, the roulades, etc., but is full of expression, especially the second strain, in the minor, "Warm enthusiastic fires," etc.

No. 8. Four-part chorus, "Throughout the land Jehovah's praise record," in uniform, quick-stepping Alla Breve time; a model of simple, noble fugue. As the emulous voices become heated, they finally divide into double chorus. The whole is grand and solemn.

Nos. 9 and 10. Recitative of thanksgiving and air by Solomon, "What though I trace," etc.; an exquisitely sweet, chaste, tender melody.

[1] From the Programme Book of the Triennial Festival of the Handel & Haydn Society.

Nos. 11 and 12. Now comes what may be called the idyllic portion, of which the key-note is the bliss of wedded love. Solomon recites, "And see, my Queen." To this the queen replies in a 6-8 Allegro, in A, quite fantastical in its rhythmical divisions; a sort of quaint and florid pastoral, blessing

> The day when first my eyes
> Saw the wisest of the wise,

and subsiding into a slower and more emphatic strain at

> But completely blessed the day
> When I heard my lover say, etc.

We pass to what we apprehend will prove the most popular among the choruses, No. 22; not a *grand* chorus, but a delicious summer-night serenade, with a prelude full of flute imitations of nightingales, and strings murmuring like breezes in the trees, "May no rash intruder," etc.

Truly a charming epithalamium! The soprano part at times separates into first and second voices, taking up the strain catch-wise. The syncopated rhythm seems to have caught the nightingale character from the outset; the light, buoyant harmonies, now soft, now swelling, spread over the broad surface of hundreds of voices, have a fine, breezy, all-pervading effect; while the occasional duet strain in thirds, first by all the female, then by all the male voices, gives you the sensation of listening through the night air to dainty sounds.

This sweetly closes the First Part.

Part II. opens with an exceedingly splendid, trumpet-tongued chorus, with a smart orchestral prelude and accompaniment, full of ringing exclamations and responses on the words "happy," etc., upon which a fugue sets in in the basses, with a very quaintly-marked, emphatic subject, on the words "live, live forever," which is wrought out at considerable length, and winds up magnificently with a repetition of the commencing strain. This is in the key of D major, like the "Hallelujah," and so many of the most brilliant and triumphant choruses.

No. 27. In the Levite's spirited and patriotic sounding air, "Thrice blest that wise, discerning king," you will readily imagine that Handel's melody *does* "mount on eagle wing," and that this bass voice vigorously scales up through its whole compass, from a low starting-point, to reach those heights of "everlasting fame," and that there are plenty of old-fashioned, long-spun *roulades*, when the word "everlasting" last occurs.

No. 28 opens the long dramatic scene of the two women claiming the same infant. Ushered in by an attendant (tenor recitative), the first, the real mother recites her wrong. Song after this would seem unnecessary, but Handel has improved the situation to introduce a lengthy trio (No. 29), in which the first woman begins to plead, with simple pathos, and as she grows more earnest, repeating, "My cause is just, be thou my friend," she is cut short by the second woman, "False is all her melting tale," in a vixen and accusing strain; these two characteristically distinct melodies are then mingled and alternated piecemeal, while "Justice holds the lifted scale" in a long-drawn note, now on the key-note (A), and now on the dominant, in the alto part of Solomon.

No. 30. Recitative. After hearing the second claimant, Solomon pronounces judgment: "Divide the babe." And then breaks in the strangest air, — more strange than interesting, though there is no telling what a *great* dramatic singer might make of it, — in which the second woman exults after her amiable and *motherly* manner: —

> Thy sentence, great king, is prudent and wise,
> And my hopes, on the wing, bound quick for the prize;
> Contented I hear and approve the decree,
> *For at least I shall tear the loved infant from thee!*

The sneering, syncopated melody, choking as it were with hate, and always with contrary accent to the bass accompaniment, has reference, we suppose, to the amiable state of mind of the singer; but it wants more instrumental background, and a little of that *tigress* stinging tone and action of Rachel to render it effective. Here are the first notes, which we give as a curiosity; the words are to the king,

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but the music — the real meaning of them — is addressed to the other woman.

Quite in contrast with this is the air of the real mother, who hereby proves herself such, singing (to odd words enough), after springing forward to "withhold the executing hand": —

> Can I see my infant gored
> With the fierce, relentless sword? etc.

It is really a song of great dramatic capabilities; and the closing phrases, "Spare my child," may be conceived of as being sung so as to be full of pathos. No. 34, a recitative by Solomon, is of course necessary to set all right again, by giving virtue its reward. And by this time we may fancy that our audience has got pretty well weary of so long a stretch of solos, all so much after the old Italian cut, and destitute of all the stimulating richness of the modern orchestration. The truth is, this old melody (that is, the average of it, sung by average voices), though one may find meaning and character in it all, has a monotony, to most ears, about as great as that experienced in reading those old conventional classic dramas of Corneille and Racine; not that these are for a moment to be mentioned in the scale of greatness with a genius like our Handel. They need some rare Rachel of a singer to *create* them anew and bring out their meaning. The beautiful songs of the *Messiah* and some others are more agreeable, or have become so by frequent hearing, and through great singers. Besides, they are incomparably finer. The songs of *Solomon* are by no means the best of Handel. It is the choruses that save the work; the life of it resides in them. Massive, elaborate, and complex as they are, nobody fails to understand them, nobody listens to them with a vacant mind. The charm of personality, which makes solos and duets so popular, is outworn in these songs, and we await each chorus like refreshing rain in drought.

Passing the majestic, florid melody in which Zadoc compares Solomon to "the tall palm," and the short five-part chorus, "From the East unto the West, who so wise as Solomon?" we come to No. 40. The first woman sings a simple pastoral air about "Every shepherd sings his maid," which would seem more in place in one of Handel's early love operas, or a pastoral like *Acis and Galatea*. And now nothing more intervenes before No. 41, the great chorus closing the Second Part, "Swell, swell the full chorus to Solomon's praise," etc.

This chorus, like the opening one of this part, is in D major, Allegro, 6-4 measure; bold, triumphal, in plain harmony, without fugue, but full of grandeur. The last lines, "Flow sweetly," etc., make a smoother episode, in 3-4 measure, with a running violin accompaniment, which soon imparts its movement to the bass voices, afterwards responded to by other voices; and after this smooth, gentle sprinkling of harmony, the bolder original movement returns.

Part III. opens with an instrumental symphony of some length, in broad, even-flowing 4-4 rhythm, without fugue, full and strong and joyous, with the usual Handelian quavering figures for the violins, strong, up-buoying basses, relieved at intervals by bits of pastoral duet, in reedy thirds, by the hautboys. This by way of prelude to the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Let their royal greeting speak for itself.

And now comes one of the most interesting portions of the oratorio. —

Nos. 45–51. The monarch calls upon his court musicians to

> Sweep, sweep the string, to soothe the royal fair,
> And rouse each passion with th' alternate air.

And then follows a series of four choruses, of contrasted expression, illustrating the power of music in rousing or soothing the various passions. First a sweetly, richly flowing one in G, 3-8 measure, the theme being first sung as solo by Solomon: "Music, spread thy voice around."

Then he sings: —

> Now a different measure try,
> Shake the dome and pierce the sky,

Which words are immediately taken up in double chorus, with the same martial accompaniment, in D, of course. The full chords have the quick and stately tramp of armies. At the idea of the "hard-fought battle" and the "clanging arms and neighing steeds," the instrumental masses echo each other with more animation, and the voice parts tread upon each other's heels in uttering the same strong phrases, till the mind is filled with a bewildering yet harmonious image of general onslaught and confusion. The trumpets of course are not idle. The third is one of the finest and most impressive of Handel's choruses, although a short one. We quit the general battle for the sorrows of the private breast. The words are "Draw the tear from hopeless love."

It is in G minor, a Largo movement, for five voices (there being two sopranos); and as these roll in like wave upon wave at first, you are reminded somewhat of "Behold the Lamb" in the *Messiah*. The union of all the voices on the tonic chord at "Lengthen out the solemn air," with the long swell on the word "air," is sublime, and the abrupt modulations, diminished sevenths, etc., at "Full of death and wild despair," have the romantic character of modern music, and almost make one shudder. Finally, "to release the tortured soul," we have the air and chorus, in E flat, "Thus rolling surges rise." Also, a chorus for five voices, in one or another of which the rolling surge continually resounds with right hearty Handelian gusto.

The Levite, like Chorus in Greek Tragedies, chimes in with another bass air, in admiration of both "pious king and virtuous queen," — an air after the usual pattern, now quavering through several bars on the first syllable of "glory," and now holding it at even height for the same space. This is not the only instance in *Solomon* where the original score furnishes nothing for the orchestra but first violin and bass parts. Robert Franz is greatly wanted to complete at least the quartet harmony.

No. 54. Recitative and air for tenor. Zadoc celebrates the splendors of the temple, and sings a melody ingeniously wedded to the words, with instrumental figures corresponding, "Golden columns fair and bright." Here the two violin parts are in unison, and the violas are divided into first and second.

No. 56. A magnificent double chorus of praise in D, with which the present performance fitly closes, without any sacrifice of unity or completeness. It is in fact the grandest chorus in the oratorio; simple and massive in its construction, offsetting chorus against chorus with striking effect, and only growing contrapuntal and complex toward the end. A very active figurative accompaniment heightens its brilliancy throughout. The work finds its real climax here. But Handel, writing for Englishmen, famed for strong stomachs and long programmes, must give heaped measure; and so Solomon must go on and sing of "green pastures," and all the outward signs of his most prosperous reign; and the queen must pray that peace may ever dwell in Salem; and there must be leave-taking and duet between Solomon and Sheba; and all this necessitates a supplementary, and on the whole superfluous *finale*, — another double chorus, "The name of the wicked," etc., which by no means caps the climax upon the preceding choruses, but is in fact less interesting than most of them.

As a whole, we may speak of *Solomon* as an oratorio which contains much of Handel's best music; but too long, wanting in unity, and unusually overloaded with long, level stretches of those conventional and ornate solos, which it requires the best of singers to lift into light and interest. The choruses are indeed wonderfully fine, and touch such various chords of human feeling that they might furnish a complete enough entertainment of themselves. The oratorio as here given is curtailed one-third. Why not curtail it even more! J. S. D.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. — "Cherubino," of the *Figaro* (April 7) says:

The announcements of the retirement of three leading English artists have followed quickly one upon the other. Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington represent names which for many years past have been potent in the musical world. The first as the leading English tenor, the second as the première English pianist and most faithful champion of English pianoforte music, and the third for many years the leading English soprano, the public will be sorry to lose any of them. But it is better to retire in the fulness of time, and before the physical decay which necessarily accompanies age has developed itself. It is interesting, too, to note that each artist hopes to leave behind a successor in the favor of the English public. Mr. Sims Reeves will bring forward Mr. Herbert Reeves, Madame Goddard has a son who is a poet, a musician, and a writer of great promise, while Madame Lemmens proposes to bring forward her two daughters.

The Crystal Palace concert of April 3, had the following programme:

Overture, "A midsummer night's dream" . . . Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Wo berg' ich mich" ("Euryanthe") . . . Weber.
Herr Henschel.
Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in F sharp (MS.) . . . . Parry.
(First time of performance.)
Mr. Dannreuther.
Scherzo, "Queen Mab" ("Romeo and Juliet") Berlioz.
Songs ("Die Winterreise") . . . . Schubert.
"Der Lindenbaum"
"Der Leiermann"
Herr Henschel.
Symphony No. 7, in A . . . . Beethoven.
Conductor, August Manns.

Of Mr. Hubert Parry and his concerto, the *Musical Standard* says:

"He has already written a quartet for strings, a duet for pianoforte and violoncello, a trio for pianoforte and strings, a quartet for the same, a fantasie-sonata for piano and violin, and a duet for two pianos, all of which have been performed on various occasions. The works of this gentleman are distinguished alike for their individuality and spirit, and the work allotted to the principal instrument in this concerto, besides being clever in its arrangement, is of more than ordinary difficulty, requiring the experienced hands of M. Dannreuther, who on the whole did justice to the work, the band, of course, not being behindhand in their conscientious rendering of the orchestral part. The performance was but coldly received."

The twenty-second concert of the season consisted of the following: —

Symphony No. 8, in F . . . . Beethoven.
Recit., "Well hast thou told thy tale," and air, "Short and blissful" ("Hereward") . . . Prout.
Mr. Barton McGuckin.
"The willow song" ("Othello") . . . . Sullivan.
Miss Marian Mackenzie.
(Her first appearance at the Crystal Palace.)
Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, No. 1, in E flat . . . . Liszt.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Songs, "Morgenlied" . . . . Rubinstein.
"The stormy spring" . . . . Mendelssohn.
Mr. Barton McGuckin.
Variations for strings, from the String Quartet in D minor . . . . Schubert.
Aria, "Quando a te lieta" ("Faust") . . . . . Gounod.
Miss Marian Mackenzie.
Overture, "Di ballo" . . . . Sullivan

Miss Bertha Mehlig was announced to make her *debut* at this concert as a pianist, but owing to the delay in her arrival in England the concerto for pianoforte and orchestra of Liszt's was substituted for the duet for two pianofortes, originally intended to be given. Miss Anna Mehlig's merits as a pianist are too well known to be dilated upon, and Liszt's rhapsodical composition was done full justice to by that talented young lady.

LIVERPOOL. — Two incidents are almost simultaneously reported by the Liverpool press, one of which is likely to give general satisfaction among lovers of music in this country; the other, quite the opposite. That Her Majesty the Queen should have granted out of the Civil List the annual pension of £100 to Mr. W. T. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, and one of the most practised living

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masters of an instrument in which Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and other renowned composers took such ardent interest, will surprise none, while conciliating all; but the appointment of Herr Max Bruch to succeed Sir Julius Benedict as conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts can please only those who prefer seeing a foreign candidate, whatever his *bonâ fide* pretensions, occupy a position in the disposal of which they may be able to exercise some control. With such people, no English musician, were he even another Sterndale Bennett, would have the remotest chance. The Liverpool *Daily Post* informs its readers that there were no fewer than thirty-seven aspirants for the place so long honorably filled by Sir Julius Benedict, who, though a foreigner by birth and descent, is a naturalized Englishman, and has spent nearly half a century of his artistic career in our midst. Among these "thirty-seven" were, doubtless, many native-born musicians, some of whom, it is not difficult to believe, could "qualify" for the post just as eminently as Herr Max Bruch, who, though accepted as a composer of unquestionable ability, has yet to be tested as a conductor. The same paper adds, "This appointment will, no doubt, give every satisfaction to members of the Society and to the musical community of Liverpool in general." There is some reason to doubt the assertion as concerning "the musical community in general," however it may apply to "members of the Society." In any case the decision of the Liverpool Philharmonic Committee is open to, and in fact is, the topic of wide comment. The Liverpool *Post* does not tell us whether Herr Bruch has accepted the offered appointment, and with it the under-stipulated conditions that he shall reside in Liverpool from September in one year to April in the next, and, moreover, "perform the duties of chorus-master," in addition to those hitherto appertaining to the office vacated by Sir Julius Benedict, who resided in London during the same period, and only went to Liverpool for the rehearsal and performance of each successive concert. Will Sir Julius's secession from the conductorship of the Norwich Festival induce the Committee of Management to offer the post to another foreigner? or will they, as staunch East Anglians, take example by the Leeds Festival Committee, equally staunch Yorkshiremen? The Leeds people have chosen for successor to Sir Michael Costa, an Englishman, in Dr. Arthur Sullivan, — composer, among many other things, of the music to Shakespear's *Tempest*, *The Prodigal Son*, *The Light of the World*, *The Sorcerer*, *H. M. S. Pinafore*, and the now all-absorbing *Pirates of Penzance* — an adept in many styles, as all know, and gifted, with fair opportunity, to excel in the highest. It remains to be seen at what conclusion Norwich will arrive. — *Graphic.*

Wiesbaden. — The long talked-of meeting of the members — or at least of some, only thirty being in attendance — of the Baireuth Patrons' Association was held a short time since. It was resolved that the various Wagner Associations shall forthwith raise one million marks for the purpose of carrying out the "Master's" plans and desires, the "foundation of a School of Style at Baireuth and grand "Festival Performances." As Wagner, who is at present in Naples, will probably not return to Baireuth till the summer is over, the meeting, by his express wish, arranged no performances for this year; but there is a prospect of symphonic performances, under Wagner's personal direction, being organized at Baireuth in 1881. Meanwhile, every effort is to be made for carrying out the resolution passed by the meeting, and a special committee was elected from among the members of the Patrons' Association, the members of the said committee being distributed among fourteen German cities.

Florence. — A historical concert has recently been held at Florence, and the programme, if it be correct, is of sufficient interest to be detailed. The first item was, we are told, a prelude for the "aulos," an ancient Greek flute supposed to date 450 years before Christ. The next was a "Cossack dance" for "Dondka," and two "Balalaika." Next came a love song by Thibaut IV., King of Navarre 1201-1253, accompanied, we are told, by a harp of the time of the Troubadours. Next came a chorus, "Ludwig XII.," for four voices, by Joaquin de Prés, written in 1481; followed by a Venetian ariette, "La Farfalla," by Buzzola. Next came a symphony to the musical drama, "Sant' Alessio," by Landi Salvatore, dated 1634, for 3 Amati violins, 1 Goffuiler violin, 1 Rugger violin, 1 Rugger viola da braccio, 1 Maggini viola alta, 1 Gaspare da Salò viola da gamba, 1 violin dated 1600, without name; 1 ancient harp, 1 archlute by Aloysius Maroncini, and one clavecin by Cristofori. After an Andalusian song, the next item of the programme was the "Macbeth" music attributed to Matthew Lock, with an orchestra which included organ, flute, 2 oboes, 1 hautbois de chasse, a bassoon, viola, bass viol, a serpent, and a virginal. Airs by Mozart (from the "Nozze di Figaro") and Filippi were followed by a cantata dated 1662, by Michael Jacobi, of Brandenburgh, for four voices, with accompaniment for a spinet, a czakan, 2 flutes, a bass flute, a cornet à bouquin, trumpet, violin, alto, viol de gamba, harp, cymbals, and organ. A Roumanian song, "S'a stins asa de leane," by Cantecclu, Romanu, was followed by the "Marche des Mousquetaires du Roi de France," by Lully, dated 1677, and performed by 2 hautboys, a hunting hautboy, bassoon, serpent, and two drums. The air "Kathleen Mavourneen," for some reason or another, came next, and was followed by a duet from Rossini's "Zelmira," with accompaniment for cor'anglais and harp; a choral students' song dated 1627, a canon for four voices by Martini, "Russische Jagdmusik," by Varschek, dated 1751, for 26 artists; and lastly, a Hungarian dance by Czardas, for Tsigane orchestra. The concert was organized by Messrs. Kraus, of Florence, who possess one of the most remarkable collections of ancient musical instruments in the hands of any private persons.

Paris. — Conservatoire (February 22): Symphony in F (Beethoven); Paternoster, unaccompanied chorus (Meyerbeer); Overture, "Giaour" (Th. Gorwy); Chorus from "Armide" (Lulli); Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn). Concert Populaire (February 22): Symphony in D, No. 45 (Haydn); Offertory (Gounod); Violin Concerto (Beethoven); "Kermesse" (Godard); Overture, "Freischütz" (Weber). Chatelet Concert (February 22): Scotch Symphony (Mendelssohn); Fragments from Fourth Symphony (Tchaikowsky); Tarantelle for flute and clarinet (Saint-Saëns); Andante and variations from Sestet (Beethoven); "L'Arlésienne" (Bizet). Concert Populaire (February 29): Music to Goethe's "Faust" (Schumann). Chatelet Concert (February 29): Symphony, D minor (Beethoven); Second Violin Concerto (Max Bruch); Scènes Symphoniques (Dubois); Violin Suite (Raff); Fragments from "Dalila," (Ch. Lefevre); Danse espagnoles (Sarasate); Overture, "Francs Juges" (Berlioz). Châtelet Concert (March 7): Symphonie fantastique (Berlioz); Divertissement from "Le Roi de Lahore" (Massenet); Concerto for Pianoforte (Marie Jaëll); Danse Macabre (Saint-Saëns); Overture, "La Forza del Destino" (Verdi). Conservatoire (March 14): Choral Symphony (Beethoven): Rondo and Bourrée from Suite in B minor (Bach); Overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber). Concert Populaire (March 14): Symphony in A (Beethoven); "Wallenstein's Death," symphonic poem (d'Indy); Pianoforte Concerto, A minor (Schumann); Entr'acte from "Traviata" (Verdi); Overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber). Châtelet Concert (March 14: "Le Tasse," Dramatic Symphony (B. Godard). Concert Populaire (March 21): Italian Symphony (Mendelssohn); Fragment from "Prometheus" (Beethoven); Concerto Romantique for violin (B. Godard); "L'Arlésienne" (Bizet); Overture, "Meistersinger" (Wagner). Châtelet Concert (March 21) "La Damnation de Faust" (Berlioz).

Leipsic. — The Committee of the Gewandhaus Concerts have invited German and Austrian architects to send in, before the 31st of next month, plans for a new concert-building. One prize of 3,000 and another of 2,000 marks will be awarded, respectively, to the best and the second-best plan. — At the Stadttheatre, *Ingeborg*, by Paul Geisler, and *Die Bürgermeisterin von Schorndorf*, by August Reissmann, are in active preparation, and will shortly be produced. It is intended to organise next season a cyclus of all Glück's operas, and there are good grounds for believing it will prove as successful as the Mozart Cyclus. On the 24th ult., there was a concert which derived especial lustre from the co-operation of Mad. Schuch-Proska and Mdlle. Bianca Bianchi. By the side of these two ladies, Herr Robert Fischhof, the young pianist, well-known as prize-crowned pupil of the Vienna Conservatory, held his ground with distinguished honor. He performed compositions by Chopin and Liszt. The local critics praise him for his excellent technical training and for already possessing so ripe an intellect that great hopes may be built on the further career of his eminent talent. He proceeded from this place to Berlin, with the object of giving concerts there.

Cologne. — The fifty-seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, will be held here at Whitsuntide. The following is the programme, as definitely settled: First day. Overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses* (Beethoven), and *Israel in Egypt* (Handel). Second day: Symphony, No. 8 (Beethoven), Andante for String-Band (Haydn); *Die Nacht*, for solo, chorus and orchestra (Hiller); Pianoforte Concerto (Schumann), played by Mad. Clara Schumann; and "Whitsuntide Cantata" (S. Bach). Third day: Overture to *Genoveva* (Schumann); Symphony in A minor (Mendelssohn); Violin Concerto (Beethoven), played by Herr Joachim; Overture to *Der Freischütz*, and sundry vocal solos. In addition to the two eminent artists already named, Mad. Marcella Sembrich, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden; Mdlle. Adela Asman, of Berlin; M. Henrik Westberg, of Copenhagen; and Dr. Krauss, of this place are engaged. A new and unpublished *Requiem*, for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, by Herr Theodor Gouvy, was recently performed, under the composer's own direction, at a concert of the Church-Music Association. A second performance took place a few days subsequently.

Madame Clara Schumann is preparing a new and complete edition of the works of her deceased husband, as also a biography, enriched by the literary remains of that great composer in the shape of letters, criticisms, essays, etc., (hitherto not made known). Such a publication, coming from such a source, is sure of a hearty and unanimous welcome. — *Graphic.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

THE FIFTH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

It was a most brilliant, grand, impressive opening on Tuesday evening. It is safe to say that the general voice of one of the largest and most cultivated audiences ever assembled in the Music Hall pronounces it by far the most perfect presentation of *St. Paul* — or perhaps of any oratorio — that we have ever had in Boston. And that is almost tantamount to saying that, in many important respects, it came very near the mark of a model performance. It surely did so in the chorus work. The chorus seats were full, and the five hundred voices (one hundred and sixty-two sopranos, one hundred and forty-four altos, ninety-seven tenors and one hundred and thirty-six basses) were animated with one spirit and in admirable training, so that all went promptly and decidedly, with rich and musical *ensemble*, and sensitively obedient to the conductor's bâton in all points of light and shade. This is equally true of the sublime choruses: "Lord, thou alone art God," "O great is the depth," "The nations are now the Lord's;" of the broad, smooth, richly-harmonized chorales, (which, though they may not show an equal polyphonic genius with that of Bach, are clearly modelled after him, and very happily, especially in the two to which Mendelssohn has given a figurative orchestral accompaniment); of the sweet and lovely choruses, "Happy and blest," and "How lovely are the messengers;" of the fierce, fanatical, vindictive outbursts of the Jews: "Stone him to death," etc. (also after Bach,—those *turbæ* in the Passion Music); of the sensuous, light-hearted, flute-accompanied choruses of the Greeks; and of such expressions of pious, tearful tenderness as: "Far be it from thy path." If there were a few short-comings anywhere, they are lost in the abiding memory of a glorious whole, just as in any great mass of instruments and voices many slight discords, necessarily existing, are practically swallowed up in the vast volume of tone waves. Possibly, to be very critical, the addition of a dozen or more good ringing tenors would have made the balance still more perfect.

Equal praise belongs in candor to the orchestra. Rarely, if ever, have we heard a more efficient body of seventy instruments. The noble overture, built on the groundwork of a chorale —

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a complete work in itself, as shown in two of the Harvard concerts — came out with splendid life and energy; and the accompaniments were always delicate or brilliant, as the case required, always clear and sensitively true. The violin force, with Bernhard Listemann at the head, was of the honest, telling kind. The contra-fagotto, rather a stranger to our concerts, made its presence felt. The reeds and flutes were sweet and true, and the brass, for which Mendelssohn gives splendid opportunities in *St. Paul*, rang out with refreshing and exhilarating challenge: "Rise up, arise!" "Sleepers, awake," etc. Nor must we, in speaking of the accompaniment, forget the great organ, whose participation here and there, under the skillful hands of Mr. Lang, was very noticeable, and helped greatly to bring out the full intention of the composer. We understand that he had taken pains to procure from Germany Mendelssohn's full organ score, and that we heard it for the first time on this occasion.

The principal solo singers, both in recitative and song, proved equal to their exacting tasks. The limpid, lovely quality of Miss Thursby's pure and flexible soprano voice, with her finished, tasteful, refined execution, fitted her well for the music. Her recitative was clear, artistic and expressive, and her rendering of the great aria: "Jerusalem" and of that fresh and fragrant little melody, the Arioso: "I will sing of Thy great mercies," was delightful. Miss Thursby's singing is that of a bird-like, happy, child-like nature, not a deep one; she was not made for a grand singer, but surely for a most charming one. Miss Winant's rich and soulful contralto told to excellent advantage in the little that it had to do. In the fine aria: "The Lord is mindful of his own," she sang with true and tender feeling, and was most heartily applauded. Mr. M. W. Whitney, our great basso, always to be relied upon, always dignified and large in style, and of consummate ease and steadiness in execution, acquitted himself nobly, as he always does; but he hardly rose to the inspiration of which he has shown himself capable sometimes; there was a certain heaviness which needed to be lifted by the buoyant soul within.

The chief honors were borne off by Mr. Charles R. Adams. For once he was entirely himself again, his voice free from huskiness, and he improved the auspicious opportunity to show himself the noble artist that he is. Those who heard him this time, can readily believe that this Boston singer has held the position of principal tenor for seven years in the Imperial Opera at Vienna. In the recitative, of which he had by far the largest portion, he was admirable. The voice rang out clear, large, sweet and musical; his declamation was of the most positive and manly character, and his enunciation simply perfect. When it came to the great aria: "Be thou faithful until death," he rose to something like true inspiration; the effect was magical; every tone contained a wealth of fervor and of beauty, and the applause knew no bounds. The only drawback with Mr. Adams (when he is in such voice) is that, like most possessors of fine natural voices, he became a singer before becoming a musician; this was felt in several slips in the concerted pieces.

On the beauty and the grandeur of the Oratorio itself we need not enlarge here, having already expressed our opinion of it (very imperfectly to be sure) as one of the noblest monuments of this form of Art-work, superior in some respects even to *Elijah*, in the "Notes" appended to the book of programmes.

We have recorded a most auspicious opening of the festival. And here we are stopped at the threshold by the call to "go to press," leaving the six remaining concerts for more retrospective notice. When this appears but two more will be left for those who may be fortunate enough to procure seats at the eleventh hour. This afternoon, a miscellaneous concert, including two very noble and fresh, but short choral works, namely: Handel's *Utrecht Jubilate*, and a sublime Quartet and Chorus by Sebastian Bach; besides a liberal anthology of vocal solos, none of them hackneyed, exhibiting each of the principal vocalists in things of their own choice. Finally, tomorrow (Sunday) evening, Handel's Oratorio of *Solomon*, which has not been heard here for twenty-five years, with Miss Thursby, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Annie Cary, Mr. Courtney and Mr. John F. Winch, as soloists.

RECENT CONCERTS.

The Cecilia. — The first performance here of Schumann's *Manfred* music, in the third concert of the season (April 24), intrinsically considered, was a musical event second to no other of the year past. *Intrinsically*, we say, for doubtless there have been some things more exciting to the public curiosity and more widely appreciated. But the *Manfred* music is a thoroughly genial and original creation, fully worthy of the noble, although gloomy poem of Lord Byron, to which it is wedded. Every measure of the composition is full of beauty, while it reveals the deep sympathy of the (sick) musician with the morbid, introspective, misanthropic mood of the poet. In spite of its monstrous plot, the poem is full of poetic inspiration, and in spite of its faithful illustration of the text, the music is most musical and full of exquisite enchantment. You cannot say that of much of the audacious and astounding "programme music" now in vogue.

The few purely instrumental numbers of *Manfred*, which had been heard in several seasons of the Harvard Symphony Concerts, had prepared many of the audience to expect a rare treat from the whole work. These were: first, the wonderful overture, entirely *sui generis*, and inspired with the very mood and genius of Manfred — one of the most remarkable overtures ever composed, — and yet, while so true, so holding the listener spell-bound to its mood, at the same time so *beautiful*, so glowing with at once the passion and repose of art; and then, by way of soft relief and sympathy with Nature's cheerfulness, the *Entr'acte* and the fairy-like accompaniment to the *Invocation of the Witch of the Alps*. These were finely executed by the orchestra, obedient to the bâton of Mr. Lang, whose re-appearance after a severe attack of illness was the signal for hearty congratulation.

All besides these three pieces consists partly of a few short songs and choruses of spirits, and partly of melodrama, the orchestra furnishing a most delicate, suggestive, graphic accompaniment to a reading of portions of the text (this time by Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, who acquitted himself of the difficult task with good judgment, dignity and taste). The short songs of the four spirits (see article on our first page) were well delivered by Miss Ella M. Abbott, Mrs. C. C. Noyes, Mr. B. L. Knapp, and Mr. A. F. Arnold. We can hardly conceive of a more lovely, soulful melody than that sung by the violins, etc., to No. 2, the *Appearance of a Beautiful Female Figure*, with its delicate, breath-catching, syncopated accompaniment. Then come the four bass voices in the dark and heavy music of the *Incantation*, which is very impressive. But the cloud is almost immediately lifted by the scene of the Chamois Hunter, and the melody of the *Ranz-des-Vaches*, played on the English horn (very beautifully by M. de Ribas). The contrast of its two tunes, one a musing, melancholy strain, the other a light, merry dance, is delightful, and recalls all the pastoral fascination of the Alps.

Part II. opens with the *Entr'acte* and the *Witch of the Alps* piece already mentioned; so that the whole middle portion of the work is sweet and light and graceful. And now we are transported to the dark abode of Ahriman and evil spirits. Their hymn before their master's throne forms the most imposing chorus in the work, for first and second soprano, alto, tenor and bass. It has a gloomy and appalling grandeur, and it is a relief when the spirit of Astarte, Manfred's beloved, is summoned up, with a like tender melodramatic accompaniment to that of the former "beautiful female" apparition. The musical conception (purely instrumental) of the whole interview is exquisite.

Part III. The Faust-like soliloquy of Manfred in his chamber, his address to the setting sun, his dialogue with the abbot, the grim apparition of the fateful spirit who comes to summon him away, is all made as expressive musically as a few sparing touches of melodramatic art can make it. The concluding cloister choruses, *Requiem* and *Et lux perpetua* are Schumann's arbitrary addition to Byron's poem; but musically they are very beautiful and church-like in style and feeling, and they are very short. We must congratulate Mr. Lang and the Cecilia, and Mr. Ticknor, upon the excellent presentation of so difficult a work.

Whatever of gloom and depression the poetry and music of the *Manfred* left upon the audience was happily relieved by the short, and for the most part hopeful, joyful music of Max Bruch's cantata, *Fair Ellen*, of which the chorus work was rich and euphonious, and the solos were well sung by Miss Abbott and Dr. Bullard.

Euterpe. — The fifth and last Chamber Concert of the second season took place at Mechanics' Hall on Thursday evening, April 22. In the expectation, probably, of larger things looming on the musical horizon, the attendance was not as numerous as usual. But the programme was one of the most inviting and rewarding of the season; and the interpretation, by the Beethoven Quintette Club (Messrs. Allen, Dannreuther, Henry Heindl, Rietzel and Wulf Fries) was equal, if not superior, to any we have had this winter. The programme offered two works of the first order: Cherubini's first Quartet, in E flat, and Mozart's Quintet in G minor.

The Cherubini Quartet was indeed refreshing after the many years during which we have not been allowed to hear it. It is a masterly work in all respects, whether of technique or poetic inspiration; full of melody, full of light, and symmetry, and progressive interest, and thoroughly plastic in form, the author's rare contrapuntal skill being always subservient to spontaneous expression. The first movement (Introductory *Adagio* and *Allegro agitato*) is a very clear, square, wholesome, vigorous and satisfactory piece of work. The *Larghetto* is remarkable for the richness and variety of its contents, always kept close to one leading theme which dominates the whole. It is a quaint, pregnant, and enticing theme of considerable length. Light and airy variations follow, the 'cello keeping silence, but evidently *thinking* very earnestly, for finally he breaks out in loud, angry running passages, carrying the tenor along with him, as much as to say to his comrades; "Enough of this dilettante toying with a noble theme! let us have earnest work." From this point the four-part development grows richer and more complex to the end. One of the variations forms a subdued and mystical sort of organ interlude, after which the figurative bass leads off again with double energy. The Scherzo, a bewitchingly light and lifesome movement, shows that Mendelssohn was not the first to overhear the fairies. The Finale (*Allegro assai*) is kindred with the opening Allegro, and rounds the Quartet to a symmetrical and brilliant close. We trust that we shall hear this Quartet oftener in future, and its two sisters likewise. Still more enchanting was the much more familiar G minor Quintet of Mozart, as happy an inspiration, and as flawless a model in one kind, as is his G minor Symphony in another. It requires no description. Enough to say that it was nicely and artistically played.

Mr. B. J. Lang's Two Concerts, at Mechanics' Hall (April 1, and 29,) filled every seat with eager listeners. The first programme opened with a repetition of the Trio in G minor by Hans von Bronsart, which excited so much interest last year. Mr. Lang had associated with him in its performance, Mr. C. N. Allen, violin, and Wulf Fries, 'cello. The interpretation lacked nothing of spirit or discrimination, and the impression which the work before made of nerve, originality and power was con-

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firmed. The opening Allegro is intense and passionate; the Scherzo (Vivace), not in three-four measure, has a quaint, frolic humor; the Adagio has solemnity and grandeur, rather closely resembling Chopin's funeral march in the beginning; and the Finale (Allegro agitato), though more conventional, is vigorous and effective.

Next followed a flowery chain of ten short songs, sung as one number by Mr. George L. Osgood. These were, three by Schumann: "Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint," "Warum willst du Andere fragen," and "Rose, Meer und Sonne;" three by Schubert: "Barcarolle," "Dass sie hier gewesen," and "Wohin" (Brook Song); three by Robert Franz: "Die Harrende," "Sterne mit den gold'nen Füsschen," and the Serenade; one by Rubinstein: "As sings the lark in ather blue." They are all delicate and charming songs, and Mr. Osgood sang very sweetly, with great refinement of expression, only too continually *sotto voce*, so that at times it seemed but the delicate shadow of a voice; yet no one better knows how to let each song breathe forth its own peculiar life.

A Sonata for piano and 'cello, op. 32, by Saint-Saëns, was played for the first time by Mr. Fries and Mr. Lang. It is a clear, musician-like work in three movements, but has not left any marked impression which we can recall. But what woke us all up to new life, dispelling all possibility of doubt about its genial excellence and beauty, was the Concerto of Bach for four pianofortes, with string accompaniment, given for the first time in America. It consists of three short movements: Moderato, Largo, and Allegro. The four pianos were played by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, and Mr. Lang; and they did it *con amore*. It is wonderfully interesting, not merely for its contrapuntal skill and learning, but for its fresh ideal beauty. After a number of long compositions of which one hardly knows whether he likes them or not, commend us to a work like this!

Mr. Lang's second programme was as follows:

Quartet, No. 7, Op. 192, No. 2 . . . . . . Joachim Raff.
The Miller's Pretty Daughter, a cycle of tone-poems.
The Youth — Allegretto
The Mill — Allegro.
The Miller's Daughter — Andante quasi adagietto.
Unrest — Allegro.
Proposal — Andantino quasi allegretto.
For the Nuptial Eve — Vivace.
Messrs. Bernhard Listemann, F. Listemann, T. Mullaly, and A. Heindl.

Songs. "Mio caro bene" . . . . Handel.
"Stimme der Liebe" . . . . Schubert.
"Im Abendroth" . . . . "
"Im Mai," Op. 11, No. 3 . . . . Franz.
"Liebesbotschaft" . . . . Schubert.
"Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen" . . Franz.
"Au Cimetière" . . . . Saint-Saens
"Klinge mein Pandero" . . . . Jensen.
"Be not so coy, beloved child" . . Rubinstein.
"Der Lenz" . . . . Lassen.
Mr. Wm. J. Winch.

Piano-forte and String Quintet, Op. 30, B flat, (first time). Goldmark.
Allegro vivace — Adagio — Scherzo — Allegro vivace.
Messrs. B. Listemann, F. Listemann, J. C. Mullaly, A. Heindl and B. J. Lang.

We cannot say that Raff's "Schöne Müllerin" Quartet, played here once before in a Euterpe concert, improved much on acquaintance. Not because it is a "programme" Quartet, and not constructed on the classical model, but because most of the music of its six movements, or its cycle of six pieces, in spite of passages both sweet and passionate, seemed to us feebly sentimental and not seldom dreary; it lacked the wholesome stimulus of good sound music; its sentiment seemed artificial. But many liked it, and we may be wrong.

Mr. Winch was in excellent voice and sang with fervor, with artistic finish, and with fine expression. Especially happy was he in the Handel arias. The two by Schubert were particularly delicate and lovely, and the two by Franz were like fresh little wildflowers of melody, set in charming accompaniment, as nature sets her flowers amid exquisite surroundings. These were all delicate and tender; but a stronger breeze sprang up in the songs by Rubinstein, to die down again to a dead level in the "Cemetery" air by Saint-Saëns.

The new Quintet by Goldmark has much to interest one in the two middle movements, at least; but those who liked the Raff thing much, appear to have been but indifferently pleased with this. We will not judge without another hearing.

Several more concerts await notice.

IN PROSPECT. After the absorbing Festival one willingly rests from music for a few days; but the season is by no means over. The next event of interest will be the postponed performance (for the first time in Boston) of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. This will be next Friday evening, May 14, at the Boston Music Hall. With the fine orchestra of 60, the select chorus of 220 mixed voices, and such soloists as Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, Mr. Wm. J. Winch, Mr. Clarence E. Hay, and Mr. Schlesinger, and after fresh rehearsal, it cannot fail to be a success.

On Saturday evening (15th), the accomplished young pianist, Mr. John A. Preston, will give a concert in Mechanics' Hall. Besides piano solos from the works of Dvorak (new) and Schumann, Mr. Preston will play, with Messrs. Dannreuther and Wulf Fries, a new Trio by the Russian composer Nápravnik, and Mr. Wm. J. Winch will contribute several songs.

Next comes, to the delight of lovers of pianoforte music, Herr Joseffy, with the charming violinist Adamowski. They will give three concerts, in the Music Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 17 and 18, and on Saturday afternoon, May 22. The first programme offers the E-flat Trio, Op. 100, by Schubert; Violin Solos: Scherzo by Spohr, and Cavatina by Raff; Piano Solo: Schumann's *Kreisleriana*; Songs without Words by Mendelssohn, and "Venezia e Napoli," (*Tarantella*) by Liszt; "Kreutzer" Sonata; piano and violin, Beethoven. The second includes a piano and 'cello Sonata by Rubinstein; Trio in G, Haydn; violin solo, "Zigeuner Weisen," by Sarasate; for piano solos; Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuses," and smaller things by Scarlatti, Kirnberger, Field, Schubert and Joseffy; finally, the great Schumann Quintet, Op. 44. The third concert will open with a Quartet, in A, for piano and strings, by Mozart, and end with Hummel's Septet with all the instruments. There will also be the Saint-Saëns Variations for two pianos on a theme by Beethoven, and a Romance for violin by Saint-Saëns. Herr Joseffy's piano solos will include the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, a Passepied and a Gavotte, by Bach, and five characteristic pieces by Liszt, — certainly a tempting programme of the whole!

Max Bruch's *Odysseus* is to be repeated by the Cecilia, with orchestra, on the evening of May 24. Dates of concerts of the Apollo and the Boylston Clubs will be found in our Calendar.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, April 19. — The Seventh Peabody Symphony Concert, on the 10th inst., presented the following programme: —

a. Symphony, A minor. The "Scotch." . Mendelssohn.
b. Piano-Concerto, G. minor. No. 1 Work 25.
(Madame Nannette Falk-Auerbach.)
Song, with piano (Mignon) . . . . Fr. Liszt.
"A wondrous thing 't must be indeed."
(Miss Elisa Baraldi.)
Overture to the Danish drama "Elfin Hill." Work 100 . . . . Fr. Kuhlau.

On last Saturday the last of the seventeen Chamber Concerts was given, with the following programme: —

String Quartet, F major. Work 1.
Edwin A. Jones, ex-Student.
Allegro con brio.—Adagio.—Appassionato.—Scherzo, presto. —Finale: Largo; Fuga, allegro vivace.
(Messrs. Fincke, Allen, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.)
Mignon. Song with piano . . . . Fr. Liszt.
(Miss Mary Kelly, student of the Conservatory, first year.)
Spring Song, from the opera *The Valkyrie*, . R. Wagner.
(Mr. H. Glass, student of the Conservatory, first year.)
Piano Quartet, G. minor. No. 1. . . . . . . Mozart.
For piano, violin, viola and 'cello.
(Miss Esther Murdoch, student of the Conservatory, second year, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.)

The quartet by Mr. Jones, which was played here for the second time in public, is a work containing much that is highly creditable to the application of the young composer. We cannot, of course, expect to find anything strikingly original in the Opus No. 1 of a young composer; and Mr. Jones's maiden effort does not afford anything strikingly original. But in melodious and harmonic treatment, and in the artistically wrought *fuga* in the last movement, it must be put down as a work that interests and holds the attention of the listener throughout. The *Adagio appassionato*, although a very pleasing movement, is not what its name would lead us to expect, and the *Scherzo* is Haydn all over. The closing movement, however, is a piece of work with which the composer may well be satisfied. The whole denotes correct theoretical study and careful treatment.

Mr. Jones, who is an ex-student of the Peabody Conservatory, is, I believe, a Bostonian by birth, and left here some months ago to take up his residence in Boston. C. F.

MAY 3. — The season of Symphony concerts closed on the 24th ult., at the Peabody Institute, with the following programme:

Symphony C minor, No. 1, Work 5. . . Niels W. Gade.
Songs with piano. . . . . Ch. Gounod.
Le Vallon. — Le Soir. — O ma belle Rebelle. — Au Printemps. Miss Elisa Baraldi.
a. Concert-Romance D. Work 27. [For violoncello and orchestra] . . . . Asger Hamerik.
Mr. R. Green.
b. Jewish Trilogy. Work 19. For orchestra. Composed in Paris. Overture. — Lamento. — Sinfonia trionfale.

The novelty of the evening was Mr. Hamerik's 'cello Romance, one of the few compositions for that instrument that are within the grasp of every 'cello player of any pretensions, and at the same time sufficiently scientific to make them interesting to the musician. The theme is simple and pleasing and the instrumentation is done in the most charming manner. On Monday evening the "Liederkranz" choral society gave a complete and quite successful rendering of Haydn's *Creation* to a large and much delighted audience.

The Peabody chorus class, which has been under training during the season by Professor Fritz Fincke, the new vocal instructor, appeared in a concert at the Institute on Saturday last. The selections embraced the choruses "Come gentle spring" and "The heavens are telling" from Haydn's *Seasons* and *Creation*; an *Ave verum* from Mozart (sung *alla capella*) and the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*. The balance of the programme was made up of recitatives and airs from the *Creation* and the *Messiah*, sung by Miss Antonia Henne, Miss Henrietta Hant, and Mr. Franz Remmerts; and the overture and pastorale from the *Messiah*, played by the Peabody string orchestra, who also supported the chorus in the selections named above. The work accomplished by Professor Fincke with the voices at the Peabody Conservatory during one short season is very surprising; and on Saturday he had an opportunity not only of showing his skill as a chorus director, but also gave evidence of his ability in handling an orchestra hastily brought together and with very little time at command for rehearsing. Mr. Fincke has done a great deal of good here during the past winter by his active interest in our choral societies, and by infusing much life and energy into chorus music generally, through his example as director of the Peabody choir and Wednesday club chorus class. His efforts will doubtless bear good fruits by encouraging a more lively interest in oratorio music next season.

A fitting close to this letter will be a *résumé* of the works produced at the Peabody Institute during the season, both at the Symphony and at the Student's Concerts.

PEABODY SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Works performed during the fourteenth season, 1879-80.

a. Symphony, C minor, No. 5, (twice). . . Beethoven.
b. Leonora Overture, C, No. 3.
c. Sonata Appassionata, F minor. Work 57. For piano.
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
a. Fragments from the "Condemnation of Faust," Berlioz.
b. The Roman Carnival, Concert Overture. Work 9. Performed twice.
a. Piano Compositions. Works 10, 37, 57. . . Fr. Chopin.
Mme. Julia Rivé-King.
b. Piano Compositions. Works 27, 29, 53.
Mme. Teresa Carreno.
Sclavonic Rhapsody, D, No. 1. Work 45. Anton Dvorak.
Symphony, C minor, No. 1. Work 5. . Niels W. Gade.
Songs, with piano. . . . . Edvard Grieg.
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Songs with piano, ... Ch. Gounod.
Miss Elisa Baraldi.
a. Jewish Trilogy. Work 19. For orchestra. 1843.
Asger Hamerik.
b. Fourth Norse Suite, D. Work 25.
c. Concert-Romance, D. Work 27. For violoncello and orchestra.
Mr. R. Green.
Raid of the Vikings. Overture to a Norse drama. Work 25. . . . . Emil Hartmann.
Overture to the Danish drama "Elfin Hill." Work 100. Fr. Kuhlau.

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a. Hungarian Rhapsody, C sharp minor. No. 2. Fr. Liszt.
Mme. Julia Rivé-King.
b. Songs, with piano.
Mr. Franz Remmertz.
c. Songs, with piano.
Miss Elisa Baraldi.
a. Symphony, A minor. No. 3. The Scotch. Mendelssohn.
b. Piano-Concerto, G minor, No. 1.
Mme. Nannette Falk-Auerbach.
c. Andante e Rondo, from the violin-concerto. Transcribed for piano.
Mme. Julia Rivé-King.
a. Ocean Symphony, C, No. 2. (twice). Anton Rubinstein.
b. Songs, with piano. Works 8, 32, 33.
Mr. Theodore J. Toedt.
c. Songs, with piano. Works 8, 27, 32, 33, 72.
Miss Henrietta Beebe.
Symphony, A. minor, No. 2. Work 55. C. Saint-Saëns.
The Miller's Pretty Daughter. Work 25. Fr. Schubert.
Mr. Franz Remmertz.
Songs, with piano. . . . . R. Schumann.
Miss Antonia Henne.
Slumber Song, with piano. . . . . . . R. Wagner.
Miss Fanny Kellogg.

(*Conclusion in next number.*)

CHICAGO, April 30, 1880.—Our musical season is quickly passing away, and the attention of all those interested in music is being called to Cincinnati and Boston, where the great festivals are to be given. A number of our representative musical people will go to these festivals from this city, and in the mean time our own season will come to an early close. Since my last letter to the *Journal*, we have had the pleasure of hearing the following fine programmes of pianoforte music from Mr. William H. Sherwood, the pianist, of your city.

PROGRAMME I.

1. Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue . . . . Bach.
(Arranged by H. v. Bülow.)
2. Adante and Variations, F minor . . . . . Haydn.
3. Fantasie, C major, (Dedicated to Liszt.) Op. 17 . . . . Robert Schumann.
a. Durchaus phantastisch und leidenschaftlich,
b. Maessig, durchaus energisch,
c. Sehr Langsam, durchweg leise zu halten.
4. "La Fileuse," Op. 157, No. 2 . . . . . Joachim Raff.
5. Barcarolle, No. 4, G major . . . . . . Rubinstein.
Serenade, D minor, Op. 93 . . . . . .
Valse Caprice, E flat . . . . . .
"Eine Faust Ouverture." . . . . . .
(Arranged by von Bülow.)
6. "Spinnerlied," (from "Flying Dutchman"), Wagner.
"Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa,"
"Isolde's Love-death," (Finale of "Tristan & Isolde"),
"March from "Tannhäuser."
(Arranged by Liszt.)

PROGRAMME II.

1. Grand Organ Fantasie and Fugue, G minor . . Bach.
(Piano arrangement by Liszt.)
2. "Loure," G major (arr. from 3d V'cello suite,) . Bach.
3. Eight Etudes . . . . Chopin.
Op. 10, No. 4, C sharp minor, (Allegro con fuoco,)
Op. 10, No. 3, E major, (Lento ma non troppo,)
Op. 25, No. 8, D flat major, (in sixths,)
Op. 25, No. 7, C sharp minor, (Adagio Sostenuto,)
Op. 10, No. 5, G flat major, (on the black keys,)
Op. 25, No. 10, B minor, (Legato octaves,)
Op. 10, No. 11, E flat major, (Arpeggio chords,)
Op. 10, No. 12, E minor (left hand study), (Allegro confuoco.)
4. Nocturne, A major, No. 4 . . . . Field.
"Erotikon," Op. 44,
"Non per libidine, ma per gentilezza di Coure,"
(Lionardo Bruni, Vita di Dante.)
5. No. 1. "Kassandra," "Mein Buhle war er! und er hat mich sehr geliebt!" . Adolf Jensen.
(Aischylos, Agamemnon 1116.)
No. 2. Die Zauberin, (The Enchantress.)
6. Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13, . . Robert Schumann.
(Theme, XII Variations, and Finale.)

PROGRAMME III.

1. Sonate Pathetique, Op. 13 . . . . Beethoven.
2. "Ballade, A flat Op. 47, ... Chopin.
Nocturne, F sharp Op. 15,
Grande Polonaise, A flat Op. 53.
3. Prelude and Fugue, No. 3, C sharp major, . . Bach.
(Well Tempered Clavichord,)
Loure, from 3d V'cello suite, G. major.
4. Trois Moments Musicales, Op. 7 . Moritz Moschkowski.
No. 1, B major,
No. 2, C sharp minor,
No. 3, F sharp major.
5. Aus dem Volksleben, Op. 19 . . . . Edward Grieg.
No. 1, Auf den Bergen, (on the Mountains,)
No. 2, "Norwegian Bridal Party passing by,"
No. 3, Aus dem Carneval.
6. "Waldesrauschen," (Forest Murmers,) . . . . Liszt.
Sixth Hungarian Rhapsodie.

The task of playing three such programmes will be appreciated by any pianist or cultured amateur that glances over them. It is a great pleasure for us to have yearly visits from Mr. Sherwood; for the example of his fine playing is enough to incite a healthy emulation among our home pianists. The benefit to pupils of such artistic interpretations as Mr. Sherwood gives, is beyond calculation. Our home players realize this, and many a fine teacher has insisted upon his class attending the recitals of this artist. In the first place, Mr. Sherwood shows the student what lovely tones can be produced from the pianoforte when under the management of skillful hands. The tone is never forced, nor is sensationalism indulged in, simply to produce an effect. It is honest work, manifesting the ideas of a sincere musician. Art seems to be a controlling influence, and the feeling of a soul attuned to music, is manifested in all he does with his instrument. He will make it ring in very tenderness through a dreamy *nocturne* of Chopin's, or become heroic and grand in the *polonaise*, while in the *Etudes Symphoniques* of Schumann, a majestic power is manifested that lifts the hearer into the influence of the sublime. To the pianoforte student the advantages derived by listening understandingly to such artistic playing as Mr. Sherwood's are of more value than a number of lessons from a good teacher. For while we have a large number of careful and fine instructors in the land, the number of pianists who can play as grandly as Mr. Sherwood is small the world over. As I watch the improvement made by this gentleman, year by year, I can but realize that if the opportunity for practice, and development, is afforded him, that he will rank with the greatest pianists in the world, even with the most famous of our day. He is young and earnest, and by his early mastery of his instrument has shown his talent, and I have no doubt that in a few years his artistic playing will win for him a world-wide reputation. The great need no favors from the public, they command recognition by the very force of their powers. So I think it will be with Mr. Sherwood, if a fitting opportunity is given him for development. I know that no American pianist has the rank in the public favor that Mr. Sherwood holds in our city today. And he won his hold upon us by simply manifesting his artistic skill as a highly intelligent pianist; one who plays from the heart.

On Tuesday evening last, the Germania Männerchor gave a testimonial concert to Mr. Belatka, their conductor. They had an orchestra of fifty men, and the chorus numbered one hundred voices. Miss Helene Belatka, and Mr. Schultze were the solo vocalists. The programme contained the symphony in B flat, of Schumann; "Becalmed at Sea," for chorus and orchestra, by Fisher; Aria from the *Magic Flute*, Mozart, sung by Miss Belatka; selections from opera of "Armin," Hoffmann; Andante and variations, from Grand Septuor, Beethoven; scene from Tannhäuser, for chorus solos, and orchestra; "Cujus Animam," Rossini, sung by Mr. Schultze; and the Grand Finale to *Rienzi*, of Wagner. At a glance one may see that the selections were ambitious. In many respects this society has made great headway, and in others it has much to learn. Its conductor tries to bring out good music, and the works of the new school are studied most enthusiastically. In this note it is impossible to more than mention the concert, and to wish the society that success that merit deserves. C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

CINCINNATI. As the Triennial Boston Festival goes out, the Biennial Cincinnati Festival comes in. It will be held for four days, May 18, 19, 20 and 21. Theodore Thomas will direct it. The chorus will be very large, the orchestra much larger than we have had here. The programme is rich and varied, containing one famous work of prime importance never yet heard in this country: the great *Missa Solennis*, in D, of Beethoven; also a novelty that will excite much interest, the prize composition of Mr. Dudley Buck. Here is the programme in full, with the exception of the three matinées:

FIRST NIGHT.

Cantata, "Ein feste Burg," . . . . Bach.
(Adapted for performance by Theodore Thomas.)
Miss Annie B. Norton, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Signor Italo Campanini, Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Chorus, Orchestra, Organ.
Symphony, C major (Jupiter), ... Mozart.
Jubilate, ... Handel.
(Adapted for performance by Robert Franz.)
Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Fred Harvey, Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

SECOND NIGHT.

Missa Solennis, D major, op. 123, ... Beethoven.
Sopranos: Miss Amy Sherwin, Miss Annie B. Norton.
Altos: Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss Emma Cranch.
Tenors: Signor I. Campanini, Mr. Harvey.
Basses: Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Chorus: Orchestra, Organ.
Symphony, D minor, op. 120, ... Schumann.

THIRD NIGHT.

Overture, "The Water Carrier," . . . . . Cherubini.
Aria, ... ———
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Symphony, No. 5, C minor, op. 67, ... Beethoven.
The Tower of Babel, ... Rubinstein.
(Sacred opera in one act.)
Signor Campanini, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Chorus, Orchestra, Organ.

FOURTH NIGHT.

Scenes from Longfellow's "Golden Legend."
(Prize composition.)
Miss Annie B. Norton, Mr. Fred Harvey, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen. Chorus, Organ, Orchestra.
Overture, King Lear, op. 4, ... Berlioz.
"Die Goetterdaemmerung," Act Third, . . . Wagner.
(Scene 1. The Rhine Daughters; Siegfried. Scene II. Siegfried; Hagen; Gunther; Warriors.)
Miss Amy Sherwin, Miss Annie B. Norton, Miss Emma Cranch, Signor Italo Campanini, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, and others.
Zadok, the Priest, Coronation Anthem, . . . Handel.
Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.

The sale of season tickets is said to have been enormous, having yielded, up to Saturday before last, $32,000, of which over $7,000 was for premiums at auction sales. Over 2,500 seats had been secured for the season, and the prospect was that the total receipts would reach $75,000. The orchestra will be on the following grand scale: First violins, 26; second do., 26; violas, 20; violoncellos, 19; double basses, 18; harps, 4; flutes, 4; oboes, 4; English horn, 1; clarinets, 4; bass clarinet, 1; bassoons, 3; contre bassoons, 1; horns, 8; cornets, 2; bass trumpet, 1; trumpets, 2; tenor trombones, 3; bass trombone, 1; tuba, 1; drums, cymbals, etc. Total, 155.

It was a most agreeable surprise to many musical people gathered at a Handel and Haydn rehearsal, a couple of weeks ago, to recognize the genial face of Beethoven's biographer, our old friend Alexander W. Thayer, who has returned on a short leave of absence from his laborious post of duty as American Consul at Trieste. He has held that place for sixteen years, and now the poor state of his health, compelling the suspension of the fourth and last volume of his Beethoven, is what leads him to seek rest and recreation among his old friends at home. Everywhere he is most cordially welcomed; he was for years a member of the Handel and Haydn Society, and probably no one has more keenly enjoyed the festival than Mr. Thayer. He speaks enthusiastically of our chorus-singing compared with most that he has heard in Berlin, Vienna and other German cities. In Trieste, of course, he lives in musical banishment almost.

Madame Constance Howard, the pianist, of New York, who was heard here with interest in one of Mme. Cappiani's concerts, and who is highly commended by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, has recently played at Andover, Mass., in three Piano Recitals under the direction of Mr. S. M. Downs. In one of these, Mme. Howard played the A-minor Prelude and Fugue by Bach in Liszt's arrangement; the Beethoven Sonata, "Les Adieux," etc.; the Finale to Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques*; the *Cracoviak* of Chopin, with second piano accompaniment, besides many smaller selections from Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein, Silas and Kullak. It takes an artist to do all this.

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SCHUMANN'S MUSIC TO LORD BYRON'S "MANFRED."

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GRAF WALDERSEE.

[Concluded from page 74.]

We descend now into the nether world,—into the hall of Ahriman. He sits on his throne, a hall of fire; the spirits sing a hymn to him.

When the spirits of the lower world offer a hymn of praise to their master, heaven and earth tremble. To make this palpable to sense required the unfolding of great tone masses. Accordingly, the orchestra is strengthened by instruments of brass and of percussion, and this mightily resounding body is united with the singing chorus. Reproduction of the text in the garb of musical thought frequently suggests itself; for example, at the words: "And a tempest shakes the sea." Illustration of the text through a peculiar tone color may perhaps be recognized in the entrance of the tuba, when the chorus sings: "His shadow is the Pestilence." In the voice parts great animation is reached by the rapid setting in of one part after another in free imitation. The total impression which this hymn produces is a powerful one. It is not the quantitative mass of the resounding material that takes hold of us; it is the grandiose plan on which it is laid out, and the broadly painted working out of the idea, that draws us within its magic spell.

The Parcæ and Nemesis appear, on their part also, showing their allegiance to Ahriman. Then Manfred enters. In the ensuing dialogue, in which the spirits try to compel him to bend the knee before Ahriman and worship him, the chorus mingles twice more,—episodes of a few bars, expressive of the rage that has taken possession of the spirits that an earth-born mortal should presume to intrude into their domain. This relates to the words of the text:—

> "Prostrate thyself and thy condemned clay,
> Child of the Earth, or dread the worst."

And later:—

> "Destroy the worm!
> Tear him in pieces!"

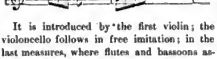
When the ruler of the lower world opens his mouth to speak (it is done in a few words), the brazen throats of the trombones and tuba do not fail.

But silence now, ye trumpets, silence, ye drums; it does not become *you* to take part in the conversation; it demands the soft whisperings of muted strings in order that she, who alone is able to drop balm into the wounded heart of our hero, may appear,—Astarte! The elegiac mood comes to the foreground. Words of Nemesis are accompanied by a sad and plaintive melody; only at the end of each of its two sections do we find the addition of harmony; even the support of any bass is wanting to the first measures. With the closing chord the shade of Astarte rises up. A fragment of the same melody is presently brought again before us, when Nemesis lets Manfred entreat Astarte to speak. The entreaty fails. Manfred begins:—

> "Hear me, hear me,—
> Astarte! my beloved! speak to me.
> . . . . Then lovedst me
> Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
> To torture thus each other, though it were
> The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
> . . . . I would hear yet once before I perish
> The voice which was my music,—speak to me!"

The passions rest, the anguished heart sues for forgiveness, which only love can vouchsafe. This mood seizes Schumann. He chooses the song form. Mild, love-breathing tones, deeply, warmly felt, press to the heart; it is the language only given to the poet by the grace of God to speak. The answers of Astarte are not pointed, although the accompaniment, with her appearance, grows somewhat more lively. Softly, as it began, the song dies away, in faint lustre mirroring the newly found peace of soul. Before the spirit of Astarte vanishes, we recognize the same motive which we have met already in the overture, and which was there characterized as the expression of a melancholy, milder mood.

With the words, "Fare ye well!" Manfred leaves the lower world, and while the orchestra intones a short movement which stands related to the hymn, the second part concludes. The third leads us into Manfred's castle. The spirit world lies behind us; Manfred has renounced it, and now, with firm eye, meets the approach of death. The powers of hell have refused; heaven be has closed against himself; he gives himself back to the earth. Peace comes over him. Let us consider in what way Schumann musically illustrates this new sense of repose. The movement is based upon the following motive:—



It is introduced by the first violin; the violoncello follows in free imitation; in the last measures, where flutes and bassoons associate themselves with the string quintet, the beginning of the motive is elaborated in the most ingenious manner. That this musical thought bears in itself the expression of great tenderness, must certainly be recognized; but it first acquires its true worth through the accession of other very independent voices. The employment of the strict (*gebundenen*) style of writing evidently shows with what a fine feeling the right tone was hit.

"Peace to Count Manfred!" With these words the Abbot of St. Maurice introduces himself. In the first conception of the poem he was depicted as intolerant and hard. By the advice of his friends, Byron concluded to remodel it, and presents us a soft-hearted, truly pious priest. That the poem gained by the alteration is clear enough.

The text of the third part affords but single moments which are adapted to melodramatic treatment. But with wise judgment even these are confined to a narrower selection, and the music gradually recedes into the background, as indeed it assumes the secondary rôle in the whole drama, making itself auxiliary to the sister Art. The music fits itself in aphoristically, when Manfred in his monologue takes leave of the sun. The design is unmistakable that the spoken word here, even more than in other places, shall hold the upper hand, and so the music steps in only in single phrases. Only in the last ten measures does it become self-dependent; I allude to the wonderfully beautiful succession of harmonies which accompany the setting of the sun and Manfred's "He is gone: I follow."

We draw near the catastrophe. The form of the Evil Spirit rises, at first indistinctly, but always coming out in sharper outline. With the summons of the Spirit, "Come! 'tis time; mortal, thine hour is come. Away!" one coupled deep-lying chords of the wind-instruments, which thrill to the marrow of our bones. Other spirits appear; a prickly figure in the string instruments introduces them: first softly, then more strongly, the trumpets take up the transition to the remote chord of C minor. "I spurn ye back," cries Manfred; the strings answer in a *unisono* run *fortissimo*:—

> "Back, ye baffled fiends!
> The hand of death is on me,—but not yours!"

The demons disappear. Plaintively the violins sound a triplet passage; the orchestra unites in a chord of the seventh. Do we not seem to perceive a question here addressed to Fate?

Organ tones resound from the distant cloister; the requiem is heard. As said before, this text is not contained in the poem. Byron would not have refrained from a sarcastic smile had he seen this appendix, and one must confess that its interpolation is hardly justifiable. It completely contradicts the poem; it repudiates the dogmas of the Catholic Church, since for one who rejects its blessings out of hand no requiem is sung. Involuntarily one associates the present priest with the cloister hymn; the assumption that the requiem might be for another is too improbable. If Schumann had placed this song in the orchestra, instead of assigning it to the choir and organ, an image would have arisen more appropriate to the situation. One can only suspect that the composer had in his eye not only a peculiar musical, but also a theatrical effect. And this he has reached in the fullest measure. In what precedes, the passions are stirred up in such a manner that it requires a soothing antithesis, which cannot express itself better than in a church-like, soft conclusion. As a piece of music, the requiem is worthy of special consideration. It is wrought out as a double canon. Soprano and tenor on the one hand, alto and bass on the other, sing each a canon in the

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octave. That the strictest and severest musical form, that of the canon, is able also to interpret moments of the highest tragedy, is proved by the last measures here. One voice after the other disappears; only one maintains its place, until it too is dumb, and dying Manfred with it. The spirits of life forsake him one after another; one still lingers; this vanishes,—*thou* too art dumb!

"*Et lux perpetua lucent eis*."

If we let this music in its collective impression pass once more before our mental eye, we cannot fail to recognize in it one of the most significant tone-creations. It contains so many salient moments, that an enumeration of them would be useless; the heart and kernel of its excellence lies perhaps in its successful union with the poem. The poetry of this, as well as the mystery, had to be transferred to the music, and who could have been better qualified to perform this than Robert Schumann? A great admirer of Jean Paul, and highly romantic himself, he had already shown in earlier compositions that the musical representation of the marvellous came natural to him; and all too frequently we meet in him a certain nervous tendency to measure such material with his own mood. Sympathetically he becomes absorbed in the poet; he follows him wherever the path may lead, through bush and briar, over rocks, and smooths many a rough place in the poem through the tenderness of his harmonies. He thrills us in the expression of despair; in that of dejection he moves us almost to tears. Wherever the music lends itself to the spoken word, the latter is the gainer; he raises melodrama to an art form.

A LISZT-IAN PROGRAMME.

(From the *Neue Freie Presse*,[1] Vienna.)

An attraction of an unusual description characterized the Extraordinary Concert given by the Society of the Friends of Music on the evening of Good Friday. Liszt was to be seen—Liszt, standing at the flower-adorned conductor's desk, and holding in his hand a small conducting-stick, which he occasionally used with a distinguished air. The programme comprised only three compositions, all by himself: a Vocal Mass, then *Die Ideale* (a symphonic poem), and, lastly, *Die Glocken der Strassburger Münster*. A man certainly requires a deeply contemplative and Passion-Weekish frame of mind to sit out a concert and listen while an entire mass is being performed merely by men's voices with organ accompaniment. Among the very unusual and exceptional Masses for the execution of which in the concert-room a good justification may be found, most decidedly nobody will include this Vocal Mass of Liszt's, deficient as it is in all orchestral adornment. Its proper place is undoubtedly the church, and the work might have been written specially for one of those rigorously conducted sacred institutions (like the Sixtine Chapel, in Rome, or All Saints', in Munich), where all instrumental accompaniments are on principle excluded. The narrow range and similarity of character peculiar to four-part male singing must produce monotony in the course of any long composition, and the monotony will be felt most acutely in a mass when heard in a concert-room, where, without the help of religious reverence and sacred surroundings, we can seek only *musical* edification. The powerful organ accompaniment, which in Liszt's Mass progresses with the melody, proves a doubtful acquisition; employed sparingly, and as much as possible alternating and contrasting with the chorus, it would work better. When, however, the organ, with all its stops blustering forth, over-rides the melody, it changes the monotony from simple monotony to deafening monotony. The most agreeable effect is produced by the 'Kyrie,' which is naturally rounded without being commonplace, devout without straining after symbolification. But the composer cannot, it is true, suffer this simplicity long; he soon seeks in the accumulation of striking modulations to atone for the instrumental opportunities he renounces, and some of these (in 'Agnus Dei,' for example) are among the most abrupt and ungrateful ever confided to the intonation of singers not 'infallible.' Whether the Mass and the compositions which followed transported or merely satisfied the audience, or actually wearied them, we cannot decide. That is a question not to be determined when Liszt's compositions are recommended by the magic of his own personality. His power of fascination is undeniable; very many among the audience listen with indifference, or more probably dissatisfaction, but they among them are fixed on Liszt, and—they applaud.

With *Die Ideale*, a "symphonic poem," founded on Schiller's verses, we became acquainted twenty years ago, when the then young Tausig produced it with other orchestral compositions from the same source. Since then, we have dwelt so often and so exhaustively upon Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen* that we dare not tire the reader with repetitions. *Die Ideale* has the merits and defects of its eleven symphonic sisters. Step by step, with the strictness of a ballet-programme, the music follows Schiller's verses, seeking to bribe hearers by a special poetic interest not its own. The orchestration, sparkling with a thousand effects, is a showy garment covering a badly nourished and weakly body. Now and then there crops up a melodic fragment, such, for instance, as the four-bar motive in E flat major, intended to illustrate the words: "*Wie einst mit flehendem Verlangen Pygmalion den Stein umschlos*." Such themes, or rather thematic beginnings, are not organically developed in Liszt, but incessantly repeated, diluted, and starved. The pompous final movement, eked out with Turkish music, ends by exhibiting in the gaudy splendor of a military parade the would-be ideality of the *Ideale* contemplated.

Whatever objections may be urged against the Vocal Mass and *Die Ideale*, both are works of high art compared to Liszt's last tone-poem, *Die Glocken des Strassburger Münster*. Written for baryton solo, mixed chorus, full orchestra, and organ, this composition belongs to the class of dramatized concert-ballads, which Schumann cultivated in his last period. The poem (by Longfellow) consists exclusively of dramatic dialogue, and the action is laid round the top of the Cathedral spire. Lucifer commands the Evil Spirits to attack the Cross, as holding them up to scorn. But the Cathedral Bells peal out and frustrate the criminal design. Five times is Lucifer's summons repeated with ever increasing vehemence, followed by the hesitating reply of the Spirits of the air and the pious chorus of the bells. The bells play something like the part of yard-dogs, whose energetic barking frightens intending thieves. In the end, the Demons abandon their attempt and sweep furiously away, while the Gregorian Chant with organ accompaniment is heard swelling through the Cathedral.[1]

It is no easy task for us to enunce our opinion of this peculiar work—its composer's last. We would fain bear in mind the respect due to Liszt as a man, the admiration entertained for him as a genial artist, the veneration enforced by his years. Yet we must candidly state the impression produced on ourselves individually by a work introduced with high pretentions and lavish resources. The Bells of Strassburg Cathedral will long ring in our ears! When this Christian legend, steeped in Turkish music, had reached the culminating point, when the most awe-inspiring dissonances came closer and closer upon one another, when the imploring cries of ill-treated human voices mingled in the wild strife of kettle-drums, horns, and trombones, and when to all this were added incessantly pealing Bells, we felt that Music lay dead on the ground, while the Strassburg Bells were tolling for her funeral.

Eduard Hanslick.

[1] Translation from the London *Musical World*.

CHERUBINI'S D-MINOR MASS IN LONDON.

The Bach Choir are to be cordially congratulated on their production of the great Mass in D-minor of Cherubini, a work which is not only the longest Mass ever written, but has many claims to be considered the *magnum opus* of the great musician of the first French Empire. Unfortunately for the audience, the "book of words" contained no analysis of the music, nor, indeed, anything beyond the text and a few irrelevant biographical remarks on Cherubini's life. Other works, save one, written in various languages, about Cherubini, are equally reticent, and those who wish to discover facts about the Mass in question have only the admirable work by Mr. Edward Bellasis, published in London six years ago, to fall back upon. Even Mr. Bellasis notices the extraordinary silence of writers on Cherubini upon the Mass in question. All we know can be gathered from the catalogue of his works drawn up by Cherubini himself, and from it we learn that the Mass was begun at the end of March, 1811, and was finished on the 7th of October in the same year; the entire composition, therefore, having been begun and ended in Paris. That Cherubini regarded the Mass as a loved child, there is abundant evidence. His revision of the

[1] The score requires four large bells in the deep bass tones, E flat, F, F, and F sharp. The expense of procuring and, still more, the difficulty of putting these bells on the concert-platform, caused them to be replaced on the present occasion by two gongs, a large one and a small one, with the effect of which the composer expressed himself highly satisfied.

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elaborate score extended over a number of years, while the "Sanctus" (though the original still exists) was recomposed in 1822. That the Mass in question is the longest ever written has already been mentioned, and an elaborate comparison on this point is printed in Mr. Bellasis' book. On this authority (and it would be a work of infinite labor to check the figures) it seems that while Cherubini's Mass in D minor has 2563 bars, his Mass in F (written in 1808) has only 2033 bars, while the Mass in D (composed in 1819) of Beethoven has but 1929 bars, and the Mass in C (written in 1810) also of Beethoven, has but 1256 bars. This extraordinary length is devoted entirely to the Kyrie, Gloria, and Credo, Beethoven having the honor (if any special honor be attached to such a question) of having written the longest Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei.

The performance last Wednesday by the Bach Choir of Cherubini's Mass in D minor was stated to be its first in this country, and there is little reason to doubt the correctness of this assertion. No public record can be found of its performance by any society until Wednesday last; while its inordinate length, and the large orchestra, and chorus, and the six solo vocalists it requires, have probably prevented its performance in its entirety at any of the Catholic churches of this kingdom. Parts of it have undoubtedly been heard at concerts, and in the course of the services of the Roman Catholic Church. Again, the well-thumbed and dog's-eared score used by Herr Otto Goldschmidt on Wednesday showed abundantly that the work had been performed, if not in England, at least elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it has been heard in Paris, in parts and in whole, often with the omission of the repeats. On Wednesday it was, I believe, given from beginning to end, with the new "Sanctus," which replaces the old in the printed score, and in every respect exactly as Cherubini intended it should be given. And it may be accepted as a fact that, despite its extraordinary length, and that the performance extended over upwards of two hours, not a single person present in St. James' Hall (which was crowded by the most eminent professors of this country) arose from his seat wishing that a single bar had been omitted, or with aught than admiration of the grandeur of the work and of the extraordinary ability of its composer.

To attempt any sort of analysis of the Mass in D minor within reasonable space, or in any newspaper not specially devoted to music, would be alike unwise and impracticable. The best analysis in a modest compass will be found in Mr. Bellasis' book, already quoted. The score is so complex that columns might be written in descriptive analysis of a work by a composer of whom Fétis complained: "For a light piece in one act" (the opéra comique "Le Crescendo") "he has written a score of five hundred and twenty-two pages in small notes." Roughly speaking, it may be said that while the Mass of Cherubini may to a certain extent be considered the connecting link between the classic Church compositions of the older Italian age and the music of the present day, it on its performance on Wednesday seemed, even to the hearer of to-day, as fresh and as admirable for its lofty conception, its dramatic intensity, and its complexity of detail, as though it had been written by a great master a year ago. The "Kyrie" has 437 bars, and is in three sections, the first and last being for chorus, and the middle section for quartet. The "Gloria," the largest section of the work, not excepting the "Creed," has 895 bars, divided between a chorus, a trio for soprano, tenor and bass, a chorus, a quartet, and a quartet and chorus. In this section is found some of the finest music in the work, and notably the "Qui tollis," the "Quoniam," and the fugal "Cum sancto spiritu." The Nicene "Creed" has 668 bars, the first part down to the "Incarnation" being sung by the choir. The "Incarnatus" is arranged for sextet, while the "Crucifixus" (in which the voices sing in unison on the note E for 53 bars, with muted violin accompaniment) is for chorus, the "Et in spiritum" being for quartet, continued down to the "Amen," with the usual fugue. The "Sanctus," of 66 bars, was that substituted by Cherubini in 1822 for the original "Sanctus," while the "Benedictus," of 130 bars, is familiar to most musicians. The "Agnus Dei," of 367 bars, for quartet and chorus, concludes a work which is, in many respects, one of the greatest Cherubini ever wrote. Too much praise can hardly be accorded the orchestra, the chorus, and all concerned, an especial word of commendation being the meed of the chief soloists, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Mr. Shakespeare and Herr Henschel, for their very admirable rendition [!?] of unusually difficult and trying music. The general programme included a "Sanctus" in D by Bach, the "Meeresstille und Glueckliche Fahrt" of Beethoven, and the "First Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, sung to the original German text, though none the better on that account.— *Figaro, April 28.*

FESTIVAL PROGRAMME NOTES.

HANDEL'S "UTRECHT JUBILATE."

THE *Utrecht Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were written in 1713, thirty years before Handel's greater *Dettingen Te Deum*. They belong, in fact, to the period in which he was mainly engaged in the production of Italian operas, and before he had turned his attention to the oratorio. Chrysander is astonished not only by the contrapuntal art displayed in this work, but still more by the fact that Handel, at the age of twenty-eight years, should have gained the ripe experience here shown in religious matters. "At the same time that he was cultivating soft Italian love strains, we see him also leading a serious inward life, which, from time to time, excited by joyful experiences of his fellow-men, broke out with power." The same writer adds: —

"The genesis of this composition can be traced. With this work for the church, Handel came nearer to the old English masters than in the Italian operas. Purcell, twenty years before, had also set a *Te Deum* with *Jubilate* for the festival of St. Cecilia's day, which was performed at least once a year, and was universally regarded as the greatest composition on that text,—indeed, as unsurpassable. This work Handel laid before him as a model. The relationship is as great as could be without positive equality. Commonly, the chorus with Handel is what the chorus is with Purcell; and it is the same with the solos. Nay, in the *Jubilate*, the identity of plan goes so far that, in both works, the words 'Be sure that the Lord' form a duet in A minor, and the following, 'O, go your way into his gates,' an Alla Breve chorus. Frequently little passages have almost the same tones. With such inward spiritual affinity as existed between Handel and Purcell, their *Te Deums* must have become similar, even if Handel had never heard of the work of his predecessor. Handel made his first *Te Deum* after Purcell, just as much as he made his last, the *Dettingen*, after Urio. But here you may seek in vain for the faintest shadow of a plagiarism. Purcell's *Jubilate* can least bear the comparison; it lacks the deep and devout poetry of Handel's. Good music it is always, but after Handel's mightier work it takes but little hold."

The *Jubilate*, with its short, trumpet-toned introduction, is well suited for performance separately from the *Te Deum*, although it consists of only six mostly short, but elaborate pieces. The opening chorus, an exhortation to holy joy, sprang from a Latin psalm, "Laudate pueri," which Handel had composed in Rome in 1707. A single voice, following the hint of the trumpet in the prelude, first unfolds the theme, dwelling long on the first note, "O"; then proceeding in rapturous roulades, "be joyful in the Lord," the last tone again held out, and finishing the florid melody on "all ye lands," with a hold of several measures upon "all." The chorus takes up the strain with emulous response and imitation in four parts. This is all inspiriting and brief, and in the key of D.

2. The next chorus, still in D, "Serve the Lord with gladness," begins with a short, joyful fugue theme in four parts, and while the same goes on in the orchestra, a counter-theme in long notes, descending from the fifth to the key-note, sings, "and come before his presence with a song." Afterwards the soprano is divided into two parts, for the fuller expansion of theme and counter-theme in double fugue.

3. The next sentence, "Be ye sure that the Lord he is God," etc., is naturally in a more thoughtful strain, a duet for alto and bass, in A minor, of great beauty and tenderness.

4. Five-part chorus, Alla Breve, in F, "O go your way into his gates." This might stand by itself as a most beautiful, poetic, spiritual motet. The voice parts move in smooth and even half notes, almost uniformly, while the string quartet supplies a modestly ornate counterpoint, all in a cheerful, tranquil, and contented strain, and full of lovely sequences. In expression it is as simple, heart-felt, and naive as possible, yet in its uniformity there is no taint of commonplace, it is sincere religious music; the consummate art conceals itself.

5. "The Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting," etc. Here again, by way of relief between two great choruses, Handel treats one of the gentler texts in an individual form, making a trio for two altos (or tenors) and bass. It has "so much warmth and pathos, that it requires but a slight breath to make it blaze up again into the bright flames of the chorus."

6. The *Jubilate* ends, as it began, in the bright key of D, with two strong, brilliant choruses: the first an eight-part *Gloria*, or ascription, the voices all in uniform long notes, with an active figurative accompaniment, followed by a five-part fugued chorus, "As it was in the beginning," etc., and "Amen," forming a splendid climax to the work.

The additional accompaniments by Robert Franz are used in this performance. J. S. D.

CHORUS BY J. S. BACH.

DURING five years, mostly in the earlier period of his residence in Leipzig, Bach composed, for every Sunday's service and church festival, a cantata, consisting of orchestral introduction, recitatives and arias, chorales and great choruses. These were sung once and then laid aside, only to reappear within these last few years in the splendid volumes of the complete edition of Bach's works, now in course of publication by the Bach Gesellschaft, in Leipzig. Some three hundred and eighty of these cantatas are either published or known to exist in manuscript. This short selection for the festival is the concluding number of the cantata (once performed here in a Harvard Symphony Concert), entitled "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" (My Heart was full of Heaviness), which dates back to an earlier period, when he lived in Weimar, 1714. It was composed for the third Sunday after Trinity, June 17, and the text has reference to the epistle of that Sunday. Nevertheless, Bach wrote over it, "Per ogni tempo" (Good for any time).

This splendid final chorus, upon the same text with that of Handel's *Messiah*, is even more exciting and sublime than that, although it is very much shorter and its musical subject-matter of the simplest. But in its wonderful conciseness, every phrase, every chord strikes with an electric force; and it is all over, leaving the hearer breathless with amazement, before Handel's lengthier "Worthy the Lamb" and "Amen" chorus has more than got fair headway. Here Bach's three trumpets come in with stirring effect. It is in C major. The words "The Lamb, that for us is slain, to Him will we render power and glory," etc., are declaimed by all the voices with stupendous and startling modulations. Nothing could be more exciting and full of grand presentiment. As each deliberate phrase rings out, you seem to hear the echoes in the pause that follows. Then the time changes to Allegro. A solo bass voice declaims, "Power and glory and

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praise be unto him forevermore," lengthening out the "Amen, Alleluiah" in florid roulades, while voice after voice (*soli*) take up the theme and pursue the fugue. Presently the *tutti* join them, first in one part, then another, until the whole mass is drawn into the harmonious vortex, and amid stirring trumpet-calls, it surges on to a higher and a higher climax, and the whole ends in a blaze of glory; almost too suddenly, you think, although the musical matter has been fully treated and exhausted. It is truly a sublime conclusion to a noble work. J. S. D.

MENDELSSOHN'S "FORTY-THIRD PSALM."

It is almost unaccountable that this short Psalm, so much more available for numerous occasions, as well as for church service, than the longer Psalms with which we have been familiar,—a work, too, of the ripest period of Mendelssohn, a perfect instance of his purely vocal writing, requiring no accompaniment,—should now be heard here only for the second time. We owe its introduction to the "Cecilia," at one of its concerts of the present season. It is in every way a noble, an impressive, and most interesting work.

The first words, "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause," etc., are strongly given out in unison by tenors and basses, in D minor 4-4 measure; holding out the last note (dominant) to form a firm organ-point, on which the sopranos and altos in four-part harmony deliver the second clause of the sentence, "O deliver," etc. The same process is repeated with the next two clauses of the text, "For thou art the God," and "Wherefore mourn I," only this time the organ-point is on C, leading as dominant to the bright key of F major, filling the clouded harmony with sunshine at the thought, "Send out thy light," the tenors and basses now dividing, like the upper voices, so as to form a rich eight-part harmony.

Here the rhythm changes to Andante, 3-8, and a new but kindred theme is taken up, still in D minor; and in the same antiphonal manner the fourth verse is sung as far as "I will praise thee on the harp," when all the eight parts are again united. On the last two verses the key brightens into the major, the time becomes Allegro Moderato, and in square 4-4 measure the Psalm concludes in a resplendent and triumphant blaze of harmony. At the exhortation, "Hope in the Lord," many will recognize the same repeated little phrase that occurs also in the Psalm "As the hart pants," and which seems to have been a favorite with Mendelssohn in the setting of such words. J. S. D.

SAINT-SAËNS'S "THE DELUGE."

The Deluge, by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, is the most notable novelty in the Festival programme. Conceived apparently in the same romantic vein as the symphonic poems which have become somewhat familiar to Boston audiences—*Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Phaëton*, *La Danse Macabre*, and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*—the composer seems to follow in the wake of Hector Berlioz, employing all the modern instrumental appliances for heightening musical effect. *The Deluge* is, in fact, an orchestral work, with only enough of recitatives, solos, and choruses to describe the story of God's punishment of sinful man and His subsequent covenant with Noah. The vocal portions of the score are, in fact, its weakest. Saint-Saëns, with all his knowledge of Bach and the masters, and with all his attainments in composition and orchestration, has not, so far as we have been permitted opportunities to judge, displayed great skill or invention as a vocal writer.

The Deluge, is divided into three parts. The prelude is for strings, and includes *motifs* which are repeated in the interludes and accompaniments of the opening recitatives. The theme of the tenor solo, "This race I'll exterminate," is taken as the subject of a choral fugue. The Almighty's command to Noah is told in a dignified aria for baritone. The choral fugue is repeated, ending with an emphatic enunciation, simply harmonized, of God's reasons for His course. In these movements for chorus there occur episodes in a chanting style, while beneath is heard the theme of the fugue in detached phrases.

The Second Part begins with a short recitative, "And Noah did as God had everything commanded," and the musical painting of the scene of the deluge begins at once. It is a most gorgeous piece of instrumental writing, and in it is employed every form of instrument which may serve to heighten the effect of the picture. Here is a list of the instruments for which parts are written; Strings and harp; one piccolo; flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, in pairs; horns, chromatic horns, trumpets, trumpets with pistons, trombones with pistons, all in pairs; three trombones of the common form, and three bass tubas; four kettle drums, great drum, cymbals, and gong. The composer has used them all with consummate skill. The vocal part amounts to little more than a chant, having no melody to speak of, and when not in unison is modestly harmonized. The effect at the close, as the chorus chant against sustained chords, "Mid the horror of night eternal, waste and void," and indeed of all the movemement which succeeds the storm, is very impressive. Amid the storm we hear thundered out the *motif* of the fugue in the First Part. The entire scene is intensely exciting in its treatment by the composer.

Milder orchestral means are employed in the Third Part, which is largely of a pastoral character and, though sounding tame in comparison with the Second Part, includes the loveliest music in the cantata. The sending forth of the dove, the return of the winged messenger with the olive branch, the going forth from the ark, the heavenly sign of promise, all are pictured with great skill, and, what is more to the composer's credit, great beauty, especially in the orchestration, the vocal part always remaining weak by comparison. A spirited fugue, in which the covenant is enunciated, brings the cantata to a close. F. H. J.

OPINIONS OF THE SAINT-SAENS "DELUGE."

(Correspondence of the New York *Tribune*.)

Then came Saint-Saens's "Deluge," about which expectation had been raised to fever-heat. There are some compositions which one neither comprehends nor enjoys at the first hearing, but which one feels impelled to return to again and again, until their meaning becomes clear, and their hidden beauty or sublimity makes itself felt at last. Again, there are other works which bear utter vapidity, spiritual and intellectual poverty, and hopeless emptiness stamped upon their very forehead. To this latter class the "Deluge" belongs. One asks himself in sheer amazement how a man of Saint-Saens's ready invention, easy fascination, electric nerve and profound musical erudition—how a man of his musical *savoir faire* should have been, not willing, but able to produce such a monstrous inanity as this cantata. There is one melodic and one contrapuntal idea in the "Deluge." They are not strong, grand, nor even very beautiful ideas, but still they are tangible themes. They are used to no purpose whatever. Curious, but true; for the man is one of the cleverest writers living, and his subject is certainly a strong one.

The "Deluge" may be described as one of the most superb feats of orchestration ever accomplished. Never was musical Nothing so wonderfully scored. No matter what instruments are used, whether it is the simple string quartet or the whole orchestral panoply that Paris alone among the cities of the world can furnish, the instrumental effect is as beautiful as it is astounding. The chorus and solo voices have little to do save in the way of recitative (and what recitative!) except in two bits of fugued writing; the first to the words, "This race I'll exterminate surely," in the first part; the second in the final chorus. Both of these passages are thoroughly poor. The cantata consists of three parts:—

First, *The Corruption of Man. The Anger of God. The Covenant with Noah.* In this part the orchestra is scored for strings and harp only, exceedingly beautiful effects being produced by solo instruments.

Second, *The Deluge.* This part consists of a single movement. The score is a curiosity: one piccolo flute, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, three trombones, two trumpets with six pistons, two trombones with six pistons, (new Sax instruments, not procurable except in Paris) three "contrabasses" (immense Sax instruments of the tuba tribe, not to be had out of Paris), two pairs of kettle-drums, cymbals, tam-tam, big drum, harps; strings divided into seventeen parts; four-part mixed chorus. Forty-eight instrumental parts in all!

In this extraordinary movement every possible noise, whistling, howling, sighing, rustling, roaring, clashing, banging, that can be drawn from the above combination of instruments, by the aid of pure concords and atrocious dissonances, is made for the benefit of the dumbfounded listener. As a piece of scoring, it is simply wonderful; as a piece of marine painting, it is true to nature, except that the clashing cymbals do not sound as nature looks; as a piece of music, tone-painting, or anything else that is meant to be listened to, it is singularly and even ingeniously impressive.

Third, *The Dove. The Descent from the Ark. God's Benediction.* Here the orchestra assumes more usual proportions, and we pass from one enchanting bit of tone-color to another still more beautiful; only the trombones in the closing *fugato* are really vulgar.

The orchestration of the work only is dwelt upon. There is nothing else to describe; absolutely nothing. "Much Ado about Nothing" should be inscribed upon the tombstone of this unique composition.

(From the Boston *Courier*, May 9.)

The thunder chorus (Haydn's) was rather tame compared with the storm which followed it in the *Deluge*. To have two showers in one evening was a bold innovation, and Haydn's weather suffered by comparison with the general cyclone of the French composer. To us it seemed as if the sopranos casually remarked, "Oh what horror," and the kettle-drum proceeded to get up what horror it could at short notice, while the tenors assisted it by singing out of tune. Far different was the storm passage of the *Deluge*. The curse of Heaven had been pronounced against a fallen race. Amidst the rising storm are heard the notes of the curse *motif*, rising higher and higher, and with an import that was big with impending fate. The rise of the storm itself is worked up with all the skill of a master of modern instrumentation, from drum to cymbal; from cymbal to gong, the fury of the crescendo rises; its subsidence from sixteenths to triplets, eighth notes to quarters, etc., in gradual retard, is most thrilling. To us the work seemed as the most powerful of pictures. We feel bound to say that this awe was not shared by the audience, who gave the number but little applause. It was not always correctly sung, but it is terrifically difficult for the chorus to intone properly, even though the vocal passages are in unison. The third part is most melodious, and ends with another difficult chorus. Strings are much used in the first and third parts, the former containing a violin solo of great beauty, which Mr. B. Listemann played with breadth and expression. The soloists, Misses Hubbell and Winant, and Messrs. Adams and Dudley, all exerted themselves earnestly, and Miss Hubbell deserves credit for carrying through a most trying part very successfully. The only fault to be found with her is the needlessly reedy (or violin con sordino) quality of her upper notes, which on some vowels (O, for example) was disagree-

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able. While there was lack of power in the male soloists, there was an incorrectness of importance, and they, as well as Miss Winant, whose rich voice was heard to advantage even in a small part, deserve praise. L. C. E.

(From the *Saturday Evening Gazette.*)

From *The Seasons* to Saint-Saens's *The Deluge* was a tremendous leap—a ridiculous leap, in fact, as it was from extreme naturalness to extreme artificiality. It would hardly be fair to pronounce judgment upon Saint-Saens's work upon only a single hearing; but it is not unfair to state the impression it made upon us, which was a thoroughly unfavorable one. Its vocal features seemed absurdly insignificant, flat, insipid, and inexpressive. The whole value of the composition is found in its orchestration, which is marvelously rich and effective. The work is an exaggeration of all that was prominent in the style of Berlioz, who might have exclaimed prophetically, "Après moi *Le Deluge!*" The opening prelude is a graceful and flowing endless melody of the Wagner school, marked with much poetic charm of sentiment; but after this there is nothing upon which the memory dwells with any pleasure. The tone painting of *The Deluge*, in the second part, is a wonderful bit of orchestration, but it is excruciatingly noisy, ear-splitting and bizarre. Knowledge and power are undoubtedly shown, but in such a lurid, confusing, and extravagant manner as to perplex, daze, and overwhelm. So furious is the working up of this portion of the work, so completely has the composer expended all his force upon it, and so utterly has it deafened and prostrated the listener, that what follows seems not only ineffably tame, but superfluous. If Saint-Saens wished to show how thorough a command he has over all the resources of orchestral effect, how perfect is his knowledge of the timbre of every instrument, how great a master he is in combining and contrasting varied qualities of tone, he has succeeded beyond all question. But if he imagined he was writing music in which there was the faintest trace of what is understood as inspiration, he has made a consummate failure. Nothing more deliberate, nothing more cold, in spite of the simulation of fire in it, can be well imagined. It is hard and mechanical from beginning to end; at times a blood-and-thunder tone melodrama, and when it is not that, a dreary waste of artificial and insipid sentimentality. The solos did not afford the artists concerned any opportunity to distinguish themselves. They were sung by Miss Hubbell, Miss Winant, Mr. C. R. Adams, and Mr. G. W. Dudley, who are to be commiserated even while they are praised for their efforts.

VERDI'S REQUIEM—TWO OPINIONS.

(From the *Evening Gazette*).

The oftener we hear this great composition the more beauties we discover in it, and the more we are struck by its power. It will stand as the finest effort of the present day in the direction of sacred music. That it is dramatic in effect, that its passion is physical rather than intellectual, that it follows too closely the literal interpretation of the language, have been brought against it as coarse and unpardonable faults by those who are wedded to the belief that the example set by the profounder German composers of church music is the only one to be followed; but who is authorized to frame an arbitrary law to confine genius within the limits of a fixed style. Verdi is not to be condemned because his "Requiem" is not modelled upon that of Mozart; is not to be depreciated because he has followed the dictates of his own genius instead of having bent it in the direction of another's. The real question seems to us to be, does Verdi's music fairly express the sentiment and the spirit of the words to which he has set it? We believe it does, and with wonderful power and effect. The true test of such a work is not the impression it makes on transcendental pedants who condemn the composer because his practice does not follow their theories; because he has not confined himself within the arbitrary limits within which they insist elevated imagination shall be confined. On the contrary, the test is the effect his achievement has upon refined natures, who do not feel it incumbent upon them to think by rule. At each performance of this work here, the audience that has listened to it, certainly as cultivated an audience as our city can produce, has been profoundly stirred and deeply impressed by the lofty sentiment of this masterly effort. The musical genius of our day can show nothing equal in combined power, grandeur, tenderness, true poetic feeling and tremendous energy. Verdi's manifest aim was to produce what seemed to him the most impressive effect. He accomplished his task with unquestionable genius, preferring to think and write as a man of his era instead of trying to think after the fashion of a bygone time, and after the manner of composers with whom his temperament had no affinity. The chief censure of the martinets of style, who believe that no serious music is born out of Germany, is that Verdi has not written as Bach, Handel and Mozart have written. That point may be safely conceded. He has written as an Italian, and a great one. As such let him be judged.

The interpretation of this work on Thursday evening was the best it has received here. The choruses as a rule were grandly sung, the only fault being a slight fatigue shown in the wavering of the voices, which may perhaps be accounted for by the tremendous pace at which that body had been driven by rehearsals and performances. The orchestra merits unqualified praise for the brilliant quality of its work. The soloists were Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Cary, Signor Campanini and Mr. Whitney. Mrs. Smith did but scant justice to the soprano solos, and her intonation was often painfully false. The great solo triumph of the evening was achieved by Signor Campanini, who sang the "Ingemisco" magnificently, exciting a frenzy of enthusiasm in his hearers. The concerted music was delightfully interpreted. Taken altogether, the performance, despite a few shortcomings, will be memorable for its brilliancy, its strength, and the profound impression it created.

(From the *Sunday Courier*).

After hearing Verdi's *Requiem* for the third time, we can say, truthfully, that the work does not, as a whole, grow upon acquaintance. Its dramatic beauty thrills the first time—pleases the next—and leaves one unmoved the third. Its chromatic scales (of which there are dozens and dozens) show signs of wear, and its kettle-drums and sudden pauses become tame, since they no longer take one unawares. Of course, we have no intention of denying great beauty to some parts of the work as, for example, the opening number, the *Ingemisco*, the *Confutatis*, and others. The chromatic harmonies of *Quam Olim* are not widely different from effects which Mendelssohn introduces in his *Athalie*, and are more legitimate than the mere scramblings of double basses and brass in the other numbers. The chorus singing was not as good as when the work was previously given, and it only confirms the statement above, that the enthusiasm (of the chorus) seems to have evaporated. The attacks were not always prompt, the pianissimi never soft enough; but the broader portions, such as the *Dies Iræ*, were strongly given. The solo quartet, was the best balanced of the festival. Mrs. Smith's voice rang out with telling effect throughout, and she really accomplished Verdi's requirement of singing softly and sweetly in altissimo. Once or twice only, was there a wavering and indecisive tone, but her general work was excellent. Miss Cary sang her solos with electric power. To our mind, hers was the most artistic singing of all. Mr. Whitney sang the *Confutatis* finely, except at the passage, after the agitated chromatic runs, at the words *Voca Me*, where pathos (a quality which his grand voice lacks), was wanting. Campanini sang the *Ingemisco* very dramatically and with pathos. He committed one blunder which would have raised hisses in Italy; at the final phrase, he forgot where to take breath, and (wind failing) he cut the word *Dextra* in two, breathing in the middle of the first syllable. He was encored and repeated the song, but not the mistake. L. C. E.

LADY PIANISTS.

Pretty much the same principle holds good in pianoforte virtuosity at the present day in Germany as of novel-writing in England—both are almost entirely in the hands of women. On looking through the lists of English booksellers, we find at most only one romance from a masculine source to ten or twelve by female writers. A survey of our concert-bills gives about the same proportion between female and male pianists. Nay, in many a concert season, such as that just over, for instance, the male pianists seem to vanish altogether before the preponderance of their key compelling sisters. That this universally established and daily increasing supremacy of young ladies over the pianoforte does not greatly benefit them or the pianoforte is an opinion we have already often expressed. The similarity with female novelists does not entirely cease, even with regard to quality. We have many very excellent and some eminent lady pianists, while one here and there attains the height of accomplished male art. But this is an exception, only proving the rule that women, owing to their more tender organization, physical and intellectual, are restricted to a less extensive domain of art, mostly that of small, delicate delineation; and, even in the case of their most brilliant representatives, we miss a last decided something in grandeur and depth, in soaring boldness and free humor. We will not to-day again give utterance to our serious and unfortunately quite useless warning against the practical and social disadvantages attendant on the increasing number of young ladies who select as their career that of a virtuosa; we will merely mention the simple fact that, during the present scholastic year, out of some four hundred paying pianoforte pupils received at the Vienna Conservatory, more than three hundred and fifty belong to the gentler sex. To what is this to lead?—EDUARD HANSLICK, in the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

THE FIFTH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

SECOND CONCERT WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 5.

THE audience was even larger than on the opening night for *St. Paul*. Two strongly contrasted works were given: Spohr's Oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, for the first time here in twenty-five years, and Rossini's rather too familiar *Stabat Mater*. Both works are full of melody, though of a very different style. The general impression of the former corresponded essentially to the description which we have already given. All found the music sweet, melodious, delicately refined and finished; wrought out with a rare, peculiar subtlety of harmony, with much contrapuntal skill, and with a perfect mastery of orchestral means,—modest compared with the orchestras of to-day. The sweetness, however, with the perpetual chromatic and even enharmonic modulation, while, everything was beautiful in detail, was cloying on the whole. A few bars, now and then, of plain diatonic harmony would have been so refreshing! whereas at each harmonic step we have an accidental flat or sharp, or double

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flat or sharp, either in the upper or the lower part, if not in both! Spohr never could divest himself of his mannerism, great musician as he was.

Then, as a treatment of an awful theme, this whole music, with hardly an exception, is extremely mild and amiable, as we have said before; and for the most part the texts selected justify it. Only one of the choruses: "*Destroyed is Babylon*," in the second part, taken with the (not immediately preceding) Bass recitative: "*The day of wrath is near*," contains any hint of anything appalling. There are several grand, majestic choruses, like the opening, "Praise his awful name," and the final, "Thine is the kingdom, Hallelujah," etc. But there are more of tender and fine feeling, and beauty, some of which are heard occasionally in churches. The chorus singing and accompaniment was all admirably well done.

* The solos, as we have said before, form rather a secondary element in the work. Miss Ida W. Hubbell, the soprano, sang with Intelligence and taste, as well as with zeal and fervor; she has a clear and telling voice, sometimes a little strident in the highest tones,—a voice which holds its own against full orchestra and chorus, but not particularly sympathetic. Miss Winnant's rich, sympathetic alto was very serviceable in several quartets. Mr. Courtney, the tenor, was in better voice than commonly before, and sang, as he always sings, with true style and expression. Mr. M. W. Whitney was more fully himself, more thoroughly alive, and less the passive slave of his grand bass voice, than in *St. Paul*.

The orchestra throughout was satisfactory, and it has really the most important part. Besides the long overture, which is serious and impressive, and contains many beauties, there is a yet longer introductory symphony to the second part, where, if anywhere, one would expect to feel a dark and terrible foreboding of the wrath to come. On the contrary, it is almost festive,—at least the larger part of it; it moves with a gay, buoyant rhythm, and seems like the prelude to some gorgeous pageant. Does it perhaps mean (we heard the question asked) that "in the midst of life we are in death," that in the midst of joy and merriment the great doom may overtake us unawares? Think what we may of Spohr's oratorio, it certainly added, in the way of contrast and of knowledge, to the interest of the Festival. We should not wholly forget Spohr; even in this form he is worthy of revival now and then.

If any musical work of equal magnitude and merit can be called hackneyed, it is Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. It is the one thing always put up by the travelling Italian and other opera troupes, when they wish to utilize a Sunday evening by giving a "sacred" concert. We have performances of it, good, bad and indifferent, without end. It cannot be called a predictably serious and impressive work; Rossini himself, in a conversation with Ferdinand Hiller, spoke of it as only *mezzo serio*. But it is beautiful, it is genial music; it abounds in melody,—clear, spontaneous, original, and full of sensuous charm, while portions of it go deeper and are almost sublime, particularly the opening and the *Inflammatus* (this time wisely made the closing piece, omitting the weak fugue). All the singers like it, because it affords fine opportunities for their voices.

On this occasion, so good was the performance, the work seemed to have received a fresh lease of life; we listened to it all with unexpected pleasure; it was an agreeable surprise to find that after all it had still something interesting to say to us,—nay, positively fascinating after such overstrained efforts as the *Mozart Requiem* and the *Deluge*.

It was indeed an admirable performance as a whole, and in nearly every part. The choruses rolled out with a clear, full, satisfying volume; light and shade, accent, color, were carefully regarded, and the accompaniment was excellent. The great sensation of the performance was Signor Campanini's singing of the *Cujus animam*. The wonderful power and sweetness of his tenor voice, so evenly developed throughout its great compass, his perfect method, great endurance, sure and finished execution, were only equalled by the fervor and the freedom with which he gave out his best. And it was all unimpeachable in point of taste. He did not, like most tenors, shout this aria in a loud, aggressive style, making it a mere display of startling power; there was much of delicacy, of tender and fine feeling, revealed in his subdued, expressive rendering. Miss Annie Cary (her first appearance in the Festival) was perfectly at home in the contralto parts, and never were her noble voice, her consummate execution, her whole honest, hearty style of singing shown to more advantage. Miss Fanny Kellogg had hardly the physical strength for the *Et inflammatus*, though it was an intelligent and creditable effort: but in the rest of the soprano part she was eminently successful. Mr. J. F. Winch, too, proved himself quite adequate to the trying *Pro peccatis*, and the requirements of the bass parts generally.

THIRD CONCERT, THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony, with the miscellaneous selections that preceded it, drew an overflowing audience. First came (for the third time in Boston) Mr. Chadwick's Overture to *Rip Van Winkle*, heard with new interest from the fact that the young composer, who had recently returned from his studies in Germany, conducted it in person. He held the orchestra and the band, and was warmly received as soon as the public became aware who the conductor was. The work loses nothing upon renewed acquaintance.

Then Carl Zerrahn resumed his wonted place, and Mr. Charles R. Adams sang the *Erl-King*, Schubert's Op. 1, with orchestral accompaniment, by no means overpowering or extravagant, by Berlioz. The singer was not in good voice as he was in *St. Paul*; yet we think justice has hardly been done to the fine qualities of his singing, which was certainly artistic and dramatic, although the contrasts of the three voices in the ballad fell short of the interpreter's intention. Then appeared Miss Thursby, whose sweet, light, birdlike tones were by no means destitute of pathos in the scene of poor, crazed Ophelia from the *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas. It was a charming, and a touching piece of vocalization, and seemed admirably suited to her; the audience were delighted. Miss Cary, in the fullness of her voice, and in her noblest style, with perfect ease of execution, sang the jealous Juno's Recitative: "Awake, Saturnia," and Aria: "Hence, tris, hence away!" from Handel's *Semele*, superbly. The short Psalm, without orchestra, by Mendelssohn: *Judge me, O God*, which we have described elsewhere, was very impressively sung by the great chorus, the unison passages being firm and massive, and the responses prompt and sure. It must beneforth be a favorite work in choral societies and large church choirs.

As for the *Ninth Symphony*, it will never cease to be decried for the "millionth" character of the "Hymn to Joy" portion, its overtax ing of average human voices by straining them up to an exceptionally high pitch, and keeping them there; nor will it ever cease to be the delight of all who know, or have had assurance, of its wonderful beauty, its inspired sublimity, its glorious expression of the sentiment of human brotherhood, and the pure, spontaneous, free religion of the universal heart. The number of the latter class of hearers is continually increasing, while the critics one by one have had to yield to the triumphant efficacy of not a few mainly successful, and altogether inspiring performances. On this last occasion we even thought the chorus more successful than the orchestra. The prime condition of success, *enthusiasm*, clearly possessed the singers. In the most difficult parts, in the sustained high notes of the religious climax, it all *sounded* well, however inconsiderately (for voices) Beethoven may have written it. The high soprano tone was smooth and sweet, and hardly ever shrill, so that the ideal of the tone-poet made itself felt for once, if never before. The quartet of soloists, Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dudley, were, with occasional momentary short-comings in one part or another, more nearly equal to their arduous task than any we remember to have had before, even in that almost impossible quadruple cadenza. Mr. Dudley has a manly, ponderous, telling bass voice, which he wields to good purpose, and led off in the vocal work, after the suggestion of the orchestral basses, very nobly, giving a spirited impulse to the entire chorus. The orchestra, of over seventy, played the three purely instrumental movements on the whole very finely, especially the heavenly Adagio. The first movement might perhaps have been made a little clearer; and we are not sure that the Scherzo, especially where the rhythm changes to 4-4 in the Trio, did not suffer from the extremely rapid tempo. The double basses burst their bonds and talked out very effectually where the need of human utterance makes itself first felt. Certain we are that the great mass of the audience—those who gave themselves simply up to the music and the thought—found it a delightful, glorious experience, and went home edified, and in a happy, hopeful and believing frame of mind. If *St. Paul* was the best achievement of the Festival, this was the other best.

FOURTH CONCERT, Thursday evening — Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*, preceded by Mr. Dudley Buck's Symphonic Overture on Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, formed the programme. On a first hearing, the Overture appeared to be a good square piece of orchestral writing, largely laid out, clear and symmetrical in form, effectively and richly instrumented, with several good themes well developed, although perhaps at too great length. It is the work of a clever and experienced composer, one perfectly at home in all the routine of his art, to whom the plastic faculty of form has become almost unconsciousness. Yet it did not impress us as very original in ideas or treatment, but rather as an essentially commonplace, though outwardly impos ing specimen of clever, good musicianship. Mr. Buck can do better things. We speak of it purely from the musical point of view; our recollection of Scott's *Marmion* is not distinct enough to warrant any judgment as to how far the music is a successful illustration of the poem.

Verdi's *Requiem* (heard here for the third time) seemed to call forth the best energies of the orchestra and chorus, and to prove highly satisfactory to the great mass of the large and eager audience. Of the composition itself, its merits and defects, its great ingenuity and skill,—in some respects originality; the beauty of the opening and many of the middle portions; the preponderance of graphic, realistic and sensational portrayal of the terrors of the Day of Wrath; the artificial, labored show of contrapuntal learning; but the vivid, splendid, picturesque effects of highly colored instrumentation, we have recorded our impressions before, nor do we find them in any way essentially changed or modified. It is not a question of form; that Verdi has not written like a German, but like an Italian he he is, is of no consequence. The question is one of sentiment, of beauty, of poetic and artistic feeling: is the music genial and refined, or is it coarse and artificial? Does it appeal to the deepest feelings of the soul, or only to the sense of wonder? Does it win, inspire and elevate, or does it only startle? We feel that just here is its weakness; it's appeal is not to the best that there is in us; it does not—or only seldom—touch the springs of deep religious love and aspiration, but it appeals to fear. Those texts of the old Latin hymn, which offers the best chance for great sensational display of orchestral effects, are the texts chiefly dwelt upon; it is not so with the greater masters like Mozart, Jomelli, Cherubini,—

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the last two Italians just as much as Verdi. If it were a question of mere *form*, then it would readily be seen that Verdi himself has made it so, for, next to the sensational element in this work, is it not the struggling effort to compete with the old masters in this very matter of form, in fugue, and polyphonic treatment, which lends a novel interest to this *Requiem?* No one will ask him to write *like* Bach, like Mozart or Beethoven, like Cherubini even; but it is fair to ask whether he has written anything as good, as beautiful and true, as independent of the moment's popular impression.

The performance on the whole was excellent. Chorus and orchestra were very seldom at fault. The grander scene-painting came out vividly and strongly. Light and shade were for the most part carefully regarded. The arias and concerted pieces were mostly satisfactory. Mrs. H. M. Smith's clear and powerful soprano voice did good service, though sometimes its effects were overstrained and marred by impure intonation. Miss Cary was altogether equal to her part. Signor Campanini made another great success in the aria: "Ingemisco," and was applauded to the echo. Mr. M. W. Whitney sang the bass solos with grand sonority and dignity.

Fifth Concert, Friday evening, May 7. — The "Spring" and "Summer" from Haydn's *Seasons* offered the greatest possible contrast, most refreshing and most soothing, to the unpeaceful *Requiem* of the night before, and the overwhelming *Deluge* that immediately followed. The fresh, spontaneous, lovely melody served to restore the healthy tone of life again. The music is so uniformly beautiful, flows so easily and naturally, is everywhere so smooth and exquisite, so altogether musical, so free from anything at all forced or sensational, that for this very reason some spoiled appetites are apt to find it commonplace, conventional and dull. The fault is in themselves. To the most musical, to the more deep poetic natures, it was the most delightful. Composed by an old man of seventy, it is the happiest expression of a most genial, child-like sympathy with nature. Its flowing honey does not cloy like that of Spohr. It presents a varied picture nowhere over-colored, nowhere weak or tame. All is characteristic, free from startling contrast and extravagance. The chorus of the thunder storm, so naturally prepared by passages descriptive of the intense midsummer heat, may be a puny tempest by the side of Saint-Saëns's picture of the *Deluge*, but intrinsically it is more near to Nature and more powerful.

It was sung and played *Con amore.* All the choruses went well except the first, "Come, gentle Spring," which was a little scrambling. The soprano melody was particularly suited to the voice and graceful, naïve style of Miss Thursby, who sang most charmingly. Mr. Adams was again in better voice, and with his true artistic instinct gave a most expressive rendering of the tenor part; especially in the Recitative and Air descriptive of the summer heat and its effects: "Distressful nature fainting sinks," he realized the full intention of the music in the most complete and tasteful manner. It is always a pleasure to listen to so true an artist, even if his voice be not in its best condition. Mr. Whitney sang the song of the "Husbandman," and indeed all that fell to his share, very finely.

The general verdict on the Cantata, *The Deluge*, by Saint-Saëns, was, it must be confessed, upon the whole unfavorable, and for once, we think, the popular verdict was about right. The vocal writing seems to have interested very few, while plentiful praise and admiration have been lavished on the transcendant brilliancy and power of its descriptive instrumentation. All the usual and unusual means, to be sure, of the modern orchestra are employed to work up the actual description of the rising of the waters to a fearful and extraordinary climax. It begins suggestively with a faint, watery tremolo, and presently a bubbling and gurgling sound of flutes, and a chromatic whistling of the wind, all quite exciting to the imagination, till finally the great deeps are unloosed with universal, stunning tumult, the like of which in intensity, variety and cumulative persistency of noise, still kept within the bounds of music, was never realized before. Of course the culminating point of rest, and the subsiding of the waters, is turned to good account by the ingenious composer. But taken as a whole, the work, instrumentally as well as vocally, is to our feeling weak, coarse, wilful, wanting dignity, unequal to the subject, and unworthy of a composer who in other things has shown so much genius, though of an idiosyncratic character, and so much musical learning and *savoir faire*.

The orchestral prelude, (which, strange to say, was much applauded, probably for its mere sensuous charm of sound) is but a vague, creeping, wandering, monotonous, tiresome piece of "endless melody," to use the Wagnerian phrase, which we found singularly dreary and which seemed to come to nothing. Was it meant to represent the spiritual inanity of a race hopelessly lost in sin? This is further explained, and feebly, in a few vocal solos which follow; and then comes the central motive of the whole first, and indeed the second part, upon the words: "This race I'll exterminate surely!" It has an undignified and jig-like rhythm, which it is almost blasphemy to put into the mouth of the Almighty; yet it is first sung as a tenor solo, and then worked up in chorus, to reappear occasionally in emphatic trombone blasts in the midst of the great deluge scene. A few sentences of bass recitative, simple and majestic, would have conveyed the idea more impressively. Then comes a short sing-song chorus in recognition of the upright Noah, about as commonplace and homely as the song "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man."

After the great flood has begun to subside, we have in Part III. most interesting and suggestive themes for an imaginative composer: the scattering of the clouds, the sending out of the dove, the olive branch, the descent from the ark, the rainbow, etc., etc., and here indeed we find the gentlest and most pleasing portion of the music. But again all is spoiled by what should be a sublime conclusion. The command: "Increase and multiply" naturally suggests a fugue. But what a fugue we get! Learned enough, ingenious enough it may be, but desperately dry and uninspiring; the second phrase of the theme is most undignified and scrambling.

The English words are often difficult to sing, and no wonder, for it is commonly a thankless task to turn French vocal texts into anything like singable English.

The performance on the whole was as good as could reasonably be required, especially the orchestral work. And the principal vocalists (Miss Hubbell, Miss Winant, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dudley) did themselves as much credit as could be expected in such music.

— Want of room compels us to postpone our review of the last two concerts.

BERLIOZ'S "FAUST."

Mr. Lang's great zeal and energy in bringing out *La Damnation de Faust*, for the first time in Boston, on Friday evening, May 14, were crowned with success. The means employed were adequate: an excellent orchestra of sixty (Mr. Listemann at their head), a select, well-trained, efficient chorus, of two hundred and twenty mixed voices, and four good solo singers. The rehearsals had been thorough, the reports from New York had excited eager interest in advance, and the Music Hall was crowded with the best kind of an audience. The result was in the main most satisfactory. Hundreds came away convinced of the inventive genius and originality, the many-sided power, the rare musicianship and learning, the consummate *savoir faire*, of Berlioz. Pieces, in every form, of tender or romantic beauty, of startling and terrific power, of vivid portraiture and scenical suggestion, were found in abundance. It is a mingling of many elements: the sentimental; the deep brooding, thoughtful, discontented; the comic and grotesque; the airy, fairy, tricksy, will-o' the wisp; the martial and exhilarating; and, more than all, the fiendish and the terrible. One quality pervades it all, — intensity, and this alike whether it spring from real feeling, as when it expresses the brooding melancholy of Faust, and the love of Faust and Marguerite, or from a mere passion for effects as in the "Racoczy March," the "Ride to Hell," etc. What Berlioz does, he does with all his might. The strangeness of his genius, on the other hand, was felt: its bizarre and sometimes repulsive traits, the hard side that it has, the defiant, wilful, almost cruel pleasure in humiliating contrasts and surprises, the singular sympathy with the unbelieving, scoffing, Mephistophelian element; and consequently the frequent sacrifice of musical charm, as such, to this sort of indulgence. This Mephistophelian element is after all the main-spring and motive of the whole work, in spite of any formal apotheosis of Marguerite. Not so with Goethe; his *Faust* is optimistic.

But the music, in all its moods, is almost always interesting, and takes hold with a certain strange magnetic power. The orchestral alone, of which Berlioz is a consummate master, would make it so, however weak it might be otherwise. We must wait for room and leisure to enter into anything like an analysis of so remarkable a work, and doubtless opportunities will be furnished by more than one repetition of the *Faust* in the next fall or winter. For the present a few first impressions must suffice.

We thought the opening portion, Part I., where Faust is wandering in the Plains of Hungary, musically one of the best. The orchestral accompaniment to his soliloquy, so suggestive of the sunrise and the verdure, and the scents and sounds of the woods and fields, with now and then literal bird-like imitations from the piccolo and horns, is very beautiful; only perhaps too rich and overloaded, suggesting a heavy atmosphere and an overpowering tumult of sweet sounds. But from a subjective point of view, to Faust himself, the very breath and smile and song of Nature might be depressing. The chorus of peasants is thoroughly naïve and charming, one of the most beautiful things in the whole work. Now comes the distant sound of approaching soldiers, and the Racoczy March (a separate inspiration, for the bringing in of which this scene is placed in Hungary) breaks out. We like it best in the simplest form as he first gives it; but it is worked up to a wonderful orchestral climax as it goes on.

Part II. opens with Faust brooding in his study; the introduction is sombre and impressive, but Gounod has surpassed it in that prelude which in the theatre is always thrown away upon an inattentive audience. The Easter hymn is very beautiful, a pure, religious piece of harmony, lifting the mind upward; and it was finely sung. With a sudden sharp orchestral figure, like a flash of lightning, appears Mephistopheles, and in like manner he is always heralded. The chorus of drinkers (in Auerbach's cellar), Brander's "Song of the Rat," with its provokingly short, vulgar rhythm, the satirical but regularly built, ecclesiastical "Amen" fugue which follows, the fiend's "Song of the Flea," with all the dialogue, are grotesque enough, and wonderfully clever; but Faust soon sickens of such specimens of "low life," and the scene changes to the banks of the Elbe, where Faust is sung to sleep by a most exquisite chorus of gnomes and sylphs, worthy of Mendelssohn, or of the opening scene in *Oberon*, but very different. This too was charmingly sung. And then the orchestral Dance of Sylphs, which follows, shows an almost inexhaustible vein of fairy fancy. On the way to the home of Marguerite, whom he has seen in dream, choruses of soldiers and carousing students are heard, finally mingling their 6-8 and 2-4 rhythm in a skilful manner, making a bustling, noisy contrast to the quiet, tender scene that follows.

Part III. Faust in Marguerite's chamber. Here is some of the loveliest music in the half-hushed, expectant aria of Faust, and the wonderfully expressive wandering melody of the violins alone, as he walks slowly about the room, examining with passionate curiosity what he sees. As a whole, however, the love scene did not impress us as the best part of the work. It has many delicate and lovely passages; but the "King of Thule" ballad, conceived as an old Gothic song, lacks real melody, and has a hard and artificial character. So, too, farther on, Marguerite's "Meine Ruh ist hin" lacks simplicity, being elaborately *composed through*, with change of rhythm and accompaniment for every stanza. Here, in the first meeting and the sacred privacy of the dream-acquainted lovers, comes some of the most fascinating, and at the same time most uncanny, music. Mephisto conjures up his will-o' the wisps (*Irrlichter*, "lights that do mislead"), to weave their fatal spell, in an intoxicating and bewitching minuet, around the unsuspecting hearts and senses of the innocents, entranced by the young miracle of love. It is a wierd, wondrous, and inveigling piece of instrumental music. And then Mephisto's serenade, borrowing a text from poor, crazed Ophelia's love-lorn ditty, is absolutely fiendish, with the ringing *ha-ha* of the spirits. The duet of the lovers is beautiful and tender, until the interruption of the fiend, and the

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infernal taunting chorus of the gossips whom he has gathered round the house.

One of the grandest passages is Faust's "Invocation to Nature," in the scene entitled "Forests and Caverns," one of the noblest parts of Goethe's poem. Here we reach the climax of the fateful drama; here, at the acme of Faust's discontent, the Evil one steps in, informs him of poor Marguerite's imprisonment and condemnation, and persuades him, under the delusion that he thus may save her, to sign the fatal scroll. No time is lost, he summons his two black steeds, and instantly begins the more and more terrible and breathless "ride to Hell." The galloping rhythm has an alarming persistency; on their way they pass and frighten off a group of peasants singing to the virgin; skeletons and monstrous shapes crowd round them, with hideous, appalling sounds; Faust is horror-struck; but the demon urges on his steeds, and suddenly the fatal plunge is made into the sulphureous abyss; and it is all wrought up with such imaginative power, that the listener almost seems to make the plunge himself. This all reminds one of the ghastly ride in Raff's *Lenore* symphony; but it is far superior to that and very probably suggested it. The scene called "Pandemonium," the welcoming chorus of the demons in an outlandish tongue, was wisely omitted, and the performance closed with the Apotheosis of Marguerite, in a chorus of aërial and celestial harmony.

Mr. Lang had orchestra and chorus well in hand, and all was complete except that the two harps were replaced by two pianos. The only drawback of importance was, that the orchestra too frequently covered up the voices. This was particularly the case (where we sat) with the part of Mephistopheles, although Mr. Clarence E. Hay has a sonorous bass voice, and sang extremely well. Mrs. Humphrey Allen's pure, clear, sweet soprano, and chaste, tasteful and expressive style of singing, were singularly well suited to the part of Marguerite. Mr. William J. Winch sang the tenor part of Faust with true expression and with fine effect, although he was obliged now and then to spare himself in a sustained high passage. Mr. Schlesinger, an amateur, showed disinterested good nature in undertaking the thankless little part of Brander, of which he made perhaps as much as any singer could expect to make.

CROWDED OUT.—The Festival and Berlioz monopolize all our available space. Meanwhile there have been some highly interesting concerts to which we must revert hereafter, for instance, those by Mr. Perabo, Mr. Preston, Mr. Tucker; above all, the two admirable programmes of Joseffy, with the aid of Adamowsky and Wolf Fries; the successful concert of Madame Cappiani and her pupils; the Apollo and the Boylston Club, etc.

Our concert calendar has nearly run out. There yet remain, however, the third Joseffy concert, for this afternoon, in which, with the exception of one piece with Mr. Lang, the entire programme—an extremely rich and varied one—will be performed by the wonderful Hungarian pianist; and, on Monday evening, the repetition by the Cecilia, with orchestra, of Max Bruch's *Odysseus*.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 6.—The Heine Quartet closed its series of Chamber Music Recitals, April 28th, with the following programme:

String Quartet (B flat), ... Mozart.
Sonata for Piano and Violin, op. 47, ... Beethoven.
Andante con Variazioni, Finale, Presto.
Misses Mary and Lizzie Heine.
Trio for Violin, Viola and 'Cello, op. 9, No. 3, Beethoven.
Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, op. 25, J. Brahms.
Andante con moto, Rondo alla Zingarese.

The performances have been exceedingly creditable, and it is a good sign that six such concerts could be given here in one season by local talent. The audiences, though not large, have been fair in size, and enthusiastic in temper.

The 270th concert of the Musical Society presented a composition for solos, chorus and orchestra, by Geo. Vierling, a composer not yet well known in America, but one of high standing in Germany, both for talent and musicianship. The text of this work is founded on the familiar episode known in legendary Roman history as *The Rape of the Sabines*. After the orchestral prelude, Romulus opens the action in a short recitative announcing that all quarrels between the Romans and the Sabines are amicably settled. Then follows at once a joyous chorus of the two peoples, rejoicing over the cessation of strife, giving thanks to the gods and invoking their blessing on the newly sworn compact. Annius, a Roman, whose love-episode with Claudia is to form a main interest of the story, invites to festal pleasures. A chariot race follows, in which Annius is victor, the crowd celebrating his praise in a spirited double chorus. Then the Sabine maidens dance and sing, while the Romans look on enchanted, and Annius declares his love for Claudia in a passionate aria. The Romans join in the chorus of the Sabine women. Then comes a wrestling match in which Annius's victory is again celebrated in an exciting double chorus. At the end of this the Romans begin to warn each other that the time approaches for their plan of seizing the women to be carried into effect. They watch for the signal, which Romulus gives by striking on his shield. He gives the order, and the women are at once seized and hurried within the walls, protesting, and calling on their fathers and brothers for help. This chorus forms the climax for the first part, and with it, the "Rape of the Sabines" is completed. Part II. deals with the unsuccessful attempt of the Sabine men to rescue their women, but the main interest of it centres upon the loves of Annius and Claudia. Claudia reproaches Annius with bitter scorn for his treachery, and declares that, though a weak woman, she will never become the wife of a man who has sought to obtain her by violence. Annius replies passionately that he cannot regret what he has done; his passionate love for her drove him to his act of violence. She grows more and more disdainful, assures him that he has only secured her hatred, not her love, and that she will kill herself sooner than wed him. At last, stung to the quick, Annius gives her his own sword, bidding her kill him, since she hates him so; he will at least die loving her. She takes the sword, but she has at last reached the end of her paroxysm of passion, and a reaction has already begun; his behavior has already softened her, and a terrible inward struggle ensues between her old hate and her dawning love. Annius notes the signs of her change of feeling, and, confident that he has won her, he goes out to beat off the Sabines, who have assembled to rescue their women. While the Romans are gone, the women assemble in the temple of Diana and pray for deliverance, but Claudia watches the progress of the fight from the walls. She sees the Romans victorious, but Annius slain, and over his corpse she acknowledges her love for him in a burst of passionate grief. The whole ends with a new reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines, the former keeping their booty, and all joining in celebrating the kingly race which is to spring from the union of the two peoples.

This text might have been made into an extremely effective opera, instead of a dramatic cantata. It is, however, exceedingly effective in its present form. Both choruses and solos are characteristic of the situations and of the dramatic moments of the play. The composition is musician-like, and the instrumentation is as good as the rest of the technical treatment.

The performance was, on the whole, a good one. The choruses went mostly with spirit, in spite of some timidity in attack on the part of the ladies, who are comparatively inexperienced singers, and also in spite of fatigue due to over-rehearsal. Mr. Luening's enthusiasm led him into this mistake. He needs to temper his zeal slightly, but is nevertheless entitled to great credit. J. C. F.

BALTIMORE. — (Letter of May 3, concluded from page 50).—The following works have been performed during the fourteenth season of the Peabody Students' Concerts:—

J. S. Bach:
a. Air from the Whitsuntide cantata.
Miss Lizzie Kruger.
b. Toccata, E minor. For piano.
Miss Agnes Hoen.

Beethoven:
a. Piano-trio, G. Work 1. No. 2.
Miss Agnes Hoen, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.
b. Serenade, D. Work 8. For string-trio.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Jungnickel.
c. String-trio, G. Work 9. No. 1.
Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
d. Piano-trio, B flat. Work 11.
Miss Nora Freeman, Messrs. Lanier and Jungnickel.
e. Piano-quartet, E flat. Work 16.
Miss Helen Todhunter, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.
f. String-quartet, C minor. Work 18. No. 4.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
g. Sonata, A. Work 30. No. 6. For piano and violin.
Miss Helen Todhunter and Mr. Fincke.
h. String-trio, C major. Work 87. (three times).
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Schaefer.
i. Piano-trio, B flat. Work 97. No. 6. (three times).
Mrs. Isabel Dobbin, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.
j. Fragments from opera "Fidelio."
Miss Emma Berger, Miss Lizzie Kruger, Misses Seldner, and Barrett, Messrs. Glass and Lincoln.

Cherubini:
a. String-quartet, E flat. No. 1. (twice). 1760-1842.
Messrs. Fincke, Allen, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
b. Cavatina, from the opera "The Water Carrier."
Mr. William Lincoln.

R. Franz:
Songs, with piano. 1815.
Mr. H. Glass.

Gade:
Novelets, A minor. Work 29. For piano and strings.
Miss Sarah Schoenberg, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.

Asger Hamerik:
Love Song, from work 25. Transcription for piano. 1843.
Miss Mabel Latham.

Handel:
a. Recitative and Air, from "Joshua."
Mr. Wm. Byrn.
b. Theme, with variations. "The Harmonious Blacksmith."
Mr. Adam Itzel.
c. Duet, from "Israel in Egypt."
Messrs. Wm. Byrn, and J. Doherty.

Emil Hartmann:
a. Serenade, A. Work 24. For piano and strings. 1836.
Miss Sarah Schoenberg, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.
b. Piano-trio, B flat major. Work 10.
Miss Mabel Latham, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.

Haydn:
a. String-quartet, F. Work 3. No. 3.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.
b. String-quartet, B flat. Work 71. No. 1.
Messrs. Allen, Schaefer, Gibson and Jungnickel.
c. String-quartet, B flat. Work 76. No. 1.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.

J. N. Hummel:
Piano-trio, E flat. Work 12. No. 1. 1778-1837.
Mr. Adam Itzel, Messrs. Fincke, and Jungnickel.

Ex-student, Edwin A. Jones:
String-quartet, F. Work 1.
Messrs. Fincke, Allen, Schaefer and Jungnickel.

Fr. Lachner:
Piano-Quintet, C minor. Work 145. No. 2. 1804-1876.
Mr. Ross Jungnickel, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.

Fr. Liszt:
Mignon, song with piano. 1811.
Miss Mary Kelley.

Mendelssohn:
a. Prelude and Fugue, E minor. Work 35. No. 1.
Mr. Adam Itzel.
b. Variations Serieuses, D minor. Work 54.
Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover.
c. Songs, for two sopranos. Complete.
Miss Kate Dickey, Miss Ida Crow.

Mozart:
a. Piano-quartet, G minor. No. 1. (twice).
Miss Mabel Latham, Miss Esther Murdoch, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
b. Piano-trio, E flat. No. 7. (twice).
Mr. Ross Jungnickel, Messrs. Fincke, and Schaefer.
c. String-quartet, E flat. No. 14.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.
d. String-quartet, C major. No. 17.
e. Song, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Kate Dickey.
f. Countess air, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Marie Becker.
g. Cavatina, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Rose Barrett.
h. Recitative and Air, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Mary Kelly.

Schubert:
a. Impromptu, C minor. Work 90. For piano.
Esther Murdoch.
b. Trout-quintet, A major. Work 114.
Miss Agnes Hoen, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, Jungnickel, and Leutbecher.
c. Songs, with piano.
Miss Kate Dickey.
d. Song, from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline."
Miss Sallie Murdoch.

Schumann:
a. Carnival. Work 9. Fragments.
Miss Helen Todhunter.
b. Songs, with piano.
Mr. H. Glass.

Arthur Sullivan:
Songs, with piano. (twice). 1842.
Miss Lizzie Kruger.

Verdi:
Scene and Cavatina, from "Attila." 1814.
Miss Helen Winternitz.

R. Wagner:
Spring Song, from "The Valkyria." 1810.
Mr. H. Glass.

Weber:
a. Recitative and Air, from "The Freischütz."
Miss Rose Barrett.
b. Scene and Air, from "Oberon."
Miss Rose Seldner. C. F.

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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

I.

THE "FAUST" OF JOSEPH STRAUSS, OF G. LICKL, OF THE RITTER SEYFRIED, OF BISHOP, OF CARL EBERWEIN, OF BEANCOURT, OF BARON FRÉLAKERT, OF SCHUBERT, OF MLLE. LOUISE BERTIN AND OF LINDPAINTNER.

Faust was the constant and favorite occupation of Goethe, the work of his whole life. "Here it is more than sixty years since I conceived the *Faust*," he says to William von Humboldt, on the 17th of March, 1832, in the last letter that he wrote; "I was young then, and I had already clearly in my mind, if not all the scenes with their detail, at least all the ideas of the work. This plan has never quitted me; throughout my life it has quietly accompanied me, and from time to time I have developed the passages which interested me for the time being." . . . The poem of *Faust*, as everybody knows, is divided into two very distinct parts. The first appeared in 1807; the second, commonly called *The Second Faust*, only saw the light in 1831, after being the preferred labor of the great poet to the decline of his days. But music did not wait so long. Scarcely had seven years passed since the appearance of the first *Faust*, when it resolutely attacked this gigantic work.

Joseph Strauss[2] was the first to enter upon the career. A musician of merit, pupil of Teyber and of Albrechtsberger, and a very able violinist, Strauss was by turns first violin at the theatre of Pesth, musical director at Temeswar in Hungary, and finally capellmeister at Mannheim. It was towards 1814 that he brought out in a province of Transylvania, where he was director of the German Opera, his opera, *The Life and Actions of Faust.*

One year later another musician, George Lickl,[3] distinguished as a professor of the piano and organist, got hold of the same subject, and lengthening the title, to distinguish himself from his predecessor, gave his opera, *The Life, the Actions, and the Descent of Faust to Hell*, at the Theater Schikaneder, in Vienna.

Five years rolled away between this attempt and the next. In 1820 the Chevalier Ignaz-Xavier von Seyfried[4] had represented at Vienna, under the title of *Faust*, a melodrama of which he had composed the music. The Chevalier was no novice. He had had the honor of being a pupil of Mozart for the piano, of Haydn for harmony, and of Winter for dramatic composition. Of these three illustrious masters he had retained, it seems, only an unparalleled zeal for labor; and, if he was destitute of all originality, he had at least the reputation of an indefatigable worker.

Another interval of five years, and an English composer, Bishop,[5] pupil of Bianchi, brought out in London, at Covent Garden Theatre where he was musical director, an opera *Faustus*, which, although signed with his name, was in reality only a more or less successful arrangement of Spohr's *Faust*. This kind of work, indeed, was the not very meritorious specialty of this author, who after the same fashion wrote a considerable number of dances, vaudevilles, melodies and *pasticci*.

About the same period, Carl Eberwein, the same who, while a very young man, charmed the leisure hours of Goethe by his talent on the piano, composed an overture and some melodramatic music for *Faust*, at the same time that he wrote entr'actes for several dramas of the poet and an overture for his monodrama of *Proserpine;* these various works were given with success at Weimar. This composer, who became musical director of that city, where he was born in 1784, had learned music under the direction of his father, while he made his literary and scientific studies at the gymnasium of Weimar. Later, he received lessons in harmony and composition from his older brother Maximilian; but he possessed ideas more original than his brother, and a richer fund of invention. These gifts of nature vanished as his admiration for the works of Mozart grew; he contented himself with imitating, as closely as possible, the style and formulas of his favorite master.

At length, in 1827, the tragedy of Goethe was transported for the first time upon the French stage, but under what a form and with what music! *Faust*, an opera in three acts, words by Théaulon and Gondelier, music by Beancourt, was played Oct. 27, 1827, at the theatre des Nouveautés. The music shall not have the privilege of arresting our attention; let it suffice to know that it was drawn from various French operas. But what a pitiful *brouvario* was this of Théaulon, what a miserable parody! Those of our readers who would like to form an idea of it, have only to open the journals of the time, especially the *Constitutionnel;* there they will find a very amusing recital of a piece which was very little so itself. Four actors of talent were charged with interpreting this lyrico-burlesque drama: Bouffé and Armand played Mephistopheles and Frederic (read Faust), Mme. Albert impersonated Marguerite, and Casaneuve represented her father, the good-man Conrad, a retired old soldier, whose figure is often found in the vaudevilles of the period.

Such is the charm inherent in the creations of genius that, even when disfigured by the most vulgar arranger, they preserve the gift of attracting and seducing real artists. Thus it was with Goethe's drama. Although cut up and travestied as we have seen, it had still the singular power of tempting a man sincerely fond of musical matters. The Baron de Peslacrt[6] was the son of an ancient Chamberlain of Napoleon I.; he had been sub-lieutenant of infantry, was then attached to the staff, and was decorated at the siege of Antwerp. Unfortunately he could only consecrate to Art the moments of respite which the military career allowed him; but he was passionately fond of work, and, in the want of librettos, he wrote the poems of his first operas himself. Finally he had performed at Brussels several works which were not without merit, notably his *Faust* (March 1834), which obtained a real success, being very well sung by Chollet and Mlle. Prévost for the parts of Faust and Marguerite.

Without composing an opera of *Faust*, Franz Schubert has set to music some scenes of the drama, and four of his melodies are exact transcripts from the text of Goethe. The best known, *Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel*, which he dedicated to Count Moritz von Fries, renders in a touching manner the grief of Marguerite and the bitter joy she experiences in retracing the happiness that has vanished. The musician has found admirable accents to convey all the phases of delirium, of passion, from the beginning, sad, calm, resigned, to the instant where the poor girl cries out with a voice broken by emotion: "And the charm of his voice, the clasp of his hand, and, ah! his kiss!" . . . . to that last transport of love: "Ah! that I cannot seize him and embrace him forever!"

The ballad of *The King of Thule*, which Schubert wrote in 1816, is as touching in expression as it is simple in form. A year later he composed his *Marguerite imploring the image of the Virgin*, a page dramatically treated, which begins with a song full of unction, and grows more and more animated as the sinner, full of grief and of repentance, repeats her prayer more fervently and drags herself to the feet of the Mater Dolorosa. Three or four years earlier, Schubert had set to music the *Scene in the Church*, conceived exactly after the original text, but which may be sung by a single person, the chorus being written for one part. In imposing upon himself so restricted a canvas, Schubert could not pretend to compose a great dramatic page; but he knew how to lend true accents to each of his personages. The acrid irony of the demon, the burning despair of the ruined girl, the terrible grandeur of the religious chant, are there expressed with equal felicity, and Marguerite's cry for "Air!" is of heart-rending truth. This picture in miniature must not be compared to any of the creations which this scene has inspired in other composers, but it contains the sketch of a picture *hors ligne*.

These last two melodies, though comparatively little known, may count among the most beautiful of the celebrated composer;

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique: Ses Jugements, ses Influences, Les Oeuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880.—ED.

[2] Born at Brünn in 1750, died at Carlsruhe, Dec. 1, 1809.

[3] Born in Lower Austria in 1760; died in 1843 at Fundkirchen after being Capellmeister in Hungary.

[4] Born at Vienna in 1776; died there in 1841.

[5] Bishop (Henry Rowley), born in London in 1786; died there in 1855.

[6] Born at Bruges in 1793; died at St. Josse-Ten-Noode-lez-Bruxelles in 1856.

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but pages so pathetic are not so much melodies as they are veritable scenes of the drama, to which the orchestra alone is wanting. These four fragments of *Faust*, augmented by an unpublished chorus of angels (probably that of the Easter Festival), form, taken together, an ensemble of sufficient consequence to justify our title of the *Faust* of Schubert.

On the 8th of March, 1831, the Opera Italien of Paris announced the first performance of an opera called *Fausto*. It was in fact the first serious attempt in France to translate the work of Goethe. On this account it deserves to occupy our attention for a moment. The author was a woman, but a woman keenly interested in her art, and who had learned from the best masters the science of harmony and the art of composing. She held the pen with a practised hand, and her works, of a learned texture, bore in no way a feminine impress. Like a true artist, Mlle. Bertin had not consented to put into music a deformed *pasticcio* of the German work; she professed a too profound respect for the great name of Goethe. Accordingly the *scenario* which she adopted was a faithful reproduction of the capital situations of the drama. She had even the happy idea of preserving an episode disdained by those who came after her, and which lent itself singularly to the most fantastic colors. It is the scene entitled *The Witches' Kitchen*. It is midnight; gnomes, dwarfs, goat-footed devils, sprites, apes and monkeys proceed to their frightful mysteries and dance a Sabbath rondo round the flaming cauldron. The demon and his pupil arrive. Faust wishes to ask of the sorceress the magic potion which will give him back his youth; and while Mephisto, reclining on a couch and playing with a sprinkler, sneeringly says: "Behold me like a king upon his throne; I hold the sceptre; I want nothing but the crown," Faust, handling a mirror, distinguishes there the ravishing image of Marguerite. "What do I see? What celestial apparition shows itself in this magic mirror? Love, oh lend me thy most rapid wing and lead me where she lives!" etc.

The work of Mlle. Bertin met in the journals only kindly judges, who knew how to render justice to its merit, and also to dissemble wise criticisms under compliments quite flattering for a young woman. With regard to a person of consideration and good birth, an exaggerated praise would have been as much out of place as a too sharp criticism. There was a rock which the journalists turned with a great deal of address. See, for example, what was said by the *Revue de Paris:*

"Enlightened judges have appreciated and will yet appreciate this music, too new, too much out of the beaten track to be all at once popular. . . . . For the rest, the anticipations of the public, as it always happens, have been completely deceived. One expected from a young lady pure and graceful strains, sweet and perhaps tame melodies; one was afraid to see so grave, so powerful a subject thrown into feeble hands which it might crush. Great was the surprise to hear an instrumentation constantly new and varied, at times graceful, but more frequently energetic and sombre.

Meanwhile musical Germany was far from letting alone the masterpiece of Goethe. In 1832, Lindpaintner[1] brought out with abundant success, at Stuttgardt, a *Faust*, which was taken up at Berlin in 1854. The overture especially, is a piece of grand dramatic character and of a striking color. This creation does honor to this artist of talent, who, while remaining faithful to his post of Capellmeister to the king of Würtemberg from 1817 to the year of his death (1856), gave an example of a constancy too rare not be appreciated as it deserves.

(To be continued.)

MOZART'S SKULL.

On the fate experienced by Mozart's skull, the *Vossische Zeitung* contains the following very interesting communication, by the celebrated anatomist, Prof. Hyrtle, living in Perchtoldsdorf, near Vienna, who could not suppress some bitter and sharply contrasted remarks on the occasion of the Mozart Celebration, that lately took place in Vienna, and was received with great applause by the art-loving portion of society, as well as the general public. When Mozart died, there was not enough money found to bury him, and he was laid in the section allotted to the poor of the community. Only three persons accompanied this truly melancholy funeral, among them Schikaneder, the author of the *Magic Flute*. The most disagreeable, cold and rainy weather, undoubtedly had its share in the scant notice taken of the event.

When the sad train had arrived in the graveyard of St. Marx, near Vienna, a slip of paper, bearing the name of the departed, was as usual handed to the grave-digger, and it was now his concern to add it, as well as a mark for the grave in question, to the list in his books. Through a most peculiar combination of circumstances, the grave-digger had retained Mozart's name in vivid recollection. Once namely, when he went as usual in the time of his boyhood, with his father, —who was butler to some magistrate,—to mass at St. Stephens, they found the Dom crowded with people. Mozart's first mass, which he wrote as a boy of sixteen, was being performed. At that time, his father had held up Mozart so impressively before him, as the model of an ambitious youth, the imposing celebration made so powerful an impression upon him, that he retained the name vividly in his memory. And this gifted man, who was the highest ornament to his country, now received so miserable a burial in the "section for the poor!" Shaking his head, and much incensed over the fact, the grave-digger now put down more particularly in his journal: "A. W. Mozart, in the section for the poor, No. 4, last row, the first by the fence."

In these common graves, there were generally placed six rows of coffins, ten beside and over each other, together sixty in all. After about ten years, the remains were exhumed, and when this took place with the grave in question, the grave-digger gave strict orders to go to work carefully, as he was anxious to know how "the great musician might look now!" He found Mozart's head fallen under his left arm, took the skull with him to his house, wrapped it carefully in paper, and preserved it, again noting everything down. The man fell sick, and left to his successor, among various possessions, also Mozart's skull, which to this successor was of double value, as he was himself a musician.

At about this time died Prof. Hyrtle's mother, and was buried in the same graveyard. Hyrtle's brother, a very capable engraver in copper, and a still better violoncellist at the Beethoven Chapel, was an eccentric character, living alone, and possessing a kindly, childlike heart. Daily when his duties were ended, he betook himself to the churchyard, to spend a few moments reverently at his mother's grave. The grave-digger had remarked him for some time, and when once a violent torrent of rain came down while he remained in the churchyard, the grave digger very cordially invited him into his house, to wait for the passing of the storm. He did so, and the two men became friends, since both, as good musicians, instantly found in a common object of sympathy a like interest in each other. After the visit to the mother's grave they now played together, views and experiences were exchanged, and thus it happened that one day the friend gave his friend the joyful surprise of presenting him with Mozart's skull as a gift. Prof Hyrtle immediately received an invitation to come to his brother, where to his unspeakable joy and surprise he heard of the event. As an experienced anatomist, he immediately proved the harmony between the lines of the skull, and the portraits of Mozart, wrote a pamphlet in order to communicate the glad news to the art-loving world, and requested his brother to procure for him exact information as to the name of that grave-digger, his family, etc., and the latter betook himself for that purpose to the magistrate, where he was very politely shown to that official in the registry who had such matters in charge.

Here the story turns. The official, unpleasantly touched in the first place by a demand requiring his time,—asks for what purpose this name and date are demanded, listens to the report, and then remarks very indignantly that a grave-digger is under his oath of office, and has no right whatever to appropriate to himself any object, though it be only an exhumed bone. This remark was quite sufficient to fill the mind of Hyrtle's brother with all the horrors of an illegal transaction, in which he was now himself involved, so that he turned about immediately, wished to hear nothing more of the pamphlet and the glad sensation; nothing of publication, but peremptorily demanded the skull to give it up to the waters of the Danube. No prayers, no arguments were of any avail! The poor man was in such great excitement that the Professor, with a bleeding heart, was obliged to give up the precious relic. From that time a certain estrangement arose between the brothers.

"When my poor brother died," said Prof. Hyrtle, at the close of his interesting episode: "I had his musical instruments and different objects sold. I was present at the sad task of clearing out his room, when one of the men presented to me some object wrapped in paper, with the jeering remark that here was something very rare! That it was in truth! for beside, myself with joy, I recognized the Mozart skull, which I have since then preserved like a holy relic. In my will, I have made it over to the city of Salzburg, for the Mozarteum erected there, and have already informed the city of that fact. The Edinburgh Museum of arts and curiosities has offered me three hundred ducats for the skull, and with this another strange story is connected. Haydn was court musician to Prince Esterhazy, Embassador in London at the time of the Congress. When the Congress was assembled at Vienna, Esterhazy invited the Englishmen to a hunting party, to his estates in Hungary, and there,—Haydn had then been dead for some time,—one of the Englishmen expressed the wish that Esterhazy

[1] Lindpaintner (Pierre-Joseph), born at Coblentz in 1791, pupil of Wetzka, of Winter, and above all, of Joseph Gratz, who taught him counterpoint and the art of writing, died at Nonnenhohn in 1856.

might show them the Mausoleum of Haydn, his celebrated musician, who, like Mozart, was buried in Vienna. This put the Prince into an embarrassing position, and he gave as an excuse, that the mausoleum was not yet finished. Finally the Prince really erected one to Haydn. The body was taken up, but — the head was wanting. That is in Edinburgh. Gall's phrenological theories were then the order of the day, for neither pains nor expense were spared to procure skulls of celebrated people, — it had become a wide-spread mania, particularly in England. It is easily to be comprehended that they would have given a great deal to have Mozart's skull with that of Haydn."

The former however, has been, through the reverential affection of the celebrated scholar, preserved to his own country, as a lasting memento of one of the most brilliant names in the world of German art.

MR. DUDLEY BUCK'S CINCINNATI PRIZE CANTATA.

(From the New York *Musical Review*, April 28.)

. . . . As a libretto, the composer selected portions of Mr. Longfellow's poem, *The Golden Legend*. This poem is too long to be used in its entirety for the purpose of musical composition. Mr. Buck, therefore, chose such parts as would give an outline of the plot, and at the same time render the composer's task a congenial one. Some passages, in which the action was delayed by philosophical discussion or for other reasons, have been summed up in orchestral movements and as a whole the composition may be considered a musical emphasis of the leading points in Mr. Longfellow's narrative. The plot and incidents are portrayed by the prize cantata in fourteen scenes.

The first of these is a prologue, and is that part of the poem which Liszt has set to music under the title, *The Bells of the Strasbourg Cathedral*.

Lucifer and the spirits of the air are endeavoring to pull down the cross from the cathedral of Strasbourg. It is night, and the attempt is made during a raging storm. Lucifer's commands, the despairing voices of his spirits, who fail in their attempt, and the solemn chorus of the bells are heard alternately. The cross can not be torn down, for around it

All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it.

Then, as Lucifer hears the bells, he calls upon his host to seize them and "hurl them from their windy tower." But the bells defy the unholy powers; for they have been anointed and baptized with holy water. Lucifer, infuriated, bids his servants aim their lightnings "at the oaken, massive, iron-studded portals." There, however:

The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as wardens at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead.

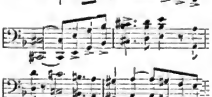
The spirits are again baffled; the bells chant once more; Lucifer calls to retreat; and the powers of the air sweep away, singing:

Onward! Onward!
With the night wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

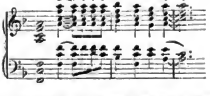
As they vanish, voices are heard chanting:

Noctu surgentes
Vigilamus omnes!

This prologue, it has been seen, demands music which is not only descriptive in character but also eminently dramatic. It forms, in a measure, a key to the entire *Golden Legend*, which tells of a sinner's deliverance from the evil one through the sanctity of a pure young girl who is willing to die in her stead. The triumph of religion over the powers of evil is portrayed both in the prologue and in the legend itself; only that in the prologue religion is represented by a beautiful, sacred edifice, and in the legend by a beautiful, human character. Lucifer is prominent both in the poem and in the cantata. Mr. Buck has represented him by a malicious motive which occurs whenever he takes part in the action. Before the entrance of voices in the prologue, a powerful orchestral prelude (*Allegro con furore ed agitato*) presents an eloquent epitome of the scene. It is night. A fierce storm is raging around the spire of the Strasbourg Cathedral. The opening bars of the cantata represent a momentary lull in the tempest. The scene begins with a tremolo in the bass; and the third bar of rapid passages are heard on the violas and 'cellos. These gusts increase in fury as the rapid passages rush impetuously higher and higher, until at length, while the wind shrieks through the spire, Lucifer appears with the powers of the air. Mr. Buck has very cleverly imitated the shrill blast of the wind in high air, by suddenly ending the rapid chromatic runs and the shake in the bass, and allowing the wood instruments and violins to continue a tremolo far up in the treble. After this has lasted during a single bar, Lucifer's appearance is announced by the following motiva:

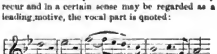


This theme is given to the trombones and the trumpet, while the storm is continued in the accompaniment until a fine climax is reached. Then, as the motive grows fainter, the storm gradually subsides, and, after a few fitful gusts (flutes, clarinets and oboes), the bells toll solemnly and are followed by the chant to which the final words of the prologue, *Noctu surgentes vigilemus omnes*, are sung when the spirits of darkness are vanquished. Nothing could better represent the religious element in this triumph than the old chant which Mr. Buck has selected. It is the familiar Gregorian chant with a slight rhythmic alteration by which it assumes this form:



It is continually interrupted by the storm, which grows louder and louder until the chant gives way to the Lucifer motive; after which the vocal recitative of Lucifer begins. All the time that he is heard urging on his spirits, his motive is audible in the orchestra. In despairing cries his host deplores its inability to injure the cross. Then follows the *salenelle* of the bells. When Lucifer furiously commands the powers of the air to hurl the bells to the pavement, the orchestra breaks in with a bar of descriptive descending octaves. But again his spirits are baffled. As their cries are repeated, the flutes, clarinets and oboes play a shrill, malignant accompaniment. Then the chorus of the bells is renewed, and during it the orchestra intonates a mournful song to the words: *Defunctos plaro*, and a triumphant strain to the words: *Festa decoro*. The music incidental to the attack which Lucifer directs against the portals is based on the same thought as that which accompanied the preceding incidents. But the interest is sustained by a variety of instrumentation. Finally the spirits rush from the scene, singing a chorus, whose quick time and sweeping rhythm well represent their swift departure. After they disappear the Gregorian chant alternates between chorus and orchestra; the orchestra gliding back to the chorus in gentle syncopations. Toward the end of the prologue the music gradually fades away, until the last strain seems no more than a breath. *Vigilemus omnes* is alternately sung by male and female voices, while a peaceful orchestral accompaniment adds to the tranquility of the scene.

The second *scene* represents a chamber of Vautsberg castle on the Rhine, in which Prince Henry of Hohenseck, ill and restless at midnight, laments his fate. A disease for which he can find no remedy has blunted his powers of enjoyment and his life is a weary monotony of sorrow. His sadness finds expression in a touching melody. As he recalls the scenes of former days, the accompaniment becomes descriptive of his thoughts and in various changes depicts his fantasies as they follow one another. Finally he exclaims: "Rest! Rest! O give me rest and peace." The bars accompanying these words are typical of his longing and give musical expression to its effect upon his character. Since they recur and in a certain sense may be regarded as a leading motive, the vocal part is quoted:



As the third scene of the cantata begins, a flash of lightning suddenly illumines the night; and Lucifer appears in the garb of a travelling physician, his presence being announced by the orchestra sounding his motive. When Lucifer makes a storm which has detained him to the village an excuse for his intrusion, the tempestuous passages heard in the prologue are repeated, and he thus seems to have ridden to Vantsberg on the same storm which had borne him to the Strasbourg Cathedral; as though, immediately after his defeat by the guardian angels, the assisted bells and the apostles at the portals, he had thought of directing his attack against human frailty. Prince Henry describes his malady, while a reminiscence of the tenor solo in the second scene is heard in the accompaniment. He tells Lucifer that even the learned doctors of Salerno have no remedy for him except one which it is impossible to obtain. Their prescription reads:

The only remedy which remains
Is the blood which flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours.

Lucifer then offers Prince Henry an elixir of his own concoction. As he pours out the limpid fluid, his motive is played on the trombones. Prince Henry drains the goblet, while a chorus of angels is heard warning him against the evils to which he who drinks the elixir is subjected. As he swallows drop after drop he feels new life in every vein. As golden visions hover around him he sings a delirious melody. In the accompaniment Mr. Buck has skillfully contrived to combine the mocking voice of Lucifer, a semi-chorus and a full chorus of angels. As the warning of the angels has been disregarded, their voices are mostly heard *pianissimo*. Only once, at the word "contrition," they rise to a *forte*, while, during the entire number, Prince Henry's melody must be delivered with ecstacy.

Up to this point the libretto has followed the poem pretty closely. Now, however, many parts of Mr. Longfellow's work are omitted; and, in order to understand the connection between the succeeding scenes in the cantata, it is necessary to glance from time to time at the poem itself. After Prince Henry has drained the goblet offered him by Lucifer, the scene changes to the courtyard of the castle. In it Hubert, the seneschal, relates to Walter, the minnesinger, that Prince Henry has been sent by the church into disgrace and banishment, and has found refuge with some of his tenants in the Odenwald. The second part of the poem brings the reader to Prince Henry's place of refuge and introduces

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Elsie, her parents, Gottlieb and Ursula, and Elsie's playmates, Bertha and Max. Elsie, Bertha, Max and Gottlieb sing, as they are lighting the lamps in the farmhouse, the evening song, which forms the fourth scene of Mr. Buck's composition.

Elsie enters with a lamp, Max and Bertha follow her and they all sing the evening song on the lighting of the lamps. It is a beautiful quartet for soprano, alto, tenor and bass without accompaniment. It will probably be the most popular part of the composition; though there are other portions in the cantata which appeal more strongly to the cultivated musician. The melody is naïve and its sentiment well in keeping with the graceful simplicity of the scene.

Prince Henry is heard at the door pronouncing "Amen." In the conversation which follows, Elsie learns that he must die unless some maiden, of her own accord, offers her life for his and is willing to die in his stead. This brings us to the fifth scene of the cantata, where Elsie, who is determined to make the sacrifice for Prince Henry, is praying during the night for strength to carry out her purpose. In the sustained measures of the music there is a spirit of determination which well gives utterance to the feelings of resignation and of religious repose with which she looks forward to her fate.

The poem then narrates Elsie's announcement of her purpose. Prince Henry will not at first accept the sacrifice until he has consulted a priest at the confessional. Lucifer disguises himself as a priest and in this assumed rôle advises the prince to accept the sacrifice. This advice Lucifer gives,

> "To foster and ripen an evil thought
> In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,
> And to make a murderer out of a prince."

Thus he hopes to gain Prince Henry's soul. He has also persuaded Elsie's mother that God wishes her daughter's sacrifice. Accordingly, Elsie and Prince Henry set out for Salerno, where Elsie is to die. This pilgrimage to Salerno follows Elsie's solo in the cantata, since a musical treatment of the intermediate incidents and developments of the plot would have unduly lengthened the composition.

The sixth scene is, therefore, entitled *The Pilgrimage to Salerno*, and is scored for the orchestra only. It is an expression of certain thoughts which are suggested by the poem. The journey over the highway, which "onward and onward runs to the distant city," is described by a march movement heard almost uninterruptedly throughout the entire number. To recall the religious sentiment awakened by a contemplation of Elsie's character, the composer has introduced a choral melody (first heard on oboes, clarinets and bassoons), over which he has written the words sung by the pilgrims in Mr. Longfellow's poem:

> "Urbs coelestis, urbs beata,
> Supra petram collocata,
> Urbs in portu satis tuto
> De longinquo te saluto!"

In the meantime the march motive continues in the rest of the orchestra. This combination of march and chorale reaches a very effective climax with the first *fortissimo*, when the chorale is syncopated by the trumpets and trombones, while the march retains its old form. It continues with varying instrumental coloring until a movement, *Poco più mosso*, is reached. The march movement continues alone for two bars and is then employed as an accompaniment to the music (quoted above) in the second scene of the cantata, when Prince Henry sings "Rest! Rest! O give me rest and peace!" etc. Then the Lucifer motive appears; for it was Lucifer's evil prompting which induced Prince Henry to accept Elsie's sacrifice. Again part of the tenor solo of the second scene is heard. This time it is the music which accompanied the words: "Sweeter the undisturbed and deep tranquility of endless sleep." The same motive occurs again on the return of the *Tempo di marcia*, after the chorus and march movement have again been combined and after several recurrences of the Lucifer motive. Finally, the majestic chords of the chorale with a jubilate accompaniment for strings, depict in brilliant colors the triumph of religion. A compact *Allegro molto* — the march movement and a syncopation of the chorale — closes a most descriptive and interesting episode. It is, in a measure, an overture to the remaining portions of the cantata. For, without attempting to enter into many incidents of the plot, it gives, by recalling typical motives from former scenes and by the introduction of the chorale, a terse but eloquent account of the characters concerned in the pilgrimage, the causes to which it may be traced and the result. It is also interesting as a new musical form. Raff somewhat approached it when he introduced a dramatic episode into the march of the Leonore symphony. But Mr. Buck has written a march with which he has combined other incidental themes. The constant reiteration of the march emphasizes the main fact, the pilgrimage; while numerous phases and incidents are introduced or recalled by the continuous recurrence of typical motives.

In narrating the pilgrimage to Salerno the poet has described a number of picturesque situations, many of which had to be omitted from Mr. Buck's work. At first the pilgrims are seen in Strasbourg, where they visit the cathedral and attend a miracle-play. From here the reader follows them on the road to Hirschau, whither they are going to sojourn for the night in the convent and neighboring nunnery. In the next part of the poem they pass over the Devil's Bridge, through the St. Gotthard Pass, and, after passing a night at Genoa, sail thence to Salerno.

From these incidents Mr. Buck first selects the revel in the refectory of the convent at Hirschau for musical treatment. It forms the burden of the seventh and eighth scenes in the cantata. In the former Friar Paul sings a boisterous drinking song, which is followed by an equally boisterous refrain by the chorus of merry monks. After the first refrain Friar Paul sings a solo with exaggerated portamento, and this mock-religious dignity, while singing the praise of the wine, is a clever point of this humorous episode.

The next scene, "The revel and appearance of the abbot," is an *Allegro bachannale* for orchestra only. The movement opens with a jolly, noisy theme which, when played with zest, calls up vividly the monks making merry over their cups. Suddenly while the violas and clarinets continue the revel, the chords of the Gregorian chant are intonated by the horns. The religious sentiment of this chant is in strong contrast to the abandon of the carousing monks. Its orchestral combination with the boisterous themes of the revel is an instrumental satire. The chant symbolizes the servants of God as they should be; the revel is typical of the worldly desires to which they only too frequently yield. After the orchestra has played the melody of Friar Paul's drinking song, and the revel theme has occurred as a *fugato* and has entered into several interesting combinations with the chant — at times appearing as an accompaniment to it, and at other times accompanied by it, — the revel when at its height is interrupted by the appearance of the abbot. His presence and his surprise at the scene are indicated by three sustained notes. As he gives vent to his anger, the three notes are repeated twice with increasing rapidity. Some time evidently elapses before all the revellers are aware of his presence. For, as indicated by the fitful recurrences of the revel theme, the carousal subsides gradually until, when quiet is restored, the movement closes with the Gregorian chant.

Those parts of the poem in which the action takes place in Genoa, form the ninth and tenth scenes of the cantata. The former is a solo for Elsie. The night is calm and cloudless, and, as she looks over the sea from the terrace, she hears the solemn litany from the rocky caverns and the shelving beach, and the ghostly choirs answering *Christe Eleison*. In the music this *Christe Eleison* does re-echo. It is sung at intervals by a chorus which, with the orchestra, accompanies Elsie's solo.

The following scene is a melodious barcarole, for orchestra only, descriptive of the verse beginning:

> "The fisherman who lies afloat,
> With shadowy sail, in yonder boat
> Is singing softly to the night."

The instrumentation suggests a moist atmosphere, and the melody is sombre and mysterious, like the night and the sea.

The barcarole is followed in the eleventh scene of the cantata by a sailors' chorus, the music of which is incidental to the voyage by sea from Genoa to Salerno. It is a manly song with a highly descriptive accompaniment, especially to the words:

> "Around the billows burst and foam."

and

> "They beat her sides with many a shock."

In the twelfth scene Prince Henry, Elsie and their attendants enter the College of Salerno. The orchestra opens with a phrase which recalls Henry's solo in the second scene. Lucifer is disguised as Friar Angelo and answers Henry's questions in recitatives accompanied by the Lucifer motive. When Lucifer asks Elsie if she comes of her own will and has thought well of the step she is to take, her religious faith is expressed by a short orchestral prelude, based on the Gregorian chant before referred to; after which she asks to be killed, while the chorus sings:

> "Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations,
> She will not be persuaded."

As she turns to her friends and bids them rejoice rather than weep, the Gregorian chant is heard again. When Elsie has been led away, Prince Henry repents of having brought her to be sacrificed. He calls upon the attendants to aid him in rescuing her, and with cries of "Angelo! Murderer!" they burst open the doors and save her from destruction.

The thirteenth scene represents Prince Henry and Elsie who have been wed at evening on the terrace of the castle of Vautsberg. They sing a melodious love-duet, which does not call for special analysis. It should be noticed that a silvery light passes over the orchestra at the words:

> "It is the moon, slow rising."

The next scene closes the cantata. It is entitled, *Epilogue and Finale*. An *Andante molto maestoso* opens with a forcible instrumentation of the Gregorian chant. Then the chorus takes up in triumphant strains the verse which begins:

> "O beauty of holiness, of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!"

After the first fourteen bars of the chorus an organ-point, A, occurs in the bass, which lasts during twenty bars. Shortly afterwards reference is made to Lucifer, and his motive is now heard for the last time in the orchestra. It serves to increase by contrast the brilliancy of the music at the re-entrance of the original chorus, which leads almost immediately to an *Allegro assai*. In this the Gregorian chant is used with fine effect, and thus the final triumph of religion over the powers of darkness is portrayed in the last measures of this interesting composition.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. — The Handel Festival, at the Crystal Palace, will be held on June 18, 21, 23 and 25. The list of vocalists (according to the correspondent of the New York *Musical Review*) includes the names of Mmes. Patti, Albani, Lemmens-Sherrington, Osgood, Trebelli, Patey, Anna Williams and Suter; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Lloyd, McGuckin, Maas, Santley, King, Bridson and Foli. "Cherubino" (of the London *Figaro*), however, writes:

I am authorized to state that the principal engagements already made for the Handel Triennial Festival at the Crystal Palace are those of Madame Adelina Patti, who will sing on the "selection" day, Madame Albani, who will sing the chief soprano music in the *Messiah*, Madame Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Foli. A few other engagements of less importance are yet to be concluded, but these artists will be the chief vocalists at the Handel Festival. Those to whom the engagements have been entrusted have been careful — except in the case of Madame Patti, who may justly be regarded as the prima donna of the vocal profession — to, as far as practicable, retain artists of British nationality only. For this reason, and also because some at least of them are either unversed in the traditions of oratorio, or are not heard at their best in Handelian music, the claims of Madame Nilsson,

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Madame Gerster, Madame Merie Roze, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Sterling, and Herr Heaschell have been set on one side, and their absence will, except in one or two instances, be little regretted. It is sufficient that the Crystal Palace authorities have been able to put forth a very strong list of vocalists without needing the services of others than those of British nationality; and in these days when indifferent foreigners are preferred to efficient English artists, the public spirit of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Crystal Palace Directors is to be recommended. The arrangements for the choir of 4000 voices, which will, as usual, be composed of the best choristers throughout the United Kingdom, are now fairly on their way to completion, and, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, the Handel Festival bids fair to be as successful as it ever was.

There seems to be a strong "Know-Nothing" party in the musical world of England; witness, also, the recent outery about the appointment of Max Bruch, a "foreigner," at Liverpool.

— Herr Hans Richter, the Wagnerian conductor, *par excellence*, has commenced a series of concerts, of which the *Musical World* (May 15) says:

The concerts, of which the first was given on Monday, are to be nine in number, with one extra for the benefit of Herr Franke, the leader of the orchestra and "artistic director." In each of the nine programmes a Beethoven symphony figures, but examples of Wagner's music appear in only four, while the selections from Schumann are two, from Schubert two, and one each from Mendelssohn, Spohr, Haydn, Cherubini, Liszt, Berlioz, Mozart, Chopin, Bach, Brahms, and Volkmann.

With the selections from foreign masters, we are not disposed to quarrel. As regards some of them, Schubert is well represented by his Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, Mendelssohn by his "Italian," and Brahms by his No. 2; while, generally speaking, the difficulties of choice amid many equal claims have been fairly surmounted. Turning to the executive means placed at Herr Richter's disposal, we find that the orchestral strings number sixty-five — *e. g.*, first violins, fifteen; second violins, sixteen; violas, twelve; violoncellos, twelve; double basses, ten. Adding the usual complement of wind and percussion instruments, the grand total reaches nearly to 100. A glance at the list of names in this strong band shows that a large majority are foreigners. Thus the principals in all the string departments are Germans, and most of the *chefs de pupitre* among the "wind" have un-English patronymics.

The same critic says of Mr. Parry's Concerto in F-sharp minor, which was played in the first concert:

Mendelssohn refers with good-tempered sarcasm, in one of his letters, to certain ambitious composers of that day who "wrote pieces in F sharp minor." Mr. Parry is their legitimate successor, not only as regards choice of key, but in respect of the qualities which Mendelssohn suggested without expressing. He is a pretentious composer, and unites to pretence a degree of cleverness sufficient to "carry on" reasonably well before a public more sympathetic than discriminating. We are far from wishing to depreciate Mr. Parry's ability — indeed, seeing that he is an Englishman, we would magnify it in the eyes of the world. But, unfortunately, here is, to judge by the concerto, an Englishman gone wrong. Educated in Germany, Mr. Parry has fallen in love with some of the worst features of modern German music, and now, gravely purporting to speak as an artist, he shows himself vapid in gentle mood, incoherent in passion, eccentric in construction, and in effect irritating. We stand in amazement before such a production as this concerto, and ask ourselves under what strange delusion it was conceived and written down. An answer might, perhaps, be found in the depths of the philosophy, so called, which is now disturbing the serenity of our art with its sounding but senseless jargon. We are told to recognize the origin of music in the direct revelation of the Will — with a capital "W" — to the outer world by means of the cry, or shriek, or groan, or any other inarticulate and involuntary noise. The composer it seems, is only an organizer of these sounds, which, in their nature, are unconnected with exterior things, and become intelligible by conceding something to human weakness, and permitting themselves to be controlled by rhythmic measure.

The other numbers of the programme were: Wagner's *Meistersinger* Overture, Beethoven's Symphony in C, No. 1, and Schumann's Symphony in D minor. Of Herr Richter's conducting, the writer, after questioning some of his *tempi* on the score of slowness, says with regard to the Schumann Symphony:

"Never before in our experience, did the beauty and meaning of that fine work stand out so clearly. There was confusion nowhere — no distortion nor excess of color, nor sensational device. As the master thought, so Herr Richter, knowing well his thoughts, assisted him to speak. In truth, the conductor was beyond praise. Able to dispense with a book, his eyes were all over the orchestra, and the players seemed to be aware of it, and to feel their inspiration and authority. Wherefore every man became in his degree a Richter — and Richter may be said to have played the symphonies. If we knew any higher testimonial than this, we would give it to the Napoleon of the *bâton*.

— Besides songs and other unimportant pieces, 98 works of primary interest have been performed in the course of the recent Crystal Palace season. Of these, 34 works are entirely new to the Crystal Palace. The chief novelties produced during the season in the section of symphonies are Haydn's in E flat, No. 8 of the Salomon set, "La Chasse" in D, Hofmann's "Frithjof," Raff's "Fruhlings Klänge," and Rubinstein's "Dramatic." In overtures, the novelties have been Bazzini's "King Lear," Dr. Heap's "Birmingham," and Verdi's "Aroldo." In concertos, Beethoven's violin allegro in B, Götz's violin concerto, Joachim's variations for violin, Molique's A minor violin concerto, Parry's piano concerto in F sharp, Saint-Saëns's third piano concerto in E flat, Schumann's violoncello concerto, Shakespeare's piano concerto, and Spohr's twelfth violin concerto in A, have been the chief novelties, and there have besides been many new miscellaneous works for orchestra. Some of these novelties are, however, new only to Crystal Palace audiences, and have been heard elsewhere. But the total result is most satisfactory, and it may be said that, thanks to the ability of Mr. Manns, his orchestra, and his soloists, and to the liberality and wisdom of the directors, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have worthily upheld their fame, and have contributed largely to the diffusion of musical knowledge, and to an increased love of the divine art. — *Figaro.*"

— Sir Michael Costa has resigned the post of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, owing to a pecuniary dispute with Mr. Mapleson, which began some years ago. For some time past a cabal has existed against Costa, who, besides being autocratic and unbending in his department, is accused of that lethargy which must accompany age. "You can't stir Costa," has been the cry and the excuse for the non-production of novelties. Sir Michael Costa's resignation has been followed by those of many leaders of the orchestra; and notably M. Sainton, Mr. Weist Hill, Mr. Lazarus — and others who invariably follow Costa.

— During to-day *pourparlers* are inactive progress for the engagement at her Majesty's, of Herr Hans Richter, to conduct Wagnerian and a few other operas. Richtre has obtained the necessary permission from Vienna; and the only reason why he hesitates is because it is feared his acceptance of the post would damage the success of his concerts. Still, it is admitted on all sides, that his engagement is devoutly to be wished; and it is not unlikely, if he occupies the conductor's desk at her Majesty's, the course of opera in this country would be changed for the better.

Meanwhile, Signor Arditi is acting as conductor-in-chief; and he will open the season, with Nilsson in *Faust*, on Saturday. Signor Boito has consented to come over to England, to direct the rehearsals and the first few performances of his opera, *Mefistofele*, at Her Majesty's Theatre.—*Corr. Mus. Review, May* 11.

— The performances at Covent Garden have hitherto excited but little interest, and people are beginning to ask whether Mr. Ernest Gye would not have done better to follow the example of Mr. Mapleson, and make his summer season as short as possible. Madame Albani sang in "Sonnambula" on Saturday, and in "Faust" on Tuesday, and on Thursday she was announced to resume her famous character of *Elsa* in "Lohengrin." Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" is to be attempted to-night, with Mlle. Turolla in the part of *Seliko* — made famous by Madame Pauline Lucca and Madame Adelina Patti. Happily, the last named prima donna will reappear on May 15 (the evening of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre), and this will, it is hoped, infuse some new life and spirit into the season.—*Figaro, May* 8.

— Of Mr. Mapleson's Opera we farther read:

In the soprano list Mmes. Nilsson, Gerster, Marie Roze, and Crosmond, Misses Minnie Hauck, Marimon, Van Zandt, and Salla, are among the better known names, while Mme. Robinson, Mlle. Martinez, Mrs. Mary Swift, and Mlle. Nevada are débutantes. The contralto list is more than usually strong, including Mme. Trebelli, Mlle. Tremelli, Madame Demeric, and Miss Annie Louise Cary, the last an old favorite at Drury Lane. Of tenors the list includes Signori Campanini, Fancelli, Lazzarini (from the American troupe), Maas, Candidus, Frapolli, and Runcio. The baritones are few in number, and these will probably be added to; while among the basses is Signor Papini, a buffo. The return of Mme. Cavalazzi will afford unalloyed pleasure to lovers of the dance. Boïto's "Mefistofele" will, it has already been announced, be produced for Mme. Nilsson, and "La Forza del Destino" for Mrs. Swift and Signor Campanini.

VIENNA. — A magnificent statue of Beethoven, the cost of which was defrayed by a subscription among music-lovers all over the world, was unveiled on Saturday in front of the square of the Academical Gymnasium at Vienna. Beethoven is represented as sitting on a rock, his hands across his knees, his cloak fallen from his broad shoulders to his hips, and his body in the attitude of one listening to distant music. Prometheus gnawed by the eagle and the Goddess of Victory are at the left and right, respectively, of the pedestal, which is surrounded by nine geniuses. The word "Beethoven," in large Roman characters, is the only inscription. The monument, which is, altogether, twenty-five feet high, was designed by Herr Kaspar von Zumbusch, Professor of Sculpture at the Academy of Vienna, and it has been executed by that celebrated sculptor and his best pupils.

ROME. — The Società Musicale Romana is studying the music to be given at the inauguration of Palestrina's statue in the grand hall of the Palazzo Panfili. The list includes several works composed expressly, among them being a Psalm, by Bazzini; an "Agnus Dei," by Pedrotti, a "Laudate Pueri," by Platania; a "Miserere," by Gounod; a "Prelude, for orchestra and organ," by Ambrose Thomas, etc. Richard Wagner contributed a Psalm of Palestrina's, arranged by himself, but the regulations of the festival not admitting any non-original modern composition, it will not be performed; in fact, to use a well-known expression, "it is declined with thanks." Can "The Master's" refusal of the Municipality's invitation for the first performance of *Lohengrin* in the Eternal City have had ought to do with this strict adherence to "regulations."—*Lond. Mus. World.*

BONN. — The monument to Robert Schumann has just been inaugurated in the presence of Madame Clara Schumann and her family. Brahms directed the music, from a conductor's desk improvised on the monument, and the number "Schlaf nun and ruhe," from *Paradise and the Peri*, re-orchestrated by Brahms, was the leading feature of the programme. In the evening a concert was given, at which the E flat Symphony, No. 3, the *Requiem for Mignon*, and part of the *Manfred* music, were performed, with the violin concerto of Brahms, played by Herr Joachim. Next day the string quartet in A minor, the piano quartet, and the "Spanisches Liederspiel" of Schumann, were performed by Brahms, Joachim, and others. A banquet terminated the festival.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

THE FIFTH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

(Concluded from Page 87.)

SIXTH CONCERT, Saturday Afternoon, May 8. — This was in one sense the gala-day of the Festival, although the givers of the feast, the old Handel and Haydn Society as such, in their own choral capacity, figured less than in any other concert. It was the people's day, when thousands from the country, far and near, thronged to the Music Hall, attracted by the array of famous solo singers. The *great* crowd is always drawn by a certain interest in the personal performer, more than by the beauty or the grandeur of the music in itself. Hence, such a day and such a programme are dear also to the solo artists; it gives to each an opportunity to shine in pieces of their own selection; each rides in upon his own hobby-horse, with which he has won before, and still feels sure to win. The consequence is, that nondescript affair, a *miscellaneous programme*. But in this case the miscellany was a remarkably good one. Ten out of the fourteen numbers were vocal solos; there were no instrumental solos or concerted pieces; no full symphonies; but the

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orchestra played one overture and one intermezzo; and the great chorus sang a *Jubilate* by Handel, and a very short, but splendid chorus by Bach — all that the whole week's Festival allowed to that great master! The crowd was overwhelming; every seat was occupied and hundreds of applicants were turned away. The order of the programme was excellent: —

1. Overture, "Rübezahl," op. 27 . . . . . Von Weber.
2. Utrecht Jubilate, ... Handel.
   Solos by Miss Cary, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Whitney.
3. Romance from "La Forza del Destino,"
   "*O tu che in seno agli angeli,*" . . . . . . Verdi.
   Signor Campanini.
4. Song, "La Calandrina," . . . . Jomelli.
   Miss Thursby.
5. Aria from "Il Duca d'Ebro,"
   "*De giorni miei,*" . . . . Da Villa.
   Mr. Courtney.
6. Grand Duet from "William Tell,"
   "*Non fuggire,*" . . . . Rossini.
   Signor Campanini and Mr. Whitney.
7. Intermezzo from Symphony in F major, op. 9. Goetz.
8. Air from "Le Nozze di Figaro,"
   "*Voi che sapete,*" . . . . Mozart.
   Miss Cary.
9. Miriam's Song of Triumph, ... Reinecke.
   Miss Hubbell.
10. Air from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."
    "*Jerum,*" . . . . Wagner.
    Mr. Whitney.
11. Siegmund's Love Song, "Winterstürme,"
    from "Die Walküre," . . . . Wagner.
    Signor Campanini.
12. Aria from "Giulio Cesare," . . . . Handel.
    Miss Winant.
13. Aria from "L'Etoile du Nord,"
    "*Non v'ode alcun,*" . . . . Meyerbeer.
    Miss Thursby.
    [Flute accompaniment played by Messrs. Schlimper and Rietzel.]
14. Quartet and chorus from the "Cantata per ogni tempo," . . . . Bach.
    The quartet by Miss Hubbell, Miss Winant, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Whitney.

The performance, singly and collectively, was most satisfactory. The two great choral pieces — which we have before described — were given with great spirit, especially the final chorus of the *Jubilate*, and Bach's "The Lamb that for us was slain," which, with the full power of five hundred voices, orchestra and organ, formed two of the climacteric points of the Festival. The orchestra of seventy, — as good a one as Mr. Zerrahn ever conducted in this city — was at its best in the *Rübezahl* (or "Ruler of the Spirits") overture of Weber, and the charming intermezzo from the Symphony by Goetz.

The solo singing reached its climax in the magnificent duet from *William Tell*, which unites all the fervor of passionate love and of great-hearted heroism. Sig. Campanini's wonderful voice rang out superbly, with electric force, and seemed to inspire his companion, so that a new vitality was felt in his ponderous deep tones. The Italian tenor was almost equally successful in his two other selections, particularly in Siegmund's "Love Song," which he sang with feeling and with delicacy, saving the Italian liberty he took, for mere vocal display, with the concluding phrase. Mr. Whitney brought out the clumsy humor of Hans Sachs's comic air in a way that amused and pleased the audience. Mr. Courtney, the English tenor, always sings with true artistic style and feeling; but all the interest of his single Aria lay in his singing and not in the composition, which is commonplace and sentimental, — written, it is said, by a teacher of singing in Cincinnati.

We should have begun with the ladies; but it is not a bad rule to keep the best for the last. Miss Thursby, with her exquisitely sweet, light, limpid voice, was in her element in the bright and florid melody of Meyerbeer, in which she was finely seconded by the two flutes; as well as in the quaint and dainty little "Canary" song, by Nicolo Jomelli, which proved a fascinating bit of sunshine. Miss Cary took young Cherubino's love song a little too seriously, but her noble alto voice was very effective in the short passages of solo, duet, and trio in the *Jubilate*. Miss Hubbell threw a wonderful amount of sustained brilliancy and fervor into Reinecke's "Miriam" song, which both vocally and instrumentally, is an exceedingly effective composition; her clear soprano had just the telling quality for that. Miss Winant, with her rich and sympathetic contralto voice, sang an Aria: "Empio dirò" from Handel's Italian opera, *Giulio Cesare*, with faultless manner and expression; it was one of the most truly artistic specimens of singing in the Festival.

SEVENTH (LAST) CONCERT, Sunday evening, May 9. — There was some falling off in the attendance, the evening being very hot, and *Solomon* being understood to be not one of Handel's *greatest* oratorios. The effect produced essentially accorded with the description we have already given of the work, based on our impressions after hearing it twenty-five years ago, as well as more recent examination of the score. One great obstacle to its success lay in the fact that the sketchy instrumentation of the original score required such completion as was made by Mozart for the *Messiah*, and by Franz for several works of Bach and Handel, to fit it for performance. It was found impossible to procure Sir Michael Costa's parts from England, and at the last moment, when the Society were committed to the work, some parts for the clarinet were written, and those for bassoon and horn were amplified by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, Mr. Zerrahn preparing parts for the trombones. But this was not enough. Of course the organ in the background became all the more important, and Mr. Lang put in some good work there. Under the circumstances it was a pity that the work was undertaken at all.

Yet in spite of its tiresome length of solos of the old conventional cut, in spite of the comparatively small number of the grandest kind of choruses, and in spite of meagre instrumentation, there was much in *Solomon* to charm and to impress, much of the Handelian tenderness and sweetness in the airs, much of his graphic power, as well as majesty and lofty inspiration in its choruses. The latter were perhaps hardly sung with all the spirit shown in some preceding concerts, for naturally the singers had become fatigued; but the great hymns of praise at the beginning and the end, the charming epithalamium: "May no rash intruder," with its sound of nightingales, and the descriptive series in the last part, especially the mournful one: "Draw the tear from hopeless love," — a piece of solemn harmony in which Handel is at his very best — were all well rendered, and produced a fine impression.

Of the solos the chief part, the alto part of Solomon, was carefully and smoothly sung by Miss Cary, though her noble voice showed some signs of fatigue. The same may be said also of Miss Thursby, whose sweet voice, finished style, and intelligent conception feebly expressed the tenderness and pathos of the parts of the Queen, and the First Woman. Miss Fanny Kellogg's greater voice and greater earnestness, in the parts of the Queen of Sheba, and the vindictive Second Woman, were in strong contrast with the other. Mr. Courtney sang in a thoroughly artistic manner in the part of Zadoc, rendering the long stretches of roulades with perfect evenness and grace; and Mr. J. F. Winch was fully equal to the trying bass songs in the character of the Levite.

The Festival was in every sense an unquestionable success. To Carl Zerrahn, who trained the great chorus and the orchestra, both separately and together, and who conducted the whole, working with gigantic energy and endurance, in season and out of season, until all was ready and accomplished, inspiring all the forces with his own enthusiasm, the first praise is due. But to the rare organizing faculty of the Secretary of the Society, Col. A. Parker Browne, and to the President and whole board of directors, who so wisely planned the whole, we must give almost equal credit. In some respects, to be sure, the programme was not, in point of grandeur and intrinsic musical importance, quite up to the high standard which the Handel and Haydn Society had set in previous festivals. At *this* stage of our musical progress it really seems strange that there could be a whole week's festival of music, mostly sacred, without some one important work of Bach; for it is in this direction that true progress must be sought. Former festivals, too, have given us more in the form of great orchestral music; and there was a pretty general desire to hear Mr. Paine's new Symphony on this occasion; but room could not be made for it after the whole festival was planned. The Cincinnati festival certainly undertook greater work than our own in two important features: the *Missa Solennis* of Beethoven, and the cantata: *Ein Feste Burg*, of Bach. Let us comfort ourselves with the assurance that the Handel and Haydn Society propose to work upon the former during the coming year.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

DEFERRED NOTICES.

JOSEFFY. — The three concerts in the Music Hall, arranged by Mr. Peck for the great Hungarian pianist, drew large audiences, especially the last. There was no orchestra, and they were essentially chamber concerts (in too large a place), Herr Joseffy's only assistants being Messrs. Adamowsky and Allen, violins, Heindl, viola, and Wulf Fries, 'cello, and neither of these appeared in the last concert, of which the programme was essentially remodelled. In the first concert (May 17), Mr. Adamowski's violin was heard to good advantage in the E-flat Trio, op. 100, of Schubert, which opened, and in the "Kreutzer" Sonata, which closed the programme. The young violinist's solos — a bright, fantastic Scherzo by Spohr, and a broad *cantabile* cavatina by Raff — were played with admirable technique, manly style and feeling, and were received with enthusiasm, which rose to a greater height on his playing for an encore, a transcription of a Nocturne, by Chopin. Mr. Joseffy's solos were, first, the eight numbers of Schumann's *Kreisleriana*, very moody and fantastic, as well as very difficult, pieces. The slow movements are far more enjoyable than the quick ones, which have a certain wilfulness and puzzling vagueness. The execution and interpretation were singularly perfect. Next he played three of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, and Liszt's *Venezia e Napoli* (Tarantella), all in the clearest, most delicately finished, and most brilliant manner, especially the Tarantella, a kind of thing in which he is at his best.

The second concert (May 18) was the most satisfactory, both in programme and performance, of the three. It opened with the bright and cheerful little Trio, No. 1, by Haydn, which was charmingly rendered by Messrs. Joseffy, Adamowski and Fries, so far as the Andante and the Adagio Cantabile were concerned; but the *Rondo Ongarese* suffered from the extremely rapid tempo at which the pianist took it up, compelling the violin to scramble through it at an uneasy pace.

After a Prelude and Bourrée from a Suite of Bach in A minor, played with wonderful grace and neatness, Joseffy quite astonished even those who had not been entirely satisfied with his interpretations of Beethoven, by the splendid fire and pathos, as well as the delicacy, the subtle finesse, and the superb bravura which he threw into the *Sonata Appassionata*. Something seemed to have roused in him a spirit he had scarcely shown

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before; he played like one inspired, and with a magnetic influence on the audience. That Sonata we could not desire to hear better played by any artist.

Mr. Adamowski won new favor by his artistic and effective rendering of an interesting fantasia on Gypsey dances (*Zigeunerweisen*) by the gifted Spanish violinist, Sarasate.

Then came a remarkably interesting group of pianoforte solos, chief of which in magnitude and intrinsic value was the *Variations Sérieuses* by Mendelssohn, which Joseffy played most admirably. Two of the little one-movement Sonatas (in G minor and F minor) by Domenico Scarlatti, arranged by Tausig, and a quaint Gavotte by Kirnberger, of Bach's and Handel's time, made a genial impression. But nothing more perfect in its grace and delicacy has yet come from Joseffy's fingers than the Nocturne in E flat by John Field, the inventor of that form, and Chopin's model. A minuet by Schubert, from a sonata, was delightfully rendered; and two flowery Etüdes, graceful enough, but too much alike, composed by Joseffy and dedicated to Liszt, of course were faultless in the execution. The great Schumann Quintet, in E flat, for piano and strings, saving some accidents, due again, we fancy, to the tendency to hurry rapid movements, brought the concert to a noble close.

The programme of the farewell matinée (Saturday, May 22) consisted, with only one exception, of performances by Herr Joseffy alone, as follows: —

1. *a.* Chromatische Fantasie and Fugue.
   b. Passepied. E minor.
   c. Gavotte. B minor. . . . . J. S. Bach.
   d. Sonata. Op. 53. C major. . . . . . . Beethoven.
2. *a.* Menuet. . . . . Mozart.
   b. Etude. . . . . Henselt.
   c. Traumerei. . . . . Schumann.
   d. Two Preludes. . . . . St. Heller.
   e. Prelude (D flat major.) Impromptu (A flat.) Mazurka (A minor.) Valse (F major.) . . Chopin.
   f. Four Etudes. Op. 25. (A flat.) (F minor.) (C sharp minor.) (A minor.) . . Chopin
3. Variations on a Theme by Beethoven. . Saint-Saëns.
   TWO PIANOS.
   Herr Joseffy and Mr. J. B. Lang.
4. *a.* Valse caprice. (Schubert.)
   b. Au bord d'une source.
   c. Consolation. No. 5. E major.
   d. Gnomenreigen.
   e. Campanella. . . . . Liszt.
5. *a.* Menuet.
   b. Serenade.
   c. Rêve du ruisseau. . . . . Rubinstein.
   d. Midsummer Night's Dream. (Paraphrase.) . Liszt.

Here was a marvellous amount of work in a single concert, for one pair of hands! That the interpreter was equal to it, all passes without saying; and it is useless to try to invent new terms of praise and admiration for the faultless technique, the light and shade, the delicacy and the strength, the exquisite finish, etc., etc., which he again displayed under so many forms. At the same time it must be admitted that the impression of his art lost, rather than gained by that afternoon's experience. Left now to himself, and also, perhaps, unconsciously prompted by the anticipation of the long list of pieces to be gotten through with in a given time, it is no wonder that his tendency to rapid tempos had full swing. It showed itself in the smaller things by Bach, in the Beethoven Sonata, and in many of the following selections. To be sure, such an artist can execute such *tempi* evenly and clearly, and without a flaw, where others might have to scramble; but is the mere fact that one *can* perform a certain feat a valid artistic reason for his doing it? There were, moreover, some instances of affectation and sophistication in certain renderings, as, for instance, the Minuet from Mozart's E-flat Symphony, and Schumann's *Träumerei*, which Theodore Thomas has in a questionable sense made "everlasting." Besides, the audience were wearied and bewildered by so many pieces so alike in florid elegance and so much fairy arabesque. By no means would we intimate that many of them were not played wonderfully well, while, naturally enough, some in such a long procession of pictures seemed to be passed before us quite perfunctorily and coldly. In the variations by Saint-Saens, which went at a rational and steady time throughout, it must have been very hard for any listener to discover that the two pianists were not capitally well matched.

(To be continued.)

MR. MASON IN JAPAN.

IT will be remembered that Mr. L. W. Mason, late Supervisor of Music in the Boston Schools, left three or four months since for Japan to undertake the introduction of the study of music into the schools of that Empire.

Letters lately received announce his arrival at Tokio, and the cordial reception extended him there. A banquet was given in his honor, at which were present all the high officials, including his Excellency the Minister of Education, with the Vice Minister, the President and Vice President of the Imperial University, and the heads of the Normal Schools, sixteen in all; Mr. Mason being the only foreigner.

No one, perhaps, of any nation has been furnished at the start with means so liberal as have been provided him. A building has been erected purposely for Normal instruction in Music, with a view to preparing teachers in this branch of study for all the common schools. When in operation, this institution is intended to be connected directly, not only with the two Normal and Training Schools, but with all the public schools of Tokio, which are to serve as patterns for the rest throughout the Empire. From this movement will probably result a National Conservatory of Music.

For the present, Mr. Mason will confine himself chiefly to labors in school music, believing that the beginning is to be made with the children. Their ears, it must be borne in mind, have yet to be attuned to our *scale* even — as their own consists only of five sounds; do, re, mi, sol, la. A year or two ago, while giving instruction in singing to a couple of Japanese pupils here in Boston, Mr. Mason happened to play over a song which attracted their attention, and seemed to give them special delight. This little air was none other than the familiar tune:

"We have come from a happy land
"Where care is unknown" —

A melody involving, as will be seen, only the sounds of the Japanese scale. No doubt it reminded the young men of home.

Mr. Mason does not conceal from himself either the magnitude or the difficulty of the work he has undertaken. He recognizes, however, the very favorable auspices under which he has commenced, and hopes not to lose, in this new field of labor, the good wishes and kindly remembrance of his friends in America. N. L.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The Handel and Haydn Society held its annual meeting May 31, in Bumstead hall, and elected the following officers: President, C. C. Perkins; vice-president, George H. Chickering; secretary, A. Parker Browne; treasurer, George W. Palmer; librarian, John H. Stickney; directors, Henry M. Brown, M. G. Daniell, F. H. Jenks, George F. Milliken, George T. Brown, Eugene B. Hagar, W. S. Fenollosa, Josiah Wheelwright. The report of the treasurer showed that $3,300 had been added to the permanent fund, — $2,500 earnings of the society during the year, $500 a donation from a generous friend who does not desire his name to be made public, and the remainder interest; music to the value of $1,000 has been added to the library, and $500 remains in the treasurer's hands. The receipts of the recent Festival, in round numbers, were $20,500, and the expenses $19,300. The profits of the three concerts given previous to the festival were $800. The amendment of Mr. Daniell, in which it was proposed to admit the ladies of the chorus to the privileges of honorary membership, after twenty years service, and to excuse them from further attendance on rehearsals and concerts, was not adopted.

The Harvard Musical Association, finding the result of the past winter's Symphony Concerts in all respects encouraging, have re-elected the same committee (Messrs. J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, Augustus Flagg, B. J. Lang, S. L. Thorndike, S. B. Schlesinger, W. F. Apthorp, Charles P. Curtis, Arthur Foote and G. W. Sumner) to prepare another series (the sixteenth) of eight or ten concerts.

At Wellesley College the 73d concert (fifth series) was given on Monday evening, May 10, by the following performers: Miss Louise Elliott, *Soprano*, Mr. A. L. De Ribas, *Oboe and English Horn*, Mr. E. Strasser, *Clarinet*, Mr. E. Schormann, *Horn*, Mr. Paul Eltz, *Bassoon*, and Mr. Charles H. Morse, the musical Professor at Wellesley, *Pianoforte*. The programme was as follows:

Quintet for Piano and Wind Instruments, in E flat. . . . . Mozart.
(Largo, Allegro Moderato — Larghetto — Allegretto).
"Ave Maria." . . . . Schubert.
(English Horn).
Songs — *a.* "Joys of Home", ... Schumann.
b. Serenade. . . . . Gounod.
Quintet in E flat, Op. 16, for Piano and Wind Instruments. . . . . Beethoven.
(Grave, Allegro ma non troppo — Andante cantabile — Allegro ma non troppo).

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Normal Musical Institute, which has been so successful in the past two summers, will be resumed at Canandaigua, N. Y., (one of the pleasantest spots imaginable) on the 7th of July next, and the session will continue five weeks, ending Tuesday, Aug. 10. The corps includes for the piano: W. H. Sherwood, Eugene Thayer, and Miss Grace Sherwood; vocal culture, Harry Wheeler, Eugene Thayer; *Musical Theory, Harmony, Counterpoint, Musical Form and Sight-Singing*, L. A. Sherwood; *Organ, Church Music, Oratorio:* Eugene Thayer; *Violin:* Gustav Dannreuther; *Violoncello:* Chas. F. Webber. Lectures will be given on Vocal Physiology and Culture, by Mr. Wheeler; on piano-playing, by Mr. Max Piutti; on various musical topics, by Mr. Thayer; on the Physical Theory of Sound, by M. Armand Güys; on Elocution, with dramatic readings, by Miss Jennie Morrison. The opportunities to hear the pianoforte and organ compositions of the best masters both analysed and played by such able interpreters as Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Thayer, will be numerous.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOURTH CINCINNATI MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IT is a pleasure to be able to record that the progress which has been noticeable in each succeeding festival was again apparent this year. The programmes in general design were far in advance of those of the past festivals, while the principal works they contained gave evidence that the musical director had reason to expect material, both in the chorus and orchestra, superior in quality and quantity to that formerly at his disposal. The sequel proved that he was not mistaken in assuming this, for it is acknowledged on all hands, that these principal requisites were present and achieved a remarkable success, notwithstanding the extraordinary demands which several of the works performed made on them.

The central figure around which the other choral works were symmetrically grouped, was of course Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, in D. It is not surprising that this great work is so seldom performed, for it contains difficulties which under ordinary circumstances are almost insurmountable. When, in the year 1824, four parts of it were given under the personal direction of Beethoven, he was fairly besieged by the soloists and chorus director, with requests to allow them to make alterations in passages which they claimed could not be sung. The composer, however, made not the slightest concession, but insisted on the original reading. The physical exertion which is required of the chorus and soloists almost throughout the entire work, can only be overcome by earnest determination and never-failing enthusiasm. The intervals are frequently unsingable, while many of the passages which occur it is almost impossible for the chorus singer to execute in a manner technically correct. Whatever may have been his reason for so doing, it is certainly true that the composer has completely disregarded the ordinary rules of vocal composition. But in this case the end justifies the means.

As is well known, the Mass was composed for the installation services of the Arch-duke Rudolph, as Archbishop of Olmutz. While it was evidently the purpose of the composer to adapt the work to the ritual of the Catholic church, he could not long remain under the restrictions thereby imposed upon him. It is interesting to note how in the course of the composition the *musician* Beethoven cast off these fetters. Thus it happens that the Mass is not a church composition in the strict sense of the word. Beethoven was not a believer in dogma. In his work we find expressed in music the general ideas which the texts suggests, such as humility, adoration, omnipotence, wonder at a supernatural occurrence, as for example in that exclamation *et*, which

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introduces the *et incarnatus est*, and again the *et homo factus est*. The narrative of the crucifixion, death and resurrection of Christ is treated dramatically; likewise the *Agnus Dei* in the solo recitative, and, after the remarkable symphony in the thrilling phrase for the chorus. Frequently the meaning of the words is almost realistically illustrated in music. In the *Gloria in excelsis*, for instance, the voices ascend in a rapid scale passage to the outermost limits of their compass, suddenly to sustain full chords in the lowest register with the words *et in terra pax*. The *et ascendit* is interpreted in much the same way, while in the *et sepultus est*, the darkness of the grave is vividly depicted. From these few examples it is evident that Beethoven construed the text, not in an ecclesiastical but in a general sense. Whatever there was in the words calculated to give rise to musical ideas, he made use of to the fullest extent. He did not hesitate to represent violent emotions which are foreign and antagonistic to the traditional conception of the Mass. This also accounts for the prominence which he gives to the instrumental accompaniment. In the Mass, the preference with which Beethoven, during his so-called last period, made use of the highest forms of counterpoint, is very evident. Here, as in his last string quartets and piano sonatas, he does not permit the treatment of a musical idea to be in any way affected by a consideration of the technical difficulties which may arise. In the *Gloria* fugue these are very great. Skips of augmented and diminished intervals, of major sevenths and ninths, are not unusual. These difficulties, however, fade from sight in comparison with those of the *Credo* fugue. The composer seems to have had no regard for the compass of the different voices, or for technical possibilities. In view of this, it is really astonishing that the chorus sang not only well, but with excellent effect. Almost in every instance the phrases were attacked with precision and confidence. The intonation was very good, even in the most difficult and sudden modulations, of which there occur many. A remarkable feature of the chorus singing was the intelligent way in which the principal themes of the fugues were made prominent, as well as the discretion with which such parts as, for instance, the violin solo and solo quartet in the *Benedictus*, were accompanied. So close and constant was the attention paid to the conductor, that by the slightest sign he could control the entire body of six hundred singers. It was this thorough discipline which enabled Mr. Thomas to infuse life into the work of the chorus. The signs of expression were observed not so much because they had been learned by rote, as because the singers had become accustomed to exercise their own judgment, and to catch the idea of the conductor by giving him their undivided attention. The parts were excellently balanced. The tenors and basses were especially good, owing in a great measure to the fact that there was present in these voices a large German element. The two solo quartets consisted of Miss Sherwin, Miss Cary, Sig. Campanini, Mr. Whitney, and Miss Norton, Miss Cranch, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Rudolphsen.

Next to the Mass in importance was the Bach Cantata: "A Stronghold Sure" [*Ein feste Burg*], with which the Festival opened. It is one of the most effective of the several hundred composed by the great master, for the Sundays and Festivals of the church year. Luther's grand choral yields the subject matter for the whole work. Its first line, with slight melodic and rhythmic alterations, constitutes the first subject of the grand opening fugue; in remarkable contrast to which, the second line is introduced in its original weighty and incisive rhythm. The second verse of the choral: "Our utmost might is all in vain," is sung by the solo soprano accompanied with an uninterrupted running figure of the solo bass. Much after the general plan of the "Passions," there follows a moral reflection, an admonition, called forth by the preceding words of the choral: "Consider then, Child of God, all the wondrous love." To this the soprano, representing the Christian soul, replies in an Aria: "Within my heart of hearts, Lord Jesus, make thy dwelling." Then follows the third verse of the choral: "If all the world with fiends were filled." The voices sing the melody in unison, while the orchestra storms and rages round about them. The order of the first part of the Cantata is now followed again. The tenor pronounces the admonition: "Then close beside thy Saviour's blood-besprinkled banner, my soul, remain," to which in a duet for alto and tenor comes the reply: "How blessed then are they, who still on God are calling." The last verse of the choral in beautiful sustained harmony, sung *a capella*, forms the fitting close. In accordance with the custom followed by Bach, a prelude written and played by Mr. Whiting, the Festival organist, formed the introduction. The laborious task of adapting the work from the mere sketch left by the composer, for a performance with grand orchestra, Mr. Thomas was compelled to undertake himself. He made use of all the resources of the modern orchestra; but, as the result showed, with good judgment. No foreign elements were introduced. Only such motives and passages as are to be found in the original were employed. The original reading was retained wherever practicable. In the duet for alto and tenor, for instance, the only change made was in giving the part of the *oboe da caccia* to the English horn.

The chorus sang the Cantata almost faultlessly. The choral in unison was rendered with the greatest precision and accuracy, notwithstanding the confusing orchestral accompaniment. In the last verse, for voices alone, a beautiful, sustained, yet powerful volume of tone was developed, and the pitch from beginning to end held without the slightest deviation. In Handel's *Jubilate* the chorus did most excellent work. The final *Adagio* in the last chorus, with the mighty *crescendo*, made an overwhelming impression.

The prize composition, "Scenes from Longfellow's Golden Legend," by Dudley Buck, was the novelty of the third evening concert. The work consists of fourteen scenes which comprise the principal and salient points of the entire poem. Of these, three are wholly instrumental. It would lead too far to attempt detailed analysis. There is apparent throughout a perfect knowledge of instrumental effects, alone, as well as in combination with voices. While the work contains but little that is strikingly original, the author can lay claim to the merit of having carried out successfully and satisfactorily all he has undertaken to do. There is no attempt to accomplish things which are beyond his power. Of contrapuntal writing and elaborate work there is but little to be found in the choral numbers. There is almost throughout a sameness of rhythm in the different voices which borders on monotony. There are, however, many effective passages to be found which more than offset the weak points of the work. Its reception at the hands of the vast audience was most flattering. Every scene was warmly applauded, and several were demanded *encore*. At the close of the performance the composer was called for by the chorus and audience. Mr. Buck was conducted upon the stage and introduced by Mr. Pendleton, President of the Festival Association, and received an ovation which must have been a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to him.

Of the work done by the soloists and orchestra at the evening and afternoon concerts it is impossible to speak in detail. The band consisted of one hundred and sixty performers, and it was the general opinion that the like of orchestral playing has never before been heard in this country. The richness and power of tone which came from the army of strings, under the most perfect discipline, and in the most perfect harmony with the conductor, were grand beyond expression. The corps of wood and brass instruments was composed of solo artists who knew how to produce a large volume of tone without forcing their instruments and sacrificing its beauty.

The Fourth Musical Festival was certainly a grand success, and beyond a doubt will prove a land-mark in the history of the musical development, not only of Cincinnati and the West, but of the whole country.

Chicago, May 29. — The interests of the musical season have had two centres of culmination in this country, in the great Festivals of Boston and Cincinnati. In our own city, the musical entertainments have been placed so far in the shadow by these great attractions that your correspondent felt that he had better not trespass upon the space of the *Journal*, when others had far more interesting matter to offer, and had a just claim upon the columns of the paper.

Since my last note, we have had a visit from Mr. E. B. Perry, the blind pianist of your city, who gave us the pleasure of hearing him in two recitals. His programmes contained interesting music, and he played with a fine appreciation of the interest of the composers he was interpreting. Indeed his accomplishments are of such a high order, that one is hardly able to understand how it is possible, without sight, to obtain such a command over the pianoforte. In this respect, his energy, and the result of his work, are lessons to many a pianist who has the full use of all his powers; for when one can accomplish so much under the perplexities that the want of sight must produce, I am sure a man with his whole powers ought to be ashamed of any ordinary progress. In the West, we need many lessons upon the proper development of talent, for the superficial is often taking the places which belong to real attainment.

Sensationalism was again the active power in one of our recent concerts. Madame Rivé-King, Miss Litta, Miss Sherwin, Messrs. Fritsch, Conly, and Fischer, with Mr. Dulcken, came here for a single concert, when it pleased the enthusiastic manager to call the entertainment a "Musical Festival." That your readers may have some idea of what this gentleman calls a Festival, I annex the programme: —

1. Flotow — Duo from "Martha."
Messrs. Fritsch and Conly.
2. Servais — Fantaisie Brillante.
Mons. Adolph Fischer.
3. Mozart — Aria from the "Magic Flute."
Mr. George A. Conly.
4. Meyerbeer — "Vano, Vano," (?) from "Roberto."
Miss Amy Sherwin.
5. a. Chopin — Prelude in D flat, from Op. 28.
b. Mendelssohn — Andante and Rondo, from the Violin Concerto, Op. 64, transcribed for the piano by Mme. Rivé King.
Mme. Rivé King.
6. Donizetti — Aria from "Lucia."
Miss Marie Litta.
7. Verdi — Trio from "I Lombardi."
Miss Amy Sherwin, Messrs. Fritsch and Conly.

1. Saint Saëns — Second Concerto in G minor, Op. 22.
Andante sostenuto — Allegro Scherzando — Presto.
Mme. Rivé King.
Orchestral parts on Second Piano, with Organ Obligato written by Mr. Dulcken.
Mr. F. Dulcken.
2. Paccini — "Havvi un Dio," . . . . . (Preghiera.)
Miss Amy Sherwin.
3. Fischer, *a.* "Au bord du Russian," (?)
b. "Caprice Espagnol."
Mons. Adolph Fischer.
4. Benedict — "Carnival of Venice."
Aria and Variations.
Miss Marie Litta.
5. Rossini — "Romanza."
Mr. C. Fritsch.
6. Braga — Concertante.
Mons. Adolph Fischer.
7. Berlioz — Trio, from "Damnation de Faust."
Miss Marie Litta, Messrs. Fritsch and Conly.

The idea of so great a musical gathering as a "Festival," beginning with so important a work as a Duo from *Martha*, may make the lovers of music, or of propriety, smile. The unfitness of the thing must have also become apparent to the singers, for at the last moment they substituted "the Fishermen," by Gabussi, but unfortunately the work had not received that rehearsal that its importance demanded, for Mr. Conly made many false notes, and at one place lost himself completely, but the tenor came in with much promptness, and helped over the difficulty, and the selection was ended with more effect than we had reason to expect. Yet it was a rather sad opening to a "Festival." But seriously, the concert, notwithstanding its very bombastic announcements, had a number of good points. Mme. King played well, and gave us much pleasure. Also Mr. Fischer, the 'cellist, and Miss Litta won the applause of the audience for her brilliant singing. Miss Sherwin sang with much taste, although her voice upon the high notes was not as pleasing as one might wish. Perhaps she was not in her best voice.

On Tuesday evening last, the Beethoven Society closed its season with a concert, presenting the following works: —

The Erl-King's Daughter, Ballad, ... Gade.
The Fisherman's Grave, A Ballad Cantata for Solo, Quartet and Chorus, with Orchestral and Piano Score, ... J. Maurice Hubbard.
Finale from 1st Act of "Lohengrin" . . . . Wagner.

This society has not had the support that it deserved this winter; for, although the houses have been well filled at each concert, I am inclined to believe that the financial return has not been as large as it ought to have been. This society has undertaken to depend upon home talent in producing the many works they have given us this and past seasons, and unfortunately our people do not seem willing to encourage efforts made to aid musical development in our city, but demand the attraction that foreign artists present, in order to be led to pay full tribute to enterprises in the concert direction. It is a pity that such is a fact, for we have many musicians in our city, who should be encouraged more than they are.

At Hershey Music Hall, a number of popular matinées have been given, at which our home artists have appeared. They have been reasonably successful.

C. H. B.

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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

II.

THE FAUST OF PRINCE RADZIWILL, OF RIETZ, OF CONRADIN KREUTZER, OF L. GORDIGIANI, OF JOSEPH GREGOIR, OF HENRY COHEN, OF HUGH PIERSON, OF BOITO, OF FERDINAND DE BODA, AND OF ED. LASSEN.

In 1835, Prince Anton Radziwill,[2] governor of the Grand Duchy of Posen for the king of Prussia, and for the rest a passionate amateur of music and a brilliant violoncellist, published at Berlin a musical poem of *Faust*, having perhaps the Capellmeister Wilhelm Schneider for a collaborator. This remarkable work, as Fétis says, has been executed in many cities of Germany, and represented many times at Berlin, where the Royal Academy often plays it on the anniversary of the Prince's death. Goethe has praised it in the year 1814 of his *Annals*: "The visit of Prince Radziwill awakened a desire difficult to satisfy; the original music which he has composed for *Faust*, this happy and entrancing music, gave us only a remote hope of bringing upon the stage this singular work."

Finally, toward the year 1836, Julius Rietz,[3] pupil of the celebrated Zelter, and a very able violoncellist, had *Faust* represented after his fashion in the theatre founded by Immermann at Düsseldorf. He had been expressly called there by Mendelssohn, who had confided to him the musical direction of that theatre. He soon succeeded Mendelssohn in the post of musical head of the city; then he became at once director of the Gewandhaus of Leipzig and conductor of the orchestra at the theatre, and finally Capellmeister of the king of Saxony.

At very nearly the same period, Conradin Kreutzer, whose works are more remarkable for qualities of technical structure and experience, than for richness of invention, composed and had executed at Vienna a series of pieces on the principal scenes of *Faust*. This renowned musician, who, of very low extraction, had known how to elevate himself to the first rank in his art by dint of perseverance and of labor, finished, as he had begun, under the patronage of Goethe. He had, in fact, composed his second theatrical work upon Goethe's comic opera libretto, *Jery und Bätely*, and had seen it played in the Court theatre of Vienna through the miscalculation of the director, Weigl, who, always hostile to young debutants, had only given this piece under the conviction that it would have no success. The expectation of the envious man was deceived, and this representation recruited numerous partisans for the young musician. Goethe had served him favorably at his debut; he inspired him equally well at the end of his career; for these two works may be ranked among the best which Conradin Kreutzer has produced for theatre or concert.

To adapt to the German poem the inspirations of the Italian muse was a perilous undertaking, only to be excused, in case of success, by the honor of attempting it. The Italian Opera, *Fausto*, by Gordigiani,[1] appeared in 1837 at the Pergola Theatre in Florence. The author had allowed himself to be seduced by a very bad libretto, and had finished his music in a very short time at a fixed date. The result was a flagrant *fiasco*, one of the few such to be counted in the history of theatrical revolutions. This check was due to the absurdities of the book, to insufficient rehearsals, to the negligence of the artists, and finally to the puerility of the machinery employed for the transformations and enchantments. The music, in which one remarked some facile melodies, was not of force enough to exorcize such a disaster. This unfortunate event was, as it were, a presage of the career of the author, who went on composing pieces of chamber-music, and vocal melodies, without ever being able to succeed upon the stage.

At the very period when Berlioz was writing the first scenes of his *Damnation de Faust*, in the midst of the noise and agitation of Paris, a young Belgian musician was polishing and repolishing a score inspired by the same subject, which he wished soon to produce in public. On the 27th of January, 1847, Joseph Gregoir had his work executed at Antwerp in a grand festival which he had organized with the aid of two hundred singers and as many instrumentalists. The début of the young composer made a great noise in his native country. The concert took place in the hall of the Cité, "all resplendent with lights," say the journals of the time. Ladies of the city sang the choruses, and so the tickets for the festival Gregoir were at a premium for some days at the Bourse. The author was received with acclamations, and was sung in verse and prose; then music and musician sank into oblivion.

The plan of this "musical poem" is very nearly that which the collaborators of Gounod afterwards followed in writing their libretto; for M. Gregoir has simply chosen the principal scenes of the first *Faust* of Goethe, and has put them into music. Strangely, he has conceived his subject in very nearly the same manner with Gounod, and has rendered it in the same amiable and discreet gamut, in that demi-tint which is like the moonlight of genius. He pauses by preference at the sentimental, touching and impassioned scenes which are met with in the philosophical drama of the German poet; he is even so well quartered in this agreeable domain, that he has eliminated the person of the devil from his poem. A *Faust* without Mephisto is as bad as a *Faust* without Marguerite or without Faust.

In that same year, 1847, a French composer, M. Henry Cohen, had performed in the hall of the Conservatoire, at Paris, a lyrical poem, *Marguerite et Faust*, which met with a very good reception. One grand scene, entitled *The Triumph of Mephistopheles*, was especially applauded. This lyrical poem remains the principal work of the well-taught musician, who had learned harmony of Reicha, singing of Lais and Pellegrini, and who, after having twice gone to try his theatrical fortune in Italy, became director of the Conservatoire of Lille, a function which he soon resigned, on account of disagreements in opinion with an administrative commission which was joined to him as council.

Some years later, England paid a new tribute to the poet in the person of Hugh Pierson, an artist of merit (born at Oxford in 1816), who had devoted himself to music against the will of his father, titulary preacher of King George IV., and who had made his musical education in rather a fragmentary manner, receiving lessons and counsels by turns from the organist Atwood, from Paër at Paris, Walmisley at Cambridge University, Tomaschek and Reissiger in Germany. When Bishop died, he replaced him for an instant at the University of Edinburgh; but he was soon tired of being professor, and returned to Germany, where his opera, *The Triumph of the Sylphs*, was played at Brünn with some success, while that of *Leila* raised a storm at Hamburg. He lived eight years in that city, then returned in 1853 to London, where he composed an oratorio of *Paradise*, and a *second Faust*, which passes for his best work. Pierson died at Leipzig in the beginning of 1873.

In March, 1868, an Italian composer, M. Arrigo Boito, who is, on the Peninsula, the most convinced partisan of the innovating theories of Richard Wagner, produced at La Scala, in Milan, a *Mephistofele* which must be counted among the musical *pasticci* of the drama of Goethe. This opera did not succeed, and the second representation raised a frightful tumult; it was for the work a sentence of immediate death. The principal reproach incurred by the young musician was the want of melody. Could it be otherwise, knowing his neo-German tendencies, his preferences, and his admiration for the "music of the future? This check, then, did not imply that the opera was devoid of merit, and, by the admission even of the musical journals, it contained several pages of a fine conception and a powerful execution. Moreover, the merit of the author was recognized by all unprejudiced judges when his opera was resumed at Bologna, October 4, 1875. It was for the city, which was the first in Italy to admire and applaud *Lohengrin*, to render justice, not without passionate discussion, to the efforts and the talent of M. Boito, whose sole offence was being born in Italy.

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique. Ses Jugements, son Influence, Les Œuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880.—ED.

[2] Prince Anton Heinrich Radziwill, born at Posen in 1775; died at Berlin in 1833. The exact nomenclature of the scenes and pieces of his score will be found in the *Instrumentiste des Musiciens Polonais et slaves*, by M. Sowinski.

[3] Born at Berlin in 1812; died at Dresden in 1877.

[1] Gordigiani (Luigi), born at Florence in 1814. Died there in 1868.

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It must be said, also, that this dramatic work is of a very singular conception, and of very unequal value. M. Boito, who appears to be a real worshipper of Goethe, and who surely has studied the commentaries written in many languages on *Faust*, has carved a poem for himself out of the drama of Goethe, just as Berlioz or Wagner might have done; but it is less an opera libretto, than it is a series of eight scenes badly dovetailed together,—the Prologue in Heaven, the Easter festival, the scene on the ramparts of the city, Faust in his study, the garden, the Witches' Sabbath, the death of Marguerite and that of Faust, these last two episodes borrowed from the second *Faust*. Furthermore, M. Boito, who is a philologist, and who, after the example of Wagner, attaches almost more importance to his verses than to his music, has prefaced his score with a note, in which he examines the different orthographies and explanations of the word *Mephistopheles;* finds himself authorized by Le Loyer's book on *Spectres* to make those invited to the Sabbath sing *Sabaé*, while the witches sing *Hor Sabbah!* explains why he has adopted the metre of Greek verse in the scene of Helen, and how the Italian language lends itself better than the French to all the pomps and graces of the Greek metre, and the Latin, etc. Finally, he is so penetrated with his favorite author that, at almost every scene, he brings in evidence some verse, some tirade, in which he sees, not without reason, the essence, the knot of the entire scene. In Faust's study chamber, for example, that apostrophe of the doctor to the demon, "If I ever say to the passing moment, Stay, thou art so fair! then mayst thou surround me with chains; then I consent to annihilation"; and for the amorous *tête-à-tête* in the garden, that reply of Faust, "My love, who dares say, *I believe in God?* You may ask priests and sages, and their answer will appear but a mockery of the questioner."

The score of M. Boito shows what efforts a composer trained in the Italian school must make to shake off those obsolete formulas, to conceive a truly serious work, and above all, to give it a severe form. Whatever pains he takes, so great is the influence of the artistic medium, that he only succeeds in producing a very unequal, very laborious work, in which certain parts clash with others, and of which the merit, very real on the whole, consists more in tentative efforts than in any realized effect. In general, the fantastic passages have served M. Boito better than the scenes of tenderness; in the latter his melody is for the most part common, and his orchestra but slightly interesting, while he treats the former with great power, and not without originality. Evidently it is toward force and dramatic passion that his natural talent urges him; but a composer of such merit ought to keep a severer watch over himself, and not fall back into the ruts in which a Petrella has dragged himself all his life.

At the beginning of 1872, March 7, Ferdinand de Roda, pianist, harpist, composer and professor of music at the University of Rostock, brought out in that city a new musical drama of *Faust*, interpreted by the Academy of Singing and the united orchestras of Rostock and Schwerin. The author himself directed the execution of his work, which recommended itself, they say, by real dramatic qualities, and obtained a certain success. However that may be, this first hearing was also the last; and this musician, who had already produced oratorios, cantatas, a symphony, several piano pieces, died in September, 1877, at the Chateau de Bülow, near Crivitz (Mecklenburg-Schwerin), without ever having a chance to hear his *Faust* again. He would have been sixty years old on the 26th of March following.

Finally, in 1874, a Norwegian composer, Edouard Lassen, brought out at Weimar a new musical adaptation of Goethe's drama. Born at Copenhagen, but taken at the age of two to Brussels, having made his musical studies at the Conservatoire of that city, and having been several times laureate in the competitions in composition instituted in the principal cities of Belgium, Lassen made a grand tour in Germany, and was particularly well received by Spohr at Cassel, and by Liszt at Weimar. It was Liszt who caused his opera *King Edgar* to be represented on the Grand-Ducal stage, though it had been pronounced impracticable at Brussels, and with such success that Lassen was offered the place of director of the court music, and became attached to Weimar, where he fixed his permanent abode after the great success of his second opera, *Frauenlob*.

His new work, which follows Goethe's drama scene by scene, is very important, for it comprises more than fifty pieces of all kinds; but it is also very interesting, and contains more than one page that is remarkable. The Prologue in Heaven, with which the score naturally opens, and then all the melodrama accompanying the meditations of the doctor in his study, are of an excellent color; and the Easter hymn is of a touching simplicity, with its persistent sound of bells. The scene at the gates of the city is very pretty, with its sad complaint of the mendicant and the animated rondo of the peasants; the murmur of invisible spirits in Faust's chamber, and their joyous whisper during the doctor's sleep, have inspired the musician with graceful thoughts of an altogether fairy lightness. The scene in Auerbach's cellar, on the contrary, is rendered with a great freedom and rare vigor; the short phrase in canon of the surfeited drinkers, "We are as happy as cannibals, and gorged like five hundred swine," is inexpressibly clumsy and stolid.

The scene of the Witches' Kitchen is no more wanting in color. But it is, above all, the chaste figure of Margaret and the different episodes with which it is associated, that Herr Lassen has treated in a charming manner. So, too, the beautiful melody of the orchestra when she enters her chamber, the old song of the *King of Thule*, of which he has so well marked the archaic character; Dame Martha's lamentation of her absent husband; the brusque *entrée* of the devil, etc.; also many little pieces, simple phrases sometimes, very varied accents, leading to the promenade in the garden, which the composer accompanies with a light rustling, the charm of which excites to reverie and to sweet confidences. The monologue of Faust dragging his disillusions through the woods and caverns is underlined by an orchestral piece which shapes the image of the wanderer, and seems to depict his repeated efforts to climb from height to height. As for the melodrama placed under Margaret's invocation to the *Mater dolorosa*, it is impressed with a penetrating sadness, which brings out the strangeness of the devil's song in bolder relief; and the exact transcription of the *Dies irae* in the scene of the cathedral produces a terrible effect. But the capital piece of this first part, that in which the author has displayed the most power and imagination, is, without contradiction, the romantic scene of the *Walpurgis Night;* there we find a rare strangeness of invention, served by a very skillful hand; and these two qualities united were not too much to measure them with this astonishing conception of the fantasy of Goethe.

These same qualities are found to an equal degree in all the fantastical scenes of the Second Part. But the prolongation of this kind of music, aiming always, by means slightly varied, at the fairy-like, the supernatural, can not fail to fatigue in the long run; and this monotony, it must be confessed, sprang perforce from the subject, music not having resources multiple enough to paint episodes of very nearly the same nature, with colors varying incessantly. There are, among the number, some delicious pieces of a vaporous lightness, like the chorus of Ariel and the elves which opens the *Second Faust;* like the song of the Sirens in the upper Peneus and the whirling refrain of the Lamiæ; like the intertwining dances of Euphorion and the young girls in the scene of Arcadia. This tableau begins with a pretty pastoral prelude; and two other orchestral pieces of great importance, very richly colored, are the grand *Bacchanale* which terminates the third act, and the *Polonaise* which accompanies the masquerade in the palace of the Emperor.

The two fragments of the poem to which the author has given, by good right, the most musical importance, are the great scene of the *Classical Walpurgis Night*, and the charming episode of Helen; he has rendered them with a lightness of touch and a variety of tones truly remarkable.

In the second *Faust* still more than in the first, one meets with certain scenes which seem to demand some traits of purely descriptive music; and the author could hardly avoid painting the noise of the car of Plutus, the course of the centaur Chiron, the wriggling of the gnome Homunculus, the fall of Icarus-Euphorion, etc. But he notes only what is strictly necessary in this rather puerile kind, and passes on. He has done wisely also to adopt as it were a connecting thread, to bind these scattered pieces together; and he happily brings back from time to time two characteristic melodies, differing in kind,—that altogether graceful one which has signalized the first apparition of Helen in the scene of astrology, and the grave and sombre

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melopeia upon which the demon has revealed to the doctor the origin of things, the existence of the primitive divinities, the Mothers.

In approaching the end of the second *Faust*, in reaching the scenes where Care blinds the presumptuous doctor, where the Lemures dig the grave reserved for Faust, in arriving at the *Chorus Mysticus*, the composer found himself, as in the initial scene of Ariel and the Sylphs, in the presence of pictures where music has nothing more to say after the admirable translation by Schumann. Accordingly Lassen has treated these scenes as briefly as possible without curtailing them, but also without developing them, so as not to appear to wish to enter into rivalry with a master whom he certainly admires, for he proceeds directly from him.

This valuable work, then, is the last attempt that has been made at a musical adaptation of Faust; or rather, it was the last five years ago; for, with the constant attraction which the bizarre conception of Goethe exercises upon composers, it would be indeed astonishing should no *Faust* have been hatched since that time in the brain of a musician. Whether it be hatched, or whether it only germinate, there surely will arise some other in a little while, and then another still, and that will never be the last.

(To be continued.)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, BOSTON, MAY 31, 1880.

PRESIDENT PERKINS'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen: In October last we met at the first rehearsal of the season, with the hope that, though arduous, it would be in every way successful; and now at the end of May, being assembled at our annual meeting, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we did not hope in vain. Certainly is better than hope, gentlemen; and, pleasant as it was in the autumn to anticipate success, it is still more pleasant in the spring to be assured of it. The season has, indeed, been so exceptionally good, both in its artistic and its financial results, that I feel tempted to express my gratitude by pronouncing an indiscriminate eulogy upon it; but, although according to the proverb, nothing but good should be said of the dead, I shall refrain, knowing that it is wiser to allow of some falling short of perfection in the best of seasons as in the best of completed lives, since wholesale praise is apt to challenge criticism; and, being convinced that those who search for spots, will find them, even in the sun itself. Were I to say that the season of 1879-80 has been the best so far in the annals of the society, and that the fifth triennial festival which closed it far surpassed its predecessors, I might be contradicted; but when I say that no exertions were spared by the conductor, the singers, the organist and the board of management to make the concerts given before, and at the festival, as good as possible, I cannot be gainsayed, for this is strictly true. Beyond this I need not go. The public and the press have said all that we could desire in praise of our work, and, now that the grateful hum of applause has somewhat died away, it should be remembered not as a balm to our self-esteem, but as an incentive to self-examination. It is by studying the causes of such success as we have met with that we may learn what can be done to deserve a still greater meed of praise. Like the allegorical figure of Prudence, whom Raphael represented in a fresco at the Vatican, according to the quaint fancy of mediæval symbolism, as a woman with two faces, the one aged and turned backward, as if looking into the past, the other, young and beautiful, gazing into the mirror of self-knowledge, so should we study the present in the light of the past, and thus prepare ourselves for better work in the future.

After the earliest period in the history of our society had been passed through, during which the footsteps of its founders were guided by the feeble rushlight of New England psalmody, it entered upon the study of works belonging to the higher levels of musical thought, which has ever since been unfaltering pursued. Every year the horizon widened, and, as the society advanced, the public, to whom it revealed the new treasures of which it had possessed itself, advanced with it in appreciative power. By this means it helped to raise the standard of taste in music, and aided in bringing about that more general enjoyment and cultured appreciation of the best sacred music in which we now rejoice.

May we not justly claim that the Handel and Haydn Society has had some share in that impulse to advance in other fields of the divine art, which has brought about the improved state of public taste in what is distinctively, though obnoxiously, designated as profane music? It taught our people to love the Haydn of the *Creation*, and so made them eager to know the same Haydn in his symphonies and his quartets; it made them familiar with the Beethoven of the *Mount of Olives*, and thus prepared them to enjoy his great instrumental compositions. Thus, if we have today our excellent choral and symphony concert associations, it may be said that it is in some measure due to the initiative taken, by the Handel and Haydn Society so many years before they came into being. While we rejoice in their vigorous life, and wish them all prosperity, we must be watchful lest they surpass us in attainment. They have the public ear now as well as we, and what they teach it to appreciate will be demanded from us under pain of censure. Nor is this spur to exertion limited to our immediate vicinity. We have rivals elsewhere, rivals in our special domain, young and enterprising societies who surpass us in numbers and in resources. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." Let us look to it that its light is not quenched in the East. I say this in no other spirit than that of thankfulness that the love and study of the noble art is spreading in all directions. The more choral societies spring up, North, South, East and West, the better, for their multiplication can only serve to keep up a spirit of healthy emulation, and insure the best general results.

As the progress of public taste is commensurate with our own, as each year increases the number of our judges, and as the better our performances are the stricter will be the account exacted from us, it is not only our duty but our best policy to labor faithfully to correct our defects and bring our performances up to the highest standard. At the end of every season we should ask ourselves, Have we made an advance? and to this question I think we may this year answer, yes. The excellent performance of *St. Paul* on the opening night of the festival proved it, as it seems to me. It was generally admitted that the chorus sang with a closer attention to light and shade; a higher comprehension of the more subtle shades of expression; a less frequent tendency to what a newspaper critic has called our "stalwart style" of singing; and, in short, approached nearer to that form of perfection, which consists in exactly weighing and rendering all those shades of difference in volume of tone, which lie between the extremes of pianissimo and fortissimo. If it be difficult for the performer upon an instrument or a solo singer to do this with perfect evenness and accurate correspondence of result to intention, how much more so is it for a body of 500 or 600 singers, since it requires that each one should have perfect command of his voice, an identical conception of the quality of expression needed to give effect to the words sung, and that, collectively, they should be inspired with one will and one impulse! The perfect chorus, like the air around us, has mastery over the extremes of delicacy and power. "Didst thou feel," says Diogenes to Plato, in one of Landers' "Imaginary Conversations," "the gentle air that passed us? That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful than all the creatures that live and breathe by it." To sing softly as the zephyr blows; to "shake the dome" with the full resonance of united strength; to sink in hushed astonishment, "is this He? is this He who, in Jerusalem?" and to make the heavens ring with the "Hallelujah Chorus," so that the exact volume of sound intended by the composer will be given to each composition—this is only possible to a body of singers each one of whom has perfect command of his voice and a perfect comprehension of how it should be used. The more closely the singers watch the conductor and lose themselves in him, the nearer approach will they make to unity of style and feeling. They must yield to his every impulse, as the keys of a pianoforte to the pressure of a player's fingers, and thus embody the conception of the work which he has formed in his mind. When, then, you sing in the chorus, pay the closest attention to your leader and be plastic in his hands. Cultivate a sense of individual responsibility, ever keeping in mind that your work will mar or enhance the general effect; and endeavor to give the full meaning and expression to words and music, for it is certain that, unless you interpret them with feeling and intelligence, you will produce no effect upon your hearers. When your audience is before you, sing as if you thought that it depended upon you personally to rouse its enthusiasm, knowing that

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.
> And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
> With martial air, or martial, brisk or grave.
> Some secret chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touched within us, and the heart responds."

A rumor lately went abroad that our conductor, for more than a quarter of a century, had been tempted by the offer of an important post, to turn his back upon us and make his home elsewhere. To do him justice, I can honestly say that I never gave it a moment's credence. He has worked too well and too long with us to break the old ties, whose severance, when it takes place, will not probably be a matter of will on his part, nor on ours. We are all grateful to him for his unwearied efforts during the past season, and feel how much the success of the festival is due to him. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Lang for his most efficient aid, and to the members of the chorus, ladies and gentlemen, for their attendance at rehearsals, and their cheerfulness under necessary discipline and rebuke. I know that they have found their reward in the consciousness that they have well served the interests of the society to which they are so much attached, and ask for no other recompense.

In conclusion, I have to offer you the usual statistics relating to the events of the season. Fifty-four rehearsals have been held, with an average attendance of 360 members, and ten performances given, with an average attendance of 440 singers. Thirty-five new members have been admitted to the society, of whom two have not qualified. Fifty-five ladies have joined the chorus

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and fourteen have been dismissed. Eight members have resigned, and three have been dismissed. The works performed before the festival were the *Prodigal Son*, under the direction of its composer, Mr. Arthur Sullivan; *The Messiah*, Christmas, and *Israel in Egypt*, at Easter. At the festival we gave Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Forty-third Psalm*, Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Verdi's *Requiem*, a portion of *The Seasons*, Saint-Saëns's *Deluge*, Handel's *Jubilate* and *Solomon*, Beethoven's *Ninth (Choral) Symphony*, a portion of one of Bach's Cantatas. The programmes of the miscellaneous concerts included a great variety of vocal as well as instrumental pieces, among which latter we must not omit to mention the two overtures of our countrymen, Messrs. Dudley Buck and Chadwick. This is a long list of works, gentlemen, whose variety of school and period says much for the liberality of our musical creed.

It is proper that I should ask you to remember those whom death has stricken from our list of members within the past year. They are six in number, namely: Charles Henderson, who joined in 1834; Henry A. Coffin, who joined in 1865; T. Frank Reed, who joined in 1866; Thomas Greeves, who joined in 1870; Leopold Lobsitz, who joined in 1876; and Philo Peabody, who joined in 1877. One among them, Mr. Reed, was a member of our board of government in 1870 and 1871. Actively interested in the cause of music, always conspicuous among those who were best capable of promoting it, genial, kindly and courteous to all who came in contact with him, Mr. Reed has been not a little missed by those who knew and valued him.

One thing more, gentlemen, and I have done. You are probably aware that, so long ago as 1867, Dr. Upham, the president of the society, suggested that some one should be appointed to write its history; that Mr. Farnham began the work, and that it was afterward committed to the highly competent hands of Mr. Samuel Jennison, who entered upon his arduous task with enthusiasm. Having collected a great amount of material through diligent research, and begun to collate and arrange it, he was obliged to turn his attention to other things, and finally to lay the work aside altogether. Several years having passed without hope of renewed leisure to resume it, Mr. Jennison informed the committee that to his great regret he must give up what he had so much desired to do, and asked that some one should be appointed in his place, to whom he liberally offered the materials which he had collected with so much labor. By vote of the board of government, the now vacant office of historian was offered to me, and I accepted it, after vainly endeavoring to break Mr. Jennison's resolve. I did so because I have so long been connected with the Handel and Haydn Society, that I felt I had no right to refuse, and, because incompetent as I feel myself to be to do the work as I could wish it to be done, I knew that whatever can be done through the stimulating force of affection for the Handel and Haydn Society I may hope to do. To serve it in any way is to me a privilege, and I therefore welcome the opportunity which now offers itself, of doing what I can to make its history accessible to the many who will wish to know it better than they can at present.

Wishing the society increasing prosperity, and offering you my congratulation upon the highly encouraging result of the last season, whose receipts, despite the great expense of the festival, have allowed us to add $3,300 to the permanent fund, I offer you my thanks for the renewed honor of election to the presidency, and bring these all too long remarks to a close.

Charles C. Perkins.

BEETHOVEN AND VIENNA.

BY EDOUARD HANSLICK.

It was as a lad of sixteen that Beethoven came from Bonn on his first flying visit to Vienna. He carried home with him at least one inestimable advantage: that of having made the acquaintance of Mozart, who heard him play, and spoke prophetically of his future greatness. Five years later, in November, 1792, he once more entered Vienna, never again to leave it. It was an Austrian Archduke, the Elector Max Francis, son of the great Maria Theresa, who sent the much-promising young man to improve himself in the Austrian capital; an Austrian gentleman, Count Waldstein, the Elector's favorite, procured him the means for his journey to and residence in Vienna. At the very earliest part of his career, even ere he set foot on Austrian soil, Austrian influence was, therefore, actively employed in protecting him and advancing his interests. After his arrival in Vienna, he quickly amalgamated, socially and artistically, with the Austrian people. It was not Bach and Handel, but the great Austrian masters, Haydn and Mozart, who were his models in the task of creation, while Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Salieri, and Schenk were for a time his masters, though their pupil soon soared above all teaching. But it was not so much Beethoven the composer as Beethoven the pianoforte virtuoso who first afforded Vienna matter for wonderful stories. Though he soon renounced this kind of fame, his career as a pianist and concert-giver left a deep and permanent impression on the musical life of Vienna. His first public appearance took place on the 24th of March, 1795; he played in the Burgtheatre, for the *Tonkünstler*-Society, his C major concerto, Op. 15, for the first time. The period of his career as a virtuoso is strictly comprised between 1795 and 1814. Wherever we cast our eyes, we come on landmarks in his artistic life. If we follow, till it has wound along a short distance further, the streamlet on which his monument looks down, we stand before the Theatre an der Wien, where his *Fidelio* and *Christus am Oelberge* were first performed, and many concerts, in which he himself conducted grand instrumental works, were given. For the opening of the Josephstädter Theatre he composed and conducted his overture: *Weihe des Hauses*. In the inner town, the great Hall of the University reminds us of the remarkable first performance of the Seventh Symphony and the "Battle of Vittoria"; the Great Hall of the Redoute calls to mind the cantata: *Der glorreiche Augenblick*, and the concert of 1824, the last he conducted; the Burgtheater, his ballet of *Prometheus* and the share he took in the concerts of the *Tonkünstler*-Society; the Karntnerthor Theatre, *Fidelio*, as re-arranged, and the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Even the modest rooms 'zum romischen Kaiser,' 'auf der Freiung,' and 'zur Mehlgrube,' could boast of works by him being played at concerts there. At the Morning Concerts in the Augarten were first heard the D minor Symphony and the C minor Concerto. Lastly, on May morning in 1814, Beethoven played in the Prater, with Schuppanzigh and Linke, his grand Trio in B flat major; this was his last appearance as a pianist. Who can calculate the amount of happiness, joy, consolation, and elevation of mind, which, from his 'Adelaide,' his Septet, and his earlier Sonatas, down to his last Symphonies, he lavished on mankind! And Vienna was first to possess and enjoy all these works. It was a publisher of Vienna who issued his Opus 1, and it was a publisher of Vienna who issued his Opus 137 (the last). Like one of the mighty Nibelungs, who migrated from the Rhine to the Danube, Beethoven came here and amassed an incalculable treasure. But it was not hidden away or buried; it flowed as current gold from Vienna over the entire globe.

The smiling villages which surround Vienna in a garland of forest-green, were, so to speak, his workshops, the garrets of the poet. Trees under which he thought and created still send forth their leaves. Sauntering among the vineyards of Baden and Merkenstein, he thought out his Ninth Symphony; at the foot of the Kahlenberg in Heiligenstadt, he conceived the Pastoral and the C minor Symphony; in Hetzendorf and the Park of Schönbrunn, *Fidelio* and *Christus am Oelberge*; and at Mödling, the grand 'Festmesse.' The cool, cozy, summer haunts so familiar to us are all distinguished and immortalized by his having repeatedly staid there; it was in their woods and their gardens that the precious fruit of his mind germinated and ripened. As it was in Vienna that he found the stimulus to his mightiest efforts in art, so it was Vienna over which his genius first diffused its fructifying light and warmth. We will name only the Incomparable One, Beethoven's son in spirit, Franz Schubert! Not more than a few paces from Beethoven's grave is that of Schubert in the Wahringer Cemetery, and—as we can now joyously add—only a few paces separate to-day Schubert's Monument among the green bushes of Town Park from the Statue of Beethoven.

Who could ever calculate and name all the mighty results which emanated directly from Beethoven! There is the immense influence exerted by him on modern pianoforte playing. Young Viennese virtuosos, Czerny, Moscheles, Ries, Bocklet, etc., after studying under his own eyes, publicly performed his works for their instrument, and, when they had themselves ripened into mastery, were able to hand down the tradition of the style. Through his Sonatas, which, for the first time overstepping the limits of five octaves, turned to account a greater range of sound and demanded a more powerful tone, he exercised a decisive influence on the gradual amelioration in the manufacture of pianofortes at Vienna, and distinguished by marks of friendly attention the best representatives (Streicher, Stein, and Schanz) of the trade. Through Beethoven, whose new chamber-music was immediately studied by the Rasumowsky Quartet, quartet playing in Vienna attained a height of which no one had previously any conception. Schuppanzigh was the first violinist to organize in Vienna regular Quartet Concerts, and Vienna was, moreover, the first city which could boast of such concerts. This we owe to Beethoven, because the public were eagerly anxious to hear his quartets, while none save professional musicians could perform them. From Schuppanzigh the tradition was handed down to his pupil Mayseder, and from the latter partially to the artists of the Vienna of to-day. The seed Beethoven strewed about here has come up well, the crop growing thicker and higher with each successive year. If musical matters among us are immeasurably superior, as regards sterling purport and admirable execution, to what they were fifty years ago, to Beethoven is the credit directly owing. In his days, amateurs executed his orchestral works, in the vast majority of cases, at the Sacred Concerts and the concerts given by the Society of the Friends of Music, etc. The increasing desire to enjoy his difficult instrumental works rendered in a way worthy of them led subsequently to the establishment of our Philharmonic Concerts, to the engagement of professional musicians at the Society's Concerts, and to the stability and increase of Quartet Associations among us. We have penetrated more and more deeply into Beethoven's innermost being; we have extended more and more the circle of his works for performance; and we have

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raised higher and higher the standard of executive perfection. Our great concert institutions and our Quartet Associations cultivate his music above all other, and at domestic musical rites his songs and sonatas are heard in every family of Vienna. The most palpable proof of the Beethoven cultus existing in Vienna and ever increasing in depth and consciousness, stands to-day proudly erect before us: His Monument.

For ever will the view of the majestic bronze figure awaken in the spectator devout emotions, strong pure feelings and bravely aspiring thoughts. The bronze Beethoven shall work on us through the eye as his music works through the ear; it shall master and elevate us, so that, in his own words, 'we may be freed from all the wretchedness which other children of this earth drag about with them.' — *Neue Freie Presse*, May 1.

MUSICIANS IN MOTLEY.

The great event of the evening was the production, under peculiar and distinguished auspices, of Romberg's "Toy Symphony." Haydn, who dearly loved a joke, is credited with being the first to burlesque symphonic music by associating toy instruments with those of a graver sort; and Romberg follows his example, while not a few other composers since the time of these pioneers into the region of musical fun have allied the nursery to the concert-room. But of all toy pieces, Romberg's was, perhaps, the best for last night's purpose. It is heavily "scored" for the toys, and, therefore, best adapted to convey the lesson intended by the managers of the concert. We assume that the managers intended a lesson, arguing with themselves that when the audience witnessed the pleasure derivable from toys by grown-up people, they would reflect upon the infinite delight those can get out of them to whose "kingdom" they properly belong. It would be a charming result of performing Romberg's piece if an avalanche of toys were to descend upon the Children's Hospital, making Great Ormond Street echo the wild charivari of St. James's Hall. The moral of the nursery instruments was well pointed by the distinction and gravity of the artists who played them. Messrs. Manns, Cusins, Carl Rosa, and Santley, with violins in their hands, supported by Mr. Ganz (viola), Mr. Daubert (violoncello), and Messrs. Cowen and Barnett (pianoforte), though a rare, could hardly be called a remarkable spectacle. But Mr. Arthur Sullivan imitating a cuckoo, Mr. Charles Hallé peacefully piping the note of a quail, Mr. Joseph Barnby emulous of the nightingale, Mr. Arthur Chappell throwing his energies into the part of a woodpecker, Sir Julius Benedict ringing bells, Mr. Randegger beating a baby drum, Mr. Blumenthal "pleased with a rattle," Dr. Stainer and Mr. Kuhe lustily blowing tiny trumpets, and Mr. Louis Engel throwing the whole force of his nature into the tintinnabulation of a triangle! This was, indeed, a striking and suggestive sight. One may be permitted to speculate upon it a little, and ask whether the toy performers were influenced by any law of "natural selection" in making choice of their instruments. It is a fair inference that they were. The sight of the toys would naturally revive in each manly breast the fresh and unsophisticated feelings of childhood. For a moment the warping forces of the world would relax their strain, and the genuine individuality be drawn at once to the toy best adapted for refreshment and consolation. Yet we cannot in every case make out the link between last night's players and their instruments. Why should Mr. Sullivan affect the cuckoo? The cuckoo is a lazy bird, that builds no nest, and hatches its young vicariously. Yet we know that American publishers and managers consider Mr. Sullivan as having been rather too solicitous about the personal incubation of the latest operatic egg. Then the idea of Mr. Charles Hallé's affinity with a quail, which has only one note, is absurd; while nothing in the course of Mr. Barnby's useful life suggests the nocturnal "goings on" of Philomel. Considering that the director of the Monday Popular Concerts has "tapped" the British public to some purpose, we admit the fitness of his playing the woodpecker; and, having in mind a recent happy event, there was decided propriety in the bell-ringing of Sir Julius Benedict. But why should Mr. Randegger, who is what Lord Bacon would call a "full man," love such an empty thing as a drum; or Mr. Kuhe, who is modesty itself, find happiness in a blatant trumpet? These are the psychological mysteries of the occasion, which the thoughtful among the audience carried away to ponder. But whatever the facts as to affinities, it is certain that each performer played his instrument as though to the manner born. The amount of expression in Mr. Sullivan's cuckoo might have revealed to the bird itself an unsuspected possibility of pathos; Mr. Randegger's drumming could not have better shown how sometimes great results flow from an apparently disproportionate cause; Mr. Blumenthal, grasping two rattles, wore a smile so "child-like and bland" that obviously he was in the nursery again, and the glowing countenance of Sir Julius Benedict as he jangled his bells did one good to see. Of course the infection of innocent enjoyment spread to the audience; St. James's Hall burst into smiles; the smiles soon became laughter, the laughter ended in applause, and the applause secured an encore for Mr. Henry Leslie, who had conducted the performance with a due sense of his responsibilities. It is a pity all this could not have been telephoned to the Great Ormond Street wards. The little inmates there would easily have discerned that the rich and happy folk in St. James's Hall were not far removed from their own poor suffering selves. — *London Musical World*, May 22.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

"SCIENTIFICALLY!"

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. — *Hamlet.*

The number of persons who derive more or less enjoyment from hearing music is, undoubtedly, very great. The great art of tones makes itself felt, and hence is understood, in a certain mystical and transcendental sense of the word, by very many who are by no means musicians. It were an interesting psychological study to discover exactly what the larger mass of listeners find in music; to find an answer to the question: in how far is the evident enjoyment with which such and such a person listens to the Fifth Symphony intrinsically musical, and in how far is it a vague sense of being in the presence of something undefinably great? Is this enjoyment based upon even an approximate appreciation of specifically musical beauty, or does it spring from a sort of mystic revelation of the individuality of the composer or performer through the medium of tones? Is it music, or is it animal magnetism that is at work?

Certain it is, however, that the art appeals strongly to a vast number of people who, by the way they talk about it, would seem to the musician to be utterly incapable of receiving musical impressions. Yet let him but play to them, and he holds them spell-bound. But only let him try to talk to them about music, and it is almost impossible for him to make himself understood. Here is the paradox: they enjoy the music, but can give no account of their pleasure; they cannot even have their pleasure accounted for. They enjoy they know not what.

It is often curious to note by what a slender and, at times, undiscoverable thread, music connects itself with the consciousness of many an entranced listener. How subtile this connection is, is shown by the exceedingly odd conjectures people make concerning the nature of the difference between their own enjoyment of music and that of the musician. Exactly what their own enjoyment is, they do not rightly know; what the musician's enjoyment is, they have not (or think they have not) the faintest conception. But as people are not long comfortable in dealing with the unexplained, they cannot but try to fathom the mystery in their own way; the upshot of their reasoning is usually this:

"The musician's enjoyment cannot be what mine is; mine is emotional, *ergo* the musician's must be intellectual." And then grasping at random among the various fields in which the human intellect exerts itself, they pounce upon science as one of the most universal and imposing, and say: "I do not enjoy music *scientifically*, as you do." This italicized word is much in favor.

"Don't you think Mr. X — played the Moonlight Sonata beautifully?"

"I am sorry to say, that I do not."

"Don't you think he played with expression?"

"Oh, yes! with a great deal of expression, with no end of expression, in fact."

"Then I suppose his execution was not good, and that he played wrong notes; but you know that poor I do not know enough about it to notice such things."

"On the contrary, his technique is superb at every point; his execution is positively wonderful."

"But if his execution is good, and he plays with expression, why don't you like his playing? Ah! I suppose he did not play scientifically."

Now let it be said, once for all, that, no matter what trying positions unkind fate may place people in, it is never absolutely indispensable for a man to make a fool of himself. But as surely as he tries to make a long word do duty for an unknown something, he inevitably will perform that undesirable feat.

Music is not Science; people neither play music nor enjoy music *scientifically*. The very people who so misuse the word, feel in their hearts that it must mean sheer nonsense in this connection. When a person says, with apparent modesty: "You enjoy music scientifically, but I do not," it is always with the secret reservation: "But I enjoy it psychically, and that is better."

Come, admit it; is it not so?

Now what this peculiar something is which people try to explain away by calling it *scientific*, is hard to describe. It has more to do with what we call cultured perception than anything else. But one thing is certain; *scientific* or *scientifically* have nothing to do with it. Listen to music scientifically (if such a thing be possible), and you at once kill its whole charm. I can never hear people speak of scientific music without having a suspicion that their æsthetic capabilities are very much on a par with those of a man I once met in Switzerland. He was a fellow countryman. I had just come from Porlezza to Lugano, and was standing on the quay trying to console myself for two hours spent on the deck of the little steamer under a burning mid-day sun, by looking out over the beautiful lake at the entrancing scenery. It was one of those slightly hazy summer days when the thermometer's scoring 90° in the shade gives but a faint idea of the all-subduing heat. But the thin haze, impregnated with the sun's rays, threw a golden glory over the distant hills, and everything seemed to invite one to lazy enjoyment of the divine landscape. The hero of my story came up to the water's edge, and stood beside me a few moments; I recognized him as one of the passengers on board the boat, and thought at first that he was probably enjoying the scene in peace and quiet, as I was. Feeling particularly lazy, I did not speak to him at first, but he soon opened the conversation with: "There ain't much enterprise about here!"

The anecdote has not much relevancy, but I give it as showing an example of æsthetic vacuity unsurpassed in my experience. Anybody, however, is at liberty to equal it by speaking of enjoying music scientifically. W. F. A.

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MUSIC IN BOSTON.

DEFERRED NOTICES.

(Concluded from page 95).

Among the various performances which occurred while our columns were pre-occupied with musical festivals here and elsewhere, as well as by the *Faust* of Berlioz, were a number of interesting Pianoforte Concerts, or Recitals. We have already recalled our impressions of the three given by Joseffy in the great Music Hall; it remains to gather up, if only by way of record, some of the more important ones which were enjoyed in a more modest way in smaller halls, — Chamber Music in a proper place. We begin with the concert given by Mr. John A. Paxston, at Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday evening, May 15. There was a goodly number of appreciative listeners to the following programme: —

Theme with variations, Op.36 (first time). Anton Dvôrák.
Song, "Adelaide". . . . . Beethoven.
Kreisleriana, Eight Fantasias, Op. 16. . . . Schumann.
Agitato assai — Molto espressivo e non troppo vivace — Molto agitato — Molto lento — Molto vivace — Molto lento — Allegro assai — Allegro Scherzando.
Songs, Unter blüh'nden Mandel Baumen. . . . Weber.
Au Cimetière. . . . . Saint-Saens.
Murmeludes Lüftchen, Blüthenwind. . . Jensen.
Grand Trio in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin and 'Cello. Op. 24 (first time). . . . . Eduard Nápravnik.
Allegro con fuoco — Allegretto grazioso, quasi Andantino — Presto — Vivace (Alla Russe).

The vocalist was Mr. William J. Winch. In the Trio Mr. Preston was assisted by Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, violin, and Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cello. We were accidentally too late to hear the variations by Dvôrák, and will not undertake to speak knowingly of the work. In his rendering of Schumann's *Kreisleriana* — the whole series of those fantastic pieces, some of them of a haunting beauty and deep feeling, others of a wayward, mystifying will-o'-the wisp persistency — we were astonished not only by the technical excellence, the clearness and finish, the sustained poise, ease and freedom of Mr. Preston's execution, but still more by a mental grasp and an interpretation of the work which left nothing vague or dull, but took strong hold of the attention and held it to the end. It would be hard to name his superior among our younger pianists; and he is steadily gaining both in strength of conception and of execution.

Of the Trio by Nápravnik, the imperial Russian Capellmeister, our impressions from a single hearing have somewhat faded away. But it struck us as quite exceptional in form, particularly the first movement, and as having a strong flavor of nationality throughout. The term *alla Russe*, appended to *Vivace* in the finale, might with equally propriety, we thought, apply to the whole work. The Allegro is intense and fiery. The Allegretto grazioso has a dance theme steadily repeated, which seems to go on tiptoe, and is rather monotonous. The Scherzo, wavering between the major key and its relative minor, is alternately bold and charming, with interesting imitation in the strings; and the Vivace, in G major, 2-4 measure, has a short and barren sort of theme, of which the obstinate monotony lies perhaps in the nature of the Russian dance. On the whole, however, we found it one of the more interesting, certainly unique, among the recent novelties in this line, and it was finely played by the three artists. Mr. Winch's singing was tasteful and delightful, and so were Mr. Preston's delicate accompaniments.

Mr. H. G. Tucker gave a concert at Mechanics' Hall on Thursday afternoon, May 20, with the assistance of the tenor singer, Mr. Charles R. Adams; this being the programme: —

Sonata, Op. 100, A minor. . . . . Rubinstein.
Songs, "Busslied". . . . . Beethoven.
"Ich grolle nicht". . . . . Schumann.
Prelude, E flat major. Prelude, E major. . . . Chopin.
Etude, C major. . . . . Rubinstein.
Songs, "Liebesfruhling". . . . . Sucher.
"Der Neugierige". . . . . Schubert.
"Die blaue unendliche See!". . . . . . . Sucher.
Allegro de Concert, A major. . . . . Chopin.

The Rubinstein Sonata, the novelty of the occasion, is exceedingly long, — three quarters of an hour, — a length seldom reached by a grand Symphony. We lost the first two movements, and were told that the second, the Scherzo, was the one really rewarding thing for the listener. The slow movement (third), we must confess, appeared to us interminable, and vaguely wandering nowhere; it seemed like a huge blind creature burrowing in the ground; in the Finale there was more of a savage sort of life; here the monster showed his teeth. Well, perhaps on better acquaintance we might like the Sonata better, and feel disposed to treat it seriously. It offered a plenty of technical difficulties, and called for great strength and endurance in the interpreter, to which Mr. Tucker proved himself abundantly equal. Much more clear and satisfying was the more familiar *Etude* by the same composer, in which, as in the two Chopin Preludes, Mr. Tucker showed more of grace and delicacy than was his wont. The Concert Allegro of Chopin was played with great brilliancy and freedom. It was a rare satisfaction to hear the *Busslied* of Beethoven and Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht" sung so artistically, with such fine phrasing and enunciation, and such commanding accent and expression, by Mr. Adams. All our singers may learn something from him. His second group of songs were fresh and pleasing, but not quite fresh his voice.

Mr. Ernst Perabo's artistic zeal and resolution in the cause of new, as well as old and classical pianoforte music, dedicating his best powers without stint to let the new composers have a hearing, held out to the extent of *eleven* industriously prepared Matinées in Wesleyan Hall. Since our last report he has given two, on Monday, April 26, and on Friday, April 30. Messrs. B. Listemann and Wulf Fries assisted him in the concerted pieces. It may be taken for granted that the interpretation by these artists, single and combined, was all it should be. In the press of other cares we were compelled to lose the concerts; we can only, by way of record, give the programmes, in which it will be seen that almost every number is marked "first time in this country"; or something practically equivalent; the disciples of "the newness" cannot complain of Perabo: —

MATINEE X.

a. Prelude and Fugue, in A minor, } Op. 65. C. Reinecke.
b. Prelude and Fugue, in D minor, }
(First time in this country.)
Sonata for piano and 'cello, Op. 46, E minor. X. Scharwenka.
1. Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Andante.
3. Vivace, ma non troppo.
(First time in this country.)
Romance, Andante, B flat major. From "Album de Peterhof," Op. 75, No. 11. . . . Rubinstein.
(First time in this country.)
"Acht Pianofortestücke," Op. 32. No 1. G major . . . . W. Bargiel.
Valse — Impromptu. F minor, Op. 30 . X. Scharwenka.
(First time in this country.)
Grand Trio, No. 3, in B flat major, Op. 37 W. Bargiel.
1. Allegro moderato con grazia.
2. Andante, molto sostenuto.
3. Scherzo.
4. Finale. Allegro moderato.
(Second time in Boston.)

MATINEE XI.

Prelude and Fugue, in E minor. From Album "Notre Temps." . . . . Mendelssohn.
Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 10, F minor . W. Bargiel.
1. Allegro.
2. Andante sostenuto.
3. Finale, Allegro.
(First time in Boston.)
Gavotte No. 2, for 'cello and piano, Op. 23. D major . . . . David Popper.
(First time in this country.)
Adagio, for 'cello and piano, Op. 38, G. major. W. Bargiel.
(Originally written for 'cello with orchestral accompaniment.
"Zum Abschied." Studie für das pianoforte. Op. 59, G major . . . . J. Rheinberger.
(First time in this country.)
Trio No. 2, Op. 45, A minor . . . . . X. Scharwenka.
1. Allegro non troppo.
2. Adagio.
3. Scherzo. Molto Allegro.
4. Allegro con fuoco.
(Second time in this country.)

Mr. Arthur B. Whiting, a pupil for the past three years of Mr. W. H. Sherwood, made his début as a concert pianist on one of the very hottest evenings at the very acme of the "heated term" in the last week of May (Thursday, 27th). Nevertheless Mechanics' Hall contained about 400 listeners according to report. A concert of angels could not have tempted us at such a time; and as for duty — perhaps length of service may be pleaded in excuse! That the occasion may not pass here without record, we copy from a notice in the *Transcript*, having good authority for believing that its estimate is a just one:

The opening selection was the Fourth Handel Concerto, arranged for two pianos by D. Krug. The style of the composition is very precise and set, and requires a broad and firm rendering, with great precision in execution. Mr. Sherwood took the part for the second piano, with Mr. Whiting in the *primo*. The piece was rendered in an almost faultless manner, the five movements being played with the strictest fidelity to the score, and with mathematical accuracy in time. This piece is not heard in public often enough for our people to be very familiar with its rare merits as a technical work. Mr. Winch gave a group of songs from Rubinstein, Schubert and Franz. "The Asra" was particularly enjoyable. The others — "Du bist die Ruh," Die Wasserrose," and "Be not so coy, beloved child" — were sung in Mr. Winch's well-known manner, and were warmly applauded. Mr. Whiting's test piece was the "Appassionata" sonata, Op. 57, of Beethoven, and he is to be congratulated on the truly artistic manner in which he rendered this masterly composition. Here he showed more than in any other selection the careful and conscientious manner in which he has studied music, and exhibited unmistakable indications of deep musical feeling and sympathy which promises much for his future as an exponent of classical music. He was deliberate, self-possessed and dignified, and controlled the instrument, particularly in the pianissimo arpeggios, in a truly admirable manner.

His technique is easy and graceful, and he has a commanding, but not ostentatious presence at the piano. As a whole this sonata may well mark his appearance as a concert pianist.

The next number on the programme was a group consisting of Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, one number from Jensen, Novellette, Op. 21, No. 5, Schumann, and the great Faust waltz by Liszt from Gounod. These Mr. Whiting played entirely from memory. They were all executed with great care and with artistic truth, and were fully appreciated by the audience.

The closing piece, as well as the most impressive of all, was the symphonic poem on Victor Hugo's "Mazeppa" for two pianos, by Liszt. This has never been produced here before, and it is truly a wonderful and a majestic composition. It taxes the capacity of both piano and performer to a great degree, and attracts the listener with irresistible power as it sweeps along like a whirlwind. . . . Mr. Whiting has earned the right to recognition as one of the most prominent of our local pianists, and if his future may be judged by the past, he certainly has a great musical career before him.

Mr. Junius W. Hill, the accomplished pianoforte teacher, has for a year or more been carrying out an excellent idea with excellent results. It is simply giving to some of his pupils frequent opportunities of *ensemble* practice in Sonatas, Trios, etc., with the violin and 'cello. We can think of nothing more beneficial in the way of musical culture and progress to pupils who have musical natures and sufficient zeal and talent. The young lady of that stamp is to be congratulated, who can take part in periodical rehearsals of such music with such experienced artists as those named in the following programme of an "Ensemble Rehearsal" of pupils from Mr. Hill's Second and Third Classes, which took place at his Music Room, 154 Tremont St., on the 19th of May:

Trio in F sharp minor, Op. 56. Allegro moderato. . . . . Reissiger.
Miss Appleton, Messrs. Allen and Fries.
Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 8. Allegro con brio. Grieg.
Miss Dana and Mr. Allen.
Songs. { a. "O! that we two were Maying." . Gounod.
{ b. "May-dews." . . . . Bennett.
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
Trio in E flat major, Op. 100. First movement. Schubert.
Miss Bowker, Messrs. Allen and Fries.
Trio in F major, Op. 42. . . . . Gade.
a. Andantino.
b. Allegro con fuoco.
Miss Nolte, Messrs. Allen and Fries.
Song, "Spring Flowers." (With violin obligato.) Reinecke.
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 30, No. 2. Allegro con brio. . . . . Beethoven.
Miss Holmes and Mr Allen.
Trio in B flat major, Op. 52. First movement. Rubinstein.
Miss Ranney, Messrs. Allen and Fries.

The Vocal Clubs gave each its final concert of the season in the latter part of May. First came the Boylston Club, always kept in admirable drill and up to concert pitch by its conductor, Mr. G. L. Osgood. This time it essayed no formidable work with orchestra, but fell back upon its old ground of "popular," mostly part-song music, with the following choice programme of its kind, the only *entremets* being a Mendelssohn Fantasia played by Mr. Petersilea, the pianoforte accompanist of the Club:

For the Male Chorus.

"Shed no Tear," . . . . Mosker.
"The Nightingale," . . . . Schubert.
"Forsaken," . . . . Koschat.
"The Ruined Chapel," . . . . Becker.
"Go, speed thy Flight," . . . . Otto.

For the Female Chorus.

"Ave Maria," . . . . Marchetti.
"Fidelin," . . . . Brahms.
"Presage of Spring," . . . . Hollander.

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For the Mixed Chorus.

"May Dew,"	Rheinberger.
"Have you my Darling seen,"	Osgood.
"The Pine Tree."	Rubinstein.
"King Eric,"	Rheinberger.
"Peasant's Wedding in Carinthia,"	Koschat.

THE APOLLO CLUB gave two concerts, the second (May 20) being mainly a repetition of the first, with the great improvement of an orchestral accompaniment. The principal and longest piece with orchestra formed the opening number: selections from "A Night at Sea," by W. Tschirch. As given with the instruments it proved to be a very graphic, well contrasted series of scenes in music (without the instruments we could hardly imagine it to be very interesting), consisting of, first, a chorus: "Hymn to Night;" second, "Pleasant Voyage," a duet between the captain and helmsman, tenor and baritone; third, a tenor solo, "Home and Love;" and finally an exciting "Storm," for chorus with interjaculations of captain and helmsman. It was all very effectively and finely sung and played, Mr. Lang, as usual, conducting. Beethoven's Chorus of Dervishes, preceded of course by the Turkish March (substituted for Mendelssohn's part-song, *The Turkish Cupbearer*), was also given with orchestra; as was the concluding number, the *Roman Song of Triumph*, by Max Bruch. The orchestra also performed, for the first time here, a very bright and genial Overture, called "Spring," op. 15, by Goetz.

The other numbers of the programme were: the old English Glee: "Strike, strike the lyre," by Thomas Cooke; "Twilight Song," by Lachner; Schubert's grandly impressive *Die Allmacht* ("The Almighty") for tenor, solo, and chorus; "O who will o'er the downs with me," by De Pearsall; "Evening," for Bass solo and chorus, by Lachner; the Bass recitative and air, "The Husbandman," from Haydn's *Seasons*; sung by Mr. Clarence E. Hay; and "The Flower-Net," by Carl Goldmark. Throughout the Apollo sang with life and with refinement.

Finally the CECILIA, May 24, gave the long contemplated repetition of Max Bruch's *Odysseus*, as before, with orchestra. The soloists were the same as before, with the exception of Miss L. F. Pierce, who sang very acceptably the parts of Pallas Athena and Nausikaa. The performance was even better than the first one; but the night was extremely hot, and the work with its ten scenes is very long: and with all the inventive talent which the composition shows, and all its elaborate wealth of orchestration, it did not seem to have enough of the magnetic quality of genius to keep the audience alive with interest to the end.

There! we have at last cleared off the old scores, and hope to be ready, after the summer's rest from concert worry, for whatever of real interest another season may bring forth.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 7. — The season is now so far gone that there remains little or nothing in the way of classical entertainments to chronicle. The halls are closed, the lights are out, the directors have flown to cooler shores, and there is a general air of tropical calm where, during the winter, there was musical bustle and activity. The Peabody Hall, on a hot summer night, frowns down on the passer by like a dismal man — solemn — the sepulchre of symphonies — and the doors of the Academy of Music are closed, even against the strains of the popular orchestral selections that were wont to issue thence on warm June evenings.

This state of musical inactivity, however, offers an excellent opportunity for reflection on what has been accomplished during the past season, as well as for giving some attention to such musical events as have not received the notice they deserved.

It will doubtless be of some little interest to the readers of the *Journal* — published in the city of choral societies — to hear something new of at least two of our many chorus classes. The one is the Beethoven Chorus Class, composed of about sixty lady voices, which gave two delightful entertainments during the season. The latter of the two concerts was given on the last day of May, and the following programme is an evidence of the taste and judgment employed in the selection of just the proper music for such a chorus:

Motet	Giovanni da Palestrina.
Motet	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Chorus from *Blanche de Provence*	Cherubini.
Serenade by the Seashore	W. Kjerulf.
The Spanish Tambourine Girl	R. Schumann.
The Seasons	Niels Gade.

At the first concert there were compositions of Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Hamerick, Rheinberger and Brahms. The fact of sixty well-trained female voices singing such music with so much charming grace and refinement, leads one to marvel why we do not have female choruses in abundance in every musical city in the Union. It is around such combinations of thoroughly schooled female voices that tenors and basses can be collected to form fine mixed choruses.

The average male amateur singer is too much engrossed in his daily pursuits to be able to devote nearly so much time to concerted vocal practice as the better half of a mixed chorus; and the separately and thoroughly trained female chorus should act as a confident and reliable nucleus.

So much for the Beethoven chorus class, although not so much by far as could, or ought to be, said of it.

The other choral event was the production of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* (words by "Mr. Dryden") by the Wednesday club chorus, on the 29th of last month, complete and after the original score! There were some shortcomings, of course, in the orchestra, hastily brought together as it was, and with little time at command for rehearsing music entirely new — for within the recollection of the oldest musical inhabitant, there had been no Handel chorus sung here for — well, ever so long! But the chorus was conceded to have reached the most sanguine expectations of all musical listeners. The rendering of the closing fugue, with its four beautiful themes —

> Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
> Or both divide the crown:
> He raised a mortal to the skies;
> She drew an angel down,

was acknowledged by several musicians of excellent judgment in matters of voice, to have been as fine a piece of chorus work, for confident attack, force and precision, as could be expected from ninety voices, and an orchestra of twenty men. It must be admitted that a chorus which has been singing together for but one short season, no matter how good its material, must be making very satisfactory progress to produce an entire work of Handel with any degree of success. And so our chorus music for the past season has wound up in a blaze of glory, leaving behind the conviction that the best of chorus music is possible here, if only it be managed in a proper spirit. C. F.

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., JUNE 14. — An event, as novel as delightful in the annals of Vassar College, took place on Saturday, when the students of the School of Music of the college, celebrated the close of the most brilliant musical season of its annals, by an eight hours' sail on one of the large Hudson River steamers. Two hours of the time were spent in an impromptu concert, two hours in discussing the merits of an excellent collation, accompanied by speeches from the students, President Caldwell and Dr. Ritter; and two hours in dancing; the other two hours disappeared unperceived, a margin of delightful idling, marked with the red line of merry conversation and happy laughter.

The students entered into the whole affair with warm zest, feeling a just pride in the remarkable artistic and financial success to which this department has attained, and sang and played *con amore*, encouraged by the enthusiastic applause of more than one hundred fellow students, and a limited number of guests — those members of the college government distinguished by their taste for musical art. Before starting down the river, the excursion party, by request of Dr. and Mrs. Ritter, steamed up to West Park, and there took on board Mr. John Burroughs, the delightful essayist, who had previously most kindly volunteered his services as *cicerone*, in case a majority of votes had led the party into the recesses of wood and waterfall near his cottage, rather than to the possible haunts of mermaidens. Even the order of dancing was marked by a novelty. At the suggestion of Mrs. Raymond Ritter, who was present as a guest, and who took a warm and natural interest in the success of this first festival of a department over which her husband presides, dancing was opened by a "Marche Polonaise," participated in by the entire company, to the music of a Chopin polonaise. For instruction in regard to the way in which this march should be danced, see Liszt's Life of Chopin. The gentlemen were in a very considerable minority; those ladies who took the gentlemen's side in the gay procession, donned pretty French costume hats and caps for the occasion.

As the happy party neared Poughkeepsie wharf, on its return home, one of the "Midsummer Nights' Dream" choruses was sung, and silvery cheers were raised for the captain, the college, and him to whom his attached students have given the *sobriquet* of "Our Dear Doctor." But Mrs. Ritter's original and fantastic programme will give you a fuller idea of the novelties of the occasion, especially those of the *menu!*

SALVE!

FIRST SUMMER FESTIVAL OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, VASSAR COLLEGE,
June 12, 1880.

On Board the Steamer D. S. Miller, 1.30 P. M. (In search of Arcadian happiness.)

"Arcadia is the only country in which men of condition dare not avow themselves unskilled in music; for instruction in that science was established by the Arcadian government as a solid branch of education, and as a means of divesting the people of dullness, rusticity and brutality." — *Polybius.*

IMPROMPTU CONCERT, 3 TO 5.

Solos, and concerted music, for Voices, Violin, Pianoforte, Guitar, by the students of the Music School, under the direction of Dr. F. L. Ritter.

"*Our choir is a school whose aim is health, and wisdom, and whose means are poetry, melody and harmony.*" — Zelter.

COLLATION, ADDRESSES ETC., 5.30 to 7.

MENU.

Oysters, from "Fingal's Cave."
Mermaid Soup, à la "Lovely Melusina."
Broiled Bass, "Flying Dutchman" Sauce.
"Mazeppa Cutlets," sauce Byron-Liszt.
Salmi de Pegasus, with eagles' brain sauce, Beethoven style.
Pâté of singing swans, shot by the seventh bullet in "Der Freischutz." Roast beef à la Handel.
Cosmopolitan hash à la Meyerbeer.
Antediluvian devilled bones, à la Bach; broiled in the 4th part of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust."
Calves' sweetbreads, à la Abt and Pinsuti.
Roast shoulder of mutton, from Dr. Blow's "Orpheus Britannicus."
Vegetables, salads, pickles, etc., selected, with the morning dew upon them, from Haydn's "Seasons."
Cheese. Deutscher Kunst Käse, from Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy.
Locusts and wild honey, stolen from John Burroughs' "Birds and Poets."
Bellini fritters, water ice.
Vol au vent à la Rossini, champagne sauce à la Offenbach.
Chromatic cream à la Chopin flavored with rose-tragique unique.
Oriental fruits and sherbets, prepared by Moore's Peri during the Carnival in Schumann's Paradise.
Coffee from David's "Le Desert."

"*No true musician ever was a bad man, and no good man ever was a dull man; therefore are all good musicians inclined to gayety*" — Luther.

DANCING, 7.30 to 9.

Marche polonaise. Waltz. Quadrille. Polka. Waltz. Lanciers. Scotch Reel. Quadrille. Galop.

"*And now the golden lyre of Apollo regulates the measure of the dance, source of order, health and joy.*" — Pindar.

"*Poetry, music, dancing, formed the enchanted circle of active living Grecian art, a mystic cortége, verified with the glow, the pulse, the truth, of actual life! All that humanity has since invented in the arts, seems but a pale, passive memory of this once vital movement of the three immortal Muses, noblest educators of the people!*" — Schoré.

Towards the close of the evening, a grand performance will be given by Signor Maccherignoli Cavallieri and Count Sconeboff Flitterowski, two distinguished veterans, in reduced circumstances, who have appeared with great success before awe-stricken masses of crowned heads, as well as select, cultured, and supercilious audiences, in every quarter of the civilized globe.

COMMITTEE SYMPHONY.

Andante risoluto, Miss Hartmann. *Scherzo*, Miss Shaw. *Largo*, Miss Cecil. *Andantino grazioso*, Miss Wetzel. *Allegro*, Miss Cooley.

Programme (opus 1), composed, by desire, expressly for this occasion only, by Mrs. Raymond Ritter.

VALE.

Next week, Commencement week, will close the college year; the musical season at Vassar may be said to end with the annual Commencement concert, on Monday next; a fit close to other concerts in which the students have participated during the year, as well as those in which they have had the assistance of Messrs. Bergner, Matzka, Remmertz, Werrenrath, Miss Beebe, the Philharmonic Club of New York, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, and others. A. Z.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LEIPZIG. Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* will be given here this month, with Frau Materna, Frau Vogl, and Herren Jaeger and Vogl in the *principal* parts.

—— A concert in aid of the Orchestra Fund was given, under the direction of Hans von Bülow, May 5. The programme included: Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, Berlioz; Fantasia in C, Schubert-Liszt; "Kaisermarsch," Wagner; and Ninth Symphony, Beethoven.

DRESDEN. Here is the repertory of the Royal Court Theatre for one week: Sunday: *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart; Monday, Drama, Schiller's *Die Braut von Messina*; Tuesday: *Die Stumme von Portici* (*Masaniello*), Auber; Wednesday: Drama, Goethe's *Faust*; Thursday: *Don Juan*, Mozart; Friday: Shakespeare's *Othello*; Saturday: *La Dame Blanche*, Boieldieu. Let us all emigrate to the Saxon Florence!

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German Festivals. The London *Musical Times* (June 1), says:

Two of the most important annually recurring events in German musical life, took place during last month, viz., the Music-Festival of the Lower Rhine, held this year at Cologne, from the 16th to the 18th ult., and the meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein, which assembled at Baden-Baden, during the days from the 19th to the 23d ult., and which invariably includes some interesting musical performances, in addition to the social intercourse of its members, which these annual gatherings are intended to promote. The musical programmes of both will be found below. The Cologne Festival was conducted by that veteran musician, Herr Ferdinand Hiller, and was, according to the *Cologne Gazette*, a great artistic success, both as regards vocalists and instrumentalists, some 600 choristers and an orchestra of about 130 professors having taken part in the performances. Among the artists taking part in the Festival may be mentioned Frau Clara Schumann and Herr Joachim. Of the performances held in connection with the Baden-Baden meeting, that of Weissheimer's Opera "Meister Martin und seine Gesellen," the libretto of which is founded on Hoffman's well-known tale, is said to have scarcely gained more than a *succès d' estime*; while among orchestral novelties, a Symphony, No. 2, by A. Borodin, a Russian composer, attracted universal attention.

Cologne. — Music Festival of the lower Rhine (May 16, 17, and 18); Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses" (Beethoven); Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt" (Handel); Symphony No. 8, (Beethoven); Andante for stringed orchestra (Haydn); "Die Nacht," hymn for chorus, soli, and orchestra (Hiller); Pianoforte Concerto, A minor (Schumann); Cantata, "O ewiges Feuer" (Bach); Overture, "Im Hochland" (Gade); Air from "Cosi fan tutte" (Mozart); "Schicksalslied" (Brahms); "Ave Maria," for one voice, with stringed orchestra (Verdi); Symphony, A minor (Mendelssohn); Violin Concerto (Beethoven); Scene and air from "Traviata" (Verdi); Overture, "Freischutz" (Weber).

Baden-Baden. — Meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein (May 19 to 23): Opera, "Meister Martin und seine Gesellen" (Weissheimer); "Kaisermarsch" (Wagner); Ballade for orchestra (E. E. Taubert); Violoncello Concerto (E. Hartmann); "Die Löwenbraut," ballad for one voice and orchestra (W. Weissheimer); Overture, "Torquato Tasso" (Schulz-Schwerin); Concertstuck for violin, A major (C. Saint-Saëns); Symphony No. 2 (A. Borodin), Introduction and Choruses from "Christus" (Liszt), String Quintet, Op. 10 (O. Dessoff); "Dolorosa," cyclus of songs (A. Jensen); Sonata for pianoforte and viola, F. minor (A. Rubinstein); Songs (E. Lassen and R. Franz), Pianoforte Trio, Op. 9 (C. Rahmer); Prelude and Fugue, E flat major, for organ (Bach); Adagio from Third Sonata, for violin and organ (Bach), Two Sacred Songs (A. Becker); Rhapsody No. 1, for organ (Saint-Saëns); Organ Fantasia, C sharp minor (F. Kiel); Adagio religioso, for violoncello and organ (A. Wolfermann); Cantique français de Denizot, for organ (Pierre François Boely); Two Songs (P. Cornelius); Introduction and Allegro from Organ Sonata, Op. 42 (A. Guilmant); Overture "King Lear" (Berlioz); Concertstuck, C minor (Saint Saens), Two orchestral pieces to "Roméo et Juliette" (Dumonlin); Jeanne d'Arc, dramatic scene (F. Liszt); Phaeton, symphonic poem (Saint-Saens); Fragments from "Tristan" (Wagner); Pianoforte Quartet (Bungert); Theme with variations and Polonaise, for pianoforte (Tschaikowski); Sestet, in G major, Op. 36 (Brahms); vocal soli.

London. The chief theme of interest in musical circles has been the concerts of Herr Hans Richter, who first came to London, two years ago, as a Wagnerian Conductor. The wise-acres shook their heads when it was announced that he would conduct Beethoven's Symphonies. But this season, *Figaro* (June 2) says, "He is showing his surpassing ability as a conductor of music of well-nigh every school. At the first concert of the present season he proved he was equally great in the music of Schumann as he was in that of Beethoven and Wagner; at the second concert he added Cherubini and Spohr, at the third Mendelssohn, and last Thursday Schubert (the great Symphony in C) to his London repertory." There is a good deal of jealousy towards him, it seems, among the older conductors: but the same writer thinks that they had better investigate the reason of his remarkable success, and describes his method as follows: —

In the first place, Herr Richter thoroughly masters his score in letter and in spirit; that is to say, he has not only deeply studied every possible effect to be gained without violence to the composer's intentions, but he is often able to conduct without book. He does not always dispense with the score — a practice which is, indeed, by no means to be commended — and it was satisfactory to notice that last Thursday the conductor had before him the music both of Dvorák's Rhapsody and Schubert's Symphony. Herr Richter has also an intimate knowledge of every instrument in the orchestra, and at rehearsals he frequently plays to the performers the respective instruments in the way he wishes the passage performed. Armed with these gifts, he faces his orchestra, well knowing that he is in truth a director able to prove his knowledge not only of the score but also of the parts and of the proper method of playing the various instruments. The orchestra has often been compared to a highly-spirited hunter, which, unless its rider shows himself in every respect its superior, will speedily run away with him. It is a lamentable fact that in some — though happily not all — of our orchestras the members are perfectly well aware that they are superior in knowledge to their conductor, and all sort of respect and of subordination is lost. With Herr Richter, however, a movement of the left hand is equivalent to a touch of the spur, and all the members of his band are only too willing and proud to implicitly obey the slightest hint of one who is admittedly and really their chief. At rehearsal, beside very complete instructions as to shading, and the keenest ear for errors and false notes, Herr Richter often adopts the system of sectional practice, each set of instruments playing separately; and to this must be attributed not only the admirable precision, but especially the wonderful clearness, of the parts which characterises his performers. There is no need to carry a score to the concert hall. The parts may be distinguished with the utmost clearness, and in this respect Herr Richter is not only unrivalled, but stands alone among modern conductors. His method of beat is also, while firm, singularly modest; he does not, like some foreign conductors, dance about, kick the ground, nor thrash the music desk; the bâton serving to give the beat and the cues, while the slight, and to the audience almost imperceptible, movement of the left hand supplies the shading. In short, the orchestra becomes under Herr Richter an unerring machine, and the conductor, by apparently the simplest of movements, moulds it to his will and plays upon it as surely and as easily as a great performer plays on the piano.

Sir John Goss, who died on the 10th ult., at the ripe age of eighty, was a pillar in the temple of Anglican Church Music. He may be named with Samuel Sebastian Wesley, as twin founders of the modern anthem. Attwood, the predecessor of Goss at St. Paul's and his teacher had all the intention of a reformer, but he had neither grace nor genius sufficient to give commanding form and expression to his thoughts. At the time when Goss and Wesley began to work, the composition of anthems had virtually ceased for many years. Adaptions were offered in lieu of new works. These two men set to work to restore to the anthem its dignity, and at the same time to give it the benefit of all the resources of modern musical expression which could be used without detracting from its sacred character. Goss, notwithstanding his long life, was by no means a prolific composer. He was noted for a wise fastidiousness in the selection of words, and for deliberate habits in composing. He often kept his works in hand for years, and touched and retouched them until he was satisfied. To this habit of being his own critic we attribute the well sustained character of his writing. Other men have more spontaneity, but he is always solid and strong. Goss's life as a producer extended over fifty years (1819 to 1880), but his best church work was done in the last ten years of this period. As a church composer he stuck to his last. The catalogue of the British Museum, where every man's literary transgressions are writ in letters of iron, holds him guilty in early life of a few pianoforte arrangements, and a few songs, while one of his glees is popular, but these are the mere accidents of his artistic life. His Introduction to Harmony and thorough Bass (1833) is for the most part full of common sense. It may be commended as easy and pleasant reading, but it by no means enables the student to parse the chords of one of Goss's own anthems. We must remember, however, that it is forty-seven years old, and that it has never been brought abreast of the times. Goss as a theorist lived in the past, he made no adequate attempt to legalise the innovations of the present. None have surpassed Goss as a harmoniser of our standard hymn-tunes. His arrangements are seen at the best in Mercer's Collection, and they have a smoothness and solidity which marks the finest judgment and balance of taste. In character Sir John was remarkable for diffidence and modesty; in private life he was known to a few friends as a most lovable man, and a truly English gentleman. — *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter, June 1.*

—— The death, after a very brief illness, of Mr. John Curwen, the founder of the Tonic Sol-Fa movement, occurred on the 30th ult. *Figaro* says of him:

A member of an old Cumbrian family, a son of the Rev. Spedding Curwen, the originator of the Tonic Sol-fa movement in this country was born at Heckmondwike, in Yorkshire, on Nov. 14, 1816. John Curwen was educated for the Ministry, first at Coward College, and afterwards at London University. He does not appear to have taken any degree, and he was in 1838 appointed assistant minister at the Independent church at Bassingstoke. Here he first experimented with his extraordinary talent for making difficult things easy to the youthful mind; teaching the Sunday School children to sing, and inventing the now celebrated "Look and Say method of teaching to read." In 1841 he moved to Stowmarket, in Suffolk, and it was from this place that he visited Miss Glover's schools at Norwich, and gained the idea of the Tonic Sol-fa. In 1844 he was elected pastor at Plaistow, in Essex, and from this appointment may be dated the foundation of the Tonic Sol-fa system. Having great energy, and abundant powers of organization, John Curwen entered heart and soul into the new ideas, delivering lectures on the subject, and sending forth books and pamphlets in large quantities. In 1853 he established the Tonic Sol-fa Association, a body through whose agency thousands and tens of thousands of persons to whom music was previously a closed book, were taught to sing. In connection with, and in illustration of, Tonic Sol-fa, he issued the "Standard Course of the Tonic Sol-fa Method," "The Child's Own Hymn Book," "How to observe Harmony," "Construction Exercises in Elementary Musical Composition," and he likewise established the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*, a periodical which has attained a very wide circulation, as a disseminator of Tonic Sol-fa news, throughout the country. In 1862 Mr. Curwen founded the Tonic Sol-fa College, for the education of teachers of this method; and in 1867, having retired from the ministry on the ground of ill-health, he established a printing and publication business in support of the Tonic Sol-fa system. That system has had many enemies, and by partisans it has been warmly attacked. But Mr. Curwen has lived to see the triumph of his method, and the wide adoption of a system of music which now gives recreation and enjoyment to many thousands of our fellow creatures.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

New York. Of Chamber Music in private houses there are too few examples in this country. Here is one worthy of emulation. A gentleman of New York, Mr. Charles B. Barrell, sends us a printed "Souvenir of the Chamber Music performed at his residence (30 Seventh Avenue) during the season of 1879-80." This was the fifth season in which every other Sunday evening has been devoted in this way to the enjoyment of classical Trios, Quartets and Quintets. The performers have been Mme S. A. Rachan, piano; Dr. L. Dumminville, first violin; Joseph Lewenberg, second do, Samuel V. Speyer, viola; and Carl G. F. Martens, 'cello. These formed the stringed quartet, assisted by [illegible] Meyer, violin, Emil Gramm, viola, and E. W. R[illegible]elus. The list of works given during the past winter is remarkably large, including:

Trios, for violin, 'cello and piano: Beethoven, Op. 1, Nos. 1 and 3; Jadassohn, Op. 16; Bargiel, No. 1, Op. 6 and Op. 20; Schubert, B flat, Op. 99; Rubinstein, B flat, Op. 52, and No. 1, Op. 15, Gade, "Novelletten," Op. 29; Mendelssohn, Op. 66; Reissiger, Op. 167, Raff, No. 1, Op. 112, H. Scholtz, Op. 51.

Quartets, for Strings: Schubert, Posthumous (andante with variations); Fesca, Op. 28, arr. from 2d Septet); Beethoven, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, of Op. 18; Mozart, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6, of "the ten."

Quartets, with Piano: Rheinberger, Op. 38; Mendelssohn, Op. 3; Fesca, Op. 26; Mozart, G minor; Beethoven, Op. 16.

Quintets, for Strings: Beethoven, Op. 29; Mozart, No. 6; Mendelssohn, Op. 87.

Quintets with Piano: Schumann, Op. 44; Reissiger, Op. 191; Reinecke, Op. 83; Louis Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia, Op. 1.

Concerto, Op. 34, for 'cello, Lindner.

New York is to have its May Musical Festival. Arrangements are in progress for a series of performances in May 1881, under the combined direction of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies. The first public announcement says:

"No exertion will be spared to put it on the highest plane of musical performances. The choral forces, of which the chorus of the Oratorio Society is the nucleus, will number about one thousand, and the orchestra will comprise two hundred instruments. The best talent, both of this country and Europe, for the solo parts, will be secured, negotiations for eminent artists from abroad being already in progress. The entire force will be under the musical lead of Dr. Leopold Damrosch."

Dayton, O. The 21st concert of the Philharmonic Society, with chorus and orchestra of 150 performers, W. L. Blumenschein, director, took place May 7, with the following programme:

"Spring's Message," for Chorus and Orchestra. . . Gade.
"On Mighty Pens," recitative and aria, (Creation). Haydn.
Miss Fiona Urckle.
Symphony in C, for Orchestra. . . . . . . Beethoven.
"Capriccio Brilliante." Op. 22, for Piano and Orchestra. . . . . Mendelssohn.
Miss Cora Battelle.
"By Babylon's Wave." Chorus and Orchestra. . Gounod.
[Arranged for Orchestra by W. L. Blumenschein.]
"Remembrance," for Flute Solo. . . . . . Terschak.
Prof. Hugo Wittgenstein.
"Forty-Second Psalm." . . . . Mendelssohn.

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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

III.

THE OVERTURES OF CHRETIEN SCHULZ, OF FERD. HILLER AND OF R. WAGNER. THE SYMPHONY OF F. LISZT. THE BALLET OF AD. ADAM.

Before we come to the four great vocal composers inspired by the Drama of *Faust*, we must add to all these operas, opéra-comiques, musical poems, or collections of melodies, four orchestral creations, — a symphony and three overtures, — in which the authors have endeavored to condense the entire poem of Goethe. They are signed by Chrétien Schulz, Ferdinand Hiller, Richard Wagner, and Franz Liszt.

The first of these *Faust* overtures dates back from the first years of this century, and was composed at Leipzig, between 1800 and 1810, by Chrétien Schulz, who wrote from that time a quantity of overtures, choruses, marches, dance tunes, etc., for the "dramatic" troupe of Seconda, and who every year directed the theatre orchestra during the sojourn of that troupe in Leipzig. This brave Schulz, to-day so completely unknown, had arrived in this city at the age of ten, and never left it. At first a pupil in the Thomasschule, having had some inclinations toward theology, having then turned his attention to music, having studied first with the organist of the castle, Engler, then under the direction of Schicht, he had finally obtained the place of director of the weekly concerts of the city, and he died in that position in January, 1827. He had spent seventeen years in office, had lived fifty-three years, and forty-three years in Leipzig.

Hiller's overture to *Faust* is a work of the youth of the celebrated *Musikdirector*, who composed it and had it performed in Paris, during the eight years he spent there from 1828, in order to establish his growing reputation as pianist and composer among French amateurs. At the same time that he was producing himself with success by the side of pianists such as Liszt, Kalkbrenner, Osborne and Chopin, he could, thanks to the fortune of his family, organize grand meetings with orchestra to submit his principal compositions to the public. It was in the second of these concerts, given in December, 1831, in the hall of the Conservatoire, that he brought out this overture to *Faust*, as well as a symphony and a concerto for the pianoforte.

Fétis, whose declared hostility towards what he calls the romantic school is so well known, judges with comparative indulgence the work of the young composer; but not without first bringing an indictment against French and German musicians, "who, like Berlioz and Hiller, try to follow up the revolution which Beethoven wished to consummate in music, and who are borne by their tastes and their conviction toward a vague style, where melodic charm is replaced by images more or less happily expressed; where variety, the fruit of an imagination without bounds, disappears before one dominant thought, with which the composer is always preoccupied, and to which he attaches all his ideas of melody, of rhythm, of modulation and of harmony . . ."

Having once enunciated his grievances against this poetic music, which to-day appears so just, so elevated, Fétis examines the symphony at considerable length, finding in it a fatiguing uniformity of thought, an irksome monotony, which outweighs the real beauties of the work; then he proceeds in these terms: "The overture for Goethe's *Faust*, having a definite subject, ought to be more easily comprehended; accordingly it had success among the audience. Yet I confess, the success has not absolutely convinced me in favor of the system adopted by M. Hiller. I saw indeed that he wished to paint the three characters of the drama: Faust, Mephistopheles and Marguerite; but in this very design one might meet with a variety of effects which I have sought in vain. The color is generally sombre, and the rhythm too uniform. I have no doubt of the affection which M. Hiller has for this piece, several parts of which are, for the rest, very remarkable; one never adopts half-way a system which he believes good, precisely because he has faith, but at the age of M. Hiller it is easy to modify oneself; and I believe that he will modify himself with time." The observations of Fétis were as vain as his hope, and M. Hiller had the good sense not to modify in anything his tendencies nor his so-called system.

But Liszt conducted not only the works of others; he also directed his own, and he composed many of them at that period; he wrote then and published his twelve *Poèmes Symphoniques* for orchestra, his symphony *La Commedia Divina*, after Dante, his Mass for the consecration of the basilica at Gran, a quantity of works for the piano, and finally his symphony of *Faust*. He was inspired by the poem of Goethe in the largest fashion, without endeavoring in any way to translate its dramatic episodes. He only wished to portray and sum up, in three pieces very different in character, the three principal personages of the drama; he has professed to give, in some sort, a musical and psychological synthesis of each of them. It is certainly a singular idea to wish to personify Faust in an *Allegro*, Marguerite in an *Andante soave*, and Mephistopheles in a *Scherzo molto vivace ironico*; but the very strangeness and the difficulty of the enterprise were just what would excite such an artist to attempt it, — one for whom the new has always had so much charm, and, who, to inspire himself with Goethe and to measure himself with Berlioz, would doubtless be unwilling to do anything which any one would have done before him.

The first piece of this symphony is built upon an agitated and impassioned phrase of the violins, which a short entrance of the bassoon connects with a sombre and threatening introduction. This characteristic melody of Faust has power and spring; it develops well and reappears each time with new instrumental resources, with a new increase of sonority, until it dies out at last in a long *smorzando*, as the doctor, after vain convulsive efforts to seize the youth that flees him, falls crushed under the weight of a life all doubt and ennui. Such is the general plan; but these different resumptions of the symbolical motive, which form the unity of this long piece, are traversed now by short melodies, now by long episodes designed to render all the movements of the doctor's soul. Weariness of existence, involuntary return to the springtime of life, doubt and disgust for all things human, mysterious appeals of love, dull sensations of terrestrial indulgence, — all these shocks of the human mind, all these fluctuations of the old man at once tired of life and eager to enjoy, has the composer sought to translate by sonorous combinations the most diverse that can be imagined.

The Andante entitled *Marguerite*, rests upon two tender and dreamy phrases; one, sung first by the oboe on a *batterie* of altos, then taken up in duet by the flute and clarinet, before reappearing in the violins in a mysterious *tutti*; the other, of a more amorous expression, more abandoned with its very marked syncopation on the third beat, expounded in turn by the quartet of strings and by that of the wood wind instruments, which are not slow to melt away in a vaporous melody. The middle of the piece is filled by a passionate melody which the violoncellos and the violins sing with interchange of parts under a soft murmur of flutes united with the second violins; then the primordial phrase reappears under an uninterrupted stroke of the first violins and brings happily back the amorous plaint of Marguerite. These various sounds are soon lost in silence; the altos alone repeat discreetly a few notes of the first melody; all is hushed; Marguerite succumbs to the temptations of the Demon and sinks into the arms of her beloved.

After the seduction and the gushes of tenderness, the strident laughter of the Devil and the frightful cries of the *Sabbath*; after the swoons of love, the despairing remorse and the menacing appeals of hell; Mephistopheles has lost the soul of Marguerite, but he has gained that of the doctor, and the demons celebrate the victory of their lord and master. This infernal tableau offered an irresistible attraction and an assured success to a composer so well versed as Liszt in the management of the orchestra, and who knows so well how to draw from the instruments all that they can give — and even a little more. And so this diabolical finale has been successfully treated by him even to the most bizarre and most audacious effects. All Hell resounds

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique. Ses Jugements, son Influence, Les Œuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1878. — ED.

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in his orchestra, and these thousand instruments hissing, growling, gnashing, howling, give to the damned a concert terrible in a different way from so many other rose-water hells where the demons sing waltzes to distract themselves, and where the sinners express their suffering by imitating the sound of the wind in the trees. This explosion of sardonic joy is suddenly arrested when the human voices unite themselves with the orchestra; the basses, aided by an organ or harmonium, then intone the final chorus under a mysterious beating of bow instruments. This *Andante mistico*, which closes the whole symphony, is truly of a beautiful character and develops itself with a remarkable placidity after so many bursts of laughter and of fury; the choir of men, alternating with the tenor solo, above the groanings of the organ and the broad strain of harmony united with the brass, calmly terminates this trilogy of doubt, love and hate, letting us hear the *chorus mysticus* which Goethe has placed at the end of the *Second Faust*: "*Alles vergängliches ist nur ein Gleichnis; . . . . das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*"

Just ten years after Hiller, Richard Wagner wrote, also at Paris, *A Faust Overture*, during his first sojourn among us, at the same time that he finished his *Rienzi*, with a view to our Grand Opera, and composed the *Vaisseau Fantôme* (Flying Dutchman), the overture of which was inspired by the recollection of the terrible storm which had assailed him on the passage from Riga to Boulogne. Maurice Schlesinger, the publisher, who, on the recommendation of Meyerbeer, had taken an active interest in bringing forward his young countryman, giving him orders for some critical or musical labors with salary enough to supply his most pressing wants, had obtained a formal promise from the musicians of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, that they would try a piece by his protégé and execute it in a public concert, if it should seem to them to merit that honor. Happy in this assurance, Wagner wrote with inspiration this overture, which, in his thought, was not to remain isolated, but to form the first page of a grand symphony summing up the entire drama of Goethe; and the artists of the Conservatoire tried the piece, "which appeared," as Fétis says, "one long enigma to the executants." To produce such a lucubration in public was a thing not to be thought of; and the author had to guard his precious work for better times. But it was written that this overture, composed in Paris for Parisian amateurs, should be performed in Paris, as in fact it was — at the end of thirty years. On Sunday, March 6, 1870, M. Pasdeloup gave it a hearing in the Concert Populaire, but without great success, and without making any great stir, for that hearing has never yet had a morrow.

Nevertheless this production of the youth of the celebrated composer is quite superior to his operas which date from the same period; it is in fact much more personal, and indicates in the author a maturity of mind, a full possession of himself, not met with to an equal degree in *Rienzi*, nor even in *The Flying Dutchman*. This overture, bearing the impress of a power, a passion, a melancholy, raised to the extreme, is like a work apart in the entire work of Wagner. It does not in fact affect that form of an immense *crescendo* which was to inspire the master with his magnificent overtures to the *Flying Dutchman*, to *Tannhäuser* and to the *Meisteringer*; it is of a conception not more admirable, but more free, which permits him to follow nearly all the phases of the original drama and to translate them and accentuate them with a surprising truth. This incessant contrast of force and of gentleness, this perpetual shock of joy with sadness, these delicious melodies suddenly cut short with a cry of rage, these outbursts of gasping passion traversed by melancholic effluvia, these transports of fury followed by mournful despondency, this calm disillusion of the beginning, these fierce infatuations which plunge mind and body into a complete annihilation, form together a conception *hors ligne*. This overture, then, with that which Schumann was destined to compose later, offers the most admirable synthesis that can be found of Goethe's drama. We have unfortunately but an overture; we should no doubt have to do a whole symphony, if the doctors of the Conservatoire had not, in their infallibility, condemned this creation of genius as a "long enigma."

Ten years after Wagner had written his overture, twenty years after Hiller had composed his, Franz Liszt approached the same subject, and wrote not solely an overture, but an entire symphony, a purely orchestral work, at the end of which merely there is joined a choir of men to reinforce the peroration. Liszt must have been much more taken with the dramatic legend of Berlioz than with the poem of Goethe; and if he undertook to translate it into music in his turn, it must have been from admiration for the creation of Berlioz, and from an ambition to measure himself on the same field with the great French musician. Two facts seem to prove the justice of this inference: first, the dedication of the work — Berlioz had dedicated his *Faust* to Franz Liszt, Liszt dedicated his to Hector Berlioz; — then the date of the composition, for this symphony was written during the years which followed the appearance of the *Damnation de Faust* in France and in Russia. It was in 1848, two years after the first and unfortunate hearing of the *Damnation de Faust* at Paris, that Liszt, forced by the political events to interrupt his musical peregrinations to the four corners of Europe, took definitivo possession of his functions as first capellmeister at Weimar, never absenting himself unless for rare musical festivals and short journeys, consecrating himself entirely to the amelioration of the Chapel of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and of his Opera which, unrenowned before, soon fixed the attention of the whole musical world. It was on this stage, in fact, that there were represented at that time, through the care and under the direction of Liszt, the principal works of the greatest contemporary composers, particularly those of Schumann, Berlioz, and Richard Wagner; first, that incomparable chef-d'œuvre, *Lohengrin*, played for the first time in 1850 under the direction of Liszt, and dedicated to him by the author; then, in the following years, *Genoveva* and *Manfred*, by Schumann; *Alfonso and Estrella*, by Schubert; other new operas by Sobolewski, Raff, Lassen, Cornelius; finally *Benvenuto Cellini*, in reparation for the check experienced by that fine work in Paris, and for which the Parisian public has not yet made the *amende honorable* to Berlioz.

Gluck composed a ballet of *Don Juan*, Adolphe Adam wrote one upon *Faust*. The idea, in either case, was singular, and I should not dare to affirm that the idea was justified in the execution, with Gluck any more than with Adam. It was during a stay of nine months in London, in 1832, that the future author of *Le Chalet* accepted the strange proposition to write the music of a ballet composed by the dancer Deshayes on the poem of Goethe. It is true that this proposition was made to him by his brother-in-law, Laporte, who had taken the direction of the King's Theatre; it would have been cruel to refuse this *scenario* in three acts, which they laid upon his arms while pressing him to compose it during the short visit which he was about to make in Paris to assist at the first representation of *Le Pré aux Clercs*. Adam labored very actively upon this new work, and when he set out again for London on the 21st of January, 1833, his score was completed. It was immediately put in rehearsal, and the ballet of *Faust*, danced and done in pantomime by Albert, Perrot, Coulon, Mmes. Pauline Leroux and Montessu, all artists of the Grand Opera of Paris, was played at the end of February or the beginning of March. "The success was very great," writes Adam, "even for the music." The final remark is becoming, for such an enterprise is more bizarre than glorious, even after a success, and a little modesty was very well in such a case.

We have rapidly passed in review nearly all the composers who have not feared to measure themselves with the sublime conception of the German poet. There remain yet four, whose works, to be surely judged, ought to be studied at some length: these four composers are, — in order of date, — Spohr, Berlioz, Schumann and Gounod.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE ONSLOW.[1]

[From the French of A. Marmontel.]

I shall now search back amongst the memories of my childish days, memories which are still fresh and green in my recollection though belonging to the distant past, and endeavor to describe the sympathetic character of George Onslow. He first directed me in my artistic career, and became, later on, my affectionate and attached friend. Endowed with a charming disposition, a thorough gentleman by birth and feeling, an eminent musician, few figures in the gallery of modern composers stand out in clearer relief or possess a more penetrating charm.

The great French symphonist and composer of chamber music, which in Germany ranks with that of the most celebrated masters, never labored under any uncertainties as to his musical voca-

[1] Translated from *Le Ménestrel* in the London *Musical Standard*.

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tion, and his profession was not interfered with by other and more material necessities. His father, Sir Edward Onslow, was a member of the English aristocracy, and it was during a tour in France that he made the acquaintance of Mdlle. Bourdailles de Brantome, a lady of great beauty. They were married shortly afterwards, in 1783; the bride possessing youth, beauty, intelligence, and a considerable fortune as her dowry. George Onslow was the son of this union, and was born on the 27th July, 1784.

Lord Onslow, the grandfather of the young George, wished his grandson to live with him in London, in order to take charge of and personally supervise his education. He was taught music merely as an accomplishment and a pastime, but this pastime soon became full of seduction for the child. Hulmandel, Dussek, and Cramer were successively chosen to teach the piano to the young patrician; but Cramer's lessons in particular left a lasting impression on his mind. Thirty years later, when I was still almost a child, he spoke to me about him with great enthusiasm. It was owing to this careful training that George Onslow acquired in a few years brilliant execution, intense love of music, and a fine deep touch, as well as that *legato* manner of playing which was the basis of the teaching of Clementi, Dussek, and Cramer. Onslow retained all his life the traditions of that school which were so well appreciated by his friend Camille Pleyel. And yet, strange to say, this youthful enthusiast, full of delight at interpreting anything musical, pleased at overcoming any difficulty, and bringing out the finest qualities of the instrument, had no ambition to become a composer.

Nothing denoted the musical fecundity that lay dormant in the young man. When he returned to live with his family in Auvergne, where his earliest days had been passed, he seemed destined to lead the life of a country gentleman, residing on his own estate, with a taste for literature and the fine arts generally, but with no desire to attain to more than mere brilliancy of execution in music. George Onslow, however, soon began to experience that fever which Halévy so well describes in his "Souvenirs and Portraits"—that indefinable but intense sensation which he who loves his art, and finds in it priceless treasures, experiences, and yet all the while lacks the power, enthusiasm, and comprehension which alone are the key to masterpieces causing sublime inspirations to blossom into life.

All Onslow's biographers, enlightened as to this part of his life by the master's own avowal, mention the astonishing fact of the musician endeavoring for nearly four years to compose, and finding himself utterly unable to do so. He was insensible to the masterpieces of dramatic art, and was even indifferent to the beauty of Mozart, though eventually he became one of his most ardent admirers. Intense intuition of the beautiful preceded his direct perceptions, and the desire to attain an ideal easier to divine than to grasp, at last conquered this *inertia*. The experience was long and discouraging. Mehul's overture to "Stratonice" finally accomplished the prodigy, though it was not solely owing to that work that this miracle was performed. Onslow's love of art was the supreme initiation.

In order to comprehend more thoroughly Mozart, Haydn, Boccherini, and Beethoven — those masters of chamber music — and to take an active part in the execution of their trios, quatuors, and quintets, Onslow studied the violoncello. He even acquired some proficiency upon this instrument, for which, later on, he composed with marked predilection. Encouraged by his friends, who were as enthusiastic about music as himself, Onslow made his first attempts at composition in 1806, at the age of twenty-two.

But from being unacquainted with the study of counterpoint, and completely inexperienced in the art of developing his ideas, it only resulted in an elaborate copy of Mozart, without the genius of the master.

This work, however, served as a basis for further study, when George Onslow received instruction from Reicha, whose lessons he pursued with that determination which was so characteristic of his temperament. It was at the house of his friend Camille Pleyel that the young amateur composed his first quatuors and quintets for stringed instruments — violins, alto, and basso; his first trios for the violin and basso, and his beautiful sonata for the piano. His individuality slowly began to assert itself from the imitations of style which had both guided and led away the budding composer; but the absence of early study was still visible. Freedom and clearness in musical dialogue were still wanting, so — following Haydn's example — at the age of forty Onslow began to study counterpoint. He learned rapidly and thoroughly, and from that time the composer felt himself sustained by a real knowledge of his power.

Then began a period of retirement and labor more known to myself personally than to the world in general. My childhood was passed at Clermont, and I was fortunate enough to gain the affections of the celebrated musician. George Onslow spent part of the winter at Clermont, passing six weeks in Paris, and remained during the whole of the summer at his Chateau of Chalandrat, near Mirefleur, a small town where my grandfather, who was a friend of the Onslow family, was born. Here the composer lived with his family and a few intimate friends, amongst whom were MM. Murat de Sèvres and de Pierre. His friends were a source of great encouragement and support to him. I have often been present at his receptions of chamber music, and have preserved a lively recollection of the sympathy which existed between the audience and the interpreters. George Onslow's reputation increased rapidly, seconded as it was by his interpreters—Baillot, Tilmant, Kreutzer, Vidal, Norblin pére, Alard, Sauzay, Cuvillon, Dancla, Franchomme, and Gouffé, who were among those invited the beginning of every winter to attend the first performances, which were as a rule enthusiastically received.

In 1842 George Onslow was elected a member of the French Institute in place of Cherubini. The dramatic works, "L'Alcade de la Vega," "Le Colporteur," "Le Duc de Guise," three symphonies, seven trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, thirty-six quatuors, thirty-four quintettes, a sextuor, septuor, duets for piano and violin, sonatas, one pianoforte sonata, and various themes, formed at that period the extent of his musical compositions.

The name of George Onslow was long celebrated and popular in Germany; it ranked with our neighbors, who are good and impartial judges of the merits of foreign composers, with those of the greatest symphonists; and as an author of chamber music his name was coupled with the immortal ones of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. But in France, with the exception of a small number of real musicians, the majority of the public only knew of Onslow by his lyrical works, which were not received with much enthusiasm. The composer of symphonies and chamber music remained unknown to the mass of the people, who only appreciated theatrical music.

In 1829, George Onslow, who was always fond of the pursuits and amusements of a country gentleman, and was a great lover of the chase, nearly lost his life in a boar hunt which had been got up in his honor. He was stationed near some trees, which partially hid him from the rest of the party, and fired at a boar which passed near. He missed it; but one of the huntsmen had noticed a rustling in the bushes near where George Onslow stood. He fired, and the shot hit the composer full in the face, instead of the boar.

His recovery was long and tedious; his fine, clear cut features were not disfigured, but this accident was the cause of a partial deafness, which increased every year. This deafness was less painful than that to which Beethoven was a martyr; nevertheless, it threw a gloom over our illustrious compatriot, and caused him to feel discouraged and melancholy. Other causes added to his despondency. He suffered at not receiving from France the justice rendered by Germany to his works, and the admiration there accorded to his chamber music. I have often heard him speak bitterly of that want of appreciation which saddened his last days.

George Onslow died on the 3d October, 1852. His friends can remember how much sympathy for the man was combined with admiration for the composer. The best portrait of George Onslow is by Grenedon, but I do not require to see it to recall to my remembrance that handsome face, with its clear cut, noble features, one of the finest types of the great Anglo-Saxon race, softened and perfected by a mixture of French grace. His high forehead, Bourbon nose, the perfect oval of his face, his arched and smiling mouth, frank and genial expression were most attractive. He was tall, and his easy, graceful carriage added an additional charm of stateliness and dignity.

CRAZY CRITICS.

The following (says the London *Musical Standard*) has been brought to our office by a queer-looking individual, who stated that he had written to Franz Liszt to offer his services as analyst, whenever the Abbate wrote another Epic of Hades, and had sent this article as a specimen of his critical acumen. The advanced composer, however, declined to have anything to do with him, on the ground that he was evidently demented, and saw more in music than the composer had ever intended should be in it — a failing with which his (Liszt's) school had no sympathy whatever. The writer of the article confessed to us in confidence that he was a "Crazy Critic," and that he differed in only one point from many other critics — he was crazy, and knew it; while they were crazy, and didn't know it:—

. . . .

"The next item in the programme was the —th Symphony of L. Van Beethoven. This important work is one of the immortal nine composed in one day to the order of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The story of the composer's wife keeping him awake with fairy tales to enable him to finish his task within the allotted time, is well known. This set of nine is, in its turn, part of that glorious series of twenty-one, familiarly referred to in the 'Esoteric Critic' as: the full score of Beethoven's Symphonies in all the major and minor clefs, and including, among the rest, the popular Pastoral, 'Moonlight,' 'Reformation' and 'Blue Danube' Symphonies — the third named of which will rank high even when compared with such masterpieces as the 'Battle of Prague,' the March from 'Athalie,' and the overture to 'Tancred.'

"The opening movement is in one of the master's characteristic moods. His individuality is reflected alike in the rallentando treatment of the wind, and the half scornful, half beseeching tone of the syncopated passage for the drum — an instrument which, since the time of our own Orlando Gibbs, has rarely been treated with such felicity as in the present movement. As Fétis, in his standard *Traité de l'Instrumentation*, has

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justly observed, the management of the drum is the one mark by which genius is distinguishable from mere talent:—'The capabilities,' says he, (we quote from memory), 'of the violin, the horn, the flute, and the thorough-bass, may be taught in the schools; genius alone can probe the hidden recesses of the drum.' Though briefly developed, this movement is nevertheless replete with feeling and fioritura.

"The succeeding Non Troppo served well to display the penetrating adagio quality of the double-basses and oboes; while the bravura passages assigned to the horns were delivered with a sympathetic appreciation of the composer's hidden meaning. We observed, by the way, that the players of these instruments used fresh mouth-pieces for this section of the work—a truly original idea; interesting, moreover, as showing the ready command of the composer over the resources at his disposal. By the simultaneous employment of the ritardando and accelerando, a climax of an exciting nature is skilfully worked up, culminating, most unexpectedly, in a discord of the prepared sixth. The repeats were delicately played, and the resolution of the well-known double-bass produced all its customary effects. A passage in the réprise of the leitmotif suggests to us the thought—'Was not comic opera, after all, Beethoven's true mission?' But man is the creature of his own age. To Beethoven was the task assigned, of perfecting old material; the glory of originating a new form of art was reserved for the present age, and for Offenbach.

"The Andante, a soft and vivacious movement, consisting, as it does, of a binary counterpoint in the octave, three against two, might by some be considered pedantic, but, to our mind, is redeemed by the flowing staccato melody for the clarinets, oboes, and bassoons, accompanied by an expressive pizzicato on the reed instruments. A note in the programme informs us that the movement is written in five parts. Of these, we confess our preference for the second, third, and fourth, though the opening and conclusion are also deservedly admired. In the Scherzo the composer reverts to one of the old forms perfected by his talented countryman, J. S. Bach—a composer, the trifling and *ad captandum* nature of whose compositions procured him an ephemeral popularity, but whose works are now rarely heard except as act-music at some of our provincial theatres. The rapid dramatic passages for the horns were delivered with a brilliancy, and a purity of tone, that left little to be desired. In this movement an ethereal effect is obtained by causing the violins to be played 'con sordini,' *i.e.*, without rosin. We are informed by a dilettante friend, that the same end may be gained by freely soaping the strings of the instrument. It would be interesting to know whether this process, which seems to be not without its advantages, has been brought to the notice of the masters of the craft. In the Finale, science and genius combine to enthral the listener. The composer is here at his strongest. By turns, he enchants and terrifies. Whispers of hope are succeeded by wails of despair. The movement is a complete epitome of man and his destiny. Whole doctrines are set forth in single notes. Systems of philosophy are refuted within the space of a double bar; while, here and there, the curtain is momentarily raised that divides the known from the unknown, and, for a short time, man is brought face to face with the mystery of existence, grasping the illimitable, sounding the unfathomable. Every member of the band becomes for the moment an inspired Hebrew—a Heaven-sent messenger of the decrees of relentless Fate; while every member of the audience yields himself up to the dominant harmony, and blindly, yet thankfully, clings to the guidance of the leading note. Swept along by the full torrent of passion, the enraptured hearer is hurried onwards into the frenzied whirlpool of the Coda, where every truth that has been set forth at large before is now resumed in brief. By an uncommon, but not, we believe, unprecedented *tour de force*, the master has here made every instrument play a different tune, in a different key, and in a different time. The crisis reached, the sound gradually dies away, as the exhausted fancy softly sinks to earth; the meek bleating of the trombones proclaiming in language that only the scoffer can afford to despise as meaningless, that there is hope for man beyond the grave.

"Mr. X. was a graceful conductor; and it seemed to us, as far as we could judge from our somewhat distant seat, that his gestures followed implicitly the windings of the music. Although we should be sorry to miss the *chef d'orchestre* from his accustomed throne, we think it our duty, in the interests of the art, to inquire whether his movements have not a tendency to distract the attention of the performers. We observed that several of the latter from time to time threw an eye in the direction of their chief.

"With regard to the performance, though we have no wish to be unduly severe in criticising the efforts of amateurs, we would suggest that the tempi of the more strictly minor passages might have been taken a shade flatter. It is by attention to minor details that general effect is secured. For the rest, the bars were nicely accented; many of the instruments seemed to come in very appropriately, and the clarinets struck us as being fairly in tune."

JULES BENEDICT.

The following account of Sir Julius Benedict's artistic career is taken from the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*—edited by George Grove, D.C.L.:—

"Sir Julius Benedict was born at Stuttgart, November 27, 1804. Sir Julius is one of the most eminent of the numerous foreign musicians who have settled in England since Handel's time. As composer, performer, and teacher of music, he has now held an exceptionally high position in this country for upwards of forty years. After studying under Hummel at Weimar—during which he saw Beethoven (March 8, 1827)—he was, in his seventeenth year, presented by the illustrious pianist to Weber, who received him into his house, and from the beginning of 1821 until the end of 1824, treated him, in Sir Julius's own words, 'not only as a pupil, but as a son.' At the age of nineteen young Benedict was, on Weber's recommendation, appointed to conduct a series of operatic performances at Vienna. A few years afterwards we find him as *chef d'orchestre* at the San Carlo at Naples, where he produced his first opera, *Giacinta ed Ernesto*—a work which seems to have been too German for the Neapolitan taste. On the other hand, *I Portoghesi in Goa*, which Benedict composed in 1830 for Stuttgart, may have been found too Italian for the Germans; since, unsuccessful in the city for which it was specially written, it was warmly received by the operatic public of Naples. The youthful master, who showed himself a German among the Italians, and an Italian among the Germans, went in 1835 to Paris, at that time the head-quarters of Rossini and Meyerbeer, a frequent place of rendezvous for Donizetti and Bellini, and the home of Auber, Hérold, and Adolphe Adam, of Halévy, Berlioz, and Félicien David. At Paris, Benedict made the acquaintance of Malibran, who suggested his visiting London: and from 1835 until now, we have had Weber's favorite pupil residing permanently among us. In 1836 Benedict was appointed to the musical direction of the Opera Buffa, started by the late John Mitchell at the Lyceum Theatre. Here he brought out with success a little work called *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, originally given in 1836 at Naples. In 1838 he produced his first English opera, *The Gipsy's Warning*—known in the present day to those who are not acquainted with it as a whole by the very dramatic air for the bass voice, 'Rage, thou angry storm.' Benedict was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre as orchestral conductor throughout that period of Mr. Bunn's management during which Balfe's most successful works were brought out. To this period belong Benedict's finest operas, *The Brides of Venice*, and *The Crusaders*, both produced at Drury Lane under the composer's immediate direction. In 1850 Benedict accompanied Jenny Lind to the United States, and directed the whole of the concerts given by the 'Swedish Nightingale,' with such unexampled success, during her famous American tour. On his return to England he accepted an engagment as musical conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards at Drury Lane, whither Mr. Mapleson's establishment was for a time transferred. When in 1860 Mr. Mapleson was about to produce (at Her Majesty's Theatre) an Italian version of *Oberon*, he naturally turned to the composer who, above all others, possessed the secret of Weber's style, and requested him to supply the recitatives wanting in the *Oberon* composed for the English stage, but absolutely necessary for the work in Italianized form. Benedict added recitatives which may now be looked upon as belonging inseparably to the Italian *Oberon*. Eighteen hundred and sixty was also the year of Benedict's beautiful cantata on the subject of *Undine*—produced at the Norwich Festival—in which Clara Novello made her last public appearance. In 1862, soon after the remarkable success of Mr. Dion Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn*, Benedict brought out *The Lily of Killarney*, for which Mr. Oxenford (probably in collaboration with Mr. Boucicault) had furnished the excellent libretto. In 1863 he composed the cantata of *Richard Cœur de Lion* for the Norwich Festival of that year. His operetta, *The Bride of Song*, was given at Covent Garden in 1864; his oratorio of *St. Cecilia* at the Norwich Festival in 1866; that of *St. Peter*, at the Birmingham Festival of 1870. As 'conductor' at chamber-concerts, where the duties of the musician so entitled consist in accompanying the singers on the pianoforte, and in seeing generally that nothing goes wrong, Benedict has come at least as often before the public as in his character of orchestral chief. With rare interruptions he has officiated as conductor at the Monday Popular Concerts since they first started, now some sixteen[1] years ago. His own annual concert has been looked upon for the last forty years at least as one of the great festivals of the musical season. There is no form of music which this versatile composer has not cultivated, and though more prolific masters may have lived, it would be difficult to name one who has labored with success in so many different styles. In 1873 a symphony by the now veteran composer was performed for the first time at he Crystal Palace; and a second in the following year; so that a complete edition of Benedict's works would include, besides ballads and pianoforte fantasias, operas, oratorios, and cantatas, compositions in the highest form of orchestral music. Sir Julius received the honor of knighthood in 1871. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday he was named Knight Commander of the Orders of Francis and Joseph (Austria), and of Frederick (Würtemberg). It was determined in the same year, by his numerous English friends, to offer him a testimonial 'in appreciation of his labors during forty years for the advancement of art, and as a token of their esteem.' In accordance with this resolution a service of silver, including a magnificent group of candelabra, was presented to Sir Julius the following summer, at Dudley House, before a number of the most distinguished musicians and amateurs in London. Besides being a member of the before-mentioned Austrian and Würtembergian orders, Sir Julius Benedict has been decorated by the Sovereigns of Prussia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Portugal, and Hanover."

With regard to Sir Julius Benedict's instrumental compositions, orchestral or otherwise, there is a good deal to be added to the foregoing, besides something to elucidate. The *scherzo* from the symphony in G minor, for example, had been played at the Norwich Festival previous to its admirable performance (in 1873) at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns. The symphony No. 2, in C major, on the other hand, has *never* been given entire at the Crystal Palace, or elsewhere. It may here not be inappropriate to notice what is passed over in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*: viz., that Benedict has conducted the Triennial Norwich Festival twelve times, beginning from 1845 (when he succeeded the late Professor Edward Taylor). This explains his having composed three cantatas, *Undine*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *St. Cecilia* (which has no pretensions to be an "oratorio,") for that important triennial event. At the last festival (1878) he produced his *Kätchen von Heilbron*, an overture intended to illustrate the well-known drama of Heinrich Kleist—if not, indeed, to serve as prelude to an opera bearing the name and telling the story of Kleist's impressive work. To all his operas and cantatas, as well as to his oratorio, *St. Peter*, Sir Julius has written overtures; so that these may be understood in connection with the works with which they are allied. But independently of opera, cantata, and oratorio, he has composed what may be designated as "concert-

[1] Twenty-one years.—W. D. D.

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overtures," of which the subjoined may be accepted as a tolerably correct list: — *Raoul de Crequy*, 1830 (for Berlin; the *Minnesinger*, 1842; a "Festival Overture," in D, for the opening of the new Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (the annual series of concerts held, in which he has conducted since the demise of Alfred Mellon); overture to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, 1854; overtures, *The Bride of Song* and *Prince von Homburg*, 1864 and 1865; overture to *Macbeth*, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal; and two overtures — *Return of the Crusaders* and *Axel and Walburg*, never yet made known to the public. Apart from symphonies and overtures, however, Sir Julius Benedict has written other instrumental works, among which may be named a *Rondo Brillante* in A flat (1824), a Concertino in the same key (1830), a Concerto in C minor (1849), and a second Concerto in E flat (1870), all for the pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments. The Concerto in C minor was played by Sir Julius himself, at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, not long before his departure for the United States with the then famous Jenny Lind. Three years later (April 25, 1853) it was performed at a concert given by the Harmonic Union, a society of which Mr. Benedict himself was conductor, by Mme. (then Miss) Arabella Goddard, who has also played the Concerto in E flat at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at the Crystal Palace, and at the Birmingham Festival of 1867 — the year of the production of Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* and John Francis Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*.

The Quartet for stringed instruments, in C minor, is the second composition of this form from the pen of Sir Julius Benedict, one in E major (still in MS.) having been written as far back as 1825. The Sonata in E minor, for pianoforte and violin, has also two precursors — the first in D minor, Op. 1, published in 1822 by Peters of Leipzig, and dedicated "to his beloved master, C. M. von Weber," the second in A major, composed in 1824, and still unpublished. He has, moreover, composed two sonatas for pianoforte alone — one in E, "Op. 2" (1824), another in D minor (1825), "Op. 4."

The Quartet and Sonata, introduced for the first time before an English audience on the occasion of Sir Julius Benedict's recent benefit concert in St. James's Hall, were written in London — the Quartet, in 1872, the Sonata in 1868.

That Weber treated Benedict "not only as a pupil but as a son," may be gathered from the letter addressed by the composer of *Der Freischütz* to the father of the young student, who, having terminated the period of his apprenticeship, was on the point of starting to rejoin his family at Vienna. Coming from such a source, this letter is worth being made public, and a translation is subjoined: —

"If God grants Julius the perseverance and modest humbleness of the true artist who pursues his art for art's sake only, added to his eminent gifts and talent, he cannot fail to achieve considerable success in the world; provided he does not endeavor to sow and reap at the same time, and to snatch in a few months what for others is the labor of so many years. For myself, at least, I can solemnly assert and know that I have neither neglected, kept back, nor overlooked anything which, according to my belief, could make him a thorough artist and man. I could read to him from the book of experience, and have done so with affection, strictness at times even, with words of deep earnestness. I pray God vouchsafe his best blessing on his exertions."

Had Weber lived to see the result, he would in all probability have admitted that his hopes were fulfilled even sooner than he had anticipated.

*** The overtures to the *Tempest* and the *Minnesinger* were written expressly for the Norwich Festivals. *The Bride of Song* is an operetta virtually the same as *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, originally produced at Naples. It was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1864. *Der Prinz von Homberg* is another drama by Heinrich Kleist.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.

JOACHIM AND CLARA SCHUMANN.

There are reports of an intended visit to this country by the great violinist, — too good, we fear, to be true. But let us hope that he will come, and with him his wife, the admirable singer. We have had hopes before now that both Mme. Schumann and Joachim, so long associated in artistic labors, would one day let themselves be heard in America; but we fear it is too late to expect all that. Meanwhile we are tempted to draw from our reminiscences of a week spent in Dresden, twenty years ago, when it was our privilege to enjoy the friendly acquaintance and the daily performance, in rehearsal or in concert, of that noble pair of artists.

It was in Leipzig, one October evening, after a Gewandhaus concert, while the wild harmonies of Schumann's *Manfred* music were yet ringing in the brain, that we took up the *Zeitung* and there read that on the morrow evening two of the noblest interpreters of the noblest in German art, whom more than any two perhaps we wished to hear and know, and to whose fame the readers of this Journal were not strangers would commence a series of three musical soirées in the Hotel de Saxe at Dresden. Is it not enough to say that these were Clara Schumann and Joachim!

It is but four hours by the railroad. So off we start in the cold, foggy morning, seeing nothing nor caring much to see, while whirled across those flat, uninteresting battle plains that stretch beyond Leipzig. A white, dry fog; there is a sense of promise in it; and by the middle of the forenoon the warm sun glows through, revealing through a hazy and poetic atmosphere, a picturesque succession of red-roofed towns, and little vine-clad hills (nothernmost region of the grape this!), with pretty glimpses of the Elbe sparkling across green fields, and, beckoning in the distance, the domes and spires and palaces of Dresden. At noon we cross the stone bridge, over the swift, broad river that comes sweeping round through "Saxon Switzerland," whose hazy purple outline already tempts you on the far horizon, — the blue Elbe cradled in Bohemia — and enter the stately, cheerful city, and are soon housed in the pleasant hotel in which the concert is to be. Seated at the table d'hôte, there is a vacant chair beside us. Presently a sense of somebody entering and asking for somebody; and somebody introducing himself with cordial handgrasp, and sorry to have been engaged in rehearsal when our letter was sent in, and "shall we talk German or English?" (of course we choose the latter), has taken the vacant seat, and we are in full tide of eager conversation, as clear to one another as old friends, and in instant *rapport* on most topics of most interest to both. We talk of the "Diarist," whom he knows and esteems; of music, from Bach to Wagner, of the first of whom he is one of the truest exponents, entering into the very spirit of him, while he can afford to admire much in the latter; of Art, mutually pleased to find that each had been thinking of Kaulbach as a sort of Meyerbeer in painting. We talk of Emerson, of whom he is a warm admirer, familiar with all his writings, and delighting in such free, quickening mountain air of thought; of America, whose generous idea and destiny he understands, and has more interest and faith in, than I have found before in Germany; of England, and the rival musical critics, Davison and Chorley, both of whom he esteems, and Macfarren more than either; of what music has to offer us in Leipzig and in Berlin, in Dresden and Vienna, and in his own Hannover; of Schumann and his noble artist widow; of Liszt at Weimar, and of his *partie* in Germany, and what not.

Our companion is a strong, broad-shouldered, manly looking fellow, of two or three years under thirty; with a massive, overhanging brow, Beethoven-like; a heavy mass of rich dark hair; large, gray, earnest eyes; pale face, full of intellect, of firm will and genial good feeling; a certain gleam of genius in those eyes; a somewhat knotted habit of the brows, as from intense, concentrated brain-work, and a strongly marked, almost severe look when the face is in repose; but quickly lit up with glad recognition, or softened with tender sympathies; the sunshine of a cordial, generous, social nature breaks out in an instant from those eyes. Decidedly a strong, fresh, wholesome individuality; generous and sunshiny; full of friendliness; moody withal, and capable of feeling bored; high-toned, brave, and *genial*, both in our English sense of hearty, and in the German and artistic sense, implying imaginative, creative energy — the adjective of *genius*. A large and catholic view of men and things; and a strong character. You do not often find all these traits in a *virtuoso*; and this is no *mere* virtuoso; this young man is Joseph Joachim; who, though his chief medium has been the violin, has made himself more known and deeply felt by a certain magnetism of genius and of character that works behind all that.

And now — begging our friend's pardon for thus unceremoniously and bunglingly attempting his portrait — let us leave him to the drudgery of putting on strings, while we talk a walk on the Brühl terrace along the Elbe, over the bridge and back, and by the royal palaces and church and theatre, coming unexpectedly upon the newly erected bronze statue of Weber by the way; and back to the hotel to find ourselves in the evening in the pretty concert-saal, where are assembled all the beauty and refinement of Dresden musical society, awaiting the beginning of the first concert. It is a small hall, holding perhaps, from six to seven hundred persons, and is completely full. This is the only regular concert hall in Dresden, strange to say; and even the symphony concerts of the fine large orchestra, which Rietz directs, have to be given here. Here is the programme:

Sonata (D minor, Op. 121) for piano and violin, played by the concert givers . . . Schumann.
Cavatina, from the "Swiss Family," . . . . Weigl.
Ballade (G minor), piano played by Clara Schumann, ... Chopin.
Allegro brilliant, 4 hands, by Frl. Marie Wieck and Mme. Schumann, ... Mendelssohn.
Sonata for Violin, by Joachim, ... Tartini.
3 Lieder: *a* "Im Freien," . . . . . Schubert.
b Schneeglöckchen," } . . . . . Schumann.
c "Er ist's }
Sonata, (A minor, Op. 23) for piano and violin, Beethoven

[We are writing twenty years ago, mind, and will continue now in the first person singular].

Of the first piece, as a composition, I can hardly venture to speak after a single hearing, and at this distance of time. It certainly interested me much, and impressed me with that sense of depth and power and passion, with passages of playful fancy of quite exquisite individuality, that Robert Schumann almost always gives me. But it was one of his latest and by no means clearest works. It is a high and worthy mission which Madame Schumann takes upon her, of interpreting to the world, through her wonderfully perfect pianism, so genial and so classical, the, as yet, but poorly understood and undervalued creations of her talented husband's genius. Of her I can speak, for the impression is distinct; how could it fail to be! She has the look, the air and manner of the true artist and the noble woman. Her face is full of sensibility and intellect; large dark eyes, full of rich light, and lips that always quiver with the exquisite sense of music. A large, broad forehead, and head finely shaped, with rich black hair. The profile is just that of the twin medallion portrait which represents her with her husband; but the face and head are wider than that had suggested to me, and indicate a greater weight and breadth of character. The features are in constant play, lit with enthusiasm, as if the music never ceased. Her *technique* as a pianist is beautifully smooth, clean and perfect; she has mastered all that, years ago, under the severe but admirable teaching of the old Wieck, her father. There is an inexhaustible energy in her playing, when she deals with the strong tone-poets such as Beethoven; you miss none of their fire and grandeur. I never heard more sustained nobility of play, nor more facile, nor more finely finished.

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But such an artist does not play to exhibit her own skill; but to bring out and present in all their individuality, in just the right light, the beauties she discerns and feels in those creations of the masters which are worthy of such illustration and will live. She is a thorough musician; has a clear and true conception of all the classics, the inspired tone-poems of the piano; and an equal contempt for all trivial or weakly sentimental show-pieces; to the performance of mere operatic fantasias, and the like, she never condescends. Mere brilliancy is nothing; she knows the real gem from the bit of glass that also sparkles in the sun. Her thorough acquaintance with her memory of, all the principal sonatas, trios etc., of Beethoven and other masters is remarkable; in the rehearsals her memory often is the test to which the correctness of differing editions of the parts is referred. I have heard no more satisfactory rendering of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart or Haydn. Of Schumann's music she is, of course, the interpreter. The Ballade of Chopin, and all that I have heard her play of him, were admirably executed by her, especially the brilliant side of Chopin; but I would not dare to say that I had never heard the peculiar individuality and fineness of that poet *par excellence* of the piano, brought out with a more intimate and sympathetic truthfulness. Altogether, Clara Schumann seems to me the noblest, truest type of the artistic woman that I have known, with the exception of Jenny Lind. Not that she has the same force of genius, or the same all-conquering magnetism. Without magnetism, of course, a great singer were inconceivable. But she has the same artistic feeling and entire devotion to the pure ideal. She is a living impersonation of the artist conscience, aided by rare native faculties and rare educational experiences. She is gifted alike with sharp, discriminating insight, and with unflagging enthusiasm. Some think she has not so much warmth as critical correctness. But she is a woman, large-hearted, loving, full of sensibility, as well as a skilled, clear-sighted critical musician. Her art is religion to her; relates itself to the very ideal end of life. If she has not creative genius, if she does not compose, if she gives readings, no one can doubt the fervor with which she loves her authors, nor the deep genuine joy with which she reproduces them.

It surely was a privilege, and not a shade of disappointment in it, to sit there and hear sonata-duos of Schumann and Beethoven rendered by those two large-brained artists. They have played much together, sympathize in tastes and principles, maintain the same uncompromising attitude of loyalty to truth in Art, agree in their conceptions of what they play together, are equally above all drawbacks of uncertain skill, and so are perfectly sure of one another in what they undertake. It is rarely that such artists meet in any work.

Of Joachim's playing one owns first of all its magnetic, searching, quickening quality. It is not a violin, but a man that speaks. There is a feeling of depth and breadth conveyed in what he does. He draws the largest and most marrowy tones out of his strings that we have ever heard. There is force of character in every sound; and yet the most subtle, fluid modulation through all shades of feeling, the tenderest as well as the strongest. And nothing seems dramatically got up for mere effect; it all comes so natural, so real that you yield yourself entirely to the music, and never think to analyze, to mark just what is done. It is alike full of passion and of self-possession; strong emotion and repose. I had heard that Sonata of Tartini, with the *trillo del diavolo*, finely played before; but never did it present itself in half so vivid colors as when he played it. In Joachim's playing I never thought to notice in what particular technical feats or qualities he shone, or how he compared in any of them with others. These were all forgotten in his music. Nor did he, the virtuoso, ever place himself between you and the music. Dignity, nobility of style, depth of feeling, and a certain intellectual vigor characterized his playing. But if we are asked, wherein above all he shows the master, it is in what may be called *contrapuntal* playing. This is much more than giving out full chords with the melody; it is the giving of a distinct individuality to each of the four parts in the harmony; it is the eliciting of a virtual quartet from a single violin. This makes him preëminently the player of the violin sonatas, preludes and fugues, toccatas, etc., of Sebastian Bach; and indeed, this art he must have learned from his deep, close study of the violin works of Bach and from his earnest penetration into the very spirit of Bach, into the very soul of his method. Among all violinists, and all virtuosos, Joachim is the greatest Bach-ist. That height won, all the rest is easily and of course his.

The only disappointment of this evening was that there was no Bach in the programme. But I was easily reconciled, knowing how soon that satisfaction was in store for me. The next morning we had more long talk together in the artist's room, and then he fulfilled his promise of playing to me Bach's *Chaconne*, the noblest of all violin solos that I had ever yet heard. It was without accompaniment, complete in itself as Bach wrote, and, as Joachim plays it, not to be improved by even Mendelssohn's piano part. How the inspired sounds filled the room like a great flood of tone, and filled the soul of listener and player, and how the former felt that those whom he will never see on earth again must hear (for what so bridges over the gulf between time and eternity, as music that is so true and great?), it were idle to attempt to tell. In that listening I incurred a great debt which only a renewed life can pay. Visitors came in; Capellmeister Rietz, Concertmeister Schubert, Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish novelist, and an intelligent, enthusiastic, gentlemanly musician, the conductor of the Tonkünstler-verein, a social club mostly of accomplished musicians, who compose an orchestra, and meet once or twice a week to practice the less known works of Bach, Handel and other old writers; and he invited us to the club room in the evening to hear so rare a curiosity as a couple of the famous Hautboy Concertos of Handel. From there I went to the Royal Gallery of Paintings, and was soon seated in wonder and transport before the incomparable "Dresden Madonna" of Raphael. Was it not a work of inspiration? The parallel between Raphael and Mozart has been often drawn. I could not but feel the force of it after seeing this picture. As Mozart said of his own music, here was a work which must have stood before its author's mind at once, whole and entire in all its parts, completely realized in one fusing instant of genius at its full heat. It is beauty, loveliness, holiness itself. Was not that a morning to thank God for? The *Chaconne* of Bach interpreted by Joachim, and the loveliest of all Madonnas, realized by Raphael! Nor was that all.

NEXT SEASON'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The Harvard Musical Association has mainly planned its Symphony Concert scheme for next season, and the prospect appears promising for a brilliantly successful series of performances. This will be the 16th season of the association, and eight concerts will be given in the Boston Music Hall on Thursday afternoons as follows: Nov. 18, Dec. 1, 16, Jan. 6, 20, Feb. 3, 17, March 3. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will conduct the concerts, and the orchestra (including Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic orchestra) will be as strong in numbers, and even better in discipline, than that which gave such general satisfaction last year. Among the orchestral works in contemplation may be named the following:

Symphonies. Haydn, in C (No. 3, Rieter-Biedermann), first time. Beethoven, Nos. 7 and 8. Schumann, "Cologne" (E flat). Gade, in D minor (with pianoforte), first time. Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique, second time. J. K. Paine, "Spring," second time. Raff, in G minor, first time. Symphony by Saint-Saëns, first time. Ferd. Hiller, "Spring," first time.

Overtures. Gluck, "Iphigenia" (or "Alceste"). Mozart, "Titus." Beethoven, "Leonore," No. 3. Spohr, "Faust." Mendelssohn, "Melusina." Schumann, "Manfred" and "Julius Cæsar." Bennett, "Wood Nymph." And for the first time: Berlioz, "Carnaval Romain"; Goldmark, "Penthesilea"; Reinecke, "Hakon Jarl"; Bazzini, "King Lear."

Miscellaneous. Bach, Pastorale from Christmas oratorio. Beethoven, Adagio and Andante from "Prometheus." Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the Reformation symphony. Schumann, Overture, Scherzo and Finale. Berlioz, Marche Nocturne, from "L'Enfance du Christ," second time. Wagner, "Siegfried Idyll." Bennett, prelude and funeral march, from "Ajax," first time. Dvorak, Sclavic dances, first time. Norbert Burgmüller, Andante (with oboe solo) from symphony in D, second time. Liszt, "Orpheus" (short symphonic poem), first time. Goetz, Intermezzo from symphony in F. Fuchs, serenade, first time.

Other works may be found desirable and practicable as the concert season approaches. Solo artists, vocal and instrumental, will be announced in due time. Subscription lists for season tickets, with particulars, will be opened early in the autumn. Meanwhile, any persons eager to lend assurance to the enterprise by an earlier pledge for tickets have only to send in their names to the chairman (12 Pemberton square), or to any member of the committee, as follows: J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, S. B. Schlesinger, Charles P. Curtis, S. L. Thorndike, Augustus Flagg, William F. Apthorp, Arthur Foote and George W. Sumner.

——In addition to the above, there will be, presumably, another series of the popular concerts of the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Mr. Bernhard Listemann; and probably Mr. Theodore Thomas, no longer tied to Cincinnati, will again organize an orchestra to travel through the cities, taking with him the Hungarian pianist Joseffy, who by a sudden somersault has vaulted over from the Chickering to the Steinway instrument. There has been much interviewing and reporting, and even controversial gossip about it in the musical and music-trade papers of New York, into which we do not care to enter; but whether Joseffy will ever play upon a better piano than those which he has used already in this city, remains to be proved. Thomas, with Joseffy, in the Boston Music Hall, any way, will be a strong attraction.

PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

The annual graduation exercises at this world-renowned institution for the education of the blind are always an occasion of interest. Yesterday afternoon there assembled an audience which completely filled the chapel, and which included several prominent gentlemen, including Governor Littlefield and Secretary of State Addeman of Rhode Island, Hon. J. W. Dickinson of the State Board of Education, and several clergymen. The chapel was prettily decorated, and the pupils occupied seats facing the audience. The exercises in charge of the superintendent, Mr. Anagnos, opened with a selection of instrumental music, arranged by Mr. Joseph R. Lucier, one of the graduating class. Then followed an essay, "The Growth of Liberty," written by Edward Ware, and delivered by Lemuel Titus. This paper and all that followed were written in the direct style which gives peculiar force to the works of the blind essayist. After a chorus by male voices, an exercise in physiology, illustrated by the use of models, was given by Henry Herrick. William H. Wade performed upon the organ Bach's "Great Fugue in G Minor" with excellent effect. Miss Elizabeth Hickie's exercise upon diamonds furnished a wonderful example of the power of memory, a great variety of facts and figures concerning the celebrated gems of the world being given with accuracy. A declamation "The Present Time," was forcibly given by Arthur Hatch, and the four-part song, "Laugh, Boys, Laugh," by Messrs. Titus, Hammond, Lucier and Stratton, was most heartily enjoyed. George G. Goldthwait explained in an interesting way the manufacture of the piano, and the delicate ear and careful instruction necessary to qualify a tuner of that instrument. William H. Wade executed Liszt's difficult Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, with delicacy. An illustrated exercise in botany by Miss Ellen Hassett was well given. The school sang in chorus a selection from Rossini's "Cinderella." An essay by William H. Wade, was delivered by Henry W. Stratton, on the development of civilization, by means of coercion and conviction. In closing, Mr. Stratton

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briefly bade farewell to the school in behalf of his classmates, and expressed their thanks and appreciation for the efforts of teachers and patrons of the institution. The exercises of the graduating class closed with the singing of the class song, the words and music of which were by Mr. Stratton.

Mr. Anagnos, before introducing Dr. Peabody of the Board of Trustees, to conduct the remaining exercises, with a brief prelude, presented to the Rev. Mr. Phosius Fiske of the United States Navy, the first copy of the History of Greece, which his liberality had enabled the school to have printed in raised letters for the use of the blind. Mr. Anagnos added that by means of a recent improvement in the stereotyping process, books for the blind can now be published at a considerably lessened expense than formerly, and the institution hopes through the liberality of its friends to issue other standard works.

Rev. Dr. Peabody presented Governor Littlefield of Rhode Island, who expressed his interest in the institution, and introduced Hon. J. M. Addeman, Secretary of State. The latter gentleman added his congratulations to members of the graduating class, who had been able in so great degree to make up the deficiency caused by the loss of sight. Mr. Goddard of the *Advertiser*, Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Rev. Mr. Mansfield, Dr. Tourjée, John S. Dwight and others added brief words of commendation and encouragement to the pupils in their hard struggle against such formidable obstacles.

Dr. Peabody, urging the class to even higher and nobler work in the battle before them, presented diplomas to the following named graduates:

George C. Goldthwait of Lynn, Arthur E. Hatch of Wilton, Me., Joseph R. Lucier of Worcester, Henry W. Stratton of Neponset, Lemuel Titus of St. John, N. B., William H. Wade of Lawrence, Ellen E. Hickie of Charlestown. — *Transcript, June 29.*

——A delightful musicale was given on Thursday morning, June 24, at Mr. John Orth's rooms, 12 West street, with the following programme: Fifth concerto, Beethoven, Miss Josephine Ware and Mr. Orth (two pianos); Phantasie, Max Bruch, Miss Ware and Madame Dietrich Strong; Fugue, Rheinberger, Mrs. MacKenzie; Songs, Hoffman, Mr. C. F. Webber; Songs, Schumann, Miss S. E. Bingham; Symphony, Schumann, Miss Ware, Madame Strong, Messrs. Whitney and Orth (two pianos); Polonaise, Liszt, Mr. Orth; Variations, Schumann, Miss S. S. Winslow and Mr. Orth (two pianos). The character of the selections and the brilliancy of the performances made this musicale especially noteworthy.

——The Boston Conservatory of Music gave a concert in Union Hall Saturday afternoon. The programme consisted of vocal, piano and violin solos, and violin and cornet duets, all performed by pupils of the institution. The closing number was a nocturne and terzetto, for three violins, played by some twenty-two of the smallest lads and misses belonging to the junior classes.

MUSIC ABROAD.

Oxford University. — The London *Telegraph's* correspondent (June 8), describing the Oxford Commemoration, concludes his letter as follows: —

The Oxford Philharmonic Society's Commemoration concert given in the Sheldonian Theatre this morning, was, perhaps, the most successful for many years. When we say that, instead of the usual cantata and miscellaneous afterpart, Haydn's masterpiece of the *Creation* was selected for performance, and that besides the really strong choruses of the society and the powerful co-operation of an old Oxford favorite, Herr Henschel, the services of Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. Joseph Maas and Miss Mason had been secured; that Mr. Taylor conducted in his best style, and that the usual band, under Mr. Burnett, played with all its customary brilliance and precision, such a result cannot be wondered at.

The music of the *Creation* has been so often criticized in your columns that I need not follow it in detail, but as deserving of especial mention I would select the rendering of "With verdure clad," by Miss Bailey, who, though rather weak at times in some other of her parts, sang here with perfect finish and all the splendid compass of her voice. The fact that this charming vocalist was yesterday singing in Utrecht, and crossed the Channel only last night, would have sufficed to justify more than occasional weakness of voice; but in this particular air, and in the "On mighty wings," she was at her very best, and carried with her all the admiration of her very critical audience. Herr Henschel was in grand voice, and gave with splendid feeling the passionate music of "Rolling in foaming billows," and throughout the programme took all his parts with conspicuous success. Mr. Joseph Maas, in the air "In native worth," escaped a recall with difficulty, for his singing, which had been very fine throughout, culminated in the dignity and tenderness of this air, and the audience tried hard to bring the singer back. The music assigned to Eve, in the third part of the oratorio, and taken by Miss Henriette Mason was creditably rendered, but, to quote a recent American critique, "her voice exhibited a slight inaccuracy," especially at the beginning. The choruses were conspicuously bright and full, the quality of the soprano element being particularly rich, and Mr. J. Taylor, the conductor of the society, well deserved the hearty congratulations which he received from all sides. The organ was ably presided over by Mr. Parratt, the well-known and popular organist of Magdalen College, so that in every feature of the day's performance, not omitting the audience, which was as large as the theatre could hold and as brilliant as even fastidious Oxford could wish, the society's concert must be pronounced a most successful event of the present Commemoration.

London. — This day (Friday), says *Figaro* of June 19, the public rehearsal for the Handel Festival will be held at the Crystal Palace, and the Festival itself will take place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of next week. This year the Handel Festival, which was established in 1859, will attain its majority, while four years hence English amateurs will have to celebrate the bi-centenary of Handel, who was born at Halle, Upper Saxony, in 1684. English amateurs need not to be told how the Festival has grown since the preliminary experiment projected by the late Mr. Bowley in 1857, and first carried out on the centenary of Handel's death in 1859. Bowley had not only to form the idea, but to work out the details of the gigantic experiment — building the great orchestra (double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's) and the great organ, causing fresh instruments to be constructed, and designing the arrangement of seats. Few minds could grasp details like that of Mr. Bowley, and the success of the Festival was due in the first instance to him. The choir of 1859 consisted of 2800 voices, and the band of 454 players, including 92 first violins, conducted without adventitious aids solely by the bâton of Sir Michael Costa. The orchestra is now slightly reduced, and the chorus increased, the true balance being thus, it is hoped, found. The acoustic properties of the Central Transept, too, are also greatly improved, and the present Festival promises to be, both from an art and financial point of view, one of the most successful yet held. Outsiders know little of the magnitude of the details such an enterprise demands. To give an idea, in the department of the librarian alone, the "parts" for chorus and orchestra would, if piled one on the other, reach higher than the Central Transept, and these have to be placed each on its appointed desk every morning of the Festival. The slightest hitch would cause disaster, and when the audience watch that enormous body of executants set in motion, and keeping time like clockwork to the beat of the 18-inch wand of the speck in the distance we know to be Sir Michael Costa, they may imagine the trouble and organization necessary to accomplish the task. The Handel Festival is essentially a national festival, for the chorus and orchestra are drawn from the best voices in nearly 100 towns in the United Kingdom.

The *Messiah* was the oratorio for June 21, and *Israel in Egypt* for June 25; on the 23d a selection was sung from *Solomon*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Alexander's Feast*, and other works.

——The special attraction which sufficed to fill every seat at the final Richter concert on Monday, was indisputably the choral symphony of Beethoven. The performance of the Mozart symphony in G minor was a mistake, for with so great a body of strings the not very excellent wind of the Richter orchestra could not fail to be swamped. The introduction and death-scene from "Tristan und Isolde" was, of course, a repetition from a previous concert, but the marvelously delicate performance made it well worth hearing again, even to the exclusion of a newer work. When, however, after a brief interval, Herr Richter took up the bâton, and without a score before him commenced the direction of the choral symphony, it was obvious that this was to be the crowning point of a fine series of concerts. As is not unusual with Herr Richter, the performance of the first movement was a partial disappointment, and amateurs have heard equally fine, and perhaps superior, renderings at the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns, and at the Viard-Louis concerts under Mr. Weist Hill. But from this point there was a steady increase of excellence. The scherzo, and especially the trio, were admirable, while the slow movement offered one of the most beautiful readings of Beethoven's music Herr Richter has given us. The special clearness of the parts in the recitative did not escape notice; and, indeed, in this and the two preceding sections there were many beautiful effects gained by *nuances* which were quite new to many of the audience. It was, however, reserved for the vocal movement to show Herr Richter at his greatest. Rarely in London is the final section of the work performed in any other than a slovenly manner, and, indeed, it is, owing to difficulties which are often thought well-nigh insuperable, not unseldom omitted altogether. The four soloists — Misses Friedländer and Hohenschild, Messrs. Candidus and Henschel — indeed, were somewhat overweighted by the trying nature of the music, and the tenor and the soprano, both excellent artists in their special line, obviously found the choral symphony beyond their capabilities. The fine chorus of 200 voices, however, had been well selected and thoroughly trained by Herr Theodore Frantzen, and they united with the orchestra in giving such a rendition of the final movement as few London audiences have heard. The bald and often silly English translation was very wisely abandoned, and the vocal parts were sung to the original text of Schiller. Every amateur is aware of the terribly trying character of the choral parts, and the manner in which they were performed by Herr Frantzen's choir was worthy of all praise. Old concert-goers claimed that no such performance of the choral symphony had been heard in London since Berlioz conducted it at the New Philharmonic concert in 1852, and it certainly has not been so magnificently rendered within the memory of the large majority of those who were present on Monday. The choral symphony was a worthy conclusion of a splendid series of concerts. — *Ibid.*

——The début of the rising son of the retiring Sims Reeves was a topic which "Cherubino" (*Figaro*, June 19) would naturally discourse about with interest. It was in one of Mr. Ganz's concerts. We copy as follows:

When young Mr. Herbert Reeves stepped for the first time in his life, upon a public platform at St. James' Hall on Saturday, he was naturally received with a roar of welcome. There was something so peculiarly suited to English tastes in the spectacle of a great and popular tenor — well-nigh sixty years of age and who had been more than thirty years an honored representative of his art — in the autumn of his life bequeathing, as it were, his beloved son as a legacy to the public he has served so well, that if Mr. Herbert Reeves had been the veriest pretender on earth he would still have been as heartily cheered for his father's sake. His friends — and there was not a member of that vast audience who was not Mr. Sims Reeves' friend or admirer — were aware that the peculiarly nervous temperament of the father had been sorely tried in expectation of his son's début. Sleep, we know, had been banished from his father's eyes for nights before the afternoon of the eventful day, and if it had been necessary that Sims Reeves should throw his fortune and the high popularity which have rewarded his labor of years into the scale to assure his son's success, the sacrifice would have been cheerfully and gladly accorded. Happily, nothing of the sort was needed, and Mr. Herbert Reeves, for what a young artist of twenty-two can pretend to be, can very easily afford to throw aside all considerations of parentage, and to stand as an artist before the public on his own merits. His first appearance on the platform bore traces of a mother's care and a father's example: two benefits and virtues which must always enlist the deepest sympathies of a British audience. The dress, the personal appearance, the bow, first to the audience and then to the orchestra, the well-known Sims Reeves pose, the holding of the sheet of music in the exact line of the emission of the sound from the throat, and the curious wag of the head which everybody who has ever heard his father will readily recollect, all recalled Mr. Sims Reeves as wa

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have so long known him. Mr. Herbert Reeves first sang the trivial air, "Alma Soave," from Donizetti's happily forgotten opera, "Maria di Rohan," produced at Covent Garden in 1847; and, under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, he was subsequently heard to far better effect in the air, "Refrain thy Voice from Weeping," from the somnolescent oratorio "The Light of the World," and to still better advantage in the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, conducted by Mr. Ganz. To expect a matured voice from a young gentleman of twenty-two would, every member of the audience felt, be too exacting. At present, indeed, the voice of Mr. Herbert Reeves is that of a very light tenor, incapable yet of declamation or power, but just fitted for the music he undertook. He was, after he left the care of his mother — once Miss Lucombe — placed under Mr. Sims Reeves' old teacher, Signor Mazzucato, and, on that gentlemen's death, under the tuition of Signor Lamperti, at Milan. But the influence of the father is so distinctly traceable in the style of the son that it is difficult to believe he ever had any other professor. We have in Mr. Herbert Reeves the same purity of phrasing which has ever characterized Sims Reeves, the same keen ear for correct intonation, the same faultless system of emission, and the same lovely quality of voice which, in years gone by, rendered Sims Reeves an English artist distinguished even among the Italians. There were old concert-goers among the audience who stoutly declared that, in his early years, the voice of the father was no stronger than that of the son is now; and that vigor and power came with maturity. That this freak of nature will be repeated in the case of Mr. Herbert Reeves will be hoped by all who respect his father. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that his organ — at present the organ of Sims Reeves at half power — will be watched and nurtured with a parent's care, and that, until his voice attains its full development, he will not be permitted to attempt tasks which are beyond his strength.

PARIS. — We are indebted to the industrious gleaner of the *Musical World* (London), for the following "Scraps":

At the Opera, the ballet of *Sylvia*, with its charming music slightly touched up by M. Delibes, has been revived, M'lle Sangalli making her re-appearance, after a considerable absence, in her original part. What with her dancing and the charming score, the revival has proved a trump card. . . . A new Valentina, Madame Montalba, has made her *début* in *Les Huguenots*. Though extremely nervous she made a favorable impression, which she strengthened at a second performance. . . . In order to vary his somewhat limited repertory, M. Vaucorbeil resolved to give a series of Historical Concerts, but the series will probably not be a long one. The realization of his project has cost him a vast deal of money and trouble, with little prospect of an adequate return. A considerable sum was spent in re-arranging the stage, with the sole result of proving the bad acoustic qualities of M. Garnier's brilliant house, and the experiment was abandoned as a bad job, the gentlemen of the orchestra re-occupying their usual places. The programme of the first concert included pieces from Lulli's *Alceste* (1674); Rameau's *Fêtes d'Hebe* (1739); Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride* (1779); Gretry's *Anacréon* (1797); and Rossini's *Moise* (1827). The second part of the concert was devoted entirely to *La Vierge*, a sacred legend in four parts, words by M. Grandmougin, music by M. J. Massenet, the four parts being entitled, respectively: "L'Annonciation," "Les Noces de Cana," "Le Calvaire," and "L'Assomption." Though the merits of the new work were duly appreciated, the general opinion is that a theatre is not the place for music of this description, and the public were much more interested in the mundane compositions which preceded. If this was evident at the first concert, it was still more so at the second, and the chances are that M. Vaucorbeil will quietly and quickly return to his ordinary class of entertainment and hurry on the production of *Le Comte Ory*, which has been in preparation for a considerable period. Another work now in rehearsal is *Guillaume Tell*, in which Mlle. Edith Ploux will make her *début* as Jemmy. . . . M. Carvalho has been doing well at the Comique. The returns for April were 175,000 francs, and subsequent receipts were to match. The first twenty-five performances of *Jean de Nivelles* brought in some 200,000 francs. On the other hand, M. Carvalho's expenses are very heavy, no less than 120,000 francs a month, irrespective of author's fees and the *droit des pauvres* as well as the outlay for new works and revivals of old ones, such as *Le Domino Noir*, for instance, which has been put upon the stage with the greatest care, and with a pious restitution of the original text and score. Mlle. Isaac especially distinguished herself as Angele, the character "created" by Madame Damoreau in 1841. This young lady, who has been gradually becoming more and more popular, never appeared to greater advantage. The representatives of the other personages, also, were entitled to high praise. . . . A new one-act comic opera. *La Fée*, words by M. Feuillet, music by M. Hemery, organist at Saint-Lo, is in rehearsal, so is *Le Signal*, by MM. Dubreuil, and Pujet; and *L'Amour Médecin* by MM. Poise and Monselet. *Galante Aventure*, by MM. Silvestre and Davyl, music by M. Guiraud, will be the first novelty next winter. It will be succeeded by *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* by MM. Barbier and Offenbach, and then will come probably an opera as yet to be written by M. Delibes. The book by MM. Gondinet and Gille, has for its principal personage the well-known Jacques Callot, the great delineator of Bohemianism. . . . Madame Engall has left the company, and will soon start for Moscow. Madame Sbolgi, who succeeded her as Meala in *Paul et Virginie* at the Theatre-Lyrique, is engaged in her place. . . . Repeating his experiment of last year, M. Leroy, the tenor-manager, has opened the Theatre du Chateau-d'Eau with *Si j'étais roi*. This is to be followed by *Le Bijou perdu* and *La Fanchonnette*. He has a good company and deserves to succeed. . . . The Fine Art Sub-Committee's report has, after considerable discussion, been adopted by the General Committee, and will be laid before the Chamber. It proposes to maintain the annual grants made to the Opera and the Opera-Comique; 800,000 and 300,000 francs respectively. A sum of 10,000 francs is set down for the installation of the library of the Opera in the pavilion originally destined for the "head of the state," *i. e.*, Napoleon III. The collection of models of scenery which figured in the Exhibition of 1878, will be added to the library, and the whole open to the public. The 20,000 francs for the Pasdeloup and the 10,000 for the Colonne Concerts are continued. . . . The "Festival" organized for the benefit of M. Pasdeloup at the Trocadero was a grand affair. The huge building was crammed with an immense concourse, anxious to show how much they esteemed the founder of the Concert Populaires, in honor of whom Madame Fides Devries, who left so prematurely the Opera where she was so triumphant, and M. Alard, emerged from their retirement once more to delight the public. Faure, too, so seldom, alas, now heard in Paris, was there, and at his best. M. Guilmant presided at Cavaille-Coll's magnificent organ, and held the vast audience enraptured by his mastery over the king of instruments. MM. Gounod, Reyer, Delibes, Godard, Guiraud, Joncieres, and Lalo swelled the ranks of volunteers in the good cause, each conducting a composition of his own. . . Writing to *Le Ménestrel*, a "Vieillard" says: "Madame Malibran was celebrated the moment she came out, and instantly proclaimed without a rival. I recollect that, one evening, having promised her services at a concert given by an artist in distress, she came late. On arriving, all out of breath, she excused herself by stating that she had first to appear at a party given by the Duc d'Orleans (this was previous to July, 1830); after the concert she handed a small purse to the lady for whose benefit the concert was organized: 'My dear,' she said, 'this belongs to you, since I promised you my evening. It is what the Duc d'Orleans gave me.' The small purse was opened; it contained three hundred francs in gold!" . . . Now-a-days, it is said, an Israelitish banker, who is not only rich, but liberal and charitable, gives Madame Patti ten bank notes, of a thousand francs each, to sing at a party in his house. Artists must have greatly gone up in merit during the last fifty years, or money must have gone down very much in value. . . . Chopin's monument in Pere-la-Chaise was erected in 1849 by a subscription among his friends. Those who undertook the care of it are dead, and an appeal has been made to the surviving friends and to the admirers of the deceased for funds to ensure the preservation of his tomb. The Princess Marceline Czartoryski, the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, MM. C. Dubois, A. d'Eichtal, Franchomme, and Ch. Gavard have formed themselves into a committee to receive subscriptions. The amount of each subscription is limited to 20 francs. . . . . M'll Krauss has been decorated with the Cross of Venzuela; she was already an "Officier d'Academie" here. . . . M. Victor Masse, the composer of *Paul et Virginie*, is busy at St. Germains on his new score, *Cléopâtre*. . . . M'lle Marimon has returned here from America. . . . A petition is in course of signature to the Deputies of the Seine begging them to obtain a government grant for a Popular Opera. . . . . Madame Panseron has presented the library of the Conservatory with a number of Italian scores, dating from the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century. Besides scores by Jomelli, Sarti, Tarchi, Cimarosa, Martini, Porpora and Scarlatti, the collection includes a book containing the part-chants formerly in use at the Sixtine Chapel. Another portion of the lady's gift is all the sacred music composed by her late husband.

COLOGNE. — As it began, so it continued, a great success, the Festival of the Lower Rhine. One of the principal features of the second day was the performance of Schumann's A Minor Concerto by Mme. Schumann. When she concluded, the audience burst out into a hurricane of applause, and the orchestra gave a "Tusch," or flourish. Another attraction was Ferdinand Hiller's remarkable cantata, *Die Nacht*, one of the most effective and most inspired works the venerable master ever wrote. It produced as deep an impression at this Festival as it did on its first production eighteen years ago. The composer received an "ovation," one factor in which was the presentation to him of two laurel wreaths. The programme included, also another cantata: Bach's "Pfingstcantate," or "Whitsuntide Cantata," and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. On the third day, half the programme was, as usual, devoted to the solo artists, and Joachim achieved a triumph by his magnificent rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. — *Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*

DRESDEN. — Carl August Krebs, the well-known Capellmeister, died here on May 16, at the ripe age of seventy-six, honored by all musical Germany. The *Musical World* (London) says of him:

The career of Herr Krebs, if neither brilliant nor romantic, was that of a man devoted heart and soul to the work he undertook. His was not the world-wide mission of a Beethoven or a Mozart. But with what success he labored in a more restricted sphere, the record of his life and the testimony so amply borne since his death put in the clearest light. From a very early age his inclination towards music was determined and irresistible. The good lady and well-known vocalist, Mme. Krebs, who adopted him on the death of his mother, Mme. Miedke, and whose name he took, destined him for the pulpit. But as with many another born musician, so with Krebs. He gravitated into the profession of the art divine as by a natural law, and at twenty-three years of age found himself musical director of the Hamburg Theatre. In that post he remained until 1850, meanwhile using the composer's pen as industriously as the conductor's *bâton*. It was here that he produced his successful opera, *Agnes Bernauren*, a work still spoken of with admiration. In 1851, Krebs removed to Dresden, and dwelt in that city for the rest of his life. Till 1872 he discharged the functions of capellmeister at the Royal Chapel and Opera, removing then to the Catholic Cathedral, to the service of which he devoted his whole energies. His Dresden period was prolific in works for the pianoforte, songs, and church music, no small proportion of which obtained more than local recognition. Herr Krebs's first wife having died at Hamburg, he contracted a second marriage soon after his removal to Dresden, his choice falling upon Mlle. Aloysia Michalesi, one of the court singers. This lady became the mother of the Marie Krebs (the pianist, who visited America some years ago), whom a German paper has just described as the "greatest pride and joy" of the worthy capellmeister's life.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AURORA, N. Y., JUNE 21. — The Thirty-Fifth (Commencement) Concert at Wells College took place June 15, under the direction of Mr. Max Piutti. We give the programme:

1. Trio: "Calm is the glassy ocean," (from "Idomeneo.") . . . . . . Mozart.
Misses A. Ames, N. Pettibone, Walker, White.
2. Valse Caprice, Op. 116 . . . . . . Raff.
Miss Storrs.
3. *a*. "Thou'rt Like a Lovely Flower." . Rubinstein.
b. Dedication. . . . . Schumann.
Miss Boynton.*
4. Dance of Gnomes . . . . Liszt.
Miss Annie Pettibone.
5. *a*. Slumber Song . . . . Franz.
b. Who is Sylvia? . . . . Schubert.
Miss Nettie Pettibone.
6. Capriccio in B minor, Op. 22 . . . . Mendelssohn.
Piano primo: Miss Shepard.
1. Concerto in E minor, (Romance.) . . Chopin.
Piano Primo: Miss Goldsmith.
2. Concerto in G minor, (Presto) . . Mendelssohn.
Piano primo: Miss Kendall.
3. Cavatina: "Although a cloud o'erspread the heavens." (From "Freischutz.") . . Weber.
Miss Agnes Ames.
4. Spinning Song . . . . Wagner-Liszt.
Miss Nettie Pettibone.
5. *a*. Slumber Song, (from "Snowdrop.") . . Reinecke.
b. Boat Song . . . . Proch.
Choral Class.

* Absent.

The Department of Music of Wells College closes with this concert its most successful year. We learn that during the year twelve concerts have been given by the teachers and artists from elsewhere. Mr. W. H. Sherwood took part in three concerts. Mr. Piutti has delivered twenty-eight musical lectures. This College enjoys a wide popularity, partly for its musical work, as shown by the large number of pupils from all parts of the country.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE 19. — The Arion Club has just given its fourth concert of the season. The programme ought to have been *Elijah* entire; but bad management, and singular perversity of view on Mr. Tomlins's part, resulted first in repeated changes of plan and waste of time in rehearsals, and finally in a programme made up of one-half of *Elijah* and some selections from the *Creation*. Moreover, a series of accidents disabled three out of the four soloists engaged, and prevented the use of an orchestra, so that a complete failure was feared. However, the singers were on their mettle, Mr. Tomlins braced up for a vigorous effort, and the choruses went well, on the whole. Mrs Carrington was the principal soloist, and acquitted herself nobly. Mr. Knorr and Mrs. Hayden did creditable work. Mr. Tomlins himself sang the part of Elijah very effectively.

Conductor Bach has begun summer concerts at Schlitz's Park. I have no programmes.

I append the closing programme of the Milwaukee College Musical Department, where Mr. John C. Fillmore is in charge:

1. Sonata in C major. (Allegro moderato, Andante cantabile, Allegretto.) . . . Mozart.
Miss Georgiana Paine.
2. Arabesque, Op. 18. . . . . . . Schumann.
Miss Carrie J. Smith.
3. Berceuse . . . . Chopin.
Miss Orelie Turner.
4. Silver Spring . . . . Wm. Mason.
Miss Anna Camp.
5. Cascade . . . . Pauer.
Miss Liselle Paine.
6. Spinning Song . . . . Litolff.
Miss Jessie Medbery.
7. Fantasia on Themes from "Faust," . . Liszt.
Miss Kate A. Stark.

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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST,"

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

IV.—THE "FAUST" OF SPOHR.

Spohr's *Faust* has long continued popular in Germany; this gives it a right to our attention, although it is in no way a translation of the masterpiece of Goethe. This opera has nothing of *Faust* besides the name; the author of the poem (libretto), who has prudently concealed his name, has only borrowed from the master two of his personages, Faust and the demon, to launch them on a series of adventures, now of the most absurd, and now of the most naïve, purely of his own invention. We will presently give the reader an idea of them; let it suffice for the moment to know, that in this drama there is no Marguerite.

However it may be with the poem, we owe it to the musician to study his work seriously; it merits it in all regards, once for all setting aside this fallacious title. By the date of its representation, the work of Spohr is but the third of the operas which have been inspired by Goethe's poem, or which have decorated themselves with the name of his hero; but it is the second in the order of conception. Written at Vienna in 1814, the very year in which Joseph Strauss brought out his *Life and Actions of Faust*, Spohr's opera was successfully represented at Francfort in 1818. From that time it has maintained itself for more than thirty years in the repertoire of the great theatres of Germany, without any loss of public favor. It was played with especial success at Berlin, where the celebrated singer Devrient shone in the part of Faust, and at London, where the author went to direct the execution of the work in person. Finally in 1830, France was permitted to hear this much vaunted work; the German opera troupe directed by Roeckel, which came to give performances at Paris, in the salle Favart, played on the 20th of April the *Faust* of Spohr.

But it is necessary to know the drama before speaking of the music. Faust, rejuvenated, enriched, has long been enjoying the advantages which his compact with the devil has procured him. But, like grand seigniors and kings, he suffers ennui. Mephistopheles, on his part, is tired of being the lacquey of his slave, and, to hasten his ruin, he inveigles him in adventures which may draw him into crime. Enter Faust: he comes from a ball and is thinking of Röschen, a young peasant girl with whom he is enamored. Soon he carries her off, swears love and fidelity to her in a duo, of which the situation is the same as that of "Là ci darem la mano" in *Don Giovanni*. The jeweller Franz, a regular Masetto, arrives in force, and, sword in hand, reclaims his affianced bride. Mephistopheles conceals her from all eyes; Faust and his friends escape by a trap door, to the great disappointment of the jeweller and his companions. Röschen remains in the hands of the devil, who restores her, to all appearances, to Franz, since it is with him that we find her again afterwards. The scene changes and transports us to the castle of Gulf, a brutal and discourteous lord, who holds in captivity the beautiful Kunigunde, and threatens to employ all means with her to obtain the gratification of his amorous passion. Resistance of Kunigunde, rage of Gulf; the scene changes, and we see a forest where Count Hugo sings a cavatina, after the manner of an baraugue, to engage his soldiers to deliver Kunigunde, whom he wishes to marry. Röschen reappears with Franz; Mephistopheles puts them to sleep and carries them off, making the grassy bank on which they are seated move away. We are before the stronghold of Gulf. Faust and the Devil meet Hugo; the Count accepts their services, and they assault the citadel, which crumbles to pieces. Kunigunde is saved, but Gulf still lives; the demon gets possession of him and casts him into the fire that consumes his castle.

The second act opens with a chorus of witches; Faust comes to consult them and demands of them a love philter. The next scene passes before the church where Count Hugo is married with Kunigunde; we hear the religious chants; Franz and Röschen are still together in spite of the artifices of a maladroit imp. The wedding procession passes; Faust is invited, Röschen complains of the coldness of his lover and follows him to the ball offered by Hugo. All the nobility of the neighborhood is assembled at this fête. In the midst of the ball Mephistopheles reveals to the Count the culpable enterprises of Faust, and shows him at the knees of Kunigunde. The seducer offers to the lady the love potion which he has received from the witches. Kunigunde wishes to defend herself; but the poison glides into her veins. . . . Hugo draws his sword, Faust puts himself on guard, they cross blades, Hugo falls mortally wounded, Mephistopheles has turned his sword aside. It were useless to point out the resemblance of this scene, which terminates the second act, with that of *Don Juan*. Faust escapes the anger of the Count's friends, but he becomes a prey to remorse! Röschen, in despair, throws herself into the river; Kunigunde seeks to poniard her seducer, Mephistopheles arrests her hand, and, seizing Faust by the hair, drags him down to hell. — Such is the beautiful poem upon which Spohr has not feared to write his music; this ingenious imbroglio is after the fashion of the German poet, C. Bernard.

In spite of the epithet which he has given it, this work of Spohr has nothing of the romantic. The music of the German master, in general not very melodious, and of very closely interwoven harmony in the vocal parts as well as in the orchestra, is full of classic, even of scholastic forms, and of the *tours de chant* in use in the last century.

This opera begins with a learnedly-written overture, which would require a fulminating execution to produce much effect. Toward the middle is found an Andante, of which the entrances in imitation are not wanting in elegance; but the whole piece has a character more instrumental than dramatic. The introductory duo between Faust and the demon, preceded by recitatives in the Italian manner and so written by Spohr himself, does not mark the outline of the persons very strongly; at all events, it is a general reproach to Spohr that he has not known how to give the demon a different color from the other rôles. The love duo between Faust and Röschen is of an expressive melody; the doctor would soon seduce the heart of the young girl, did not the jealous Franz arrive with his friends and defy his rival. This scene is treated with great fire and vigor.

The following tableau transports us to the castle of Gulf. The air of the captive Kunigunde is graceful at its beginning, and the *agitato* includes a good movement of the orchestra. The air which Hugo sings to exhort his partisans to deliver his beloved forms the counterpart of the preceding scene; it is written with choruses and begins largely, but the passage in roulades which concludes it is of a superannuated taste. The trio which follows, between Röschen, Franz and Mephistopheles, is one of the most beautiful pieces of the score; the dialogue of the two lovers is gracefully accompanied by a violin passage, interrupted by languishing sighs of the oboe. The fine phrase of the devil evoking sleep detaches itself upon a soft rustling of the orchestra; the lovers yield to the power of the demon, and fall asleep; all is hushed, the thousand sounds of night are lost in space. The finale of the first act is an important page, which does not lack brilliancy; accordingly, it produces much effect when the work is performed in Paris.

The whole scene of witchcraft which opens the second act is of good color. The witches' chorus has sufficient originality, and the alternation of the melody from 2-4 to triple measure has something strange and fantastical. In the following tableau we are before the church where is celebrated the marriage of Count Hugo and Kunigunde. The religious chorus, in imitation of the Protestant chorals, has a beautiful effect. The young Röschen then sings a cavatina in G minor, of an elegant form and of a harmony full of delicacy.

The air of Faust which follows contains a beautiful phrase: "Ma di Rosa il dolce amore," but it soon plunges into a series of roulades altogether unseasonable. Spohr, as afterwards Schumann, has written the part of Faust for the baritone voice. So far, nothing could be better; the *timbre* of the baritone is as well suited as that of the tenor to the character of the rôle; but it seems singularly exaggerated to let it roll down to *E flat, below the bass staff.*[2] Schumann, on the contrary,

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique: Ses Jugements, son Influence, Les Oeuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880. — ED.

[2] Only once, to be sure, and at the extremity of a rapid downward arpeggio. Some measures further on, Spohr makes his hero trill on a low g.

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knew how to guard against this rock. The great scene of the ball has only half inspired the composer; the dialogue at the beginning, between Hugo and his wife, is tender and languishing; the dance airs are graceful; but the final catastrophe, the defiance of Hugo and his duel with Faust, are not rendered in a sufficiently impressive manner. The part of the devil is not put in strong enough relief; he acts no more; he sings a part; he does not seem to direct this scene of murder with laughter and sarcasm on his lips; he is no more the demon.

One may bring the same reproach against the air which Mephistopheles sings after this great scene; it is diabolical in intonation and in construction, but it is not so in character. There are yet fine accents in the finale, touching phrases — that of Röschen among others: "Chi l'amato ben m'addita?" But the author has not met with the powerful inspiration necessary to retrace in music the ruin of Faust — the eternal loss of the man who has given himself to the Evil One.

Such, sketched in rough outline, is this work, which, for a long time, was the only opera of Faust known and admired. It is interesting to study. Of a melody often a little short and devoid of originality, of a very curiously-wrought, sometimes too learned harmony, this opera addresses itself more to the erudite in music than to the mass of the public. Nor is it exempt from a fault with which the author has often been reproached, and which consists in accumulating unlike harmonies in the shortest possible space, in such a manner as sometimes to make too many different chords pass under a single note of the melody. The *Faust* of Spohr is anterior to *Der Freyschütz* by eight years, and yet there exists between these two works a family resemblance, which can only be explained by the taste for novel combinations which Spohr, like Weber, pleased himself with trying.

To judge it in a word, *Faust* is the work of an artist whose temperament and faculties were much less suited to the theatre than to instrumental music, to the symphony. In fact, although it contains some fine pages, his opera in general is devoid of *élan*, of contrasts, of variety, of what gives life to music, and, above all, to dramatic music. And yet *Faust* is, with *Jessonda*, the best lyrical work which he has produced.

"*Faust!* grand subject, worthy to inspire a Germanic muse," wrote Fétis, at the time of its representation in Paris. "But *Faust*, for the French, is the work of Goethe, with its beauties, its defects, the vagueness of its style, and the exaggeration of its ideas. The characters so strongly traced, the situations so interesting, although improbable, which distinguish this creation, are what one desires to see upon the stage. Unfortunately, nothing of all this is found in the formless *libretto* of which Spohr has written the music. . . Only a very strong music could struggle against the disadvantages of such a canvas; unhappily I am forced to avow that that of *Faust* is not what was needed. It has not justified the high reputation of its author, and I have difficulty to persuade myself that this is the work of which I have read so many praises. And do not believe that the composition here in question is one of those whose novelty in kind, whose subtle combinations and audacities demand time to make them comprehended; for, beyond a few modulations which are too precipitate, nothing is more simple or less new than this music. From an artist like Spohr, accustomed to manage instrumental masses, and of whom I have heard in London a symphony full of beautiful effects, I hoped for a vigorous overture, analogous to the nature of the subject, and I only feared to find some Germanisms a little too bold; instead of that, I have heard a symphony in the ancient manner, of a style more gay than sombre, filled with well-worn formulas, and which one would have taken for the overture of an *opera bouffe*, if the title of the work had not been upon the playbill. . . In short, *Faust* has not justified the hopes to which it had given rise."

On the other hand, Mendelssohn, arriving the next year at Paris, and, pressed by his father to choose a French opera libretto, in the want of a German poem such as he would have liked, replied to him, in his letter of Nov. 19, 1831: ". . . The success which these subjects (*La Muette* and *Guillaume Tell*) have throughout all Germany is not owing to the fact that they are good or dramatic, for *Guillaume Tell* is neither the one nor the other; but it is because they come from Paris and have pleased there. Assuredly if there is a road to take to be appreciated in Germany, it is that which passes through Paris and London; yet it is not the only one, as is proved not only by all of Weber, but by Spohr himself, whose *Faust* is now placed here in the rank of classical music, and will be given the next season at the Grand Opera of London. . . ."

A few years after being played at Paris, in German, this opera was sung at Marseilles, in French. It had been translated by the director of the theatre, Clérisseau, and by an artist of the orchestra, De Groot, the father of M. Ad. de Groot, who was *chef-d'orchestre* at the Châtelet and at the Vaudeville. Hebert, the husband of Mme. Hébert-Massy, played Faust; Potet, Mephistopheles; and Mme. Margueron, Rose. To break the monotony of the work, the director conceived the idea of introducing into it some dancing airs, and De Groot undertook to compose them, preserving his incognito. The opera was only half successful, but the dance music made a furore. The whole Marseillaise public was in ecstacy, declaring that never had Spohr composed anything so beautiful as these airs *de ballet*; that it was the most charming page of his opera, that none but a German musician was capable of writing such delicious dance airs, etc., etc. . . Good care was taken not to undeceive these enthusiastic admirers, and they continued to fête De Groot, under cover of Spohr, just as one day at Paris they applauded *The Flight into Egypt*, by Pierre Dueré, which they would not have failed to hise under the name of Berlioz; and just as our fathers had received with enthusiasm, under the name of Gluck, *Les Danaides*, a masterpiece which they would perhaps have disdained if it had been signed Salieri.

(To be continued.)

HANDEL'S CONCERTOS FOR ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA.[1]

M. GUILMANT AND M. COLONNE.

At the admirable concerts organized by M. Guilmant at the Trocadéro, the intelligent spectators, thoughtfully listening to his marvelous programme, honor in him the musician who has been the first to reveal to us the superb concertos written for the organ and the orchestra by Handel. And so we think we are responding to a desire generally manifested, in presenting these concertos in a serious study from an æsthetic and a technical point of view.

This work of Handel is the historical revelation of a whole epoch and a whole civilization. . . . We begin at once the scientific analysis of the four concertos already heard at the Trocadéro, and henceforth preserved in certain memories as a feast of the mind and soul, through the memorable interpretation of them by MM. Guilmant and Colonne with his select orchestra.

Handel's concertos, so popular in England, in Germany, in Scandinavia, are, according to Fétis, eighteen in number. Treuttel has published them in three series of six each. We find in reality but seventeen concertos for organ and instruments, to which must be added six concertos for organ without instruments, making twenty-three in all. Schœlcher, who is law in this matter, verifies but seventeen. In the edition of Walsh, recognized and signed by Handel, the last six concertos present themselves uninstrumented. For the first two only, in this series, is the instrumentation indicated, but it has not been discovered. M. Guilmant has never been able to find it in England, and we remember that in our original edition this orchestration was wanting. This precious edition, the loss of which is irreparable, had been personally presented to us by M. Louis Blanc from London, at the request of Mme. George Sand. To make it complete, M. Louis Blanc had availed himself of the researches of English publishers and musicographers. During the bombardment of 1871 it was all destroyed.

Of the seventeen concertos, M. Guilmant has chosen the four which he preferred, which popular success has always consecrated, and which the savants cite for models. All the other concertos are also interesting, and they will be executed and applauded in their turn. But in the four now known, and familiar to French audiences, are well summed up the genius of Handel, his exquisite and superior style, his expert hand, and that clevarness of expression and of *mise-en-scène* which prove that the great man elaborated his thought and his success, and consulted the pleasures of the public as well as the austere exigencies of art. Our study will consult the dates and numerical order in the work of the master, and will then proceed historically.

The first concerto is in G minor and major. It is divided, like nearly all the concertos, into four parts, or two double parts. The first piece is marked *Larghetto e staccato*, a strange indication which belongs to Handel. It is in 3-4 tempo. The organ plays here the part of a dreamy personage, and maintains itself in solemn contrast with the nervous and jerky movement of the orchestra. The debate terminates, the instruments reproduce the accents of the organ, and at the end, organ and orchestra unite in an energetic and masculine ensemble.

[1] We translate from *Le Ménestrel*, Paris, June 26.

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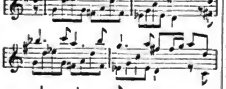
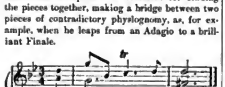
The Allegro, in G major, is very brilliant. It is cut by no expressive phrase resumed, now by the organ, now by the orchestra. We give it in substance on account of its rare charm, and on account of certain allurements of expression, and a certain changeful play of form, in which is revealed all that Handel's muse contained of what is learned, coquettish, exquisite.



This Allegro is chained to the preceding piece by a cadence which presents itself invariably in each concerto, major or minor, and which is quite characteristic. In the organ part it is generally surmounted by the words *ad libitum*. One can then vary it, as in an example which will be seen in the second concerto before the finale. In this cadence, which ends on the dominant, we recognize a familiar process of Handel's for binding the pieces together, making a bridge between two pieces of contradictory physiognomy, as, for example, when he leaps from an Adagio to a brilliant Finale.

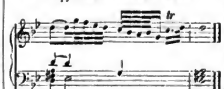


The Finale is an Andante in 3-8 tempo. It moves with the elegant gait of a minuet. The violins and the organ question and respond, then blend in variations in which the organ monopolizes the preponderating part. The working out of this concerto is very fine and very profound. Piquant sonorities abound in it. The serene joyousness of Handel sets every phrase in sunshine. Here there is nothing of that doctrinal hypocrisy which under a pedantic mantle hides poverty of imagination, absence of knowledge and emptiness of brain. Of all the concertos it is the most beautiful in the purely musical sense. . . .

The second concerto is in B flat. It begins, as Handel marks it, *A tempo ordinario, e staccato*. It is in 4-4 measure. The chords are very large. The whole has a beautiful gait. A moment of repose arrives, and we hear the habitual cadence. The Allegro moves off lithe and slender, like the popular inspirations of England in its historic songs and dances. It is well known that a whole marvelous library of these has been preserved, and that Handel had a deep acquaintance with all this jewelry. Our French public thrilled to these accents as if it recognized them: and this is explained when we think how much the popular music over all the planet is animated with the same inspirations.

We will give a single example. In 1758, the English being at war with France, a company of Welsh mountaineers disembarked on the beach of Saint-Cast in our old Britanny. Immediately the Breton peasants seized their muskets and flung themselves before the enemy. All of a sudden the Welsh mountaineers intone their song of war. The arms fall from the hands of the Bretons. Our peasants halt, and, in their turn, with a strong voice, full of sobs, they join their French music with the Welsh music, and sing the same warlike hymn, at once Welsh and Breton, which, in the two camps, the combatants have heard during their infancy and have repeated all their lives. Same words, same music. On both sides the officers, Welsh and Breton, give the command to fire in the same language. How can they fight, how can they kill each other! The arms are thrown aside, tears run from all eyes, they embrace. Together they sound forth the same hymn, which is no longer a song of war, but a song of reconciliation.

The Adagio is a recitative confided to the organ, and accompanied by a few harmonies of string instruments. It is again tied to the Allegro by the inevitable cadence on the dominant, but this time with an ornamentation on the organ which we copy from the edition of Walsh.



In the *Allegro ma non presto* we find again the easy carriage of minuets, the grace, the gayety, and that freshness of soul which Handel preserved through all his life, as an artist and as a man.

The gift of communication with the public belongs essentially to Handel. The popular fibre is in him. The artistic mediocrity of a stiff and formal talent, seek it not in this musician. He has neither puerility, nor affectation. His lively perception, his vast knowledge, his active thought renew themselves from the songs and dances of a triple nationality: Ireland, Scotland, England. You will feel the breath and balm thereof in the fourth concerto, in F. M. Guilmant had happily chosen it to inaugurate his *séances* and win the public at a blow. Aristotle and his learned cabal, La Harpe and Lebatteux have nothing to be seen here. We have politely taken leave of them, to give reception to Shakespeare and his undisciplined beauties, to Milton, religiously inspired, to Dante, to Ariosto, to Cervantes, to Molière, to all the geniuses whose thought is deep, undulating, luminous as the vast, vague expanse of the Indian oceans. The beginning is in unison and challenges attention. The musician meant to strike sure and quick. The phrase is energetic; the Andante announces itself by successions of grandiose chords confided to the organ and repeated by the instruments. It continues in delicate outlines, in light phrases, which form an opposition with the beginning. The organ commences, the orchestra responds; then there unrolls, in triplets, a fine ribbon of lyric arabesques. M. Guilmant lets them fall from his delicate, free fingers like the scattered drops of a summer shower, while a rainbow detaches itself upon the stormy horizon. A double thought appears in all this clever and simple arrangement. It is the religious sentiment, and the sentiment of elegance, of fine ornamentation. Then comes the episode, an air declaimed by a solo register, and the traditional cadence which binds the Adagio to the Finale.

MAURICE CRISTAL.

(To be continued.)

CARL KREBS.[1]

Carl Krebs, Royal Saxon *Capellmeister*, died at Dresden on the afternoon of the 16th of May, and, though he had been suffering for some time, his death was somewhat unexpected. By this sad event, musical art loses another of its well-approved and renowned old masters, one of those genuine musicians with whose name an entire chapter of the history of art is closely mixed up. It was in a triple capacity that Carl Krebs attained celebrity: he was a distinguished pianist, a sterling composer, and an excellent conductor, displaying in the last character rare energy, mental freshness, and vigor, up to a very advanced age. As an artist active in only the best sense, he was, as a man, universally beloved and esteemed, being one who, in the thorough uprightness and honesty of his nature, met everybody openly and frankly, and was utterly ignorant of petty professional envy.

Born on the 16th of January, 1804, at Nuremberg, Carl Krebs soon lost his mother, Charlotte Miedke, an excellent singer, who died at Stuttgart, and, with his father's consent, he was adopted by Herr Krebs, a member of the operatic company at the Theater Royal there. His extraordinary natural gifts were shown even in his earliest boyhood, and, in his sixth year, he was one of the child-phenomenons of that time. He played pianoforte concertos by Mozart and Dussek, and, when seven years of age, wrote his first opera, *Feodora*, to a libretto of Kotzebue's. In 1825 he went to Vienna, for the purpose of improving himself in thorough-bass and establishing still more firmly his reputation as a pianist. A year later he received his appointment as third *Capellmeister* at the Kärnthnerthor-Theatre, and it was under his direction that *La Dame Blanche* and *Le Macon* were performed there for the first time. The year 1827 saw him exchange this honorable sphere of action for Hamburgh, whither he was invited, on brilliant terms, as conductor at the Stadtheater, then just built. He exercised an extraordinary influence on the elevation of musical matters in the old Hanse-Town. For ten years he organized grand musical performances, which, in their way, were musical festivals, held in high esteem far and wide. In Hamburgh, too, he wrote his opera *Agnes Bernauer* — he had previously completed another, *Sylva*, in Vienna — and produced it in 1843, with gratifying success. He retained his appointment for twenty-four years, till, in 1850, he received an offer from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, and, to the great regret of the Hamburghers, accepted it. In June, of the same year, he entered on his new duties, and, at the age of forty-six, married Aloyse Michalesi, till 1870 one of the chief ornaments of the Dresden Royal Opera. She was his second wife, his first having been Adelheid von Cotta, whom he married at Stuttgart on the 6th of June, 1828, and who died on the 9th of December, 1847. A daughter born of the second marriage, has added fresh lustre to her father's name; that daughter is Marie Krebs, the pianist.

At the end of July, 1872, Krebs gave up his post at the Theatre Royal, and retained only the direction of the sacred music at the Royal Roman Catholic Church, for which he composed several valuable masses and cantatas, as well as a "Te Deum." Of his other compositions, his brilliant pianoforte pieces and songs were especially successful, some of the latter, the one entitled "An Adelheid," for instance, obtaining world-wide renown.

The deceased enjoyed the rare happiness of celebrating on the 1st of April, 1876, his fiftieth anniversary as a conductor. On that occasion, the numberless congratulations and offerings from all points of the compass, as well as the various marks of distinction from crowned heads, proved once more in what high esteem his professional services and busy life were held. As recently as June, 1878, he conducted, with vigor unimpaired, a part of the musical performances organized to celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Royal couple of Saxony. Since last Autumn he was

[1] From the *Signale*.

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ailing, but no one expected so soon the hour which would summon the youthful old man, whose intellect was as bright as ever, from the life to which he was so attached.

On the 19th of May, his mortal remains were laid in their last resting-place. The evening before, the Dresden Liedertafel gave him who for years had been an honorary member a funeral serenade by torch-light. Manifestations of profound sympathy were received from various places; the Brunswick Ducal Chapel forwarded, through Herr Abt, their conductor, a cushion with laurel, and a large number of laurel wreaths were sent by professional admirers and private friends in Hamburgh. All the most prominent representatives of art and science in Dresden attended the funeral, and the imposing procession wended its way towards the Roman Catholic Cemetery to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March. At the grave, Herr Stolle, Court Chaplain and President, first delivered an address in the name of the Church, and was followed by Dr. Pabst, *Hofrath*, speaking in that of the Direction General of the Theatre Royal. Herr Muller, cantor, as representing the choir, recited some valedictory verses. After a composition of the deceased Master had been given by the chorus from the Theatre Royal, the proceedings were brought to a close with a "Salve, Regina," sung by the choir-boys of the Roman Catholic Church.

DR. RITTER ON "CHAMBER MUSIC."

Dr. Frederic L. Ritter's lecture in Standard Hall, New York, on May 13th, concerning the historical and æsthetical development of "Chamber Music," (says our contemporary, *The Musical Review*), was one of the most instructive as well as entertaining events of the musical season. No other musician in this country has a more thorough knowledge of such subjects and no other is more practised in their exposition than Dr. Ritter, who, by similar instruction of numerous students at Vassar College (who afterwards return to their homes all over the land) is continually sowing the seeds for future development in this country. Music as an art is a growth. When, in this sense, it is not indigenous to our soil, it must be transplanted here; and that is what is going on at present — thanks to many pioneers who have patiently tilled among us for many years.

One of the characteristics of Americans is a love for sensationalism; and it is against the abuse of this characteristic as applied to art that the leaders of taste find it most necessary to guard. Hence, music which, while good, is characterized also by high coloring and varied adornment, is more apt to be appreciated by the multitude than good music (and even better music) with less flashy pretensions. Anything, therefore, which tends to make more intelligent the appreciation of the less obtrusive merits of good works, by explanation and illustration of works which are characterized almost exclusively by such refined beauties, should be heartily welcomed in our midst. Of such good service are the various "chamber-music" concerts now increasing in number in many American cities; of such good service, also, was Dr. Ritter's lecture last week, when the professor was assisted in the illustration of his subject by so good a string quartet as Messrs. Brandt, Schwarz, Matzka and Bergner, and accompanist as Mr. J. H. Wilson.

There were two facts which impressed most prominently those who listened thoughtfully to the lecture and the illustrations; and these were; first, the fact that music is a growth; for you could almost see the sprouting as the first six illustrations were played, beginning with the incomplete and monotonous long chords of Maschera (1593) and culminating in Corelli's soulful "Adagio" for violin (1700), played on the 'cello by Mr. Frederick Bergner in his noblest style; and you could see in the later composers represented (ending with Haydn) the germs of expansion into the subsequent development of Mozart, Beethoven and others. Secondly, the individuality of the various composers, notwithstanding their dependence on the past, was brought out into striking prominence. For example, Bach, Handel and Haydn could easily have been identified from their handiwork without the appearance of their names upon the programme of their selections which were played.

The lecture was, in substance, as follows:

Modern instrumental music owes its most essential æsthetic qualities to the development of the different forms of chamber music, culminating in that of the sonata. A fine understanding of the forms of chamber music is sure to widen the listener's horizon, and to stimulate his appreciation of the large orchestral forms. In the illustrations of such an historical sketch as the present, we can not expect to find invariably the finish, the melodic charm, the harmonic variety of our classic epoch. Some possess merely an historical interest; euphony, perfection of form, and sufficient emotional expression and meaning are yet wanting. In listening to them the hearer must transplant himself mentally into that epoch during which they were written.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina died at Rome in the year 1594. He was a composer famous, not alone on account of his unique, unsurpassed genius, as evinced in his wonderful works, but also as the artist pointed out by history as the one in whose labors culminated the first great epoch of Christian musical art development — based then exclusively upon the culture of vocal music. When music began to be associated with religious service, the human voice was considered the only appropriate organ to sound God's praises. But, besides, before the perfection of artificial instruments, this natural organ was the best at the disposal of men for artistic purposes. During the mediæval period, Harmony, the great vital agent of modern music, was discovered, and Counterpoint (the art of uniting two or more distinct melodies into one logical form, growing out of the harmonic basis as the flower grows out of the root) was invented and perfected, and straightway became the almost exclusive mode of composing both sacred and secular works. Variety of *timbre* and compass of the different voices afforded full scope for the most complicated contrapuntal development.

With Palestrina the climax of that age was reached and even the germs of the coming epoch were manifested. The invention of instruments led to transposition for them of prevailing vocal pieces. But the instruments of that time were not considered capable of responding to the artistic requirements of the learned contrapuntists. Minstrels and strolling players were the agents of this transition. Gradually these instruments found their way into the music-rooms of princes and nobles and into monastery halls, whence eventually they took a foothold in the organ gallery of the cathedral — lending, although still awkward in form and in production of tone, additional power and brilliancy to the vocal parts.

For the present purpose, attention will be confined to those of the instruments of that time which were played with a bow upon strings and belonging to the family of violins. These were first thought of as imitations, in diversity and compass, of the human voice; and consequently, the treble violin, the alto or tenor viola and the bass violoncello were produced; and their introduction revolutionized music and paved the way for the great modern orchestra.

The first development of the art of composition and performance along this line originated, like the most important musical forms, in Italy; and, of course, the first improvements in formal construction of stringed instruments, so as to become artistically manageable, emanated from Italy. At the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century, the Gabrielis (Andrea and his nephew, Giovanni) had already begun to assign to the violin important parts in connection with other instruments. About the same time, Claudio Monteverde, distinguished also in the dramatic development of the opera, penetrated deeper into the true character and technical capabilities of the violin and discovered that motion, rather than the sustaining of tones, is the essential element of stringed instruments. On this principle he was able to give to some of the scenes in his operas increased vivacity, intensity, and dramatic expression. He introduced, also, the "tremolo" and the "pizzicato." These changes, of course, incited players to new efforts; and so, gradually compositions for stringed instruments alone began to be written — the first models for their forms (aside from the dances) being found in the vocal music, and the new compositions being written in accordance with the strict rules of counterpoint. Often, too, vocal pieces were played instrumentally, without the slightest regard to the natural capabilities of the different instruments. The composers even wrote on the title-pages of their motets, madrigals, canzonettas, etc., "Da cantare e sonare" — to be sung, or played on instruments. And even in distinctively instrumental works at that time, the vocal forms were closely followed. The harmonic construction, like that in vocal pieces, was based upon the old ecclesiastical modes, which differed, in many essential points, from our modern major and minor keys. All this imparts to these early instrumental efforts an air of stiffness, awkwardness and archaic quaintness. The instruments sound as if groping in the dark, outside of their natural sphere, and endeavoring to find a more congenial, artistic existence. All these peculiarities are presented by the first illustration, a "Canzon" by Florentino Maschera, who, at the end of the 16th century, lived in Brescia, as organist of the cathedral, and was considered a very able musician. The piece, published in 1593, was originally written for organ; but, the four parts having been printed separately, it may be assumed that it was intended to be played also by four instruments. What kind of instruments the composer neglected to state. The piece is in two parts, each to be repeated. The first has twenty and the second has thirty measures, closing with a "coda" of seven bars. This form, though in an improved state, we meet again in the modern sonata as illustrated by Haydn. In each part one principle "motivo" is worked out contrapuntally. Our modern tonality, G minor, already predominates. Each part closes upon the key — the decisive interval (the third) which would determine the nature of the chord, being, however, left out; while the closing chord of the whole piece sounds that of G major. This is a characteristic harmonic peculiarity used in connection with the ecclesiastical modes — its *raison d'être* being based on acoustic grounds.

Here followed the performance of Maschera's "Canzon," and attention was called to the fact that it shows the melodic element in its veriest infancy.

Only when forms could be constructed with a regard to the tone-element and the technical character of the different instruments, was an independent and original instrumental melody possible. As composers began to understand the distinctive marks of stringed instruments, and the manifold, rich resources that lay dormant within those strings, chaos began also to disappear, and, step by step, the previously almost identical forms of Toccata, Canzona, Preludia, etc., received more logical, æsthetic shapes. One became slower in motion and broader in melodic phrasing; another moved more swiftly, its æsthetic construction being characterized by shorter themes and simpler rhythmical phrasing. Thus each separate movement adopted a distinct character and individual physiognomy. One was called Allegro; another, Adagio; a third, Presto, and so on. Eventually they were united in a successive progression, in order to form relieving æsthetic contrasts. This was the origin of that noble form, the Sonata, which eventually enabled the genius of a Haydn, a Mozart and a Beethoven to create so many immortal works. It became at once the favorite form of the old Italian instrumental composers. The word Sonata is derived from *Suonare* (to sound) and was used at first to signify that a piece was to be played by instruments, instead of being sung.

Afterwards the word came to signify a distinct form of instrumental music; and still later (about 1650) it began to be used interchangeably with the word Sinfonia (symphony) — there existing no formal distinction between the two.

(Conclusion in next Number.)

VIENNA. — Beethoven's statue, which was inaugurated on the 1st of May last, is the work of the sculptor Zumbusch; it was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition and formed one of the principal ornaments of the Austro-Hungarian façade in the Rue des Nations. About £7,600 have been collected towards the monument. The Emperor of Austria gave 1,000 florins, the Vienna opera 1,043 (the result of a representation of *Fidelio*), Liszt 10,3[illegible] florins (the proceeds of a concert), and Verdi 500 francs — several musical societies, the Conservatoires of Vienna, Munich, Brussels, Baltimore, etc., have

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also subscribed various sums. — It is proposed to perform Wagner's opera, *Tristan und Isolde* at the Imperial Opera. The master will stop at Vienna on his return from Italy to make arrangements with the superintendent of the opera house for the execution of his work. He will be invited to direct personally the first performance of *Tristan*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1880.

MUSIC AT COLLEGE FESTIVALS.

This seems to be one of the hopeless problems, like the squaring of the circle. It would naturally be presumed that a time-honored, cultured University, classical in everything else, and fond of the dear old "classic shades," and setting a model in all the arts and influences of refinement, would also, in its annual festivals, Commencements, dinners and processions of Alumni and societies of the elect, set a high example of music such as could be regarded as in some sense classical, — at all events superior, tasteful, apropos of the ideas and sentiments of the occasion, and as well worth listening to as the orations, poems, toasts and after-dinner speeches. Where, if not to a University, should we look for such fine ministry of the tone-art?

Several times, in summers past, have we alluded to the condition of things in this respect at the ancient seat of our own Alma Mater, Harvard. The plea for all shortcomings has always been economy, the want of means. A cheap military band, mostly brass, to regulate the tramp of the procession from the library to the theatre and to the dining-hall, has been the last extremity of grace, and grudgingly allowed. This band, in furtherance of the same economy, has entered the hall with the procession, and furnished such occasional preludes, interludes, divertimenti, echoes to patriotic toasts and speeches, as were deemed appropriate,— though nine times in ten they are most inappropriate. For instance, at the Alumni dinners of several summers past, the band, stationed in that sacred entrance transept of the memorial tablets, has kept up its ringing march until all the classes have entered the vast dining-hall, and then ascending to the end gallery has prolonged its stunning brazen din, so overwhelming that no one could talk or even think, for some ten or twenty minutes, until all were seated. For the rest, an occasional operatic pot-pourri, or sentimental air, or galop, would be played, out of all relation to what was passing, and apparently for no end whatever, but to relieve the tediousness of speech.

This time (Commencement 1880), the management — whether the young President of the University, in his heroic way, or the Committee of the Alumni, we are not informed — as if ashamed of past short-comings, surprised the sons of Harvard, assembled for the annual procession, with a practical joke — *there was no band at all!* The hot, dusty march, huddling and measureless, seemed doubly long and tiresome. No note of music of any kind, in Sanders Theatre, or in the dining-hall, except the venerable hymn: "Give ear, my children," to the tune of *Saint Martin's* led off by the venerable ex-librarian. Well, perhaps this was better, for once, than the old order of things. At least it called attention to the subject, as going without dinner might invest the gastronomic problem with a new importance.

On the following day, the Phi Beta Kappa Society provided better for its guests and members. There was a band, and a good one. And, better yet, when all were seated at the bounteous tables within those bare, white-washed, "storied walls" of old Massachusetts hall, and the feast of wit, of reason and of soul, had begun, this band had put aside some of its loud brass instruments, and transformed itself into the gentler and more artistic semblance of an orchestra with strings, and once at least, (the rule of secrecy, we presume, does not apply to the music as well as to the speeches of the Phi-Beta symposiums), they played a somewhat lengthy piece of a rather delicate and refined character, not severe nor profound, which might have been worth listening to, if the talkative and genial company had only thought of it. As it was, it was entirely lost, — music scattered to the winds, — nobody heard, or cared to hear it, though its tuneful murmurs may have mingled certain pleasant, half conscious sensations with the other pleasurable circumstances of the flying hours.

And this brings us to the point of the whole matter. Music is of three kinds: that which is to be listened to, that which is not worth listening to, and that which may or may not be listened to, inasmuch as its end resides not in itself, it being not music for its own sake, but for the sake of something else, as dancing, marching, soothing the impatience of a waiting crowd at a spectacle, etc. Music of this third kind is certainly legitimate, and may be good of its kind; it times the march or the procession, and relieves the weariness thereof. It gives the measure and the rhythmic impulse to the dance, and sets the brain and senses of the dancers whirling: they have no need to listen to it; one outside may listen and may find it good, nay exquisite; but ten to one he finds it a bore, from the persistent mill-wheel monotony of the rhythm, even in the most luscious waltz of Strauss or Lanner. Of bad music, music insufferably commonplace and shallow, coarse and noisy and obtrusive, not worth listening to, always untimely, out of place, the less said the better.

But real music is that which has a right to listening attention. In a feast of wit and intellect, of poetry and fine or noble sentiment, it appeals to heart and soul and mind by as divine a right as the eloquent speech that is made, or the inspired verses that are recited. It is as much an insult to this Muse, as it would be to St. Cecilia in church, to cease to listen and plunge into a general hubbub of chatty conversation the moment the minister stops speaking and her voice begins. That there is so seldom any music really worth heeding on occasions of the kind referred to, is doubtless mainly owing to the fact that, be it ever so good, we know that it stands no chance of being listened to. We think that a better state of things might gradually be brought about in the anniversary festivities of our Universities. It is they that can and ought to set the good example and try to realize some true ideal, or approximate ideal, of a possible mutual relationship between music, poetry and eloquence in the theatres and dining halls where college men meet once a year.

To define this ideal satisfactorily and fully, and sketch out its working programme, would be a matter of much thought and tentative experiment. But one principle, and that the central one, is clear. Whatever music, whether of instruments or voices, is set loose on such occasions, it should have significance and purpose; it should utter no uncertain sound; its *raison d'être* should be clear and unmistakable. That is to say, it should, in Music's way, coöperate to the same end that the speeches and the poems do in their way. Either it is there to be listened to, and taken to heart, or it had better stay away. Silence is golden, but music unheeded, not expected to be heeded, is not even silver. Rightly prepared, and rightly heeded, think what inspiring, edifying and idealizing contributions this divine art might make to such feasts of reason and of soul. When the silver-tongued welcome and exhortation of the chairman of the feast are uttered, let music take up the theme in noble harmonies responsive to the very thought, — not rattle off a waltz or pot-pourri, entirely irrelevant, as at a picnic on a steamboat. If there is a poem full of sentiment and tender memory of youth and college days, let there be a fit selection ready which shall heighten and prolong the feeling, and not rudely break the spell with brassy clamor fitter for a circus. If the eulogy of the noble dead be pronounced, let the dirge, or the uplifting strain of comfort, which follows, be selected from the best that Mozart's or Beethoven's deathless treasures have to offer. If ringing eloquence of high resolve and aspiration swells the common breast, let the musical response be grand enough and vital enough to intensify the effect and make it haunt us afterwards. For lighter flashes of wit and humor, there is plenty of heat-lightning music that would seem born of the same simultaneous inspiration. But there would have to be a previous understanding about it all. The programme, in its essential features, leaving room enough for inspirations of the moment and for happy accident, should be carefully prepared. Music would be sure to do her part much better, if she knew that she would be respected, that her voice would be listened to, and that she would be treated as an essential, vital, equal element in the festive communion of choice spirits. It would be very difficult undoubtedly; the problem might be quite as hard to solve as that of Civil Service for the unfortunate man who is or is to be the President of these United States. It would require a committee of rare tact and judgment, if not of imaginative, creative faculty. Or, better yet, there should be some one all-competent "Philostrate, master of the sports," who should be in the secret of all the speakers and the poets and the musical director beforehand, able to divine their thoughts even without consulting them; with a rare gift for combinations, for bringing together by sure instinct what belongs together; and with a quick-witted faculty for seizing the apt moment, for seeing just when the music can come in to good advantage, when it fairly should have something to say, and when it had better hold its tongue; and what it ought to say in keeping with each text. He should have an ample, various repertoire provided from the best artistic sources, with electric signals of the eye or hand established between him and the conductor, so that something good and fit and worth the hearing should be sure in every case to be forthcoming.

Of course all this is very sketchy, vague and general. Nothing but careful thought and slow and gradual experiment and many partial failures, can even begin to approximate so lovely an ideal. But is it not worth studying and attempting?

"MUSIKER" AND "MUSIKANT."

Continuing in the same strain as above, we say: If true music be worth listening to, if music be an Art, entitled to respect, and not a mere accessory or humdrum accompaniment to something else, as dancing, circus shows, etc., then, for the same reason, is the true musician an artist, one who respects his art, and who respects himself, and must not, therefore, be confounded with the man who only makes a trade of music, gets hold of some of its instruments, acquires some knack or sleight of hand with them, and uses them mechanically with no higher sense or aim than to grind out a living, whether by scraping a fiddle, blowing a squeaking clarinet, or shouting ballads in the street. Yet the names artist and musician, like the titles Doctor and Professor, are most indiscriminately assumed and worn. Even the man who "shines" your boots puts up the sign of "artist." Our attention is turned to this phase of the subject by reading the following paragraph in the London *Musical Times*:

Passing through a back street in London the other morning our attention was attracted by a board nailed against a door, announcing that on the second floor

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lived "Jones, musician." Now without wishing to detract from the public estimate of Mr. Jones's artistic acquirements, we came to the conclusion that this "musician's" talents were more usually exhibited outside than inside houses — a surmise which, on inquiry, we found to be correct. It certainly seems strange that whilst a certain amount of knowledge should be absolutely essential before a follower of other arts and sciences can legitimately exercise his powers as a means of living, any person who can scrape on a stringed instrument, blow through a tube, or shout out popular songs, should be styled a "musician." True it is that the public acknowledges grades amongst the professors of music; but there can be little doubt that the indiscriminate use of the word we have mentioned tends very much to lower the status of the real artist. An instance of how this term is perverted occurred very recently at a police-office. A chimney-sweep was charged with assault, and on being called upon to state the charge, the complainant said, "Well, your Worship, me and my missus gets our living by the musical profession, and they are sweeps and always come quarrelling with us." Naturally, the magistrate asked, "What do you mean by the musical profession?" to which the witness answered, "Well, sir, we sings, sir, at races and other places, and we keep ourselves respectable." It is gratifying to find that these members of the "profession" keep themselves "respectable": but we can scarcely think that, even with this social claim to their regard, "Musicians," in the highest sense of the word, would care to consider them as belonging to their own fraternity. It is of course immaterial what these peripatetic vocalists and instrumentalists call each other; but the want of any definite term to separate them from artists is a sign of the times, and the sooner this is remedied the better will it be for the position of those whose lives are devoted to further the progress of intellectual music in this country.

We do indeed need some distinction of terms. The Germans have it in the terms *Musiker* and *Musikant*. The former designates the real musician, in the sense of artist (*Tonkünstler*), the man whose study and whose practice, whether as composer or performer (that is to say, interpreter), is inspired by a true love and reverence for Art, for the ideal. The *Musikant* is the term for the strolling street musician, the man who sings and plays out of tune, in a mechanical and humdrum way, at fairs and races, in pothouses and beer saloons, using the implements of a divine art, commonly in a most bungling way, merely to make the pot boil and keep body and soul together. Who will invent some equally distinctive and convenient terms in the English language?

MUSIC ABROAD.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL. — That the triennial assembly of amateurs and musicians in honor of the grand Saxon musician who (with brief intervals of absence) made England his country and London his residence from 1710 to 1759, the year of his death, and whom Germany herself hardly dares to claim as her own, so thoroughly did he succeed in meeting English tastes and conquering English hearts, should have absorbed all attention during the week which ends to-day may easily be understood. Mendelssohn, although he composed *Elijah* for Birmingham, and was almost worshipped in this country, could never be entirely happy away from Germany; while Handel (a naturalized Englishman), despite his German birth and his successes in Italy, could never be entirely happy away from the new country of his choice. In fact, he was celebrated here before he can be said to have been recognized at home in any degree proportionate to his absolute worth. What the Handel Festival, held triennially in the Crystal Palace, signifies, is a theme so familiar to our musical readers that to dwell upon it again would be sacrificing space to no purpose. Enough that from 1857, when the idea was first put into action by the spirited directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with the late Mr. Robert K. Bowley at their head, Mr. George Grove as secretary *sans pareil*, and Sir Michael Costa "generalissimo of all the orchestras," justly so styled, as conductor, they have been carried on until now with ever increasing interest. The meeting of 1857, though advertised as "Handel Festival," was but tentative, the first "Festival" properly so denominated taking place in 1859, when the centenary of Handel's death was commemorated. The success on that occasion was so marked, that in 1862 another meeting was organized, with results so satisfactory that it was determined by the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Crystal Palace directors to perpetuate the festivals as "triennial." Thus it has been continued, with always increased and increasing resources, until the present time, and is likely to be continued on the same footing, so long as the Crystal Palace (for no other "locale" could be found so happily suited to the purpose) remains at disposal of the promoters. It is gratifying to be able to state that the festival which came to an end yesterday with such a performance of *Israel in Egypt* as in no other circumstances could be possible, has been as remarkable as any of its predecessors — more remarkable, indeed, in some respects.

The festival comprised two oratorios — *The Messiah* and *Israel*, separated from each other by a miscellaneous programme made exclusively out of Handel's works, sacred and secular, and preceded, as on former occasions, by a general public rehearsal — a sort of epitome of all that was to come, comprising, as it did, the most admired pieces from the oratorios and the intervening "selection." For such a celebration nothing could be fitter than the oratorio of the New Testament and the oratorio of the Old, subject, nevertheless, to the suggestion that, by logical order of precedence, *Israel* should come first, and *The Messiah* last. About the rehearsal we need say no more than that it brought a large concourse of visitors to the Crystal Palace, and that all the leading singers, with the exceptions of Mme. Adelina Patti, took part in it. The first test was the performance of *The Messiah*, on Monday, than which we can remember nothing more admirable. The "Sacred Oratorio" was brought out in all its glory by a host of interpreters, vocal and instrumental, over 4,000 in number. There were upwards of 21,000 visitors, and the sight, favored by a glorious sunshine, was as imposing as the sound was magnificent. The reception given to Sir Michael Costa was no more than a just tribute to one who has directed these festivals from the beginning, and has, since 1848, been conductor to the Sacred Harmonic Society, by whose directors they were first set on foot, and by whose responsible officers they have been so ably managed from the beginning. The first grave and stately measures of the overture showed the orchestra at its best; and this efficiency was sustained to the very end. The chorus were not only strong in numbers but in excellence, and this was proved no less clearly by the ease and pointed accentuation with which they executed such pieces as "He shall purify the sons of Levi," where florid passages abound, than in their emphatic rendering of "For unto us a Child is born," the superb "Hallelujah," and the overpowering "Amen" — worthy climax to a masterpiece in all essential respects unequalled. We have little but praise for the leading vocalists. To Mme. Albani was confided the soprano music throughout, and rarely has she won more honorable distinction. Only to single out two pieces — "How beautiful are the feet," was given by this accomplished artist with all the simple and plaintive tenderness which is its chief characteristic, while "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung with a fervor of expression that revealed all its deep significance. An unbeliever might have been converted by such unaffected and persuasive vocal eloquence. Mme. Patey, our reigning contralto, sang all the recitatives and airs allotted to her register; and to more competent hands they could hardly have been confided. Her renderings of "He shall feed His flock," and of the truly pathetic air, "He was despised and rejected of men," were equally to be admired, as examples of model Handelian singing. The tenor music was shared between Mr. Barton McGuckin and Mr. Maas, the former earning good opinions on all sides by the earnestness imparted to the "Passion" recitatives and airs, the other creating quite a sensation by his energetic delivery of the declamatory air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," immediately following upon the defiant chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder." The "future of Mr. Maas may henceforth be regarded as secure." The bass music in the opening part devolved upon Mr. Foli, who gave the recitative and air, "The people that walked in darkness," with commendable judgment, and Mr. Stanley, whose Handelian singing happily stands in no need of eulogy, and whose "Why do the nations" and "The trumpet shall sound" (with Mr. T. Harper's splendid *obligato*), were, as usual, worthy unqualified praise. In fact, the performance of *The Messiah* was such a beginning to the Handel Festival as its best well-wishers could desire. The miscellaneous concert was, as always, an entertainment of varied interest, consisting, however, exclusively of solo airs, choruses, and instrumental music, including the concerto in G — first of twelve for stringed instruments, which, played by all the violins, violas, etc., under Sir Michael Costa's control, produced a unique effect. There was no concerted music, not even a duet or a trio. The effect, in consequence, was somewhat monotonous. Mme. Adelina Patti, however, being one of the solo singers, the vast audience were more than satisfied, applauding her unanimously in "Let the bright seraphim" (*Samson*), and insisting upon a repetition of "From mighty kings," (*Judas Maccabeus*) — both in her hands models of taste and perfect execution. All the leading singers took part in the concert, which ended in triumph with "See the conquering hero comes" (*Joshua*). Sir Michael Costa, conducted with his accustomed vigor, and that perfect command of a multitude of singers and players in which he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. — *Graphic*.

"Israel in Egypt" brought the Festival to an end on Friday (25th ult.) with all possible distinction, save that the audience did not appear to be quite as large as on the preceding days. A better performance has never distinguished a Handel Festival. It was not perfect, we admit, and no reasonable person, knowing the difficulties in the way, expected it would be, but perfection was more nearly approached than ever before. This fact had a striking exemplification in "The people shall hear," where Handel disregards the convenience of his singers much as Beethoven might have done. In this chorus, generally so unsteady and ragged, the choir showed a marked improvement, and the effect of the wonderful music proportionately gained. The less exacting numbers went thoroughly well, enthusiastic applause following "He gave them hailstones" (encored), "The horse and his rider," "But as for His people," "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," and other favorite examples of the master in his most gigantic aspect. To sum up, the choral display on this occasion satisfied the most exigent. It was an achievement justifying Englishmen in making as much boast as befits the modesty imposed on natives of a land which by the general verdict of foreigners is "unmusical." The solos can be briefly dismissed. They were intrusted to Madame Sherrington, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. King, the honors falling to Mr. Lloyd in "The enemy said" (encored), and Madame Patey in "Thou shalt bring them in." At the close of the performance loud cheers were raised in honor of Sir Michael Costa, and by way of mutual congratulation upon the result of a Festival worthy to rank among the best of those given in the Crystal Palace.

The total attendance was 79,643, being 5,519 more than in 1877, and 804 more than in 1874. — *Musical Times, July* 1.

LONDON. — Of the Opera, *Figaro* (June 26) makes note as follows:

There have been no novelties at Covent Garden, but "Le Pré aux Clercs" is announced for to-night, and "Estella" for next Saturday. . . .

On Saturday Mr. Mapleson revived "The Force of Destiny," with the alterations made by Verdi after the failure of the opera in St. Petersburg and London. That this tinkering-up of a feeble work will cause the public of to-day to reverse the verdict of thirteen years ago is unlikely. Piave's libretto still smacks too much of the charnel-house to excite sympathy, while the music is some of the poorest Verdi has ever written. Some of the incongruities which rendered the opera ridiculous in 1867 have now been eliminated, and although a good deal of stage blood is still spilt, much of the butchery is done behind the scenes. The *Don Carlos* no longer chases his stage sister round the stage, the floor is not now strewn with corpses, and

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we miss the spectacle presented by Signor Mongini, who, finding he was the only man still alive at the fall of the curtain, rushed up the scene to a mimic rock and plunged himself in effigy into the torrent below. The *Alvaro* now lives to repent, less of any particular crime than of the offence of participating in a tedious story. Signor Verdi is at his brightest in the camp scene, in which a friar, clad in a costume which strangely resembled the dressing-gown of the comic stage-father, sang a song on a tub; and Mme. Trebelli, beating a drum at the head of 80 full-grown men and women, sang a "Rataplan," the males safely concealed behind the females accompanying her with the words "Pim, pam, pam." No more ridiculous situation is to be found in modern opera. It would be waste alike of space and of patience to criticize with seriousness the efforts of the *Leonora*, Mme. Marie Louise Swift; and the revival of "The Force of Destiny" will only engender a feeling of regret that money and trouble have been wasted upon an opera that is unworthy of either.

—— The Henry Leslie Choir gave the first of their farewell concerts at St. James's Hall, June 19, there being yet two more to follow before the choir is disbanded. The choir was on Saturday heard in Bach's Motet, "The Spirit also helpeth us"; in a "Pater Noster" by Meyerbeer, in Mr. Leslie's part song, "The Pilgrims"; in Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet sucking bees"; in Festa's "Down in a flowery vale," and other favorite works of their repertory. A new and pretty part song, "It is not always May," by Mr. J. F. Barnett, was also given and repeated. Mlle. Renz, who made her début, was hardly equal to the solo part of Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Madame Patey sang the cradle song from Mr. Leslie's "First Christmas Morn," and Mr. Maas sang "Cujus Animam." — *Ibid.*

—— A new opera entitled "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," composed by Villiers Stanford, organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, is to be performed (presumably in German) at Hannover during the winter season.

—— The Richter Concerts.—The series of nine concerts thus designated have terminated successfully, and to the infinite honor of the magnificent Viennese conductor. The nine symphonies of Beethoven have been given, as promised, in chronological order, and though the third ("Eroica"), fifth (C minor), and seventh (A major) created an extraordinary impression, the ninth (the "Choral") perhaps excited more interest than any of its precursors. St. James's Hall was thronged on the occasion, and some hundreds of eager amateurs were unable at any price to obtain admission. Mozart's inimitable Symphony in G minor began, and the "No. 9" of Beethoven ended the concert. The bitterest enemy of Richard Wagner could not have dealt him a severer blow than by placing the introduction and death scene from *Tristan und Isolde* between the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. How little this strange and tortured music had to do with the earlier master, who died nearly a quarter of a century before Wagner was born, and will live centuries after Wagner is forgotten, was at once seen; but still more apparent was the monstrous assertion of the "advanced" party that Beethoven's noblest inspiration is but a link between the past glories of art and the incommensurable nonsense we are now told to accept as the art work of the future, and of which such amazing specimens were presented at the seventh Richter concert in the shape of Wagner's "Kaiser March" and Liszt's "*Battle of the Huns*"—each an outrage to art and a defiance of common sense. The effrontery of such wild empirics in making a stepping-stone of a Colossus like Beethoven surpasses comprehension. But for the *Tristan* selection, so absurdly out of place, the programme was as interesting as the performance was superb. At the conclusion, Herr Richter was enthusiastically cheered — an honor in the highest sense merited. — *Graphic.*

Utrecht. We have before us the handsome pamphlet programme and book of words of a musical festival held in this old Dutch city on the 4th, 5th and 6th of June. It will interest Bostonians from the fact that our own favorite young soprano, Miss Lillian Bailey, together with her teacher and affianced lover, Henschel, the baritone, took part in it. Other principal singers were: Mlle. Hoh nschild, alto, from Berlin, and Herr Raymond von Zurmühlen, tenor, from Frankfort; pianist, Carl Heymann, from Frankfort. The programme of the first day consisted of the first three parts and the first chorus from the fourth part of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, followed by the second Symphony (in D) by Brahms. — Second day: Concert Overture in C minor, by R. Hol; *Des Sängers Fluch*, Ballad by Schumann, Op. 139, for chorus, soli and orchestra; Beethoven's E-flat piano Concerto; and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, for chorus, soli, and orchestra. — Third day, matinée for chamber-music: String Quartet in E minor, Op. 15, by S. de Lange; two songs with piano, Beethoven, (1. Irish: "Sad and luckless," 2. Scotch: "Faithfu' Johnie"), sung by Miss Bailey; piano solos: 1. G-minor Fugue, Bach-Liszt, 2. Barcarole, Chopin, 3. Elfenspiel, C. Heymann; three songs ("Wohin," "Pause," "Eifersucht und Stolz") from Schubert's *Schöne Müllerin*, G. Henschel; Serbisches Liederspiel, Op. 32, (ten Servian folk-songs, for soprano, alto, tenor and bass,) by G. Henschel; Female choruses, with accompaniment of two horns, harp and piano, Op. 18, by Brahms, (1. "Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang"; 2. Lied von Shakespeare; 3. "Der Gärtner"; 4. Gesang aus Fingal); Duets: *a*, "Tanzlied," by Schumann, *b*, "So lass uns wandern," Op. 75, Brahms, sung by Mlle. Hohenschild and Herr Zurmühlen; Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, played by Herren Heymann and H. Petri.

It seems odd that a musical festival in Utrecht should not include Handel's Utrecht *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in its programme; but doubtless they have given these in former festivals.

Leipzig. The Carola Theatre opens for a six weeks' season of "model" operatic performances by some of the most eminent lyric artists from the leading theatres in Germany, including those of Dessau, Hamburgh, Brunswick, Munich, Dresden, Schwerin, Carlsruhe, Bremen and Stuttgart. The operas to be given are: *Fidelio*, (Beethoven); *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Entführung*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and *Der Schauspieldirector* (Mozart); *Der betrogene Cadi* (Gluck); *La Serva Padrona* (Pergolese); *Euryanthe* (Weber); *Der Vampyr* and *Hans Heiling* (Marschner); *Lohengrin* (R. Wagner); *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); *Jean de Paris* and *La Dame Blanche* (Boieldieu); *Le Maçon* and *Fra Diavolo* (Auber); *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (Adam); *Der Waffenschmied* and *Czaar und Zimmermann* (Lortzing); *Jessonda* (Spohr); and *Der Haideschacht* (F. von Holstein). — Herr and Mad. Vogl, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, opened an engagement at the Stadttheater with *Lohengrin*, followed by *Armida* and *Tannhäuser*. They were subsequently to sing in the *Nibelungenring*, Materna and Jäger being also included in the cast.

Baden-Baden. The annual meeting of the "Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein," held this year in Baden-Baden, under the direction of Franz Liszt, was a brilliant one. The *point d'appui* of the performance was, of course, the Abbé's "Christus," an oratorio in name, but in little else, for it is an utter deviation from the traditional oratorio form and style. The words of the evangelist instead of being sung in recitative are intoned, and the main part of the work consists of powerful choruses or instrumental movements. The lyrical character of the oratorio is discarded entirely, and Herr Liszt's "Christus" may be regarded as a return to the early earnest spirit of the music of the Romish church. Among other works performed were Weissheimer's "Meister Martin," and an original and it would appear boldly humorous symphony by the Russian composer, Borodin. Mons. Saint-Saëns and Gustav Holländer also appeared, the former directing his "Phaeton," the latter as the interpreter of a concerto of his own for the violin.—*London Musical Standard, June* 19.

Berlin. — Goethe's Faust is being arranged for the stage by Otto Devrient, the music by Edouard Lassen; it is to be performed at the Victoria Theatre. Faust will be thus divided into two distinct parts, with two scores; so it will require two performances. The work has already made its mark — it was executed at Weimar two years ago. — M. E. Rudorff has been unanimously elected director of the "Sternsche Gesangverein," in the place of Max Bruch. Before M. Bruch takes his departure for Liverpool he will preside over the performance of his grand cantata Ulysses.

—— At a quiet secluded spot, in one of the most pleasant parts of the Thiergarten, near the Brandenburgh Gate, the ceremony of solemnly unveiling the Goethe Monument was celebrated at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the second inst. Opposite the site and on the western side of the park, a stand had been erected for the Emperor, the Crown Prince, Prince Wilhelm, and the Meiningen Princes, with other distinguished personages. The Empress, now at Baden, expressed in an autograph letter to the committee, her regret at not being able to attend. All round the site were stands and platforms for the Ministers of State and other high government officials, military officers, municipal authorities, representatives of art, literature, and the press, and others who had received invitations. The only relative of Goethe's present was Mad. von Stralendorff, granddaughter of Mad. Nicolavius, the poet's sister. In front of the statue, to the right, were the members of the committee, headed by their chairman, Dr. von Löper, a great Goethe-scholar, while to the left were the members of the magistracy and of the corporation. The approaches to the open space round the monument were lined on both sides by representatives of the Academy of Arts, the University, the Technical High School, etc., with their respective emblems. Punctually at 11 o'clock, a band concealed from view and under the direction of Joachim struck up the chorus, arranged for brass instruments; "Welche Hoheit, welche Anmoth," from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*. This was followed by the speech in which Dr. Löper delivered over the statue to the town of Berlin. The speaker began by observing that Vienna had recently erected a monument to Beethoven, who came from the Rhine, and that Bonn had raised one to Robert Schumann, a native of Saxony, and that, therefore, it was a matter of more than ordinary congratulation that Berlin, the capital of the newly-united German Empire, was that day discharging a debt of honor bequeathed her by men like Wilhelm Grimm and Böckh. The covering now fell to the ground, and the splendid marble monument, the work of Fritz Schaper, stood revealed. Herr von Forckenbeck, chief-burgomaster, replied in a few words to Dr. Van Löper, and the proceedings closed with a chorus of Goethe's, set by Zelter. Wreaths and garlands were laid at the base of the monument by the admirers of the poet, and later in the day there was a grand dinner.

St. Petersburgh. Besides A. Rubinstein's *Kalaschnikoff*, *The Merchant of St. Petersburgh*, and Wagner's *Rienzi*, the list of novelties at the Russian opera house included *A Night in May* by Rimsky-Korsakoff, who himself wrote the libretto, constructed upon one of Gogol's stories. Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, performed by the Italian Company at the close of the season was not so well received. A concert was given by the Free School of Music, assisted by the band from the Russian Opera, under the direction of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Several interesting novelties were given, noticeable among them being the symphony, *Jeanne d'Arc*, by Moszkowsky; *Les Troiennes*, by Hector Berlioz; choruses from Liszt's *Prometheus*; scenes from Borodin's *Igor* and Korsakoff's *Pskowitjanka*. Charles Davidoff's last composition, a sextet, has been performed at a concert of the Association for Chamber music. The works of other native composers contributing to the programmes of the Association have been Tschaikowsky's second Quartet, Fitzenhagen's ditto, and Afanasjeff's Double Quartet. The concert-season, limited, properly speaking, to the short period of the grand fasts, was, nevertheless, a busy one. The concert which made the most stir was that of Anton Rubinstein. The net receipts exceeded five thousand roubles. The Imperial Russian Musical Society organized a concert in aid of the Fund for Musicians, when Professor Brassin played a pianoforte concerto of his own composition, and Professor Auer, Beethoven's Violin Concerto. Mad. Lawrowskaja, also, figured on the list of solo artists.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Many of the arrangements for the coming season of the Handel and Haydn society have been decided upon, though the possibility of a failure in the supply of suitable vocalists may necessitate some changes in the works contemplated during the winter. The regular performance of the *Messiah* will of course be given at Christmas, this grand work being announced for the Sunday following the holiday. About a month later it is proposed to give a performance of Mozart's *Requiem Mass*, last given in March, 1857, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, heard here last in March, 1857. On Good Friday a performance of selections from Bach's *Passion Music* will be given, the numbers to be chosen so that the performance shall be of average length. On Easter Sunday evening, the last oratorio of the sea-

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son will be presented, but the choice of the work has not yet been made. Aside from this regular season, it is more than probable that the society will be heard in the *Messiah* and *Elijah* during the first week in October at the new Tremont Temple. It is about decided that a performance of one or the other of these works shall constitute the opening attraction at the new hall on Monday evening, October 4, and some other work will probably be presented by the society during the opening week, a series of musical attractions being contemplated to celebrate the completion of the edifice.—*Herald.*

So far, good. But is not the complete success of the experiment of giving the *entire* Passion Music in two performances on Good Friday, year before last, worthy to be repeated, and to become as much an annual observance, as the singing of the *Messiah* at Christmas?

—— Mr. B. J. Lang is considering the idea of giving, late in the coming season, a number of Symphony Concerts, in a hall of moderate dimensions, with an audience exclusively of subscribers for the season. This plan, perhaps through a certain piquant attraction of real or seeming exclusiveness, has worked well in the Chamber Concerts of the Euterpe: why may it not upon a larger scale?

—— The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, says the *Herald*, will give but five concerts in this city during the coming season, instead of the larger number at first contemplated.

—— The Mendelssohn Quintet club has returned home to Boston after a very brilliantly successful concert trip of 19 weeks. Miss Abbie Carrington has proved an excellent vocalist for the club during their tour, and won favor throughout the western circuit.

—— Mr. S. B. Whitney, organist at the Church of the Advent, in this city, gave an organ recital at Beverly, on Tuesday evening, June 15th, on the new organ in the Unitarian Church. This is the 98th organ that has been built at the factory of Messrs. Hook & Hastings, and takes the place of an old instrument which was the Op. 28 of the same firm.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. Here is the programme of the 75th concert, Friday evening, June 11th, by the pupils, with the assistance of Mr. C. N. Allen, Prof. C. H. Morse, and Miss Mary E. Turner, teacher of vocal culture:

Concerto in D minor,* . . . . Mozart.
a, Allegro. *b*, Romanza.
Miss Skeele.

Song—"Expectancy," . . . . Buck.
Capriccio Brilliant, Op. 22, in E minor,* . Mendelssohn.
Miss Richardson.

Song—"Angels' Serenade," . . . . . Braga.
(Violin Obligato.)
Miss Emerson.

Ballade in G minor, Op. 23, ... Chopin.
Miss Lyman.

Song—"It was a Dream," . . . . . Cowen.
Miss Stone.

Symphonic Poem—"Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns.
(As arranged by the composer for two Piano-fortes.)
Miss Telford and Miss Bell.

Song—"Spring Flowers," . . . . . Reinecke.
(Violin Obligato.)
Miss M. M. Cleery.

Piano Solos—*a*, "On the Mountains," Op. 19-1, Grieg.
b, "Norwegian Bridal Procession
Passing by," Op. 19-2, . . Grieg.
Miss Jones.

Song—"Heavenward," . . . . . . Tours.
Miss Rollins.

Violin Solos—*a*, Cavatina, ... Raff.
b, Gavotte, ... Popper.
c, Slumber Song, ... Alard.
d, Ungarisch, ... Hauser.
Mr. C. N. Allen.

Concerto in A minor,* . . . . . . Hummel.
(Last Movement.)
Miss L. C. Bell.

Songs—*a*, "The Lark," . . . . . Rubinstein.
b, "Dormi pure," . . . . . . Scudert.
Miss Shearn.

Concerto in E flat, No. 5, Op. 73,* . . . Beethoven.
Adagio un poco moto—Rondo.
*Orchestral parts on second piano.

The 78th (June 21) was a Chamber Concert, the performers being Messrs. B. and F. Listemann, violins; Mullaly, viola; A. Heindl, 'cello; E. Strasser, clarinet; P. Eltz, bassoon; E. Schormann, horn, and H. A. Greene, contra-bass. The selections were: Mozart's Quintet, No. 9, with clarinet; Raff's Quartet, (No. 7, Op. 192), "The Miller's Pretty Daughter," a cycle of tone-poems; and Beethoven's Septet with all the instruments.

WORCESTER, MASS. Among the soloists engaged for the Festival in September, are Miss Lillian Bailey, and the famous baritone of London, Mr. George Henschel, whom she is about to marry; also, Mrs. J. M. Osgood (who makes the trip home for this engagement), Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. W. C. Tower, and Mr. Adamowski, the Polish violinist, now in London for a short season.

NEW YORK. Mr. J. H. Mapleson, (according to *Figaro*, June 26) has decided not to open his American season until after the Presidential election, and to remain in England until October. His New York season will, therefore, not begin until November 1. He has, however, practically settled the details of his prospectus, which may now be announced. The sopranos will in all probability, be headed by Madame Gerster, Madame Marie Roze, Miss Minnie Hauck, Mlle. Lilli Lehmann, and Mrs. Swift, while the chief contralto will be Mlle. Tremelli. The tenors will be MM. Campanini, Candidus, Frapolli, and perhaps Fancelli, and the basses MM. Galassi, Pantaleoni, Del Puente, and Nannetti. Such a troupe would be a strong one, even without the assistance of Madame Christine Nilsson, with whom negotiations are still pending. Should Mme. Nilsson come to terms, she would play *Semiramide*, *Valentina*, *Elsa*, and very likely *Norma*; Madame Gerster will resume the rôles of the light soprano; Miss Hauck will, of course, play *Carmen*, while Mme. Marie Roze, who has refused an engagement under Mr. Max Strakosch in order to continue with Mr. Mapleson, will perform the great dramatic parts formerly in the repertory of Titiens. The novelty of the American season will be Boito's oft-promised "Mefistofele," with, should Madame Nilsson be engaged, that lady in the part of *Margaret*. The conductor will be Signor Arditi, and the American season will be preceded by a short tour in the English provinces.

—— Strakosch advertises as something new, a "Grand International Opera Company," for next season. Although not heretofore advertised, the "international" has been the distinguishing feature of the Strakosch Italian opera for several seasons. The principal artists during the last two years have been the Americans, Kellogg, Cary, Litta, Marco, Lancaster, Adams, Graf, Gottschalk, Verdi (Green), and Conly; the English, Palmieri, Marie Roze, Tom Karl, and Carleton; the French, Castelmary; the Spanish, Martinez; the Germans, Teresa Singer, Behrens, leader, and Behrens, basso, and the Russian, Petrovich. Indeed, the Italian was the only nationality not prominent in the Strakosch Italian Opera, the only representatives of the land of song being a second-rate contralto, Belocca; a little light tenor, Lazzarini; old Brignoli; and two baritones, Pantaleoni and Storti. These, with a good German orchestra and a bad Italian chorus, constituted a genuine international opera company, with which Strakosch managed to lose $40,000 last season. International English opera will meet the same fate. People will not put up with such indifferent acting in English as characterizes the average Italian opera singer.—*Sunday Mirror, Philadelphia.*

BUFFALO, N. Y. The Music Teachers' National Association, in convention at Buffalo, has listened to elaborate papers on subjects relating to their calling from Mr. Eugene Thayer and S. A. Emery, of this city, and Mr. H. G. Hanchett of St. Louis, and to an address (in the course of a debate), by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, of Boston, on "Music, its Relation to Piano Playing." The discussion was opened by Mr. Sherwood, whose remarks are thus reported: "There is," he said, "a great mental discipline to be obtained from the study of any important subject, and, of course, so of music." He called attention to Dr. Mason's writings on practice, which should be slow enough to allow perfect mastery. Some masters made a great mistake with beginners in not giving them an incentive which will give them an interest in their studies. Give them cause to climb instead of merely trying to push them. The second order of practice, according to Dr. Mason, was to go from one thing to another without stopping. The third order of practice was in velocity. If the slow, mechanical practice were carried too far, as in the German conservatories, the pupil became a mere drudge. There was very little danger of that in this country as yet. "Now what is music?" asked Mr. Sherwood. "What is music?" he asked. "There are probably few here who could give a good definition of it." He related an anecdote in the life of Rubinstein, who, after playing some magnificent numbers of Beethoven and other masters, was approached by a man who complimented him upon his execution, asked why he did not play more music "for the soul." "Whose soul?" asked Rubinstein. "In America," said Mr. Sherwood, "there are too many people of the mind of Rubinstein's questioner. They like the simple airs like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and do not find any enjoyment in classical music. It ought to be the aim of music teachers to instil a love for the great, immortal musical powers of Beethoven, Mozart and the other great masters. There is more music written for the piano than for any other instrument, and an immense amount of it is bad. If the piano had the power of prolonging a tone indefinitely and of swelling it, it would be the most perfect instrument in existence. As it is, both the organ and the human voice have immense advantages over the piano. For this reason it is much easier to please an audience by a simple ballad than by piano playing. It ought to be our duty to make piano playing as attractive as possible. Music ought to be alive to be effective. It makes a great deal of difference whether the piano be struck with a stick, with mechanical fingers, or with fingers that are full of life and magnetism. I have examined Rubinstein's hand and arm and found that they are not only full of magnetism, but that they are extremely elastic and the fingers are so soft that the bones are scarcely to be felt. Can practice produce these qualities? I believe so, and I make it a point both with my pupils and myself to practice slow motions. It is much easier to strike quickly than slowly, and practice in the slow movements will develop both muscular and nervous power. And the tone made by this motion is much better than that obtained by striking. The mechanical practice in vogue at Leipsic and other European conservatories often fails because the subject of æsthetics and tone beauties are neglected." Mr. Sherwood carried out this line of thought a little more in detail and then turned to the mechanical movement of the hand and wrist, illustrating the difference between well and ill balanced playing. Mr. A. H. Pease and Mr. W. H. Sherwood have given recitals of piano music with signal success. Mr. Sherwood's programme included a Liszt-Bach fugue, a Beethoven sonata, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a barcarolle by Rubinstein, and polonaise by Chopin, the Bulow-Wagner "Faust Overture" and the Liszt polonaise in E. The local paper says the "real excitement showed how well the great pianist was appreciated."

To the above, from the *Transcript*, it may be added that organ recitals were given by Mr. Eugene Thayer, and by Mr. W. Kaffenberger, of Buffalo, the former playing Handel's twelfth Organ Concerto, Bach's Vorspiel, "Wir glauben all'," Schumann's "Skizzen," Nos. 4 and 2, Op. 58, Guilmant's Caprice in B flat, and a Concert Fugue, a Chromatic Fantaisie, and Variations on Old Hundred of his own composition. The latter played a Fantaisie Sonata by Rheinberger; Allegretto, "Marche Funèbre and Chant Seraphique," by Guilmant; Choral in three voices, by Merkel, "Reigen" by Jensen, and a grand Toccata by Widor. Mr. Thayer, also, delivered an address on "Reform in Church Music," which seems to have met with great favor; and Dr. Carl Seiler, of Philadelphia, read a lecture with interesting illustrations, on "Vocal Acoustics."

NEW ORLEANS. M. de Beauplan, who, it will be remembered, visited this country with his wife, Mme. Ambre, last season, is the first to announce the plan of his operatic scheme for next season. It is interesting reading, through some parts of it recall the brilliant prospectus of flush times a decade ago. M. de Beauplan's centre of operations will be New Orleans, where he has subscriptions for a four months' season, ending on March 17th, '81, and subsequently the company will visit Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Official information regarding the scheme is as follows:

"The repertoire will be something of a change from what we have had for some years, as you can see by the following: The 'Jewess,' 'Violetta,' 'Faust,' 'William Tell,' 'Trovatore,' 'Norma,' 'Africaine,' 'Mignon,' 'Robert the Devil,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Favorita,' 'The Barber of Seville,' 'Charles VI.,' 'The Prophet,' 'Huguenots,' 'Hamlet,' 'Lucia,' 'Don Juan,' 'Jerusalem,' 'Oberon,' 'The Queen of Cyprus,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Freischutz,' 'Don Pasquale,' 'L'Etoile du Nord,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Aida,' 'Carmen,' 'Paul and Virginia,' etc.

"The company will be a grand one in every respect, numbering nearly 200 persons. One of the first prima donnas will be Mme. Emilie Ambre, who sang last season in this country with Col. Mapleson's Italian opera. M. Beauplan has just signed a contract with one of the greatest tenors in Europe, M. Tournea, and at a very high salary, 20,000 francs a month for a season of six months. It is stipulated in his contract that for non-fulfilment of the same, he forfeits 200,000 francs. It was in doubt for some time whether he would stay with M. Vaucorbeil, the director of grand opera, Paris, but the inducements offered to him in the way of money, etc., decided it, notwithstanding the tempting offer of M. Vaucorbeil for Tournea to create the tenor rôle in the new opera of Ambroise Thomas, (which is to be brought out this coming fall in Paris) of 'Françoise de Rimini.' The stage will be in charge of Mr. Lablache. This gentleman is a professor of the Conservatory of Paris, and has been in charge of the principal opera houses in St. Petersburg, Havana, and Cairo, Egypt. In the latter place it was under his direction that 'Aida' was first brought out, and from which the representations since throughout Europe and America are only copies, that is, in the way of stage setting, properties, etc. Mr. Momas has been engaged as director of the music and conductor. He has, until lately, been the musical director of the Lyric Theatre, and ranks as one of the great conductors of the day.

"Mr. Jordan, the most celebrated basso in Europe, and who has just finished a long season in Russia, has signed for the season here in the States, and Mlle. Lablache, daughter of Mme. Lablache, contralto with Col. Mapleson, will be one of the prima donnas. Her voice is similar to Mme. Gerster's, only stronger. She is young and very pretty. M. de Beauplan is negotiating for other artists, of whom due notice will be given. We shall have the pleasure of hearing in Boston next season *Les Huguenots* in French, comprising the last act, which has been so often omitted in Italian. We shall have *l'Africaine* and a number of others, with which Bostonians have not been familiar for years."—*Boston Herald.*

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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

V.—THE "FAUST" OF BERLIOZ.

[We deem it unnecessary to translate what the author has to say of the origin and of the contents of *La Damnation de Faust*, since it does not differ substantially from what has already appeared in this journal at the time when the work was first performed in New York and Boston, during the last Spring. (See pages 36, 49, 58, 87 of this volume.) We will only give the closing paragraph of the chapter, and pass on to the next, which treats of Schumann's *Faust* music, and will be comparatively new to English readers.]

The *Damnation of Faust*, we must recognize in conclusion, is a work of the greatest value. Berlioz has been served in this perilous attempt by an imagination of the richest order, highly excited by the grandeur of the work and by the ideal beauty of the model. Even when he departs from the original text, and when, combining after his own fashion various episodes, he brings forth a totally different situation, such as the love-scene interrupted by the arrival of the demon, the musician feels himself still sustained by the poet, and his inspirations gush forth just as richly and as grandly. It is, assuredly, a work worthy to figure in the future by the side of the original drama, one which, like the designs of Delacroix, would have snatched from Goethe, could he but have heard it, a word of admiration. How welcome would that word have been in Paris! How that encouragement, coming from so high a source, would have brought to the composer a just consolation for the criticisms and the railleries for which he was the mark! Unfortunately, Goethe had long been dead when the French musician produced his work, and nothing came to sustain him in this trial but the conviction of having by his labor made the work of a veritable artist, and the rare delight of having been, during this assiduous intimacy, the pious disciple of that illustrious master.

VI.—THE "FAUST" OF SCHUMANN.

Faust—with *Manfred*, with the *Pilgrimage of the Rose*, with *Genovera*, with *Paradise and the Peri*,—is one of the masterworks of Schumann; unhappily he had not time to finish it. It was his favorite work. He had occupied himself with it from the age of thirteen years, and he returned to it *con amore* in the moments when he felt himself the best inspired. In fact few subjects offered to his eminently poetic genius a more living spring of graceful or fantastic inspirations. No one, better than he, could have known how to paint the tormented character of the doctor, or the gentle figure of Marguerite; no one could have lent a more satanic color to the demon. But it was above all, the second *Faust*, a work all ideality and fantasy, that must have charmed and inspired his nature so inclined to mystery and reverie. Accordingly in this interpretation, by him alone attempted, of the life-like or the abstract conceptions of the poet, he has lifted himself to a great height. Several of the most remarkable pieces of this second part were written by the composer in the midst of the political storm of 1848, which, by a singular phenomenon, seems to have given new nerve to his creative faculties. "I have to thank God," he wrote at that time to Ferdinand Hiller, "that he vouchsaves me, in such times, the courage and the faculty to labor!" And again elsewhere: "Let us work while it is day."[2]

And so he did. Toward 1850 he at last finished, not his entire work, but the second part. He wrote then the last two pieces, and judging, as by a melancholy presentiment, that he would not have time to complete the first part of his work, he collected the various fragments which he had put into music, and preceded them by a grand instrumental introduction. "I have worked much in these latter times," he writes, toward the end of 1853 to M. Strackerjan, a young officer who was a great amateur of music, "I have written a *Faust* overture, the crown of the edifice of a series of scenes drawn from the tragedy." Does it not seem, to look at this unfinished work, like a cruel irony of fate, which, of so many composers, imposes silence precisely upon that one, who comprehended the conceptions of the poet best of all, who thought (so to say) his thoughts, and translated them with genius into the inimitable language of music?

It is not a dramatic legend that Schumann has professed to write, still less an opera; he has simply taken the poem, the very text of the master, and put it into music. There could not be a simpler manner of proceeding; and none could serve the musician better; thus his work is better than a translation, it is a veritable musical transfiguration of the drama of Goethe. The *Faust* of Schumann comprises three parts. The first, unfortunately very incomplete, counts only three detached scenes. The second includes several fragments of the *second Faust*; at the beginning, the scene of Ariel and the Sylphs, then various episodes: Midnight, the scene of the four witches, the dialogue of the doctor with Care, and the death of Faust. Finally, the third part, the only one that is complete, contains only the final scene of the *second Faust*, but it is much the most considerable scene, thanks to the grand developments which the composer has given it.

The overture, which Schumann has placed at the head of his work, bears the impress of his genius. At once proud and charming, full of grace and of terror, it gives a marvellously good ensemble of this admirable poem. And the musician, in these inspired pages, written late in life, does he not seem to exclaim with the poet, in the dedication of *Faust:*

> One more, sweet visions, are ye floating hither—
> Forms, who of old oft gladdened my dim sight!
> Shall I now hold you, Beautiful, together?
> Yearns my heart still for that illusion bright?
> Nearer ye throng! Let not your beauty wither,
> As from the misty cloud it bursts in light.
> How with the joy of youth my bosom springs,
> Breathing the magic air shook from your dewy wings!

The three scenes of the *first Faust* which Schumann had time to write are: the scene of the garden, that of the church, and of Marguerite imploring the image of the Virgin. In each of these pages he has endeavored to translate the spirit and the very word of the poet. Others will expend themselves upon the same scenes (the garden and the church) with lengthier developments adapted to the exigencies of the stage; no one will put more of veiled charm and infinite tenderness into the first avowal of the two lovers; no one will overwhelm the tardy repentance of the unfortunate Marguerite with a more terrific *Dies iræ*.

The garden scene, that chaste prattle of two souls yet pure, is one of exquisite melody; the phrase of Faust, confessing himself for having taken the young girl's hand has a penetrating suavity, as well as the timid response of Marguerite. She plucks a flower and pulls off its petals, and the sweet murmur of the orchestra accompanies with burning words spoken in a low voice. "He loves me!" she cries, and Faust with transport launches forth an admirable melody, which seems to bear his cry of triumph up to heaven. All, in this music, all, even to the dry laugh of the demon, paraphrases in an inimitable style the original scene, the garden of Martha.

Schumann and Prince Radziwill alone have had the idea of treating the scene where Marguerite implores the Mater Dolorosa, while dragging herself to the foot of the holy image. What an admirable page the affrighted supplications of the fair sinner have inspired the master of Zwickau with! At first her prayer is full of unction, but grief tortures her at the thought of finding the mother of Christ inflexible, and she cries out with a panting voice: "Come, save me from shame and death. Deign, O mother of griefs, to cast down one look of pity upon my distress."

As for the scene of the church, Schumann makes an untranslatable creation out of it. Never has music expressed with more force the ardent repentance of the guilty girl, the railing and burning imprecations of the demon. And when the crushing appeals of the choir break out, it seems as if the earth opened, ready to engulf the unhappy victim, so pure yet in her shame.

After these pictures of a passionate and terrifying color, the author abandons himself, in the scene of Ariel and the Sylphs, to his most dreamy inspirations. The veiled arpeggios of the harp transport us to the ethereal regions where the gentle voice of genius enchants us by its sweet cantilenas. It is the very scene which opens the second *Faust: An agreeable*

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique: Ses Jugements, ses Inspirations, Les Œuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880.—Ed.

[2] Notice of M. Ernest on Schumann (*Revue Contemporaine*, Jan. 31, 1866). There exist, as yet, in French, but two complete works on Schumann; that of M. Ernest, who, the first in France, has rendered homage to the musician of genius, and the biography by Wasielewsky, which has appeared in *Le Ménestrel*, translated in a very fantastical fashion by M. F. Herzog.

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landscape. Scarcely is the voice of Ariel hushed, when the doctor comes out of his strange dream and sings a canticle of thanksgiving to the day that dawns, to nature reawakening; this exquisite melody is deliciously accompanied by the altos and the violoncellos. But doubt is born again within this troubled soul, and the music, changing character, paints to our ears his unappeased desires, his distracting anguish.

Midnight. — It is the dreary chant of the *Gray Old Women*, Guilt, Want, Misery. It is the exulting cry of Care, who glides le where her sisters cannot penetrate. "The door is closed, we cannot enter. It is the abode of a rich man, we do not wish to enter." "You, my sisters, cannot and dare not enter; Care slips through the key-hole." Faust appears, his soul the victim of a dull inquietude. "Hast thou never known Care?" asks the malignant genius. "No," replies the Doctor in an air full of warmth, accompanied by an incessant figure of the orchestra, true image of life's whirling vortex. "I have done nothing but rove about the world; I caught each pleasure by the hair; what did not content me, I let it go; what escaped me, I let it run. I have only desired and satisfied my desires, and still continued to wish more." But Care responds in a chant full of bodeful menace: "To him, whom I once possess, the whole world is useless. Eternal shades descend upon him; the sun does not rise, nor does it set; with senses perfectly sound, darkness dwells within him; if he owns all treasures, he would not know how to enjoy them." The doctor laughs at the absurd anger of the witch, and refuses to recognize her power. "Try it then!" cries Care, who breathes in his face as she flies away; and Faust, made blind, loses himself in senseless projects, in dreams unrealizable. This scene, so abstract as it is, has found in Schumann a musician equal to it; for he has rendered this struggle between man and Care in a very moving manner.

The great court before the palace,—such is the scene which Schumann has literally translated from the original poem, under this title: *The Death of Faust.* At the beginning, the fantastic scene of the demon evoking the Lemures and exhorting them, with a strange laugh, to dig a grave, the fatal end of all human existence. It is needless to say with what sombre color, with what sinister tones Schumann has painted this strange episode, as well as the appearance of Faust, awakened by the dull sound of the spades, and issuing from the palace stumbling against the doorposts. Even now, on the brink of the grave, the doctor gives himself up to the most chimerical projects. To toil, to sow, to embellish, to construct,—such are the last dreams of the man who is about to die. "Let it be given to me to see such a movement on a free territory, with a free people, and I will say to the passing moment: "Stop! thou art so beautiful! The trace of my terrestrial days cannot be lost in the course of ages. . . . In the presentiment of so great a felicity, I taste the most beautiful moment of my life!" And Faust falls backward into the pit dug under his feet by the phantoms, amidst harsh bursts of laughter from the Devil.

The last chapter of the *second Faust*, entitled: *Forests, Rocks, Ravines, Solitudes*, has furnished Schumann the canvas of his third part, and inspired him with a long suite of admirable pieces. What can be more fresh than the first chorus with its sweet responses: "The forest waves, the rocks weigh heavily around, the clinging roots intertwine, trunks lean against trunks, waves dash upon waves; the deep grotto shelters us; the lions creep about us, silent and caressing; they respect the consecrated place, love's holy sanctuary!" What more inspired than the invocation of *Pater extaticus*, with its figure of violoncellos enlacing the melodic phrase like a flowering ivy round the arches of an ancient cloister? What cantilc more full of unction than that of *Pater profundus:* "O God! appease my thoughts, enlighten my heart which seeks for thee!" What melody more vaporous than that of *Pater seraphicus?* What song more full of a holy ardor than that of the Blessed Boys, beginning with a caressing melody, then bursting out in brilliant concert, in a burning hymn of thanksgiving: "Tell us, Father, whither we are going; tell us, good Father, who we are? We are happy; for all, yes all of us, it is so sweet to live."

Another marvelous piece of grace and freshness is the Chorus of Angels hovering in the upper air and bearing the immortal part of Faust: "Saved is the noble member of the world of spirits, saved from evil. He who always strives, him can we deliver, and if even Love has taken interest in him from above, the troup of the blest meets him with hearty welcome." One knows not what to prefer in this marvelous page, the songs of the perfected angels, or those of the younger angels, the grand final ensemble, or the seraphic murmur of the little choir of happy boys: "With joy receive we this one in the chrysalis state; in him we obtain ae angelic pledge. Remove the slough that envelops him; already is he great and beautiful with holy life."

What resplendent beauties! and we have not yet done with this superb work. Here is the beautiful invocation of *Doctor Marianus*, accompanied by a soft concert of oboes and harps; here is the chorus of *Penitent Women*, with its long supplicant phrase of those three: the *Magna Peccatrix*, *Mulier Samaritana*, and *Maria Ægyptiaca*, uniting their repentance and their prayers. Here is the supreme invocation of Marguerite, imploring the divine clemency for Faust: "Deign, O deign, incomparable radiant Virgin, to turn thy propitious countenance toward my happiness! He whom I loved on earth, no longer troubled, has come back. Surrounded by the noble choir of spirits, the new-comer scarcely knows himself, scarcely suspects his new life, so like is he already to the holy troop. See how he tears himself loose from all the terrestrial bonds of the old envelope, and how under his etherial vestment the first youthful vigor shows itself! Permit me to instruct him. The new day still dazzles and confuses him." And here, at last, we have the double final chorus (*Chorus Mysticus*), the song of triumph, the celestial hosanna, for which Schumann has reserved his most sublime ideas, his most original harmonies, his most resplendent colors:[1]

All that is transient
Is but a symbol;
The unattainable
Here becomes real;
The indescribable,
Here is it done,
The ever-Womanly
Beckons us on.

Such is this exceptional work; such is this unrivalled translation of the work of Goethe. Schumann, we have said before, is of all the composers the one who has best comprehended the poet's thought. We cannot regret too much that he did not have the leisure to translate all the capital situations of the drama. After reading these scenes, admirable paraphrases, by a man of genius, of a work of genius, we can judge how much the musical art has lost by Schumann's not being able to complete the first part of *Faust*. Then we can comprehend, seeing him rise to such a height in this musical interpretation of the *second Faust*, which he alone has dared, and he alone perhaps was competent, to make so exact and so brilliant, how truly Goethe saw when he wrote, not dreaming of the masterpiece with which he was about to inspire this great composer, "My works are not capable of becoming popular. I have not written for the masses, but for a class of men, whose will, whose studies, and whose tendencies have some analogy with mine."

(To be continued.)

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN LONDON.

(From the "Continent and Swiss Times," Geneva, June 30.)

It is the justified boast of English philharmonic dilettanti, when twitted by carping Germans and skeptical Frenchmen upon the sore subject of British shortcomings in the way of musical culture and taste, that during some ten or twelve weeks of each successive year this huge metropolis attracts to its opera-houses and concert-rooms four-fifths of the leading vocal and instrumental executants of the Continent; and that, between primrose-tide and rose-blowing, better performances of classical and operatic works, rendered by absolutely first-class artists, may be heard in the western, and western central districts of London than in all the other capitals of Europe put together. This vaunt is unquestionably founded upon fact; and those who advance it as an argument in support of the postulate that the metropolitan public is, by instinct or cultivation, as intelligently appreciative of musical excellence, creative or executive, as that of Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, Munich or Paris, are not altogether illogically encouraged in their entertainment of that assumption by an inferential process of reasoning which may be succinctly summarized as follows:—"London imperatively requires (on pain of its high displeasure, expressed by withdrawal of patronage), from those who stand pledged to provide it periodically with musical entertainments, that they should, regardless of trouble and expense, produce upon the boards of our two opera-houses and upon the platforms of our half-dozen concert-rooms all, or nearly all the foreign celebrities whose fame has reached our shores by

[1] Schumann returned several times to this capital page. He has even left two different versions of it, which are equally beautiful, except that one of them admits of much larger developments.

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trustworthy report during the nine months immediately preceding the opening of the London season, or who are recognized celebrities in their respective specialties, firmly established in public favor. In order to secure the fulfilment of its will in this respect, London is content to pay higher prices for its opera and concert tickets than are obtainable by impresarii in any other capital, except St. Petersburgh, to fee artists extravagantly for their performances at private parties, and to offer them generous tribute of hero-worship into the bargain. Therefore London must be not only a musical, but the most musical of cities. In proportion to its expenditure in securing the services of the very best artists in existence must be its love and taste for music, its knowledge of the art, and faculty of discrimination between the relative merits of professional competitors for its approbation." The deduction is a plausible one, and the vast majority of Englishmen, including many musically educated amateurs not altogether forlorn of reasoning power, is prone to admit its correctness. In our sea-girt realm, even art-dilettanti are frequently patriotic, and strongly disposed to defend British taste against any ill-natured foreign sneers and imputations, levelled at its quality. The wish is father to the thought with such eager vindicators of our judgment's soundness in matters musical. We are angrily intolerant of the very notion that we can possibly be inferior in development of the æsthetical faculties to mere Germans or Frenchmen, and comfortably assume that, because we pay more money than these latter for our indulgence in the higher executant efforts to attain artistic ideals, we are truer lovers of art and "know more about it" than they.

To run counter to popular fallacies is ever a thankless enterprise. From the purely conscientious point of view there is not, probably, a loftier duty nor one which, like many another virtuous practice, is more inevitably foredoomed to be its own reward, for lack of any other. Neither does it always commend itself to fervent promulgators of abstract truths, when large-minded enough to recognize and respect honest instincts and laudable motives underlying frail superstructures of defective reasoning and erroneous assertion. But Englishmen are in possession of so many indefeasible titles to equality with, if not superiority to, their Continental competitors in science and art, manufacture and commerce, manners and morals, that no serious breach of patriotic considerations is involved in hinting to them from time to time that, as far at least as musical taste, instruction and judgment are concerned, they are still remote from having attained the standard obtained in Germany, Austria and some parts of Italy and France. To convince any educated musician of their inferiority in this regard, it is only necessary that he or she should bestow careful and unprejudiced attention upon the musical incidents of such a London season as that now rapidly drawing to its close — upon the character and composition of the audiences thronging opera-houses, concert-rooms and music-halls, their attitude towards performers and performances, the nature and quality of the works eliciting their plaudits or provoking their condemnation — and, finally, upon the evidences of advancement in the culture of musical art afforded by the compositions of strictly English origin brought forward in the course of the fashionable trimester by rival impresarii, who, be it remembered, are accurately and exhaustively cognizant of their customers' requirements, and scrupulously supply them with what they want, no more and no less. Watchful contemplation of the London public during its spring surfeits of costly musical pabulum will lead the intelligent observer to conclusions widely different from those deduced, as above, from the broad fact that Englishmen willingly pay twice or even thrice as much for their vocal and instrumental entertainments as Germans, Austrians, Frenchmen or Italians. Indeed, the vulgar inference drawn from that circumstance will be found, upon examination of its merits, to be totally unworthy of serious consideration. There are more wealthy people, forlorn of any engrossing occupation and chronically plagued by the craving for sheer amusement, no matter of what kind or quality, in London, than in any other four European capitals, not exclusive of Paris. These people's lives are chiefly passed in the enjoyment of superfluities, material and æsthetical. Cheap pleasures lack charms for them; nay, are almost unknown to them. In order that they may appreciate aught, or, more correctly speaking, think that they appreciate it, the thing itself must be extremely expensive. If it achieve that desideratum, they will consume it greedily and without stint, but not otherwise. That they are lavish of their money in what is conventionally termed "the encouragement of art," is simply attributable to two causes wholly irrespective of taste and judgment, of which, however, the wealthier classes of English are by no means devoid, though their pretensions to the possession thereof are seldom based upon a solid foundation of technical education. Firstly, they have more money to spend than they know what to do with; and secondly, the chief aim of their existence is to purchase excitement and diversion of one description or another — to kill time, in fact, at a maximum of pecuniary outlay, and minimum of personal trouble.

A brief retrospective glance at the performances and audiences of the 1880 London musical season will serve to exemplify the views above propounded. London supports two magnificent opera-houses, in which representations of the lyrical drama, in the Italian language, take place every night in the week. Both these establishments are in the hands of *entrepreneurs* married to *prime donne*, and neither of them are remunerative to their lessees, notwithstanding the exorbitant prices demanded and obtained by the latter from the public for places. The working expenses are so heavy that nothing short of crowded houses every night can avail to secure the least margin of profit upon the whole season's performances. At one theatre the chief attraction and managerial anchor of hope is a cantatrice of surpassing abilities, who never opens her mouth until two hundred guineas have been paid in to her bankers; at the other, several stars of lesser magnitude compete for public favor with varied success, one of whom, well aware that her name on the bill is sure to fill the house, and being, moreover, profoundly penetrated with the wisdom of the axiom that pronounces prudence to be the progenitrix of prosperity, sternly exacts the payment of her stipulated honorarium before she goes upon the stage. Are the performances at these two great theatres truly artistic, or even such as would be tolerated in the Hofoper at Vienna or the Berlin Opernhaus? It were Midsummer madness to answer this question affirmatively. Apart from the leading artists, some of whom are superexcellent whilst others are simply intolerable, either from the musical or dramatic point of view, there is no single element in the operatic entertainments offered to the public at Her Majesty's or Covent Garden that can be pronounced deserving of unqualified praise. The orchestral accompaniments are frequently faulty and always coarsely rendered — the chorus-singing is beneath criticism — the incidental ballets are executed by females so ill-favored and ungraceful as to be scarcely human — and the scenery and decorations, with a few brilliant exceptions where timely expenditure has been incurred for the *mise en scene* of absolute novelties, inconceivably inartistic and shabby. Turning to the audiences gathered together to witness and listen to these unsatisfactory performances — audiences chiefly composed of well-to-do and fashionable pleasure-lovers — we find amongst their salient characteristics that they will mildly applaud a primo tenore who sings every note of his part out of tune, if only he shout out the notes of his upper register loud enough to capture their attention — that they will receive a musical revelation of exquisite beauty with perplexed silence, whilst they will respond spasmodically to any hackneyed air, rendered familiar to their ears by the irrepressible barrel-organ or by the dismal iteration of school-room practising, a process that has not its equal for grafting conventional operatic selections upon intrinsically unmusical human natures. These, the best-paying London audiences — and therefore, according to the corollary afore referred to, the most musical — applaud without discrimination and calmly condone executive derelictions that stridently invite, in discordant accents, the reprobation of gods and men. A few nights ago such an audience assembled, some two thousand strong, in Covent Garden to the dullest and tamest of Rossini's operas, the sole interest of which to any musician present was Adelina Patti's transcendent vocalization, vehemently encored the overture to "Sémiramide," played as no scratch band engaged for the season at a Bohemian watering-place would have ventured to perform it to a Kursaal full of valetudinarians.

A conspicuous musical feature of the season has been the Richter concerts at St. James's Hall, relative to which some genuine excitement of an eminently healthy character has been displayed by English dilettanti. These entertainments, under the personal direction of the greatest living orchestral conductor, who slaved night and day during a whole month to such purpose that he may be said to have revolutionized all the venerable traditions of *tempi* and treatment to which contemporary British leaders have rigidly adhered for the last forty years, were splendid successes, financially as well as artistically; but principally owing to the enthusiastic support they received at the hands of the German residents in this metropolis. On more than one "Richter evening" whole rows of sofa-stalls which should have been occupied by wealthy English-folk, Beethoven-worshippers and seekers after truth in the interpretation of that immortal Titan's compositions, were dismally empty; but the galleries and balconies were crammed well-nigh to suffocation by bearded and spectacled Teutons, accompanied by the homely, thriftily attired females of their families, and laden with full-scores or "pianoforte reductions" of the glorious symphonies played, they might well think, for their especial delectation. It is no exaggeration to say, too, that *all* the really cultivated amateurs resident in London were present at one or other of these superb performances. But how many benches did these, the elect of our musical public, fill — and, had they been told off in line as against the musically instructed Teutons thronging the galleries, could they have held their own, in numbers or appreciativeness, with these latter? It is to be feared that, had such a comparison been instituted by any accomplished and unbiased votary of the divine art, it would have resulted unfavorably to the British dilettanti, who are, like angels' visits, few and far between, too frequently lacking in technical knowledge and executive skill, and, in ten cases out of twelve, painfully cramped in their conscientious efforts towards advancement in the practice of the musical art by the unsympathetic character of their immediate entourage, and the chilling pococurantism of English society in general.

WM. B. KINGSTON.

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THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

BY G. A. MACFARREN, ESQ., M.A., Mus. Doc. Cantab., Prof. Mus. Cantab.

When the subject of this address was decided upon, I had an idea that I might bring before the attention of this meeting many unfamiliar facts in connection with a most important, possibly the most important branch of musical composition; but in the interim there has appeared the beginning of an article in Mr. Grove's Dictionary—which, although it is not yet signed, I guess from internal evidence to be the production of Mr. Rockstro—which anticipates many of the novelties I might have advanced, and set those forth in the most clear, in the most interesting, and (I can say nothing short of the highest terms of eulogy) the most satisfactory and instructive light. I can with the fullest confidence refer persons who are attracted to the subject to that article, which, in supplying many dates which are difficult to recollect in a ready *sore* enunciation, and many unfamiliar names, will be of very great service as an authority, and will, I am certain, repay anybody's attention and careful reading. If the article continue as it has begun, it will give to the world a concise, but a most valuable, history of the course of the lyrical drama.

As to the lyrical drama itself, we must first regard the familiar objection that, as mankind do not sing their sentiments, the dramatic representation in music is wholly artificial, and apart from nature. Being artificial constitutes it a work of art, apart from nature, in so far as it is not a *fac-simile*, but true to nature in so far as it is the heightening of the realities of ordinary life, and heightening them with the bright color of poetry. It is the province of art to heighten and to brighten, to embellish and to beautify the facts of nature. It is Bacon who has stated that there is no such means of enforcing a lesson as by presenting it in living action, and thus the drama in itself is a most powerful means of instruction. I think it is a happy omen for the coming time that the best authorities seem now to entertain this view of the drama. The institution of the Society for Dramatic Reform, the many speeches of distinguished men of letters, and distinguished theologians, at the meetings of the Social Science Congress on the great importance to the world at large of dramatic production and dramatic performance, show that the greatest minds of the time are taking the possibilities of the drama into earnest consideration.

If a work of art were to be limited to the realities of the world, a looking-glass might stand in place of a picture, a police report in place of a tragedy, and music would drop out of being entirely. But it is in a picture, as distinct from the reflection in a mirror, that one sees nature through the mind of an artist. It is in poetry that we can enter into the feelings of men through the representation of an artist's imagination; and music expresses those feelings more forcibly than words can utter them, more delicately, more intensely; and if the hearer have the perception which can rise to the fullest power, of the work addressed to him, he may find in musical expression the grandest presentation of the feelings of man. The drama "holds the mirror up to nature." Music is that mirror, with such spectral phenomena as show nature in a beautified aspect.

The lyric drama is the most ancient of all dramatic representation. It is attested that Æschylus composed the music for his own tragedies. That those tragedies were musical throughout there can be no doubt, the dialogue being, as we should now describe it, chanted or intoned upon some prescribed arrangement of musical notes, and the choruses which intersperse this dialogue being set to more formal music. This identity of musician and poet, constituting a two-fold "maker," was not continued in the case of subsequent Greek tragedians. It seems not to have been with Sophocles and Euripides as it was with Æschylus; and although it has been rarely that the musician and the literatist have been combined in the same person, there have been instances in after times where this has been the case; and it must be maintained that if the lyrical drama is to be at its best, it must be the result of concerted work between two persons, if two are concerned in it. No musician can do himself, or his work, or his art justice, who shall take a stereotyped composition without the power to extend, or contract, or alter, or diversify it, according to the exigencies of his own view of the subject, and thus it will be found that where the musician-composer has not been also the text composer, in the best instances, his poet has played into his hands, and modified the situations of his drama and varied his text according to the musician's casual requirements.

The principle of the Greek drama was continued in Christian times in a very remarkable and signal manner. It was a religious rite to keep alive in memory the men and their deeds which were held sacred, and this, of which it is now to speak, appropriated the same means to the same end when persons and facts of another character occupied the attention. Gregory of Nazianzus, a town of Cappadocia, wrote a tragedy upon the Greek model, embodying the story of the Divine Passion, in which the chanted dialogue was interspersed with choruses; and we have at the present moment a genealogical descendant from this drama of the fourth century, in the *Passion Play* represented every ten years at Obermmergau, save that the musical element has dropped out of the play, and the dialogue of the present day is spoken instead of intoned. Subsequently to the time of Gregory, in the miracle-plays and the mysteries, there was always incidental music, but not music connected with the action—music interspersed more or less to illustrate the situations or the sentiment of the text, but not to be necessarily or at all concerned in the presentation of the incidents.

We find, however, in the fifteenth century, a drama on the subject of *Orfeo*, by Poliziano, for which Enrico Isaaco, I believe of German birth, wrote music in Italy, but little or nothing, as to the musical merits of this work has reached us. In the English drama, subsequently to this, music was introduced episodically, but with such seeming necessity for the satisfaction of the audience, that there are not a few instances where personages are brought on the scene for the sake of singing their song, and not for fulfilling any incident in the story or taking any part in the action; such as the appearance of the two pages in the fifth act of *As You Like It*. They enter to Touchstone and Audrey, and, at the invitation of these two, sing "It was a lover and his lass;" and having sung and having received the comment on their performance, they leave the stage, and then the action goes on as if it had not been broken by their presence. This is, I think, an evidence that the audience of the time wanted the embellishment of music in the course of a long dramatic performance. More directly connected with the action of the scene is the music of the witches, introduced in *Macbeth*, and this music, with the doggrel text to which the greater part of it is set, was previously in the play of *The Witch*, by Middleton, and it had attained such general esteem that when *Macbeth* was to be produced it became almost a necessity, or Shakespeare must have felt it as an entire necessity, to surround his witches with music, because this class of beings was in the public mind thus associated, from the success of this preceding play; and no music could so well fulfill his idea as that which already existed, and the verses to which this music is set were transplanted entire into the great tragedy of our greatest poet.

Now comes into consideration the real foundation of the modern opera, and this has an intimate connection with that great movement for art, the Renaissance. Letters, painting, sculpture, had received already the benefit of the revival of classic principles, and then it came to be considered that the same view might be applied to music. The tradition was extant—nay, we have written evidence—that music had been the most powerful means of impressing on the audiences of the Greek theatre the poetic power of the plays. The music of the period at which we have now arrived, namely, the end of the sixteenth century, was either the scholastic music now described as polyphonic, of which a very main interest lay in the imitative nature of the part-writing, or else the music of the people, which may be best described in our English idea of the ballad, that is, the recitation of a story to many and many repeats of one very concise melody.

Now from those two styles of music, declamation and expression of the poetry were necessarily excluded. In the fugual, or canonic, or imitative style, which prevailed as much in the madrigal compositions as in the music for the church, it would be impossible to express or to declaim words, since the many voices would be singing different words at the same moment. In the ballad, there could be small expression in a tune that was to be again and again repeated through a long and tedious story, which might comprise incidents of gaiety, of gravity, of regret, and of rejoicing; and the utmost that could either be in the ballad tune or in the polyphonic composition of embodying character, would be a general resemblance to the nature of the subject, but by no means to the proper declamation of the words.

Then a society of gentlemen, men of letters, lovers of art, was formed in Florence. Count Vernio was at the head of this; Vincenzo Galileo, father of the astronomer, and a nobleman of the name of Corsi were among his associates. These formed the idea of restoring to music that declamatory character which it is supposed to have held in the Greek tragedy. They employed a poet, Ottavio Rinuccini, to construct some verses with a view to musical declamation, and they engaged, at first, two singers, Giulio Caccini and Jacopo Peri, who were, from the point of musical composition, little skilled, but were well adapted for the task proposed, from their habit of singing and from a singer's point of view regarding the exigencies of the words, and the capabilities of the voice for vocal expression.

You, sir (addressing the Chairman), and many other persons here, can very well estimate how important it is to one who undertakes the task of setting poetry to music to feel the singer's quality in approaching his subject, and from a singer's point of view he may be able to do a higher justice to his music and to his verse than any one could who had not the habit of singing or the experience of listening to singers. It was in 1590 that the first productions of these singer-composers were privately performed, at the house of the gentleman I have named.

Then also came upon the scene Emilio del Cavalieri, a Roman by birth, who was an educated composer; and he brought to the task a theoretical knowledge of musical principles. Now it is to be considered that this term "lyrical drama" is not necessarily, or by any means, limited in its application to secular subjects; and whereas the performances of Peri and Caccini were in the first place monologues, Cavalieri wrote a continuous drama, interspersed with dancing and action, which was represented with scenery, and

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which was not on a Biblical story, but on a religious theme. *La Rappresentazione di Animo e di Corpo* was performed in the oratory of a church, and classes at the head of the dramatic oratorio, distinct from didactic oratorio, — this being exemplified in works at present familiar by the *Passion* of Bach and the *Messiah* of Handel, whereas specimens of the dramatic oratorio are many other works of Handel, which are always described by himself with the epithet "oratorio or sacred drama," such as *Samson*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Jepththa*. The composer last named had so keen a sense of the dramatic treatment of his subject, that he wrote always in his scores such stage directions as would be given for a theatrical performance of the works in a theatre, describing the entrances and exits of personages, and other actions bearing upon the conduct of the story. Many and many such instances are to be found throughout the MSS. of Handel, although they are, I believe, always omitted in the printed copies of the music. They are still, however, to be found in some of the separate librettos, and I think they clearly show how strong was his sense of the scene, although he wrote with the view of his pieces being sung without the adjuncts of theatrical effect.

"MUSICALLY MAD."

The London *Times*, in criticizing a recent performance of "Lucia," very sensibly says: "Owing to a curious perverseness of fate, the age which has produced perhaps the finest 'light' soprani ever heard is by no means prolific in operas adapted for their special gifts. The modern German school on principle abhors *roulades* and *fioriture*, but even in modern French and Italian operas the chief task is rarely intrusted to the quality of voice just referred to. The *Queen* in the 'Huguenuts,' *Filina* in 'Mignon,' such are the parts with which light soprani have to be satisfied; even *Marguerite* in 'Faust' does not properly belong to their domain, although it approaches the border-line. The consequence is that they have to fall back upon the earlier Italian *repertoire;* and many a good old-fashioned opera owes its survival to the circumstance. We do not say that this is altogether the case with Donizetti's 'Lucia.' No unprejudiced critic can deny its merits. The septet in the second act is a masterpiece, and the entire finale of that act full of dramatic power of the highest order. The duets of *Lucy* with her lover and her cruel brother also are not without beauty of their special kind. On the other hand, there are shallow places innumerable, and the mad scene in the third act is from a dramatic point of view grotesquely absurd. In a curious volume entitled 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' by Tom D'Urfey (published in 1719), that prolific poet and playwright distinguishes five varieties of 'the lady distracted with love.' We have the lady 'sullenly mad,' 'mirthfully mad,' 'melancholy mad,' 'fantastically mad,' and 'stark mad.' Had Tom D'Urfey lived in our days, Donizetti, M. Gounod, and other composers would have taught him that there is still another species, — the lady 'musically mad.' A person thus afflicted would, according to Donizetti's notion, seem to be inclined and able to sing the most difficult and florid music conceivable, to venture without hesitation upon scale passages and *fioriture* and shakes, at which a prudent singer might certainly well stand aghast. To speak plainly, the composer, like many other writers of his school, forgets in the scene we are speaking of his dramatic mission entirely. He wishes to write a show piece of musical execution, and in this task, at least, he has not failed. The singer very naturally follows the composer's example. She also forgets her identity with the unfortunate *Lucy Ashton*, and merrily warbles away at the audience regardless of the sympathetic chorus behind her back, which, as in duty bound, puts in an occasional 'Gran Dio' or 'Di lei, signor, pietà.'"

DR. RITTER ON "CHAMBER MUSIC."

(Concluded from p. 116.)

At this point the second illustration, Allegri's Symphonia, was played, and attention was called to the form of it — there being three rather short movements; the first, common time, of a lively character; the second, triple time, of a slow cast; and the last, common time, consisting of two parts — one rather slow, the other swift. The first movement is worked out in two themes; the second is rather melodious, in the style of the Canzon. The contrapuntal treatment and the grouping of the instruments are still similar to those of vocal compositions. The tonality wavers between C major and G major. The old ecclesiastical mode still predominates. The musical effect is still antiquated for modern ears; yet, here and there already appear passages peculiar to the mechanism of stringed instruments; especially in the first movement. This piece is published in full in the second edition of Dr. Ritter's "History."

The impulse given by Monteverde developed violin virtuosity. Trills, skips, quick passages, based upon chords or scales — all these, widely differing from characteristics of vocal compositions, were gradually introduced. Violinists began to publish works for their instruments alone. These were mostly in the dance-forms of the epoch—such as Pavanes, Gaillards, Gignes, etc. Success in this new line bred vanity in the violin virtuosi — as, for instance, in Carlo Farina, of Mantua, who, before 1650, published, among other violin works, a Capriccio stravagante, in which passages occur imitating the noises of dogs, cats, roosters and hens. And Farina showed the seriousness of his vanity by carefully explaining how these effects should be produced. This was, truly, coarse materialism in tone-painting. A difference between instrumental and purely vocal means began now to be noticed. The livelier and more distinct rhythms of the dance-tunes lent to the instrumental melody a more concise phrasing and more elasticity. Violin players at this time did not venture to make an elaborate use as yet of the "G-string," its technical difficulties being considered too great. Tarquinio Merula, of Cremona (about 1600), is said to have made the first success in this respect. It took, also, a long time even measurably to conquer the technique of the violin, beyond the "first position." The celebrated twenty-four fiddlers of the band of Louis XIV. seldom succeeded, in spite of great efforts and bodily contortions, in reaching with pure intonation the C, two leger lines above the treble-clef. Their audiences knew this, and were accustomed to cry out, whenever they knew the C was coming: "Gare à l'ut!"—"Look out for the C!" Thus the compass was enlarged in every direction; and this was supplemented by increased facility in working out characteristic themes melodically as well as harmonically, giving more unity and more logical construction to the different movements. The inventive variety resulting from the adoption of the major and minor modes (leading, for example, to the introduction of cadenzas to designate harmonic changes and cuts of phrases and periods) made the whole construction of works more lucid, symmetrical and effective. The modern chromatic element began to relieve the diatonic monotony of the ecclesiastical keys which was manifest in the previous illustrations; and the next illustration, a sonata for violin solo, with violoncello obligato, by Guiseppe Torelli, of Verona (1650-1708), shows this advance. Torelli is said to have been the first composer who wrote concertos for solo instruments with accompaniment of orchestra. The form he chose was the sonata. The illustration here is a sonata in four movements. The custom of uniting four movements and calling the whole a sonata became thus raised to an æsthetic principle. This sonata consists of an Allegro, frequently interrupted by a short Adagio; again an Allegro; then an Adagio; and lastly, an Allegro. The first movement has more the effect of a varied, brilliant introduction; the second is in three parts — two being assigned to the violin, in fugue style; while the violoncello adds brilliant, contrasting passages. A figured bass is directed to fill out the harmony. The whole movement is easy, graceful and rather brilliant. The instrumentalist *per se* now stands firm upon his own feet.

The next two illustrations were a Sonata da Chiesa, for two violins and 'cello, by Giambatista Bassini, written in 1685; and a Sonata da Camera, for the same instruments, by that great "Bach of Italy," Arcangelo Corelli, written in the same year, 1685.

The sonata began to be varied in form by circumstances. It was introduced into the organ gallery, where the violin, sustained by harmonic accompaniment of the organ, began to replace the solo singer and the chorus. Instead of a Salve Regina or an Ave Maria, a sonata would frequently be played. This use of it changed its character; it then consisted of three or four movements and was of a generally serious cast, in accordance with its sacred surroundings. The first movement was generally grand and majestic; the second an animated fugue; the third, a pathetic Adagio; and the last, a lively Allegro. This was called the "Church Sonata" — Sonata da Chiesa. Its more mundane sister, "Chamber Sonata," or Sonata da Camara, was of a light, cheerful character and composed of a succession of dances, such as the Allemande, Pavane, Air, Corrento, Sarabanda, Minuetto, or Gigne and the like. The order and number of pieces had no rule, but varied with individual fancy. But they were all (three or six) in the same key; while, in the "Church Sonata," the Adagio (second) movement was written in a relative key to that of the sonata — major, if the other was minor, and *vice versa*. In France the "Chamber Sonata" was called Suite or Une Suite de Pieces — a form diligently cultivated by Bach and Handel and their German contemporaries. At a later period the sacred and secular sonatas were merged into one, as we have them now.

Bassani was born at Padua, 1657, and was chapel-master successively at Bologna and Ferrara cathedrals. He died in Ferrara in 1715. He was one of the most distinguished musicians of his time — composing operas, church music and instrumental pieces. In the sonata he crystallized ideas in which his predecessors had waveringly groped; and unity and symmetry characterized his works. He idealized the sonata in his use of contrapuntal means, rhythm, melody, harmony. A gracefulness of style is predominant. In the present example, the principal *motivo* of the first movement (similar to that in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony) is worked out with ingenuity and mastery — for his time. The two violins and 'cello have a figured bass accompaniment for the organ. The second movement is a short, pathetic Grave; the third, an Allegro, with many interesting points of a contrapuntal imitation; the fourth, an Adagio, in triple time — a short Canzon, sweet and melodic, followed by a light, graceful, humorous Prestissimo, the prototype of Haydn's cheerful finales. The last movement is suddenly interrupted by a return of the Adagio (this time in another key), after which the Prestissimo is repeated and closes the sonata. A similarly happy thought is embodied (but, of course, with much greater effectiveness) in the finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, where strains from the Scherzo interrupt the triumphant march movement. Bassani exercised great influence, not only in Italy; for even the English composer, Purcell, studied him diligently, and wrote sonatas in similar style.

But Italy's "Arch-angel" was Corelli, who was born in Fusignano, Bologna, in 1653, — four years earlier than Bassani, who nevertheless, instructed him in violin playing. His teacher in counterpoint was Matteo Simonelli, a member of the Pope's Chapel. As a young man he visited Germany and passed several years at the court of the Elector of Bavaria. In 1681 he settled in Rome, under the protection of his friend, Cardinal Ottoboni. Here he was at home for the rest of his life. Here he founded the famous Roman school for violin playing. Here he died in 1713. He was a great musician and a noble man. His tone and soulful expression he magnified beyond mere technique, and he far outshone all his predecessors. In fact, he marks the first epoch in this form of instrumental music. The same qualities which distinguished his playing are to be found in his sonatas. He filled Torelli's and Bassani's form with far deeper sentiment than theirs. The present "Sonata da Camera" illustration is a string trio, with figured bass accompaniment; in four movements, Preludio, Allemanda, Sarabanda and Corrento — the first two in common time (Adagio and Allegro), the others in triple time (Largo and Allegro); all four in the key of E major. The names are the regular dance denominations of the secular sonata; but an artistic approach of the composer to the dignity

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of the more serious "Church Sonata" is manifest. The work is Op. 2, No. 10.

A second selection from Corelli was played on the 'cello by Mr. Bergner, with piano accompaniment, although written for violin. The selections from Biber which followed, after explanation of the immigration of the Italian sonata-form into Germany, was inferior to the climax of Corelli, and was interesting only as foreshadowing the greatest Bach, of whom an Andante followed from a Sonata for Viol da Gamba, played also on the 'cello by Mr. Bergner. The Biber Gavotte was admirably played by Mr. Brandt. It was from a violin sonata, published in Salzburg in 1681. Dr. Ritter paid a glowing tribute to the genius of Johann Sebastian Bach, who so transformed the Italian Sonata as really to keep only its name and its four movements. His sonatas were so difficult as to lead one to think he must have calculated for an organ key-board on the neck of the violin; and it was among years more musicians, after great exertions, learned to do justice to these works in performance and in appreciation of their nobility and deep poetical charm.

Handel was next illustrated, for contrast's sake, by an Allegro (preceded by a few bars, Adagio) from a violin sonata (1732), played by Mr. Brandt. Great as were Handel's achievements in other branches in the sonata form, he did not, in Dr. Ritter's opinion, open new roads like his great contemporary, Bach.

The rest of the lecture showed how Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach made a compromise between his father's severely contrapuntal style and the more simply melodious Italian style; and also how much Haydn owed, by his own acknowledgment, to this later Bach. In fact the Largo from a Trio by C. P. E. Bach, for two violins and 'cello, which was subsequently played by Messrs. Brandt, Schwarz and Bergner, showed how much inspiration even Mozart may have got from him. Dr. Ritter called attention to the fact that, before Haydn's development of the true quartet form, the viola was neglected in its individuality. The characteristics of Haydn's fully crystallized quartet form were then explained in too much detail for report at this time; and, after a glowing tribute to the elevated refinement of music, the lecture closed with an earnest peroration, after which Haydn's First Quartet in B flat was performed in full; and the audience dispersed after a most interesting evening. The peroration of the lecture was as follows:—

But where are those amateurs to be found in our days, for whom a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven wrote so many exquisite works? The universal piano-forte, stimulating musical egotism, has killed the modest and unobtrusive quartet player; while it has helped to render musical culture more narrow, more superficial and also more sensational. Do we not see at our great orchestral conductors, misled by outside considerations, endeavor to tear the refined string quartet from its ideal sphere and lead to it a vulgarizing, sensational effect by having it performed by a numerous band of orchestral strings? According to my views, this is a misunderstanding of the true æsthetical form and functions of the quartet. In this one orchestral mechanism, uniting a number to the beat of one, takes the place of the highest ideal individuality; and, formal, conventional expression replaces the free flow of the imagination of the intelligent one exponent of the idea. The four performers are equal slaves, each of them follows his own heart-beat; the ideal symmetry, harmony and unity of the whole form binds them all naturally together, without tampering with the necessary, spontaneous, free life of the spirit. In the interest of a more solid, refined and substantial æsthetical development of music, I should like to see a more universal cultivation of the forms of chamber-music.

—The *American Art Journal* (New York) prints as original editorial articles several pieces on "The True Office and Dignity of Music," etc., etc., which may be found, word for word, in an address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, Cambridge, in 1841!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880.

REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC.

This was the subject of an address or lecture delivered by Mr. Eugene Thayer, the well-known organist of this city, before the annual meeting, at Buffalo, a few weeks since, of the "Music Teachers' National Association," a brief abstract of the proceedings of which was given in our last number. Mr. Thayer's paper is interesting and suggestive enough (and here and there pleasantly spicy withal) to warrant copying in full; but at present we can only call attention to certain points in it, thoughtfully and ably treated, which seem to go pretty nearly to the root of the matter as to the difficulties involved in the music of the churches of to-day — at least, in the vocal music, to which we shall confine our extracts and our comments for the present.

After a very brief historical introduction, sketching the progress of church music from the Ambrosian chants and the Gregorian "Tones," barely enumerating the great church composers who came after the long, dark period between that time and the fifteenth century, and then tracing the progress of our New England Psalmody from Billings and Holden down to Lowell Mason; alluding by the way to our fathers' puritanical aversion to the organ, Mr. Thayer expresses his enthusiastic faith in the religious mission of music, as the one language that can reach all hearts, and that will live forever. Now he is ready for the question of reform. Beginning with the church choir, he says:

I believe that the first thing to do is to have true choirs in our churches, if we are to have any choirs at all. Good music is little worth unless we have it properly produced. The true choir is the chorus choir. This might or might not include a quartet; I prefer it should not. For it is hardly possible to call together a large body of singers without finding at least four who could creditably, if not most ably, serve as soloists. I would, in fact, to have our choir perfect in its organization, have a double quartet; that is, four male and four female soloists. To be more explicit, I mean a high and a low voice on each of the parts, and a chorus of twenty-four, or sixty, or even a hundred voices, according to the size of the church. I doubt if it is ever best to exceed the latter number except in very large churches. Mere numbers do not necessarily increase the effect desirable, and too many hinder rather than help. Of course, I presuppose a good organ; for a few voices, or poor one, or a badly played one, is worse than a poor preacher to drive away the ungodly or even the faithful. I do not believe in quartet choirs as such; that is, simply and only quartet choirs for church service. Quartet choirs will agree with me, I think, when I assert that there is always felt to be something wanting in their musical service, however good it may be: a want of contrast, a want of climax, a want of heart as well as of mind; a want felt if not always understood. That want I believe to be the universal yearning for the feelings, the universal sympathy of the people, which can only come when all join in praise to the Lord. I would not be understood as saying that the people should always join in the singing. Let them listen sometimes; let them receive as well as give a part of the time. When the singers carry through the whole of the musical service of the church, it becomes a performance, and nothing else but a performance; and the better the singers are, the more it is a performance. Now, if the people wish to go to church simply to listen to a fine performance — in a certain sense, the same as they would go to an opera or concert-hall — then there is nothing more to say about choirs. Church music either means something more than a performance or it does not. If it does not, then banish a usage which at once profanes our divine art, and commits sacrilege in the house of God. It remains for pastors and people to take hold of the work, and raise it to a higher plane than its present one. Upon the pastors chiefly devolves the duty of bringing this matter before the people, and arousing them to a full sense of its importance. Many a sensational sermon, or even a practical or doctrinal one, could well give place to this work. If pastors only knew of the unlimited power of music to assist them in their work, I could almost believe that half their sermons would be about music in the church.

All this is sensible and to the purpose. We only wish that it were a little more explicit on the point of congregational singing, or the part the people are to take in the tuneful portion of the service. It is only by implication that Mr. Thayer appears to allow any place for this. He would not be understood as saying that the people should *always* join in the singing; they should sometimes listen. This implies, then, that they should sometimes sing. But how? when? with what preparation, organization and arrangement? We should think this the first point to settle, and the choir the next; and we wonder at the omission all the more, inasmuch as our reformer farther on is so strong in his recommendation of the choral in place of the trashy four-line psalm-tune, the choral being in its very origin and essence a sort of tune or simple melody to be sung in unison by the whole congregation, though capable of wondrous transfiguration in the polyphonic harmony developed from it by a master spirit like Sebastian Bach. Of this hereafter. Let us follow Mr. Thayer's own order, and first give what he says about the hymns, the words to be sung. We entirely sympathize with him in his aversion to the unlimited number of hymns of all kinds, lyrical, didactic, prosy or poetic; and in the idea that twenty or fifty hymns, each inseparably wedded to its tune, are quite enough for that form of the musical service,—age and old association and familiarity being of far more consequence than novelty. (To be sure, this would be a death-blow to the trade of the whole multiplicity of mere psalm-tunes and "collections;" but let them find some better work to do, if they are competent; if not, let them seek it outside of the art of music; but Mr. Thayer suggests a better occupation for competent musicians in what he calls the "hymn authors," a form capable of unhigh-ification without all this fore-doomed monotony and emptiness). All this portion of the lecture is so good, that we must give it here without abridgment:

After the choir has been properly organized, the hymnology of the church needs revision and reform; for it will scarcely be possible to reform the music of the church until the hymn-books are reformed, or, at least, used in a different manner than now, by pastors and congregations. The leading collections have from six to sixteen hundred hymns, including, possibly, a few repetitions. Now, there are not sixteen hundred good hymns tunes in the world, and I hope there never will be. I doubt if there are even fifty thoroughly good ones, if we except the chorals. Unfortunately, most of the chorals cannot be used for American church service; for, being mostly of German origin, the metres are of such an irregular kind that they will not adapt themselves to our hymns. Such of them as have been used in our service, as, for instance, Old Hundred, Nuremberg and others, have proved beyond question how well the people like them, and by their singing of them how perfectly they are adapted to the wants of the great congregation.

I fully believe that fifty hymns or even half of that number are enough for any congregation; for a congregation that can sing twenty-five hymns and sing them well is a rarity; and one that can sing fifty good ones well does not exist hereabouts. Let me say here that I believe it best in congregational singing that each hymn be sung to a certain tune. This law of association of certain words with certain melodies will not only give a better devotional effect, but will surely make the people sing better. We all know what words we expect and wish to hear to such lovely melodies as "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer," and when the organist gives out "Old Hundred" even the children know what to sing. For these and other reasons I conclude that there are altogether too many hymns in our hymn-books. Shall we, then, ignore or cast out all above the half hundred? Certainly not. Many of the others can be sung by the choir, if there be one; if not, let them be read by the pastor as often as may be wished. Why should not the *reading* form a part of the service? Many a hymn, which is most beautiful in its religious sentiment,

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> and devotional character, is totally unfit for the people to sing — in fact, for anybody to sing. The only hymns fit to be *sung* are those of prayer and adoration, or those of praise and thanksgiving. All of a didactic, reflective or simply rational character, are much better read than sung. Of course, a choir or congregation can find some tune of the same metre and worry through the poetry; but musically and devotionally the result will be a failure. If the pastor or people have favorite hymns which are not singable, let them be read as often as desirable, but let any attempt to sing them be abandoned.
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> There should be an entire reform about reading hymns that are to be sung. Don't read them at all! Let the number of the hymn be announced and the first line, or, possibly, the first verse be read; and let that suffice. If it is to be read through, and played through, and sung through, why not have a grammar lesson and parse it through, and then have a spelling match and spell it through?
>
> One of the customs of the Germans could be adopted in American churches to great advantage. Not a word is said over there about the hymns, except, of course, by the female portion of the congregation. As one enters the church he sees posted in some conspicuous place, generally in front of the pulpit, and in figures large enough to be read anywhere in the church, the numbers of the hymns to be sung. When the time comes for the hymn the organist plays a short prelude and the people rise and sing without being asked or commanded to. All appears so spontaneous and natural that the effect is enhanced a hundred fold. It seems as if they sang because they wanted to; and they certainly do sing as if they loved to, for they are never given any hymns or tunes but what are adapted to them both devotionally and musically. I make this suggestion for the benefit of both pastors and people, and hope it may soon be generally adopted. If pastors will give the people only such hymns to sing as are suitable to sing, and if organists and choir directors will give the people only such melodies to sing as are proper for large numbers of people to sing, we shall hear no more complaint about congregations failing to sing both heartily and well.

So much of the hymns, the verbal text, and of the desirable limitation of their number, as well as of the tunes that are to go with them, and which properly belong to them by true affinity and time-hallowed, fond association. Here again Mr. Thayer implies, but has not once distinctly treated, the singing of the people, of the congregation, of course in unison, as the common groundwork of the whole church music. And now for his arraignment of the automaton psalm-tune multiplier:

> If the choir is to sing any of the hymns in the service, let the music be in the form of the hymn anthem; or, if we cannot always have this, let the hymn-tune be in the form of the eight-line or double hymn-tune. The four-line hymn-tune is essentially an incomplete, weak and meaningless thing. The reason is plain: the *form* is meaningless and incomplete, and therefore worthless. The shortest form in music should have at least four parts, to be satisfactory either to musical taste or common sense. These four parts are as follows: First, a theme; second, a counter theme or answer; third, an episode or digression; fourth, the coda or conclusion. As these cannot all be comprised in the limits of a four-line hymn-tune we are forced to the conclusion that the form is defective and inadequate, and therefore practically worthless. . .
>
> As it is now, we have a mere rhythmical play of three or four chords, and the thing comes to an untimely end, dying of sheer inanition. It is not only not a hymn-tune but it is *not a tune at all*, simply because it has not the requisites of a theme or tune. See, too, the practical result of its use in church service. Let us take a hymn of four verses, and we have not infrequently, a greater number. First we hear the pastor read the four verses; then we hear the tune from the organ; next the choir sings the tune once, then over again, then once more, and finally, to conclude with, they do it some more. Five times we are forced to listen to a tune which, in all probability, was never fit to be heard once. Barrels full, cartloads full, warehouses full of this nonsense have been published and sold, and will be as long as there is a gullible public, or organists, choir directors and singers cannot see the everlasting sameness of the stuff and refuse to be further fooled and plundered.
>
> What shall we have in the place of it? For choir singing we must have the hymn anthem, wherein each verse has its appropriate setting, and all the verses are so joined that we not only have unity in the poetry but in the music as well, and really get a whole piece of music instead of half a dozen fragments of one — a whole uncut loaf instead of a half dozen thin slices. Are such things to be found in the psalm-books already issued? Yes; only unfortunately, in very limited numbers. But I believe as soon as our church music composers awake to the importance of the subject and see what nonsense the four-line hymn-tunes are, they will issue no more books for choirs except such as shall practically prove the truth of these assertions.

And now we come to the heart of the whole matter, — to the importance of the *choral* as the true church music (why not say *plain-song?*) of the people; and we might add, as the pregnant germ of the whole development of sacred music, at least the Protestant music, in its larger and more complex forms. Our reformer advocates it on these grounds:

> The best and only true hymn-tune for the *people* is the choral — not necessarily the German choral, but any choral or hymn-tune of like character. Now the choral is generally a four-line tune, and doubtless every one will think me involved in a hopeless dilemma of contradiction. Let us see if this apparent inconsistency cannot be clearly explained. If the form of the four-line hymn is worthless and nonsensical for the choir, how is it so good for the people? Let us see. First, the conditions are entirely different, and the principles upon which the choral is founded are entirely different. In the choral no melodic treatment or development is developed or desired; it depends wholly on its *harmonic* structure. In the choral, except possibly at the end of the lines, there should never be any repetition of harmony in two consecutive chords: each melody-note, so called, should have a new harmony. This does not mean that there should be no repetition of any given harmony or chord in the piece, but only that it shall not occur on two successive chords. A choral will then contain all, or nearly all, the chords possible in any one key; and, so far as harmony is concerned, really does all that can be done, and is so far wholly and unqualifiedly satisfactory. I said that there was no attempt at melody, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, neither was melody essential or desirable. First, because the choral had its origin in the chant, the oldest form of all church music; and the chant, as we all know, has no melody proper, and can have none and needs none; it is above melody, for it is harmony; and harmony is melody transcended, or many melodies together. That is, not any special melody in the upper part, or at the top, but melody, in a certain sense, everywhere. So we do not look for melody, or for the satisfaction for the sense of melody, in the choral; or for any thematic development, or contrast of themes, or variety of form. Its one theme is like the sun at noonday; one is all sufficient.
>
> Why, then, is not the four-line hymn-tune equally satisfactory? Or, why has not the church music composer of to-day the same right to make a four-line hymn-tune as the old composers had to make their four-line chorals? He undoubtedly has the same right, and, if he did not attempt rhythmic or melodic treatment in this short limit, might produce something to rank with these grand old chorals. But the joke of the thing is that he would produce — what do you suppose? It would be either a chant or a choral, for it couldn't be anything else. These, then, are the reasons why a four-line choral is good and a four-line hymn-tune is worthless. The four-line hymn-tune attempts rhythmic and melodic treatment in four lines, in which limit no satisfactory treatment is possible. The choral ignores melodic treatment, but gives us a complete harmonic structure to a plain succession of notes. The former attempts and promises the impossible and consequently fails; the latter does all it promises or suggests, and all that is possible in this compass, and is consequently complete and wholly satisfactory.
>
> My further reasons for claiming the choral as the only music for congregational hymns are: that it has notes of equal length and the people can sing it together; that it is within the compass of the voice of the masses; that little, indeed, we might almost say, no knowledge of music is required to sing what is termed the melody. For it must be remembered that the masses, considered as such, have little or no knowledge of music, and never can have so long as they must struggle for bare existence.

These are excellent reasons in the main; and the infinite superiority of the choral to the humdrum modern psalm-tune, with its would-be melody and its helpless monotony of harmony, is well explained. Indeed, so many good things are said here of the choral, that we wish the statement were more accurate in some particulars. For instance, how can anybody think that the best of the old chorals, say the Lutheran, lack melody? Take for example, as among those which have become somewhat known here of late years, the chorals introduced in Bach's *Passion Music;* not only do they shine transfigured and immortal in Bach's wondrous harmony, but the chorals in themselves, the mere *tunes*, as sung by rote, in unison, by the people, are full of the sweetest, tenderest, most haunting melody, every one of them. It is possible that some of them may have been invented by musicians, who composed them in their four-part melodic harmony at first; but the mass of them undoubtedly were simple melodies for one voice-part, which received harmonic treatment later. The truer statement would be, that these melodies were of such peculiar pregnant quality that they implied all that rich and ever-varied harmony which Mr. Thayer so well describes; these harmonies were latent in them, in the very soul and genius, so to speak, of every melody, and men like Bach divined them there and brought them out.

Again, we do not understand his description of the choral as commonly a *four-line* tune, and as composed of notes of equal length. Many chorals are so doubtless, at least in earlier ages when they stood nearer to the chants. But in the Lutheran hymn and choral books, the great majority are in six or eight lines, and lines of every sort of length, making it difficult, to be sure, to adapt many of them to the stanzas in our hymn-books; but, if we should adopt Mr. Thayer's plan of reducing the number of tunes and hymns sung by the people to some thirty or forty familiar ones, would it not be possible to find fitting poetry for each?

Moreover, we fail to see that Mr. Thayer has quite absolved himself from the "apparent inconsistency," which he undertakes to explain. For in claiming that the choral is wholly a thing of harmony, and not of melody, he takes it at once out of the mouths of the singing congregation, and relegates it to the choir, — unless in so far as the organ represents the harmony, while the people sing the melody.

Could not a wholesome and inspiring, at once artistic and in the best sense popular, church music, or music of public worship, be composed of the following elements? 1. As the groundwork, a few real chorals, wedded each to its own words, to be sung in unison by the people, the harmony supplied by the organ. 2. Alternate verses of the choral to be sung in the best four-part polyphonic harmony, without accompaniment, by the trained choir, giving the effect of a celestial choir responding to the earthly, — as we have heard it done in Germany with almost mystical impressiveness. 3. The "hymn anthem" to which Mr. Thayer refers, and other freer forms of anthem, not necessarily to metrical texts; these, of course, for an artistic, or at least a *musical* and select choir; music *to be listened to*, with edification, if it be only good. 4. Still other and it may be larger forms of truly artistic religious music; such as some noble *Gloria* or *Benedictus* from a mass, or chorus or quartet from an inspired oratorio, drawing from the greatest masters such practicable pieces as are most sure to lift the thoughts above the world. If we were thinking of great cathedrals, we might go even further and call in the orchestra.

But we must not omit the peroration of this part of Mr. Thayer's discourse, his plea, namely, for the choral; it makes a good conclusion. Hereafter we may copy what he says of the organ and the organist.

> Finally, the choral is the grandest simple expression of the religious life and feelings of humanity. All can sing it, and all love to sing it better than

anything else in the service of the church. Let anybody listen to a great congregation singing *Old Hundred*, *Dundee*, *Nuremburg* or *America*, and doubt this if he can; and these mentioned are by no means the best of chorals, as they are both poorly and incorrectly harmonized. Wait until bye and bye when we get all the good ones, and you will see that no ordinary inducement will tempt the people to sing any other music to the hymns of the church. All this shall as surely come as day follows night. The weak and worthless shall all disappear, and to the harmony of the grand old chorals shall the people praise God with heart and soul and voice; and the church service be one for the people, and of the people, and music shall shine out in fullest glory and power in the sanctuary of God the Lord.

SIGNOR BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE."

The musical world just now seems to have Faust on the brain. Gounod's opera is still popular. Berlioz's dramatic legend of the *Damnation of Faust* was the last stone thrown into the still water, and the widening rings of agitation have by no means yet died out. But with Berlioz, Mephisto is the real hero of the drama, Faust but a puppet in comparison. Now comes a new sensation, the Italian musical version of the theme, which calls itself outright by the name of the devil, *Mefistofele*. Of Sig. Boito's work we have already translated in these columns what M. Adolphe Jullien has to say. After a fiasco at Milan in 1868, and a successful revival at Bologna, for which the way was paved by the success there of *Lohengrin*, it has come to be recognized as the finest opera which modern (that is to say, recent) Italy has produced. It has now reached London, where it was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre in the beginning of the present month, under the personal superintendence of the composer, but with Sig. Arditi as conductor, and with great éclat. And now we hear that Col. Mapleson intends to produce it in New York and Boston during the next season,—at the Boston Theatre in December. Below will be found some description of the work and its performance from the London papers. Sig. Boito is, it seems, a Goethe scholar; and he draws his text both from the first and second parts of *Faust*, actually beginning with the *Prologue in Heaven*, where Satan, as in the book of *Job*, appears before the Lord, and gets leave to try to tempt a mortal from the right path. But this, brought upon the stage, would shock the English sensitiveness; therefore the scene is modified in the English version of the libretto, and Mephisto makes his proposition to a choir of angels, instead of to the Lord. Any how, the opera is but a succession of a number of detached scenes, with no very continuous dramatic progress. And, strangely, he brings into the *Prologue in Heaven* the chorus of *Female Penitents* from the very last scene of the second *Faust*.

Meanwhile, we read that still another *Faust* opera, that by Edouard Lassen, of Weimar, is soon to be revived at Berlin. Of this, M. Jullien speaks in high praise. Our readers must have been astonished by the long list of *Faust* composers whom that French writer has enumerated; and after his description there might be some curiosity (while Faust, and still more Mephistopheles, are "on the brain") to hear that other full-fledged opera of *Faust* by the Parisian lady, Mlle. Bertin. But, as will be seen by the chapter of M. Jullien's book which we present to-day, he gives a most decided preference, over all the musical versions of Goethe's drama, to that of Robert Schumann, who, to be sure, lived to complete only certain scenes of it, but these, particularly the last and most important, in a way only possible to a musician of his rare and deep poetic genius. We are happy to say that there is a fair chance of our hearing Schumann's *Scenes from Goethe's Faust* sung by the Cecilia, with orchestra, next winter.

MUSIC ABROAD.

BERLIN. The Royal Opera-house closed on the 22d June, for two months, with *Robert le Diable*. The following statistical items are furnished by Ferdinand Gumbert, the critic of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:—

From the 15th August, 1879, to the 22d June, 1880, there were 236 operatic performances of 30 works by 28 composers. The novelties were *Die Königin von Saba* by Goldmarck; *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, by Nessler; and *Carmen*, by Bizet. *Die Königin von Saba* scored 16 performances; *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Carmen*, 12 each; *Czar und Zimmermann*, 11; *Fidelio* and *Les Huguenots*, 9 each; *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Der Rattenfänger*, 8 each; *Don Juan* and *Le Lac des Fées*, 7 each; *La Muette de Portici*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Africaine*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, 6 each; *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Hans Heiling*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, *Il Trovatore*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Fille du Régiment*, and *Robert le Diable*, 5 each. *Rienzi*, *Die Maccabäer*, *La Traviata*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *Fra Diavolo*, 4 each; *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, *Genoveva*, and *Die Meistersinger*, 3 each; *Aïda*, *Lucia*, *Hamlet*, *Faust*, *Feramors*, *Armin*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Oberon*, *Olympia*, and *Martha*, 2 each; *Templer und Jüdin*, *Euryanthe*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Jessonda*, *La Juive*, *Armida*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Joseph en Egypte*, and *Il Barbiere*, 1 each. Richard Wagner claimed 36 performances with 5 works; Meyerbeer, 29 with 5; Auber, 21 with 4; Mozart, 17 with 3; Goldmarck, 16 with 1; Bizet, 12 with 1; Lortzing, 11 with 1; Weber and Verdi, each 11 with 3; Beethoven, 9 with 1; Nessler and Nicolai, each 8 with 1; Donizetti, 7 with 2; Marschner and Rubinstein, each 6 with 2; Brüll, 5 with 1; Gounod, 4 with 2; Schumann, 3 with 1; Gluck, 2 with 2; Spontini, Hoffmann, Flotow, Halévy, and Thomas, each 2 with 1; Spohr, Méhul, Rossini, and Boieldieu, each 1 with 1.

Herr Kahl, hitherto chorus-master at the Royal Opera-house, has been appointed conductor. The appointment has been received with general satisfaction. There are two conductors at the Royal Opera-house. The other is Herr Radecke.

LEIPZIG. Active preparations are making at the theatre here for bringing out, during the coming winter, the whole series of Gluck's French operas, as well as the operas of Weber. Independently of these great enterprises, several operas will be performed for the first time; viz., *Lancelot*, composed by Hentschel, *Ivein*, by Klughardt, and *Agnes Bernauerin*, by Mottl.

BRUSSELS. The representation of Belgian works, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, during the fêtes of Independence, began with Gretry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, which was finely interpreted and produced a considerable effect. M. Soulacroix, in the part of Blondel, and M. Rodier, in that of Richard, distinguished themselves particularly. In the third act was interpolated a ballet, composed of dances borrowed from other scores of Gretry.

VIENNA has raised a monument, at the Grinzing cemetery, to Ambros, the celebrated historian of music, and writer of those delightful papers collected in two volumes under the title, "Bunte Blätter," several of which we translated a few years since in this Journal.

LONDON. The programme of the last week of the season (July 12-17) at Covent Garden Theatre offered: *Estella*, by Jules Cohen, with Patti, Nicolini and Cotogni; *I Puritani*, with Albani, Gayarré and Graziani; *Lucia*, with Mme. Sembrich; *Semiramide*, with Patti, Scalchi and Gailhard (Patti's benefit); the first two acts of *Mignon*, and the grand *scena* of *Norma*, for Albani's benefit, with Mmes. Scalchi and Valleria, and Messrs. Engel and Vidal; and *La Traviata*, with Patti, Nicolini and Graziani.

—— The event of the London season was the long expected *Mefistofele* of Arrigo Boito, poet and composer in one, at Her Majesty's Theatre, July 6. *The Graphic* says of it:

"The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was in most respects all that could be desired, even by Sig. Boito himself—who can hardly have witnessed so consummately natural and, at the same time, artistic embodiment, in one and the same person, of the Gretchen and Helen of his own conception, as that of Mme. Christine Nilsson. Without entering into details, for which space is wanting, we may briefly say that the now universally accepted 'Swedish Nightingale,' by this her latest assumption, has added fresh laurels to a brow already overcharged. Her Margaret was the Margaret of Goethe and Boito (not the Ary-Schefferized Margaret of Gounod and his two librettists); her Helen was the very type of antique grace and beauty; so that we had before us, first the 'romantic,' then the 'Grecian' ideal, which at the end seemed fused and moulded into one. Signor Campanini was the Faust we all know so well—in one part as in the other the same marked individuality. Mme. Trebelli was the Martha of the first, and the 'Pantalis' of the second part—in both, it is needless to add excellent; and Signor Grassi 'doubled' the characters of Wagner and Nereus. The Mephistopheles of Signor Nannetti (who, with Signor Campanini, first appeared in the opera of Signor Boito at Bologna) is in every respect a notable performance—open, however, to criticism as it is to praise. With such a combination it is not surprising that all the vocal music should fare well. The orchestra was throughout what might have been expected from such a body of executants, to a work so new and strange as to excite all their interest and rivet all their attention."

The plot of the opera is thus described in *Figaro*:

"The opera opens with the '*Prologue in Heaven*' consisting of a dialogue between an unseen chorus and Mefistofele, in which the demon derides the inhabitants of earth, and lays a wager with the angels that he will entrap Faust. At the end of the prologue a chorus of penitents arises, and the scene ends with an eight-part chorus, in which the two choirs are united. The first act proper opens with the 'Kermesse' scene, the people holiday-making, and the Elector and his cavalcade passing at the back of the stage. The choir of holiday-makers have a waltz, but Faust is troubled at the approach of a certain gray friar, whom the *leitmotif* in the prologue proclaims to be Mefistofele. From this scene in the same act we are carried to Faust's cell, and the philosopher is seen studying the Scriptures. He is startled by the appearance of the gray friar, who, quickly throwing off his gown, is discovered as a gallant. He sings a diabolic aria, in which he proclaims himself the Power of Darkness, and Faust, by a shake of the hand, seals with him the contract by which the devil is to be Faust's servant on earth, he becoming Satan's slave in hell. As Mefistofele is about to carry off the philosopher in his cloak the curtain falls. The garden scene, which opens the next act, is very curiously treated, certain fragmentary duologes, in which the various *leitmotifs* figure, serving to disclose the love passages between Faust and Margaret and Mefistofele and Martha. At last Faust gives Margaret the potion, and the scene is changed to the Brocken. Here the wildest and most powerful music of Signor Boito is given. Mefistofele carries Faust to the summit of the heights, and, amidst a diabolical chorus of witches, he seats himself on his rocky throne, breaking the ball of pasteboard, in type of the destruction of earth. The diabolical chorus is renewed with even greater fury, and amidst a scene of general excitement the act ends. The third act is the death scene of Margaret. Alone, lying on a straw pallet, and bereft of senses, she awaits the coming of the executioner who is to award mundane punishment for the death of her babe and the alleged murder, by the potion, of her mother. Tempted to escape by both Faust and Mefistofele, she resists, and after tender love passages, at the break of day, when, the devil becoming more importunate as he finds his power escaping, she dies. Mefistofele shouts 'She is damned,' but the choir of angels retort 'She is saved,' and as the executioner with his escort arrives Faust and the devil disappear. In the next act we are carried to the shore of the Peneus, and amidst scenes of laurel and Doric temples and flowers, Helen of Troy with Pantalis sits on her jewelled throne, with Faust reclining on a mossy bank at her feet. The duet between Helen and Pantalis is one of the most beautiful numbers of the opera, and after a stately Greek dance of sirens it is succeeded by a love scene between Helen and Faust, the latter attired (for what reason does not appear) in all the panoply of a fifteenth century cavalier. As Helen and Faust embrace, the act closes. The epilogue, between which and the succeeding acts much has happened, takes place in the laboratory of Faust, the philosopher reading the Scriptures and Mefistofele looking over his shoulder. In vain the devil tempts him by lust of gain, of safety, and of flesh. The trumpets of Heaven and the Celestial Choir are heard. Faust, sorely tried, seizes Holy Writ, and as he dies angels shower roses on his body, Mefistofele sinks to earth, and the Celestial Choir proclaims the sinner is clouded with the odorous roses of salvation."

Of the musical merits of the work and its interpretation, the same authority continues:

"That Signor Boito has been uniformly happy in his musical treatment of this great subject cannot be said. The opera was written when the composer was but twenty-seven—that is to say, at an age when great ideas are usually followed by slender fruition. Signor Boito had obviously heard or read Wagner's works, and he adopts from them the *leitmotif* and, to a certain extent, independence of orchestration. With these are allied the Italian love of pure unfettered melody, and so far as its ground plan is concerned, 'Mefistofele' far more resembles Meyerbeer than Wagner. It is in the fantastic portions of the work that he has succeeded best, and although 'Mefistofele' is indisputably the finest work which has emanated from modern Italy, the power and the weakness the composer has alike displayed show that he is capable of far better things. Signor Boito was fortunate in his interpreters. No finer nor more artistic exponent of *Mefistofele*, on whom the burthen of the work rests, could well be desired than Signor Nannetti. A good singer with an admirable voice, and a powerful actor, the laurels of the opera indisputably fell to the artist who performed the title-rôle. A *Faust* more certain in his intonation and less superabundant in energy than Signor Campanini (who, with Signor Nannetti, was concerned in the revival at Bologna) would have been desirable; but Madame Christine Nilsson, the successor of Madame Borghi Mamo, looked charming alike in the simple dress of Margaret and the not too classic robes of Helen of Troy; and Madame Trebelli as Martha and Pantalis did the little she had to do in the spirit of a true artist. The opera is splendidly mounted, and the stage management, particularly in the scene on the Brocken, was unusually effective. Signor Arditi, although he, like Herr Richter, could not induce the worn-out chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre to sing in tune, conducted admirably, and the production of 'Mefistofele' was a marked success. The grand season ends to-night, but the extra season will be prolonged while 'Mefistofele' runs, at any rate."

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN ENQUIRING YOUNG MUSICIAN AND A DOCTOR OF THE ADVANCED SCHOOL.

YOUNG MUS. God save thee, master. Give me speech of thee.
DOCTOR. Have with thee, sir. Mine ear is bent thy way.
YOUNG MUS. Doctor, most learned in the subtleties
Of music's mysteries, I pray thee aid
A youth who but commences his career,
And fain would learn to be as great as thou!
DOCTOR. What I can tell thee shall be told at once.
Far be it from me to deny the hand
Of welcome and good fellowship to one
Who comes with simple faith to learn of me.
Now that the glorious light of modern thought
Has dawned for music as for other things,
Your path seems plain. Eschew decayed old creeds;
Heed not the dotards who would have you keep
An old-world style; throw antiquated forms
To the four winds. We for Sonatas read
Rhapsodies, and for Symphonies, *Tone-poems*,
Unmarred by idle tunes in order ranged,
Or page on page of loathsome prettiness.
YOUNG MUS. Is music then not made of melody?
DOCTOR. By no means, sir. For all our best effects
Are gained with what uneducated ears
Would take for discords, in a strange array
Made up of accidental sharps and flats,
And double sharps and flats which cannot be
Comprised within the diatonic scale.
A few strange octaves in the inner parts
(Sounded on some unwonted instruments),
Provided they but be consecutive,
Are seldom out of place. Then some throw in
A dash of fifths for seasoning, and mind,
Thou may'st not quarrel with an unresolved
Seventh or ninth; for it has doubtless been
As unprepared as it is unresolved;
And so by Nature's equipoise (*nihil
Ex nihilo fit*) that or any chord
Which prudes deem doubtful, but which we admire,
Passes along unquestioned if unloved,
Back to the limbo whence it first emerged:
Its very weirdness makes it exquisite,
And fills with peace all true musician-souls!
[*Smiles with ecstasy, and, closing his eyes, is for some moments lost in thought.*
YOUNG MUS. Have I your leave to prosecute my art?
DOCTOR. Do so, my son. But of all things beware
Of too much tune. Full many have there been
Who, like thyself, have sought to soar and sing
Of Time and of Eternity, whose fault
Was that they fancied themselves larks, whereas
Twittering sparrows they were mostly like,
And, snapping beaks in childish crudity,
Unlike the lark who has somewhat to sing,
Gave to the world what the world wanted not,
Or had been given better long before.
YOUNG MUS. Alas! meseems I had best hold my peace,
For ever I a sparrow must remain
Compared with larks like Beethoven.
DOCTOR. Stop there!
Precisely now we touch the very point,
Which I and others of the Grand New School
Labor to demonstrate. Thou sayest well
That, judged by Beethoven's, thy precious airs
Seem rather less than feeble.
YOUNG MUS. Pardon me.
I never said so, though may be 'tis so.
DOCTOR. No doubt 'tis so. Yet is there hope for thee.
No woman yet looked ugly in the dark!
Ah! how becoming is a bridal veil!
A ruin is most picturesque o' nights!
What we see least of we admire the most!
So with thy melodies. Let listeners have
So little of them that they long for more:
'Tis wonderful how even commonplace
And unoriginal airs, if quaintly garbed,
And nicely broken-off in nick of time,
Just as the attention of the swinish crew
Begins to be concentred, charm the ear
Of true musicians qualified to judge.
Believe me, child, these last will gladly bear
Inflictions of a really cruel kind,
So thou but wand'rest through sufficient keys,
And bear'st in mind the golden rules of sound,
— Suspension's strain, delicious dissonance,
Vagueness and wailing, 'wildering wonderment, —
These, with the octaves and aforesaid fifths,
And unexpected enharmonic change,
Will gain thee hearing amongst men like US,
And stamp thee as a SYMPATHETIC SOUL!
YOUNG MUS. Ah Sir, thou meanest this: that I must hide
Myself as much as may be in a guise
Of cumbrous and extraneous mannerism,
Must start in horror from simplicity,
And clothe my meanness in pretentious rags!
DOCTOR. (*Delighted.*) Heyday, heyday! not badly put. I shall
Be able to make somewhat of thee yet!

— *London Musical World.* PERCY REEVE.

THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

VII. THE "FAUST" OF GOUNOD.

This last *Faust* is first of all an opera; it cannot therefore, with the exception of some few pieces, be compared to the romantic legend of Berlioz, nor to the musical poem of Schumann. Being an opera, the work of M. Gounod had above all to satisfy the exigencies of the stage. Thus the authors have preserved the principal personages, and the most dramatic situations of the German drama, leaving aside what seemed to them unlyrical, notably the whole of the fantastical part, including the Walpurgis night.

Musical history has singular turns. A work which for a long time has a great popularity suddenly finds itself replaced in public favor by a work more young in inspiration and in structure. So it was with the *Faust* of Spohr. The French opera was not slow to unite all suffrages and make the German opera forgotten, even in Germany. The fact is, M. Gounod's *Faust* is above all a work of the epoch, which responds to the musical tastes and to the aspirations of the middle of our century. For long years Spohr's *Faust* had the same success. Who knows if time, that supreme judge of works of art and literature, will not rob the French *Faust* of the whole or part of this favor, ever so little mundane though it be?

Do not mistake our meaning; we have no idea of depreciating a work which we regard as one of the best lyrical products that have appeared in France for a long time; but, for the very reason that we so estimate it, we would fain express our thought precisely, although it run counter to the general opinion. In spite of his respect for the situation and the characters, M. Gounod does not seem to us, except in certain instants, to have rendered the interior sense of the German legend. Above all he fails to convey the simplicity, the naïve candor, which breathe through the slightest words of Marguerite or of Faust, that learned doctor whose science, painfully acquired, flies away at the breath of youth, at the spectacle of nature. This music so minutely polished, so curiously refined, so classical — although it affects certain timid audacities which the author would be glad to have pass for bold strokes, — seems to be a skillfully managed compromise between the French, the German, and even the Italian school. This manner of proceeding offered great chances of success, but it exposes the work to the risk of being more severely judged by posterity; every fashion reigns but once.

Sometimes too, the author takes too much liberty with the original poem. Certainly the choral of the swords is a large and powerful page, but why suppress the couplets of Brander? What false modesty could have counselled the librettists to modify the famous song of the Flea? The composer, as it seems to us, could only have gained inspiration from the very words of the poet. Moreover it is very curious to remark how much the composer raises him in proportion as he approaches the original drama. The opening, the soliloquy of the doctor who has resolved to die, and the end, the act in the prison, where are combined passionate love, religious enthusiasm and satanic rage, are felicitous pieces. The scene of the duel is poorly treated, and the musician has tried to get away from Berlioz by giving to the devil's serenade a less intoxicating, but more mocking color: he has not succeeded. The song of the King of Thule (setting aside the interjections of Marguerite, of which there is no trace in the monologue of Goethe) is a delicate inspiration; the scene even of Marguerite at the wheel, — without having the value of Schubert's melody, which is a masterpiece, — is full of fire and anxious fervor. Finally, the aria of Faust: "Salve, dimora casta e pura," though inferior to the melody of Berlioz, breathes the calmness and the peace of the virginal sanctuary.

Turning to the impassioned part of the drama, we meet in the French opera two capital pages; the scene of the garden, and the great love duet. M. Gounod, in his love scene, which begins with an exquisite phrase: "Dammi ancor contemplar il tuo viso," restores the delicious episode of the star flower, which he had cut out from the preceding scene. Here, and in the exclamation of Faust: "He loves thee! Dost comprehend the meaning of that? He loves thee!" the musician has remained below his model; but he quickly repairs this moment of oblivion by two ravishing pages, the Andante, "O night of love!" and Marguerite's invocation to the stars. The quartet in the garden is also a beautiful piece of dramatic music. M. Gounod has combined here the two episodes: *The house of the neighbor*, and the *Garden* of Martha. Schumann has painted but a corner of the picture, and yet the French composer, whatever his merit, is vanquished by the German master writing from inspiration a melody of incomparable expression; one has made a work of talent, of great talent, the other has made a work of genius.

Let M. Gounod approach his model once more, and he will write two very superior pages. We speak of the death of Valentine and of the scene in the church. Here the author follows step by step the German text. At this contact, his melody rises, his conception becomes more large. The imprecations of Valentine, the stupor of the crowd, the bewilderment of Marguerite, all, even to the closing chorus of the act, so terrible and so true in its brevity, all happily renders here the color of the original scene. And one

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique: Ses Jugements, son Influence, Les Oeuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880. — ED.

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may say as much of the scene of the Cathedral. To be sure, the picture of the French musician is not so terribly grand as that of Schumann; but, such as it is, it merits regard. These are two effective scenes, but with this difference, that the German composer reaches a much grander effect by simpler means.

We know not what the future has in reserve for the capital work of the French musician; but if several pages run the risk of becoming less esteemed hereafter, it is those very ones which, we believe, are too much admired to-day. Whatever may be said or done, the time is near when we shall demand of the composer, before all, a music in exact accordance with the realities of life,—not *our* life, but that of his characters. All that is merely conventional will disappear. And this will happen by the very force of things, by the reiterated attempts of musicians, whose strokes of boldness will perhaps be condemned, only to be afterwards admired. And for the rest, what composer of genius has not innovated in his day? Is it Glück? is it Spontini? Is it Weber? Rossini? Wagner? M. Gounod's mistake was in not daring enough. Half-boldness never succeeds, in music, nor in anything else. Attacking a subject of this grandeur, he should not have recoiled before any audacity, although it would make the critics and the world cry out.

And after all, has not the transportation of *Faust* to the opera begun to realize what we have said? The pieces, the scenes which were the most admired still appear charming, but we think that we discover under these chords something of trickery and sentimentalism; the fine harmonies of the musician, his favorite cadences, begin to seem a little finical. *En revanche*, the finale of the prison produces a greater effect than it did formerly; the maledictions of the expiring Valentine, and the fine scene of the Cathedral which used to be heard with distracted ears, now send a thrill of terror through the surprised and troubled audience. These are the scenes in which, in our opinion, the author has the most closely approached his redoubtable model. Here it is that he has best surrendered himself to the inspirations of his rich artist nature, and has most forgotten the rules and exigencies of fashion. And it is here that he has composed the best pages of dramatic music that it was ever given him to write.

(Conclusion in next number.)

BACH AND HIS MUSIC.

On the twenty-eighth of July, one thousand seven hundred and fifty—one hundred and thirty years ago—died John Sebastian Bach, as Cantor of the Thomas Schule in Leipzig. It is said that when Frederick the Great had heard Bach extemporize a fugue in six real parts, he exclaimed, "There is only one Bach!" A hundred and thirty years have elapsed since the great composer died, and those years have given to the world the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn; yet, after taking a wide out-look upon the treasures which those honored names cover, we turn to the astounding compositions of him of Leipzig, and exclaim with Frederick—"There's only one Bach!" The humble Cantor is alone: he occupies a place which is unique in the history of music.

To collate his works, and estimate them at their true value, is in these days happily unnecessary. His very name is to-day the synonym of whatever is learned, great, noble and majestic in music. His masses and other vocal works are masterpieces of contrapuntal skill; his organ works are the treasure of every competent player; his preludes and fugues (the "Forty-Eight"), are a deathless monument of his inimitable power in combining science and art. Before this last magnificent work we fall in rapt admiration and mute astonishment. If Bach had written nothing else than the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, the world would owe him unbounded thanks for that sublime work alone. Well might Mr. Hullah say that it is not conceivable that a time should ever arrive in the history of the race when the human mind shall grow weary of the "Forty-eight!" They are as bright and as fresh now as when they were published nearly a century and a half ago, and as long as music gives pleasure to the mind and solace to the soul, these precious gems will remain as pure and as beautiful as they are to-day. They are to music what the cathedrals are to architecture, and the works of the old Italian painters are to painting; they are the classic models of antiquity; and to lose them irretrievably would be like burning the Vatican or destroying the British Museum by an earthquake.

The works of Bach are wonderful if only for their feeding and sustaining power. They act upon the mind of a musician like wholesome food and pure, fresh air upon his body. They invigorate, strengthen and stimulate. To play them or to hear them played is a treat of no ordinary kind, and when the soul becomes weary of modern romanticism and sickly sentimentalism, it goes down to the edge of that great sea, feels the bracing breeze, hears the rolling of that mighty tide, and is restored almost as by the touch of Omnipotence. These preludes and fugues seem fit food for natures of all kinds. Chopin, when he had to appear in public, did not practice his own pieces, but had a fortnight of Bach. Mendelssohn knew the forty-eight by heart; Beethoven knew them; all the great masters knew them, and all profited by them. To open the forty-eight at all offers a tempting field of inquiry: to analyze them would be a labor of love. We need only point to a few of them to show what we mean when we speak of their feeding and sustaining power. Could anything surpass the first C-major prelude for sweetness (not played at Herr Pauer's pace—that is much too fast) or the second in the same key for marvellous dignity and mighty moving power? Or the F-minor prelude and fugue (No 12 second set) for plaintive touching tenderness? Or the first B-flat prelude for an irresistible rush of music? Who are the people, and what can they be made of, who have studied the "Forty-eight," and ever found them to tire? When we are weary of the Maudlea and the Postlethwaites of maundering mediocrity we turn to Hamlet, read "In Memoriam," go to the National Gallery, or sit down and play some of these preludes and fugues; and the jaded soul lives again under the magic touch of genius. It would be utterly impossible to estimate the influence which the immortal "Forty-eight" have exercised on music during the last hundred and thirty years; and if we add to this the effect which Bach's other works have had, we shall realize, to some extent, the debt of gratitude which musicians owe to the great Cantor. If one hundred and thirty years have only tended to establish his fame more and more firmly, we may be sure that coming years will not dim the brightness of his glory, or lessen the veneration in which he is held to-day.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

BY O. A. MACFARREN, ESQ., M.A., Mus. Doc. Cantab., Prof. Mus. Cantab.

(Continued from p. 123.)

Another composer, who was also a cultivated musician, and who had already gained great celebrity by his composition of madrigals, but greater celebrity by his introduction of some important new principles in musical theory, was Claudio Monteverde, a man of the highest note in the history of art, as having been the first person who felt the natural basis of music as distinguished from the artificial rules, which up to the time of his appearance on the scene of history had always prevailed. He it was who first employed what must be called the natural discords—those discords, namely, which, consisting of the notes of the harmonic series, are naturally produced, as distinct from those other discords which can only be satisfactorily heard when their harshness is mitigated by the formula of preparation. These let us call artificial discords; those which Monteverde originated, natural discords. And modern music may be said to date from his first use of the chords in question, the best known of which and the most used is that ever-ready chord of the dominant seventh; and when once the principle of its use was understood an entirely new field was open in the range of the composer's art, and all time since has been most valuably, most beautifully engaged in the cultivating of this field. And how great, how noble, is the harvest it has yielded! Must we not feel that the mind of the artist is the virgin-mother, from which proceeds the divine child, that, passing through the world, bears its burden of beauty, and this is scattered freely among those whose hearts of faith enable them to receive and perceive the bounty that is offered them?

Monteverde composed first an opera called *Arianna*, of which but a small fragment remains. This was in 1607. It had a very great success, in consequence of which, and by its encouragement, he wrote in the following year an opera which has been preserved entire, having been contemporaneously printed, *Orfeo*. The work is highly remarkable in the fact that it employs a very large number of instruments, that it not only aims to declaim the words and portray the dramatic situations, but to characterize each individuality of the action, and distinguish Orpheus from Eurydice, both of them from Pluto, and every other person in the drama; and it is remarkable as giving us the oldest extant attempt at what we now call an overture—an instrumental prelude. A most remarkable piece is this said prelude, comprising nine long bars directed to be

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played through thrice, and entirely consisting of the one chord of C from the commencement to the end. This would seem an extravagance, but there is a composition which but a few years ago was first publicly performed, and which has drawn the attention of many musical critics and the admiration of some, that has for overture what amounts to five pages of pianoforte arrangement, and consisting wholly and exclusively of one chord of E flat, which is mostly dispersed over the melodic figure that is employed conspicuously in Mendelssohn's overture to *The Beautiful Melusine*. I was once present when an admirer spoke of this composition as sublime, and a bystander said he thought it went a step beyond. However, this is by the way. It is only to show that Monteverde, in his originating the overture, in his having a large orchestra, in his intermixture of chorus and solos, in his giving substantial characterization to each person in his story, indicated, although not in those early days fulfilled, but indicated all that dramatic art can fulfil in music.

Shortly after the time of Monteverde, appeared a Venetian of great merit, whose name is familiar as Cavalli; but this is an abbreviation or a pet name given by the world, and is not his real patronymic. He had very great success in Venice, and seemingly from very great desert; and so great was his success there, that he went to Paris after a time, to reproduce some of his works.

Having named Paris, we now come to a very important phase in the history of the musical drama. We have to speak of Giovanni Battista Lulli, a born Florentine, who went to Paris as a page to a princess when thirteen years old; who, because of his ugly face and awkward manner, was thought unfit for the position to which he was called. He was driven into the kitchen to act as scullion, but so greatly entertained his fellow-servants by his performance on the violin, that his fame for musicianship rose upstairs; and here really may be felt to have been an illustration, or an anticipation, of true "high life below stairs," since, with Lulli in the kitchen, there was a higher art than was to be found in the King's chambers. Lulli was called to take part in the music of Louis XIV., and such excellent part did he take that a separate band of twenty-four violins, which I suppose must have included the bass-viol as a branch of the violin family, was appointed for him to direct, for him to teach, and for him to write for. One result of this was that when Charles II. returned to his throne in England, after his sojourn in the Court of Louis XIV., he set up also his royal band of musicians, also consisting of twenty-four, with John Banister as its leader; and from that may doubtless have come down to us the nursery lines of "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row." Now before the King it was very frequent to have performances of ballets. There had been in the latter part of the sixteenth century ballets interspersed with choruses performed before the Court, and Lulli was engaged to compose the music for a continuation of this line of dancing dramas.

It is worth while to rest here a moment on the somewhat remarkable fact that whereas France is regarded as the centre of taste — fashions are drawn from France, and our standard of likes and dislikes is placed in the French capital — the French themselves have in a remarkable degree referred to Italy for their music. Thus, the origination of the French opera springs from those ballets for which Lulli composed the music — Lulli, an Italian. Previous to that, Cardinal Mazarini, whose name was abbreviated and is more frequently pronounced in its French form, had introduced some Italian operas in France; and long subsequently Piccini was invited to Paris to compose operas, and to stand at the head of the most important and significant controversy on the merits of the musicianship of two nations, and to arbitrate the taste of the Parisians. There was then founded the Paris Conservatoire, of which Paër, an Italian, was the first principal, and Cherubini succeeded to him. Thus, however great power the French have had in spreading their principles of taste, they have been modest enough to derive these from whatever good sources they could draw them. The ballets of Lulli were presently extended. Some operas by Cavalli were performed by the French Court, and Lulli composed dances for insertion in them. Then was given to another composer, Cambert, and to a librettist, Perrin, a patent for the performance of operas in the Institution then called the Académie Royale. The King, after two years, withdrew the patent and gave it to his favorite Lulli, who was so great a favorite, indeed, that he was not intrusted alone with musical affairs, but he was appointed private secretary to the King, and held other functions of great importance. Now because the French opera arose from ballet, it has never been entirely exempted from it; and there will be presently occasion to show how inoperative became in the constitution of French grand opera the mixture, or intermixture, of singing and dancing. Lulli's operas consisted of music throughout, either vocal or instrumental.

A great light in Italy, Alessandro Scarlatti, in 1680, produced at Rome his first opera, and this is said to have been followed by 108 others; a stupendous number in music. But it is to be borne in mind that the operas of that day were neither of the length nor of the elaborate structure of those of later time. There may be dated from this period the two-fold school of the French and the Italian opera, with Lulli, the Italian, at the head of the French school, and Scarlatti, the Neapolitan, at the head of the Italian school. But the rest of the world was not entirely inactive in operatic composition up to this time. We find in 1625 a translation of one of Rinuccini's lyrical dramas, *Dafne*, by Heinrich Schütz, in Germany, but it appears to have been a solitary work. About the same period Nicolo Laniere, an Italian, settled in England, and wrote music to a masque by Ben Jonson, which music comprised the entire of the text. This masque, however, like those first Italian attempts, was not aimed at public performance, but was privately represented in the Court of Charles I., by persons of the highest social condition.

Very much to do with the growth of this declamatory style of music must be considered the cantata, of which Carissimi, in the first instance, produced many remarkable specimens. The cantata was at first a term applied to compositions for a single voice, which had an intermixture of recitative — that is, musical declamation — with rhythmical melody. After Carissimi, Stradella, Francesco Rossi, and others obtained great distinction in the composition of cantatas. The word has now come to have a different application, but such was its original meaning. These declamatory pieces were always of a dramatic character, although they were monologues. There are in the spoken drama instances of pieces that are entirely monologue; and there was, in the latter part of the last century, a fashion in Germany for such monologues interspersed with music that aimed to illustrate the passions set forth in the text, and this music would either separate the sentences after the manner of interludes, in what we call accompanied recitative, or sometimes very softly accompany the spoken declamation. These monologues would not bear the name of cantata, which, of course, signifies "sung," but they are the spoken analogy to the cantatas of Stradella, Carissimi, Durante, and persons of that class.

Let us now turn to the opera in England. It is a remarkable and an important fact that the first opera in England was represented in the time of the Commonwealth, in 1656, by the express license of Cromwell granted to Sir William Davenant, for performance in Rutland House, Aldersgate, of an opera in five acts, called the *Siege of Rhodes*. The libretto of this is extant, but, unluckily, none of the music. The title-page states that each act was set to music by a separate composer, and this opera was throughout, from first to last, entirely sung. Besides that this was the first English opera, there is another remarkable circumstance connected with it, that in the principal character, Ianthe, the first female performer that ever was heard upon the English stage sustained a part — Mrs. Coleman, the wife of Dr. Coleman, who composed the music of one of the acts. Thus, from the Puritan time in England dates the opening of the English opera, and that very important introduction into musical performances, the beautiful sound of the female voice.

Directly after this appears Purcell on the scene. In his youth — nay, his youth was all his life; he died young, but he was in freshest blossom throughout his entire career — but in his earliest days he wrote an opera, *Dido and Æneas*, which was on the Italian and French model, being entirely sung throughout. Later he wrote for the public theatre (*Dido and Æneas* having been composed for a private school), and then the so-called operas were spoken dramas interspersed with music. In this fact I think there is much to be regretted for the art, since, wherever there is in the scanty materials afforded him any opportunity for dramatic painting, for personal characterization, or for illustration of the scene, he grasps this with a master-hand that might well have manipulated the materials of an after age. He was closely followed by principles enunciated by the chief dramatic poet of the time, Dryden, who alleged that on the stage the use of music should be limited either to mythological beings or to supernatural agencies; and thus, in the so-called operas of Purcell, either enchanters, or spirits, or gods, or goddesses, or as a great stretch of the supernatural, mad men and women, are the only persons who appear as singers. Thus, in the operas on the story of *Don Quixote*, the scene, "From rosy bowers," and the scene, "Let the dreadful engines," are assigned respectively to the poor girl who has gone mad for love, and to Cardenio, whom Don Quixote encounters in his frenzy among the mountains.

Shortly after the time of Purcell's birth, but contemporaneously with his later writings, appeared in Germany a most important hero in our history, Reinhard Keiser, who produced an immensely large number of operas, which had very great success, firstly in Hamburgh and subsequently in Berlin. In Hamburgh he directed the theatre, and as director he engaged Handel to play in his band, in the early youth of that musician, who, while holding his place among the second violins, still had opportunity to convince the world of his dawning powers as a composer, for there in Hamburgh he wrote his first operas.

The principle upon which the opera had first been instituted now began to degenerate. The art of the singer had greatly advanced. The power of execution, of rendering florid passages with a volubility that seems now almost incredible, since all but unattainable, made it necessary that the composer of an opera should insert pieces for vocal display rather than for dramatic propriety; and one finds in the operas of the period, that the entire action is carried on in recitative, and this action is interrupted by songs where the personages have to stand and either address the audience, or address one another, while if other

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persons have to listen there is the exceedingly difficult task of filling out the scene where there are no words and no notes to utter.

The opera now became more and more artificial. The songs or arias were arranged in five express classes. There was the aria *cantabile*, which was for the most part a grand pathetic *adagio*, containing very much florid ornament, but rather as a grace than as matter of continuous execution. Then there was the aria *di portamento*, which corresponded to a great extent with what is now understood by "cavatina." Then the aria *di mezzo carattere*; then the aria *parlante*, in which one had scarcely ever more than a note to a word, so that it approached more to the character of declamation than any of the other classes; and lastly the aria *di bravura* or *d'agilità*. It was required in an opera that every character should have two specimens of each of these five arias, that no two of the same class should ever come in succession, and that each act must have its aliquot portion of the sum total. Thus it will be readily seen that the dramatic action was a matter secondary to the exhibition of the five different qualifications of a singer, and the story of the drama of minor importance to vocal display.

We find in Handel, and in others whose names pale under the brilliant lustre of his, the power of dramatic characterization. We find a different class of music and form of phrase and idiom assigned to the several personages in his drama; and we find this, which seems to me to have been a new element at his time, for I have not been able to trace it earlier, combining several personages with their individual characters in one composition. Thus, in *Acis and Galatea* there is a trio, where two lovers utter their words of tenderness to one another, while the Cyclop expresses his rage that Acis should stand between him and the gratification of his monstrous love. There is in *Semele* a quartet where the four personators are strongly individualized. In *Jephtha* we find a quartet and quintet; in the quartet especially there are the anguish of Jephtha that he must sacrifice his child, the anger of his wife that her daughter should be torn from her, the devotion of Iphis who feels she is fulfilling a divine duty in becoming the willing victim of her father's oath, and the grief of the betrothed lover of Iphis at the prostration of his fondest hopes. All these characters are personified, each in a separate and distinct phraseology, and all sing together. Now in this quality, before all, of giving different characters to different persons, and combining in one performance in simultaneous action these several characters, I feel that dramatic music excels every other class of vocal composition. We may talk of the sublimity of the oratorio, and in so far as the oratorio is based upon sublime subjects its expression of the subjects may be sublime. But the dramatic oratorio is capable of all the sublimity which can be infused into didactic oratorio, and it can have this great quality of personification at the same time. It is to be regretted that such rarely occurs in the structure of oratorios, but where it does so occur it gives a most valuable resource to the composer, and opens to him a rich field for musical expression.

(To be continued.)

REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC.

CONCLUSION OF MR. THAYER'S ADDRESS.

THE ORGAN.

I cannot forego the opportunity of saying a few words about organs and organists.

Whether professed Christian or not, I believe the organist's first duty is to consider his playing, and all his acts in the sanctuary, as worship. To enter the place for personal display, to show what skill is in feet and fingers, to exhibit his knowledge in the art of registration, to simply earn some money, or have a fine entertainment, is all false and wrong; and if sooner or later he meets with failure or rebuke, let such an organist consider it well deserved. I hold that no person, believer or infidel, Christian or heathen, has any right to step foot inside a church door without a full sense of the sacredness of the place.

On the Sabbath day, or any worshipful occasion, the organ should simply guide and sustain the service of the sanctuary. That is, it should not — festival days, perhaps, excepted — become prominent or aggressive, nor should the organist during the service seek to display either the instrument or himself. Let the service prelude, except on festal days, be always of a quiet and meditative character, or of solid, noble and dignified harmony, rarely, if ever, employing more than the fundamental registers of the organ. In the anthems and other pieces for the choir, let the organ simply and fully sustain the voices, and never at any time be played so as to render the voices obscure or the words unintelligible. When played for the congregation — as it always should be at least once in every service — let it give a full, deep, grand undertone which shall sustain and uplift all who may care to join in the grandest and noblest of all praise. After the benediction let there be a short and quiet response which shall fittingly close the service. Then I believe the time has come for the organ to speak as only this king of instruments can speak. Save on occasions of mourning or sorrow, let it speak forth the everlasting beauty and power of music, and the unspeakable goodness and glory of the Infinite Father. Is there anything beautiful in the organ, let it speak of infinite beauty. Is there anything grand in the instrument, let it speak of the grandeur of the universe, the goodness and greatness of God's infinite mercy and love to his children. For this, and this alone should the organist acquire and use his powers of heart and mind. These, most briefly stated, are the organist's duties and responsibilities; and I believe that he should be fully prepared for them before he assumes the office of musical pastor, or attempts to lead others in the service of the sanctuary.

What are the church organist's rights and privileges? First, he has the right of access to the church and organ at any and all times when they are not in use for service. This has been acknowledged throughout all Christendom ever since the organ was placed in the sanctuary. A few attempts have been made to abrogate this right, but they have always ended by all players of recognized ability shunning such places, as at once inimical to art and the cause of true church music. Who shall fill the ever-recurring vacancies if this right be interdicted? The only reason I have ever heard for such action was on account of the wear and tear of the organ and the church furniture. As for the furniture, if it be worth more than Christianity, let it be sold, and cheaper obtained, or the church go bare, if thereby the service of the sanctuary fail not for want of new disciples in our divine art of music. As for wear and tear to the organ, no more nonsensical reason was ever assigned. I am perfectly sure that every competent organist on the face of the earth will uphold me in the statement that the surest and quickest way to ruin an organ is to let it alone. I believe I have seen as many good and great organs of both continents as any person, and I have always found the best preserved ones — some of them from one to three centuries old — were those which had been most used. Unless willfully, no one can injure a good organ by playing on it. Weak and poor instruments might thereby receive injury, but to my way of thinking the sooner these are annihilated the better for the church, the people and the cause of religion.

Among the privileges now accorded by many churches is one which I hope may soon become a recognized right of the church organist — I mean the right to give organ recitals. "Why don't more people come to church?" is asked from many a sacred desk. And the people reply, "Who wants to go to a place which six days out of seven stands up a great, cold-hearted, forbidding presence, with doors locked and barred as if it were a prison, when on the seventh day it seems so new, so strange, so un-homelike that the people can scarcely enter without fear of intrusion?" With all possible respect would I say it, I believe that ministers and congregations who allow all this may ask the question until doomsday before they see churches filled, or the people, the grand mass of humanity, enter their doors gladly. The church shall become in all things the religious home of man, or it must give way to something else. But such a step backward can never be taken. The good work is begun, and many have thrown open their doors and bid wel come to all who will come. It shall go on till neither bolt nor lock be on a church door; until all shall see and know and feel a welcome greeting when they enter the house of the Lord.

But how does all this specially concern church organists? Well, if they would be men of power and worth in the world, they must have a chance to speak to the people. If they would do any good in their art, or with their art, they must use it for the benefit of the people. If they would assist and second the labors of the beloved pastors of our land, they must also have an opportunity to work in the vineyard of the Lord. The true church organist is a musical pastor who must speak to the hearts of the people. Whoso among us does not feel this, is not yet worthy of his sacred calling.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNS.

And now I want to speak about something which deeply concerns us all — about the dear little folks for whose care and well-being I devoutly believe we are held answerable before the throne of judgment. The children of to-day are the Church and State of to-morrow. If these be wrongly trained and guided, it is certain that the future will be one of ignorance, wrong-doing and misery. So our work should begin here, and begin at once.

If we examine the words and music of the Sunday-school books, what do we find? Save here and there a passable selection, nothing but a mass of stupid, incongruous stuff, nonsense and twaddle; illiterate, ungrammatical, and utterly unpoetical jingle, and music that trash would be too good a name for. And this is not the worst of it. The little innocents are actually obliged to sing this driveling nonsense.

Think of children beginning life with: —

> "'Twill all be over soon;
> 'Tis only for a moment here,
> 'Twill all be over soon."

Or singing such dismal meditations as this:

> "A few more prayers,
> A few more tears,
> It won't be long. It won't be long."

Or such enforced juvenile hypocrisy as:

> "Almost anchored, life's rough journey
> Shortly now will all be o'er.
> Unseen hands the sails are furling;
> Soon I'll reach the heavenly shore.
> Almost home! how sweet it soundeth
> To the heart that's worn with care."

Think of it! Worn with care at the age of twelve! Further, I have seen and played from a Sunday-school book which had the words "For Jesus is my Saviour," set to that drunkard's melody, "We won't go home till morning;" three or four notes changed, but the rest note for note.

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And this in my blessed native State of Massachusetts! Now the music was not bad, for there is no such thing as bad music. But there are such things as bad associations; and when we hear this, or any other melody, repeatedly sung by men reeling home at midnight, we must conclude that it is unfit for church service — unfit, because of bad association; unfit because of inappropriateness; the only things that can render music valueless for good influence and good works.

"As the twig is bent the tree 's inclined." So we must begin in the Sunday-school if the music of the church is ever to be reformed. If you have any Sabbath-school books like this, buy no more fire-kindlings until they are in the ash-barrel, past resurrection. Far better that the children should have but a half-dozen hymns, or none at all, than that they be made to sing such arrant nonsense as the majority of these books contain.

CONCLUSION.

A word to choirs, and I have done. Has the choir any part or lot in these things? Most certainly, and a large one, too. What have choirs so far really done? Precious little compared with what they may do. Heretofore they have felt called upon to attend a Saturday evening rehearsal, when many of them would rather have gone to the dentist. A weary, listless struggle of an hour or so, and home they rush — all except the unmarried portion; this part usually don't rush much about getting home. Sundays the volunteers come, or stay at home, or go out driving, two in a carriage. The paid ones come, and placing their hands tenderly on their throats, tell the organist half the time that they have got either the diphtheria, or the epizootic, or both. They sing just enough to please the treasurer, draw their salary, and, with of course exceptions, take about as much interest in the *worship* as they do in paying the national debt. The rest of the week what are they doing for the church, for public worship, or for the people? Just what could safely be stowed away in a mosquito's vest-pocket. What *should* they do? Well, they should awake and do something — do almost anything rather than live torpid and useless six days out of seven. Instead of singing all sorts of operatic and other arrangements and loaf-sugar music on Sunday, and taking *that* day to show what they can do in vocalization, let them at least once a week give to the people, without money and without price, some music which shall make them both better and happier. It is time for choirs to do *their* part in unbarring the church doors and making people love to come to church. Let them but shake off this lethargy and show what they can do for the people and the uplifting of humanity, and we shall never again hear of churches discussing the advisability of dispensing with the choir.

My conclusions are:

First: Have true church music, or none; for choir hymns, the hymn anthem or full hymn-tune; for congregations, the choral or hymn-tunes of a similar character.

Second: Sing only such hymns as are singable; read the others or let them alone.

Third: Have true choirs, or give up choirs altogether and do your own singing.

Fourth: Let organists and singers, on other days than Sunday, give free to the people all the good music they can; always letting the people take a generous share in this musical service.

Fifth and lastly: Open your churches freely to the people and let music speak to them, to comfort, to cheer and to strengthen them; and they will soon *love* to come to church, *love* to join in adoration and praise; and when they enter the house of God it shall be as a *home* to them, and they shall all see and know and feel his loving presence and sweet benediction.

GUEYMARD.

Gueymard, the tenor, who filled for many years one of the first places at the Paris Opera, has just died at the village of Saint-Fargan, near Corbeil, where he lived in retirement since 1868. Louis Gueymard, born at Chapponay (Isère) on the 17th August, 1822, studied at the Conservatory of Paris, which he left in 1848 to go at once to the Opera. After "creating" a part in Clapisson's *Jeanne la Folle* and playing some subordinate characters, such as Jonas in *Le Prophète*, he soon reached the first rank. He held his ground for a long time, thanks to a powerful voice and robust constitution, which enabled him to bear the weight of the repertory, without giving way under it. His principal original characters were in *La Nonne Sanglante*, *La Reine de Saba*, and *Sapho*, by Charles Gounod; *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* and *Le Trouvère*, by Verdi; *La Magicienne*, by Halévy; and *Roland à Roncevaux*, by Mermet. He possessed a voice of extraordinary fulness; it lacked, however, refinement. His style had something rough and brutal about it, but he never hesitated when unusual demands were made on his larynx, and for these, to use a common expression, he paid money down. He married Mme. Lauters, who, after her success at the Theatre-Lyrique, became one of the stars of the Opera. The union did not prove a happy one, and was soon dissolved. As we have said, ever since 1868, he lived in retirement, though the unimpaired condition of his vocal powers would have enabled him to pursue for some years more his professional career. From the time we have mentioned, he did nothing to shake off the oblivion which he philosophically allowed slowly to close over his memory. His funeral took place on the 10th inst., in the little village where he passed away. — *Le Ménestrel.*

MUSIC IN CHICAGO.

TWO CANTATAS BY LOCAL COMPOSERS.

(From the *Chicago Tribune*, July 4.)

The Commencement concert of the Hershey School of Musical Art, which took place on Friday evening last, was an event of unusual importance, and marked an era in the progress of musical education in this city, inasmuch as two original compositions were brought out by graduates of this institution. The first was a sacred cantata, written on the verses of the 121st Psalm, for chorus and four solo voices, with organ accompaniment, by Philo A. Otis, who has been for the past four years a pupil of Mr. H. Clarence Eddy. The second work is a secular cantata, entitled "Dornröschen," or "Little Rosebud," adapted from the German legend of the "Sleeping Beauty." This is scored for solo voices and chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, by John A. West, who has studied with Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason for about three years. Each work was conducted by its own composer.

Mr. Otis's cantata opens with a chorus of ladies' voices, which is preceded by an introduction of twenty-four measures in three-quarter rhythm. This is followed, after a short interlude and a change of rhythm, by a positive and characteristic theme given out by the bassos. This is worked out in imitative style, and a climax is reached by full, massive chords, which is remarkably effective. By a clever management of the movement, the three-quarter rhythm is again taken up without disturbing the melodic form, and the theme of the first part is treated for mixed voices in a most pleasing manner. The second number, a contralto solo, was sung by Mrs. Oliver K. Johnson with great breadth of style and beauty of expression. It begins *quasi recitativo*, and introduces a number of charming bits of melodic and harmonic effects. The principal theme of this number is given to the words, "Behold, He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep." It is a high type of melody, and the accompaniment is admirably adapted. The design is orchestral, and the blending of the flute, reed, and string qualities was successfully given by the organ. Taken altogether, this is one of the most beautiful numbers of the cantata. The third number commences in a vigorous and brilliant manner, the words of the chorus being: "The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade at thy right hand. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." This was brought out with great animation; but the splendid climax which was reached on the words "The sun shall not smite thee by day," was thrilling, and showed that the composer was master of his subject and of the means of expression. A fine contrast was given on the words, "Nor the moon by night," where everything was subdued and peaceful. The flute obligato in the accompaniment at this place is exceedingly beautiful, the movement given out in this passage is taken up by the other parts, and a second climax is brought out with telling effect. From this point there is a gradual *diminuendo*, and the movement dies away to the faintest sounds of the organ. No. 4 is a quartet, written in canon form, which is technically of the greatest difficulty. Mr. Otis has not only succeeded in adhering to the strict form of writing, but has produced a *musical composition* of rare beauty and interest. It was delightfully sung by Mrs. J. A. Farwell, Mrs. O. K. Johnson, Messrs. C. A. Knorr, and J. M. Hubbard. The last chorus, with its "Amen," served to display the general musical ability of the composer in the broadest sense. In this he has employed free four-part writing, the choral, simple and double counterpoint, as well as fugue form. It may be pronounced a success not only from a technical standpoint, but from an objective point of view. The style is grand and massive, and the variety always well contrasted. The theme of the fugue, which is introduced by the altos, is characteristic, and never fails to assert itself during the development of the same. The counterpoint is smooth and flowing, and the modulations well defined. The effect of the choral, which appears as an episode, is peculiarly pleasing. The accompaniment to this is an exposition of the fugue theme, and to those who could distinguish the inner workings this was probably the most fascinating feature of the whole cantata. The work is brought to a highly satisfactory close with the full powers of the chorus and organ. Mr. Otis is to be congratulated on producing a work of this magnitude, and of such sterling qualities. His abilities as a conductor are also to be commended. He possesses a large degree of personal magnetism, and the grace with which he wielded the baton showed that he is unusually talented in this direction.

THE CANTATA OF "DORNRÖSCHEN,"

or the "Sleeping Beauty," is a setting of the beautiful German myth of that name. It is divided into three scenes, the first being preceded by a hunting-chorus of spirited expression. The first scene proper is laid in the enchanted forest and begins with a recitative for the Prince, in which he speaks of the mysterious stillness which pervades the forest. Here the color of the orchestral accompaniment is dark and sombre and tinged with an air of mysterious melancholy. The legend follows, related by a baritone voice, telling of the castle and enchantment, and of the golden-haired maiden who sleeps in her chamber awaiting a deliverer. At this point enters the "love motive," a tender and passionate strain, which aids largely in the dramatic working out of the subject. The Prince determines to undertake the adventure, but is warned of the terrible fate which has overtaken those who have essayed it. The whole of this warning is conceived in a very original and dramatic form and works up to a climax that is powerfully descriptive, and is scored with a tremolo of the strings against a rush of chromatic scales in the high register of the flutes, while the harmonies are sustained and colored by clarinet and bassoon. But the Prince's determination does not waver, and, after singing an exquisite prayer for help and guidance, in which occurs a beautiful accompanying melody for flute and oboe, the chorus closes the scene.

The second scene is in the enchanted castle, and opens with a charming fairy chorus, announcing the termination of the hundred years of the duration of the magic spell, and the close of their vigil. At last the Prince makes his appearance, and awakens the fair sleeper with a kiss, the love motive of the first scene again occurring, worked up into many new and beautiful forms, and finally blending with a beautiful and passionate love duet, sung by the Prince and Rosebud.

The third scene is devoted to the festivities and rejoicings of the now awakened court, who thank their deliverer, to whom the King presents his

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daughter in marriage. Again the fairies make their appearance with their benedictions. These fairy choruses are of the most delicate construction, and are ushered in and accompanied by beautiful orchestral effects. The finale consists of full choruses and semi-choruses of men and maidens, conceived in a very unconventional vein, and finely expressive of the happiness of the occasion. The work is full of beautiful melodic and harmonic effects, and the scoring displays a fine knowledge of the color to be derived from the various instrumental combinations. Mr. West is to be congratulated upon this, his first work, which is one of the greatest promise for the future as well as a present success. He has been a faithful and diligent student, and has a fine knowledge of the various devices of the science of counterpoint, which he uses with great facility. The soloists all sang with much finish the difficult parts allotted to them. Miss Ettie Butler, who impersonated the part of Rosebud, sang exquisitely the intensely passionate music given to this character. She was ably seconded by Mr. J. L. Johnson as the Prince, who is the possessor of a remarkably beautiful and sympathetic voice, and sang with the greatest steadiness and precision, contributing largely to the successful issue of the performance. Mr. James Gill, as the King, sang with much fire and dramatic power, and received many tokens of approbation from the audience. The orchestra, it is to be regretted, was out of tune and more than once out of time, so that full justice was not done to the work; and yet, while it was not heard to its best advantage, the impression created by it was very favorable. Chicago may certainly boast two amateur composers of no ordinary ability. We hope to hear from them again.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880.

MUSICAL DYSPEPSIA.

This is an old world infirmity which young America in fast becoming heir to. Every spring and early summer of late years we hear complaint of too much music, a plethora of concerts. The musical appetite is sated, and musical digestion spoiled by such continual listening, or half-listening, to all sorts of performances, good, bad, and indifferent, by all sorts of artists. And the most delicate stomachs, the most easily deranged or paralyzed by too dainty or excessive musical indulgence, are just those of the most refined, fastidious, experienced music lovers. How often will you hear one of the most truly musical of men declare himself not only tired, but heartily sick of hearing music!

The worst of it is, that in our great musical centres, our cities to which all artists bring their musical wares, and before whose audiences they are all eager to produce themselves, we never have precisely a natural, wholesomely regulated supply. It is always either too much or too little, always either drouth or a protracted deluge; for one spell none at all, and for another an overwhelming quantity all at once. No digestive powers are fairly equal to it. Of course we speak of music which is supposed to be listened to, which we go to with respect and take more or less in earnest. The other kind, that which is not listened to, which we do not go after, but which comes to us, accosts us everywhere in our walks and through our windows, through the long summer days and evenings, — that persecutor never gives us any peace; like the poor, it is always with us. But then one may get accustomed to it, and hear all the street organs and singers and band-horses cars which go round to advertise the various shows, with about the same indifference that he hears the rumbling of cart-wheels or the general street hum. It is your regular, continual, set concert-going, your listening to endless programmes of music, classic and modern, but each claiming your particular attention, that does the mischief. It is this that dulls the sense, confounds the brain, overloads the stomach, paralyzes the fine nerves of musical appreciation, until all music begins to sound alike, and you are conscious of a vague humming in your ears, and of a morbid, over-sensitive condition of the very faculties and nerves through which you have enjoyed such exquisite delight, such quickening inspiration.

The greatest sufferers from this experience, of course, are those who make it a duty, professionally, to keep the run of all the operas and concerts, to try to appreciate them and to do justice to each one in the expected daily or weekly criticism or report. We are tempted just in this musical vacation-time, these August dog-days, when no one has a right to ask from us a serious essay, to give our readers, by way of lighter reading, a well-known German musical writer's experience, as related by him in a letter from Switzerland, which we translate from the last number of the Leipzig *Signale*.

" . . . . You suffer with humming in your ears, sleeplessness, nervous irritation, shrinking from society. That's musical indigestion. All you need is rest. Go into Switzerland, as high as you can; seek the stillest air-cure place that you can find, and you will soon be better! . . ."

A brave man, my good doctor. He is fond himself of music making, but he has never played me anything. He knows what a musical season in Baden-Baden means.

I pressed his hand with grateful fervor, and took an express train ticket direct to Thun, so as to go on the next morning as far as Lauterbrunn. "If t'were done — then t'were well t'were done quickly." I had no idea of stopping in Interlaken. Interlaken is the Baden-Baden of Switzerland: magnificent hotels, cure-gardens, cure-fees, cure-music — to get all that, I do not travel to the Bernese Oberland. That I can have more conveniently and cheaper in Baden-Baden.

In Lauterbrunn I stopped no longer than was necessary to admire the landlord's pretty daughter at the "Steinbock," who stands all the day long in Bernese-Oberland costume at the door of the hotel, to draw strangers in, who are then taken in by her father.

Murren was to be my place of rest. It lies so high among the mountains, and so far off from the high-road of tourists, that I could hope to hear no music *there*.

Free from all forebodings, I climbed up the bridle-path. A very cultivated, not musical fellow-countryman was my friendly travelling companion; we threw ourselves exhausted into the Hôtel des Alpes. I got an excellent corner chamber, from which I could overlook the magnificent panorama of the Jungfrau mountain range as conveniently as in a diorama, and I praised my good star that had led me there.

Alas! too early. Scarcely had I settled myself comfortably down, when directly beneath me there was piano playing. Involuntarily I listened — one gets accustomed to that, like a cavalry horse to a trumpet — and a shudder came over me. Beethoven's C-minor Symphony for four hands, played by two English ladies! O God! Furious I went down stairs to reconnoitre. There sat the whole assembly of the *pension* boarders in the music-room, and listened in sweet rapture to this piano, hideously out of tune. I had fallen into a downright English *pension*, and a musical one besides. For, after Beethoven had been sufficiently broken on the wheel, there came other ladies and sang English songs, Irish songs, etc. "We have music here in this way every evening after dinner," said mine host in a tone of high satisfaction. I begged for another room, no matter how far back, only as far as possible from the drawing-room. But that was no help at all, what with the always open windows and the thin partition-walls. So, away from here!

In sheer desperation I climbed the Schilthorn, of which Verlepsch flippantly asserts, that the ascent is "without danger." He certainly never went up himself! That I was not seized with vertigo and hurled headlong from that bald slate rock, that falls off so steeply and so many thousand feet into the Lauterbrunnen valley, I owe only to the compassionate clouds, which hid the danger from me, while on the other hand I could not once see the Jungfrau for sheer mist, still less all the other beauties which one proscriptively in bound to admire. I was rather reminded of "Mignon," especially of the classical line:

"Where loaded mules climb o'er the misty ridge!"

I would not have returned by the same way for a kingdom. I preferred to slide down for 1200 feet on a great snow-field, arriving in Murren with rugged clothes and soaking boots.

"That, with her — singing,
Had the English lady done!"

I remained at this "stillest" and highest habitable spot of the Bernese Oberland only long enough to have the village shoemaker of Murren — who watched the cattle till day — nail my sts together again. Then I packed my knapsack and bade good riddance to Murren forever.

But where now? — Schonegg, very charmingly situated above Beckenried, on the lake of the Four Cantons, was said to be a very quiet *pension*. Englishmen, regarding whom I cautiously inquired, are not there; they prefer the neighboring Seelisberg. There are Swiss families almost exclusively in Schonegg, and the Swiss know in their native land where it is good and cheap. I was friendlily received by the young "director," was contented with the quarters, and resolved here to set up my tabernacle. "You come to-day just in the nick of time," said he with a smirk, "for we are to have a little evening musical party." I started back in dismay. He took it for joyful surprise. "Yes, a musical farewell soiree. A very musical lady from Basle leaves the *pension* in the morning, and all the forces of the house are to unite in her honor, to give her a worthy farewell. I sing tenor myself."

Ah! if this very musical lady had only gone off yesterday! The worst of it was, that I could not escape from this choice circle. As the latest arrival, I was formally invited and I had to stay. The overture to *Martha*, twice bungled through with four hands, opened the feast. What followed, thank the Lord, I don't remember. For I went out on the balcony, as far as possible from the piano, and gazed upon the wonderful night, where a thunder-storm moved back and forth between Pilatus and the Rigi, and with its flashes magically lit up the wildly foaming lake. And, for accompaniment, Abt, Kucken, Gounod and the *Traviatore!* . . .

"The world is perfect everywhere,
If man brings not his tortures there."

Only one thing amused me in it all. The Herr "Director" sang duets with the leave-tak-

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ing beauty from Basle. During her stay at the *pension* they had evidently sung themselves into each other's hearts. Now they shook out their woe in heart-rending tones of parting, and little dreamed that an inhuman critic was making merry over their anguish. "Ich wollt' mein Lieb' ergösse" was the crown of all their efforts. It had to be sung *da capo*, for the hundred-thousandth time since the duet came into the world through Kistner.

The following day was a Sunday. At the dinner table the door of the corridor was set open. Around a table sit eight musicians and tune — or rather they do not tune. "They give a concert here twice a week," explained the director. "They play by turns in Kaltbad, Seelisberg, and for us." "And not on the Rigi-Kuim then?" "No." "Good! Then I go to the Rigi-Kuim." It was the stubbornness of despair that inspired me with this hasty resolution. I knew not what I was doing. In Mürren I had fled from the English, in Schönegg from the Swiss, only to fall into a wasp-nest of Berliners in Schrieber's hotel. That is to say, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Real genuine imported Spree-Athenians, — some of them, however, had never been baptized in the Spree water. They took me for an anti-Semite.

I fled to the reading-room, to bury myself in the newspapers. There I took up a yellow written placard: "This evening, after the *table d'hôte*, concert of the Tyrolese Singing Society Jodel-Fritze from the Zillerthal." Holy Cecilia! What sin have I committed, that thou should'st do *this* to me!

But — when the need is greatest, help is also nearest. . . .

Berthold Auerbach was stopping last autumn in Carlsruhe, where he lived in the hotel Germania like a prince — "and am I not a prince?" he replied to my remark, — and wrote "Brigitta." Spielhagen, who was resting from his charming "Quisisana" in Baden-Baden, was on a visit to him; B. von Scheffel completed this triad of literary celebrities, such as are seldom seen together in such harmony. The conversation turned on the Swiss air-cure places. Auerbach praised above all Tarasp. It was so splendidly situated, so idyllic, so invigorating. The Lucius spring was not inferior to Vichy and Marienbad; but such splendid Alpine air was to be found in no other bathing-place. That suddenly occurred to me when I took flight before the Tyroleans. So down I went by rail the next morning toward Zug, and by evening was already in Landquart, after a gondola ride of a few hours on the Wallensee. Davos, the Eldorado of consumptive patients, I passed not without a secret shudder. For behind the cloister, our mail-coach overtook a wagon load of musical instruments; the double-bass was packed on the top. These instruments of torture were just then being unloaded in Davos. Lucky for me! Only a zither went on by mail with us, but turned off in Suss toward the upper Engadine.

Now I breathe freely. Snow, to a man's height, still lay on the grand Flüelen pass, the little lake at the Hospiz was still frozen fast. But then the car flew like the wind into the Alpine summer, and all music was left far behind me, in the gray and misty distance.

The Cur-house in Tarasp was still closed, the season only begins on the 15th of June. And that was fortunate; for a peep through the window showed me in the salon a musical instrument of the most dangerous description — a concert grand piano. In former years Meister Hauser of Carlsruhe has moved more than one lady's heart here by his singing, — now it was all still as death. Yes, the season is so completely dead, that not even a barber can be found here. The Figaro of all Cur-guests has not yet arrived, so that suffering humanity — so far only a dozen persons — drinks the Lucius spring perforce unshaved, but at the same time unrasped by the Cur music, which at present makes Meran unsafe.

But I, well satisfied, have ascended to Vulpera (4200 feet high), and here I live as the only guest in the idyllic *pension* Conradin, which I recommend to all, who would live pleasantly and cheaply and hear no music. For in the parlor there stands *no* piano. I hear nothing but the bells of the cattle on the Alpine pastures, the call of the cuckoo in the neighboring wood, and the murmur of the impetuous Inn. Hither come, ye music-weary! Richard Pohl.

Vulpera, June 15, 1880.

PER CONTRA. — NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

Writing and translating as above — and we confess we did it *con amore*, enjoying, if with "bare imagination of the feast," that picture of absolute rest from music far away in the high Alps — we could not help thinking all the while of those industrious spirits, who, after working like beavers in the city eight months of the year, teaching, concert giving, organ-playing, training choirs and what not, have been even now in these two hottest months holding a "normal" session there in Canandaigua, and, besides lectures and class exercises, giving recitals, vocal, for piano, organ, chamber music, etc., with seemingly exhaustive programmes. Of what stuff are such workers (Sherwood, Dannreuther, Thayer, Max Piutti, Orth, etc.,) made, that musical digestion never fails them? They seem to know nothing of that peculiar dyspepsia about which we have been talking; the appetite never gives out, they are always ready for more. But then theirs is serious work, and that seldom hurts; that builds up, rather than exhausts the constitution. And there is the sense of doing good, of teaching and enlightening others, of seeing a love for something nobler in the art of music lighting up new faces. It makes an old truth, or an old good piece of music, fresh, to find a new and a responsive audience. And this, we suppose, is what keeps our friends alive and up to their work. Well may they say: Leave musical dyspepsia to mere passive enjoyers of music, to the critics and the dilettanti; *we* have no leisure to be sick; we work on and are well, thank Heaven!

We have before spoken of some of the lectures and programmes of this five weeks' Convention, which closed on the 10th of August. To give a fuller idea of the amount and variety of music interpreted and analyzed to the pupils, we may state that there were:

1. Eight Piano Recitals by Mr. W. H. Sherwood; one made up of works by Handel, Mozart, Rheinberger, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt; one mainly of Bach, besides a Violin Concerto of Bruch, played by Mr. Dannreuther, and a group of piano pieces by Rubinstein. One was mostly from Beethoven, including the E-flat Concerto and the Sonata, Op. 111, in C-minor, besides things by Schubert, Mendelssohn and Dupont. One was chiefly devoted to Schumann: Concerto in A-minor, Etudes Symphoniques, Kreisleriana, etc., besides a Violin and Piano Sonata by Grieg. Another offered the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue of Bach, the G-major Concerto of Beethoven, a Violin Prelude and Romance by F. Ries, Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody, etc. Then there was a Chopin Recital, with lecture by Max Piutti; a Liszt-Wagner Recital; and one devoted to a miscellaneous assortment of very recent European and American piano compositions.

2. Eight Organ Recitals by Mr. Eugene Thayer. In these, four of Handel's Organ Concertos figured twice each. Also three of the Choral Vorspiele, the Toccata in C, the great Toccata and Fugue in D-minor, the Pastorale in F, the Prelude and Fugue in B-minor, the Toccata in F, and the Passacaglia of Bach; besides much more of interest from other important composers.

3. Mr. Gustave Dannreuther, whose violin playing appears to have been very warmly appreciated in these meetings, gave four Chamber Concerts, assisted by Mr. John Orth, of Boston, and other artists.

This is but a part of the long story, but it is impossible to find room for all.

MUSIC IN JAPAN.

Further letters have been received from Mr. Luther W. Mason, formerly Supervisor of Music in our Boston schools, who went out last spring, in the employment of the Japanese government, to introduce the study of music, according to our system, into the schools of that empire. It was a most formidable undertaking, but most liberal provision was made there for his comfortable residence. He has been treated with sincere respect, and all the conveniences he could desire have been placed at his disposal, for the carrying out of this great educational experiment, which he has had to begin, as it were, *ab ovo*; for hitherto the Japanese have known nothing of music, in our sense of the word. Their scale consists of only five tones, and their ears have actually to be attuned to the complete scale, which is the basis of all real music. He has therefore almost to create the sense, as well as teach the music.

Many friends here — indeed, all the friends of popular musical education — are watching with great interest this new work of Mr. Mason, who has shown for many years, in our primary schools especially, what we have before called a *genius* for teaching little children both to sing and to read simple music, and in parts. In one of the letters to which we have referred (dated Tokio, June 27,) he writes as follows: —

"I am in very good health; have been at work in the two Normal Schools three months. My success has been greater than I expected for so short a time. The building for the 'School of Music' is finished, and the ten pianos are in their rooms.

"My first class out of the Normal School is composed of seven *court musicians*. They are young men, and are anxious to know our music. They have not the slightest idea of any system of harmony. They are much delighted with what I have shown them." — We find the following statement, based on other letters, in the *Transcript*:

"Professor L. W. Mason, who has gone to Japan to establish a 'school of music' for the educational department of the Imperial Government, is much satisfied with the progress of his labors. By actual experiment, he finds the Japanese teachers readily learn our system of musical notation. They know the Arabic numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc., and, with the aid of the reed organs sent out, have no difficulty in learning the system of the Mason charts. In order to more fully carry out the plans of Professor Mason, money has been sent to this country and instruments purchased in Boston for the establishment of instruction in the use of stringed instruments, and for a court band. Mr. Benjamin Cutter, of this city, was commissioned to select the instruments, in expectation of taking charge of the orchestra in Japan."

Verily, the tuneful missionary who has set out to make a musical people of the Japanese, exhibits a faith, a courage of conviction, like that which revealed a new world to Columbus! But we have no doubt his faith will be rewarded, since we believe that music is a principle divinely planted in the soul, and that it exists potentially, if not actually, in our common human nature everywhere. America has sent out the right man with the key to fit the lock, and *realize* some of the possibilities of the divine art to the Japanese, who show so much appreciation of the importance to a people of a large and many-sided education.

In case any person should wish to communicate with the Professor on this subject, we add his address: "*L. W. Mason, Professor of Music, 16 Kaga Yashiki, Hongo Tokio, Japan.*"

MUSIC ABROAD.

London. The two opera-houses (Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre) had completed their seasons by July 24. The former lasted fourteen weeks, the latter ten. The *Times* sums up the Royal Italian Opera (Mr. Gye's) as follows:

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Though one of the shortest, if not the shortest, on record at Covent Garden, extending over little more than three calendar months, no fewer than 22 operas were given with more or less satisfactory completeness. Twenty of these were from the current repertory, including among them *Le Roi de Lahore* (the grand spectacular lyric drama of M. Massenet, produced with success last season) and a revival of *Mignon*, for the sake of Mme. Albani, who, by her lively, characteristic and altogether charming impersonation of Goethe's romantic heroine, showed herself worthy of a new work being composed expressly for her. What are our composers about? — and especially Dr. Arthur Sullivan, whose once projected *Marie Stuart* would just have fitted the always aspiring and enthusiastic daughter of Albany.

The pieces added to the repertory this year have been an Italian version of Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs* and another of M. Jules Cohen's *Les Bluets*, under the title of *Estella*, the former providing a new part for Mme. Albani, the latter another for Mme. Adelina Patti. We shall doubtless hear more of them both next year. In the instance of these, Mr. Gye has thus faithfully redeemed his pledge, bringing out two works hitherto not included in his catalogue. Paladilhe's *Suzanne* was set aside, and the revival of *La Gazza Ladra*, one of Rossini's brightest scores, for the young and promising Mlle. Turolla, will probably be reconsidered a twelvemonth hence. While several artists named in the prospectus made no appearance (the popular bass baritone, M. Maurel, for example), others were substituted, and notably Mme. Sembrich from Dresden, who, one night quite unexpectedly, took the house by storm in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and has since maintained her position in other operas, particularly in the *Huguenots*, as Marguerite de Valois, the music of which is precisely suited to her fluid and *bravura* style of vocalization. This German songstress may be looked upon as an acquisition of real value. From among those rising artists whose progress is watched with interest it is but just to single out the young and prepossessing Mme. Alwina Valleria, whose recent performance of Filina in *Mignon* has materially advanced her in public estimation. M. Lassalle, the Parisian baritone, has fairly established his position; Signor de Reszke, a new bass, has afforded general satisfaction; and, not to enter into further particulars, the old-established members of the company, it is almost superfluous to add, have held their own. The two conductors, Signors Vianesi and Bevignani, may be complimented on the zeal with which they continue to perform their duties, and the latter more especially on the judicious manner in which he contrives to make the orchestral accompaniments subservient to the exigencies of the singers on the stage, instead of drowning their voices with excess of noise, and hurrying on the "*tempi*" so as to give them no chance of taking breath, which of recent years has threatened to become a persistent habit. The chorus remains what it has been for some time — decidedly susceptible of improvement. In conclusion it is worth noting that *the influence of Wagner's operas is sensibly on the decline* — at any rate in this great theatre. *Lohengrin* ceases to attract, while (all the better for the tender sympathetic voice of Mme. Albani) *Tannhäuser* has not been given once.

——Of the season at Her Majesty's, *Figaro* says:

In Mr. Mapleson's list, besides portions of *Il Talismano* and *Dinorah*, we have the following sixteen operas: Boito's *Mefistofele*, Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*, Gounod's *Faust*, Verdi's *La Traviata*, *La Forza*, *Il Trovatore*, *Aïda*, and *Rigoletto*, Donizetti's *Lucia* and *Linda*, Bellini's *La Sonnambula* and *I Puritani*, and Thomas's *Mignon*. Many of us could have dispensed with the Bellini and Donizetti repertory to have heard *Les Huguenots* and *Robert*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and other works of a high order.

The *Graphic* (July 24) adds: —

Beyond stating that *Mefistofele* has been repeated twice to crowded houses, thanks in a great measure to the Margaret of Mme. Christine Nilsson, one of the most original and in every respect remarkable performances of late years; that *Rigoletto* has been given, with Mme. Etelka Gerster as Gilda (a part in which she has frequently been heard and applauded), Sig. Galassi as Rigoletto, Mme. Trebelli as Maddalena, and the much-extolled new tenor, Sig. Ravelli, who obtained a general "encore" for "La donna è mobile" as the Duke; and finally, that Bizet's picturesque *Carmen*, with Mme. Trebelli as the heroine, was presented for the last time on Thursday, there is nothing to record about the proceedings at this establishment during the last ten days. Last night, Balfe's chivalric opera, *Il Talismano*, was given, the part of Edith Plantagenet devolving upon Mme. Gerster, who succeeded Mme. Nilsson, the original at Drury Lane. This evening yet another performance of Sig. Boito's very successful opera.

——Of Christine Nilsson's new Marguerite, the *Morning Advertiser* (July 8) says: —

Act the third, descriptive of the repentance and death of Margherita in the prison, settled the question, if question there was, of Signor Boito's success, and the effect of the very beautiful music he has supplied was made as perfect as possible by the singing of Mme. Nilsson. She gave the opening solo, a thing of uncommon beauty, with "tears in her voice." The pathos of this, "L'altra notte in fondo al mare," was, as she sang it, inconceivably touching. It was artless and yet an emanation of consummate art, it was deeply affecting and yet perfectly unaffected, and as an example of exquisite purity was simply unsurpassable. The helplessness of the girl condemned to death, her dreamy abstraction, and her gentle resignation lived and breathed through every note of the music as this truly great artist sang it. Later on, in the scene when Margherita, wandering in her mind, speaks, with infinite tenderness, of her dead child, and in the duet with Faust, "Lontano, lontano," Mme. Nilsson's singing was absolutely perfect. Pathos could not further go, and when, roused from her sweet dream of returning love, Margherita calls despairingly upon the angels to help, Mme. Nilsson rose to the situation. Her acting was magnificent, and in its tragic force, nothing less than a revelation. Such an effort as this is very rarely seen, and can only be made by an artist of the very highest order. Spontaneity, intensity of expression, and true *abandon*, all were forthcoming, and the worth of this gifted lady was never more clearly demonstrated than in the prison scene of Boito's opera. Mme. Nilsson crossed the stage twice with Signor Campanini, and Signor Nannetti, and amidst a storm of applause; but this was insufficient, and the audience insisted upon seeing her again, when she came on alone, to receive a third "ovation."

——Mr. William Shakespeare, the tenor singer, has been elected conductor of the orchestral and choral practice, and of the students' concerts, of the Royal Academy of Music. *Figaro* says:

He is an excellent musician, and is believed to be an efficient score reader; he is an admirable tenor vocalist, a gentleman, and a past student and present professor of singing at the Royal Academy. His first training was at Dr. Wylde's London Academy at St. George's Hall, and he then removed to the Royal Academy, where he was the last "King's Scholar" in 1866. He subsequently travelled in Germany and Italy to learn the art of a vocalist, and he returned to this country seven years ago, since when he has practised his profession as a tenor vocalist and a teacher of singing. Mr. Shakespeare is also the composer of an overture in D, of a piano concerto, and several songs. He is so popular and respected a musician that it is hoped he will as a conductor justify that "confidence in the unascertained" which the Royal Academy authorities have expressed.

Brussels. — Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion* has been followed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie by Halévy's *Charles VI.*, for the rentrée of MM. Devoyod and Massart. Mlle. Deschamps sang the part of Odette for the first time. *Charles VI.* was succeeded by *Les Dragons de Villars*, which has long been a great favorite here.

Berlin. Edouard Lassen's music to Devrient's arrangement of *Faust* is drawing good houses to the Victoria Theatre.

——The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* contains the following announcement:

A hitherto unpublished MS. of J. S. Bach's is at present affording matter for lively discussion to the little town of Greussen in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. Some years ago there died there a Herr A., a *Justizrath*, or "Councillor of Justice," who was considered, by persons entitled to give an opinion, a great musical amateur. His heirs heard that he had received, as a mark of friendship from Herr Heimstedt, a well-known *Capellmeister* and virtuoso of Sondershausen, a present in the shape of an unpublished work by J. S. Bach. They determined to set about looking for the valuable treasure, which, it is said, they succeeded in finding. They offered it to the Leipzig Bach Society, who are reported to have expressed their willingness to pay a very fair price for it, but that price was not considered high enough, any more than that which Professor Spitta, of Berlin, was ready to give. After the heirs had separated, a short time since, the matter was reported to Herr Bitter, the Minister of Finance, in Berlin, who, as we are aware, has written a biography of Bach. Some weeks ago, His Excellency applied to the authorities in Greussen for information about the supposed treasure, adding that there was a possibility of its being purchased by the Prussian government. After a long search, a packet of music is said to have been discovered bearing marks of great age and an inscription that it was written by J. S. Bach's own hand. Some days ago, the packet was sent to the authorities at Greussen, who forwarded it to Herr Bitter. The *Leipziger Tageblatt*, to which the intelligence was communicated from Thuringia, very prudently leaves to its correspondent the responsibility of this very mysterious discovery.

Paris. Music played a prominent part in the national rejoicings on the 14th July. First and foremost among the performers must be reckoned the sovereign people who from early morn till after midnight were always singing the "Marseillaise" when not indulging in "Le Chant du Départ," and "Le Chant du Départ" when not indulging in the "Marseillaise." Never probably was such an amount of patriotic — and untutored — vocalization within the same space of time; nor was there any lack of the professional element. Innumerable reed and brass bands in squares and streets discoursed more or less sweet music, in divers cases evoking the Terpsichorean proclivities of the multitude. Choral societies, singing their best, traversed the principal thoroughfares, and in the evening there were many torchlight processions to the strains of Rouget de Lisle's ever-recurring melody. A great treat was afforded to lovers of high-class music by two evening open-air concerts, one, under M. Pasdeloup, at the Tuileries, the other, under M. Colonne, at the Luxembourg. The weather being unfavorable the musicians had to accomplish part of their task amid a heavy downpour. M. Pasdeloup's orchestra numbered 200, the programme differing materially from those of the Cirque. At the Luxembourg M. Colonne had also 200 instrumentalists, besides 800 singers. A feature was "La Marche du Drapeau," from the *Te Deum* of Hector Berlioz, who contributed also an arrangement of the "Marseillaise" for chorus and orchestra. Among the vocal pieces were "Gloire à notre France immortelle" (an unpublished composition by Hérold); "La Marche républicaine," by Adolphe Adam (1848); "Paris," by Ambroise Thomas; something by Boieldieu, and something else by François Bazin. The gala performance at the Grand Opera to the representatives of the new flags consisted of two acts from *Guillaume Tell*, with the first and third acts of *Yedda*. The "Marseillaise," after the ballet, served to play the audience out.

St. Petersburgh. The following is Sig. Merelli's company for the Italian operatic season, commencing in October and extending to March: Sopranos, Mmes. Carolina Salla, Bianca Bianchi (of Vienna), A. Bianchi-Chiatti, E. Repetto-Trisolini, Giulia Nordica, Emma Romeldi, Dora de Clairvaulx; Mezzo-Sopranos, Mmes. Scalchi-Lolli, Giulia Prandi, Corsi; Tenors, Signori A. Masini, O. Nouvelli, Petrovich, Delilliers, Iginio Corsi, Luigi Manfredi; Baritones and Basses, Signori Cotogni, Bouhy, Brogi, Leone Miranda, Ughetti, Gasperini, Carracciolo, Scolara; chief Stage-Manager, M. Albert Vizentini; Conductors, Signori R. Drigo and Dalman. The repertory will probably comprise *Aïda*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi); *Gli Ugonotti*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *L'Africana*, *Dinorah*, *La Stella del Nord* (Meyerbeer), *Semiramide*, *Otello*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini); *L'Ebrea* (Halévy); *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart); *Linda*, *Lucia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Donizetti); *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani* (Bellini); *Faust* (Gounod); *Mignon* (A. Thomas); *Carmen* (Bizet); *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* (R. Wagner); *La Regina di Saba* (Goldmarck); *La Vita per lo Tzar* (Glinka); *Mefistofele* (Boito). As at present arranged, the opening opera will be *L'Ebrea*, with Mme. Salla in the principal part.

——M. Gounod is about to write an oratorio in three parts, called *The Redemption*, for the Birmingham Festival of 1882. The libretto, of which M. Gounod is himself the author, is already written, and said to be worthy of the subject. The work is to be on a grand scale, and it has been intimated by the composer that he intends it to be his crowning effort. The oratorio will be brought out by the Festival Committee, with the co-operation of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.

——Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., are preparing for publication a translation of Spitta's *Life of Bach*, the author having undertaken to revise the proofs and provide additional matter specially for the English edition. The work is to consist of two volumes, and it is hoped that the first volume may be issued in 1881. A translation of Otto Jahn's *Life of Mozart* will early in the same year be published by the same firm. Like the *Life of Bach*, it is to be issued in two volumes. Lovers of music in this country will be well pleased to read in their own language works which have obtained so high a place in the artistic literature of Germany.

——Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. are preparing for publication editions of the Full Scores of Spohr's "Last Judgment" and Handel's "Acis and Galatea," the last-named work with Mozart's accompaniments. They will be issued to subscribers at a moderate price, which will afterwards be raised. Considering that this is the first time the full scores of these popular compositions have been printed in any country, and that they will be published in the style which distinguishes all the works emanating from this firm, there can be no doubt that they will command an extensive sale.

Dresden. — Herr Lauterbach has been offered the posts of first *Concertmeister* at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, and professor of the violin in the Conservatory. In each instance he would succeed Hellmesberger, who retires on a pension.

Bologna. — The once well-known Russian tenor, Ivanoff, died recently in this town, where he had resided for a lengthened period. Born at Pultawa in 1810, he went, at the age of twenty, to Milan, and took lessons of Eliodoro Bianchi. He won applause, even by the side of Rubini, in Italy and England, but failed to maintain his position. Some forty years ago Ivanoff wisely abandoned professional life, to which he was in no way suited.

——Sig. Boïto has returned to Milan, and is busy on the instrumentation of his *Nerone*. Mr. Gye will in all likelihood prefer this to the *Nero* of Rubinstein.

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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.[1]

(Concluded from p. 130).

VIII. THE "FAUSTS" PROJECTED BY BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI AND BOIELDIEU. RESUME.

We have now arrived at the conclusion of this study. We have in course cited or commented on some thirty works, endeavoring to lend an equal attention to the principal ones and to show forth their real value, without regard to the preferences of the world. We have drawn several names from oblivion, and, for an instant, have revived these authors and their works; and then we have studied at some length the four capital creations with which music has been inspired by Goethe's drama. The *Faust* of Spohr offered only a speculative interest; it was curious to run through ao opera which defied all competition for a long time, but which cannot bear comparison with aoy one of the three rival works. There remain then Gounod, Berlioz and Schumaon, three composers of great talent, or of genius, worthy to enter the list and to contend which will best comprehend and translate this gigantic poem which embraces all the oolverse, beings and abstractions, causes and results, realities and chimeras, the possible and the impossible.

The drama of *Faust* is like a mirror which should faithfully retrace to oor eyes the whole life of the poet. To see the successive alterations it has undergone under his hands, one would imagine himself a witness to all the transformations of Goethe; one would seem to follow the immense and subtile labors of his mind during the latter part of his career. The first scenes, which appeared in 1790, attach themselves to his youth. Proud, bold, passionate at the beginning, Goethe, when he resumed the work and composed the scenes which were published in 1807, to complete the *First Faust*, became more mysterious, more symbolical.[2] Finally, during nearly thirty years, he conceived and caused to germinate in his mind that Second Part, that strange and striking work, defective perhaps in an artistic point of view, but which only genius could create. Goethe, then, has in some sort lived his poem of *Faust*: generous, passionate, romantic at the age of twenty; coamored of antique art, of what is serious and calm, on his return from Italy; seeking finally, in his mature age, a universal eclecticism, uniting poesy to science, the spirit of antiquity to that of modern life.

Beethoven, as afterwards Meyerbeer, had during his whole life a desire to put Goethe's poem into music. One day even, about 1807, in a moment of good humor, he wrote a Song of the Flea; but his attentioo, suddenly diverted, was obliged to return to more pressing labors. "I do not always write what I wish," he said sadly to his friend Bihler, "I work for money! But when the bad times have passed, I will write what will please myself, for art alone: it will probably be *Faust*."[3]

Unhappily, the bad times never passed, and some years later, when the literary writer Rochlitz proposed to him on the part of the house of Härtel, in Leipzig, to compose music for *Faust*, as he had done for *Egmont*, Beethoven, theo ali absorbed io the conception of the Ninth Symphoey, replied: "I have already three other great works in hand for some time past; they are partly hatched io my head, and I should like first to disembarrass myself of them, to wit: two grand symphonies, different from the first ones, and an oratorio. That will be long, for, you see, since a certain time I have oo longer the same facility for writing. I wait and I think a long time, and that does not come just in time opoo paper. I hesitate to commence a great work, but once started, it goes on."[4] This was in July 1822. Of the works announced, oo one saw the light except the symphony with choros.

Goethe, we have said before, would have been pleased to have had his *Faust* pot ioto music by Meyerbeer, who was almost on the point of realizing the secret desire and the prediction of the poet; for he had many times the idea of writing a score of *Faust*. If he renounced this project, it was, it seems, from fear of disobligiog first Spohr, his friend, and theo M. Gounod. Nevertheless Meyerbeer left at his death an unfinished work, *The Youth of Goethe*, the drama by M. Blaze de Bury, for which he had composed a very important musical part. This *intermède* comprises, besides other fragments borrowed from Goethe's poem, the scene of the Cathedral and the final Hosanna of the second part. Unfortunately, the musician's will, confirmed by the French tribunal, expressly forbade the representation and the publication of this work. . . . .

Mendelssohn had been equally struck by the grandeur and the affecting pathos of the drama of Goethe. In that fruitless quest after a good opera poem, which was the constant preoccopation of his whole life and the regret of his age, he returned by prefereoce aod as if by instinct to the ineffable loves of Doctor Faust with the young orphan girl, to the sombre incantations of the demon, which he felt would surely inflame his imagination and lead more of tenderness and of fantastic poesy to his inspiration. But he oever dared to pass beyond the thought to the act and to write the first notes of a work which, oevertheless, exercised an all-powerful charm over him.

" . . . . You are precisely the only man who could aid me if he would!" he wrote in 1843 to his dear friend Edouard Devrient. "Why will yoo oot? Art occupies in your heart as considerable a place as in mioe, and we have been in accord on all the questions we have agitated. Has nothing, then, ever fallen under your eyes of which you might make a masterpiece? Havo you nothing in your portfolio? Lately I have thought that, if one were to throw into as few verses as possible some five or six pieces of Shakespeare, it would be a pleasure to put them into music. Do yoo not think the same? *King Lear*, for oxample, — or then again *Faust*, to which I am always coming back? . . . ."

Rossini, also, for a long time caressed the idea of writing an opera of *Faust* on a libretto which Alexander Dumas was to prepare for him. Count Pillet-Will, whose intimato relations with Rossini are well known, has given to a trust-worthy person, from whom we have them, the following details opon this subject. Rossini had signed with Véron a cootract, by which he engaged to compose for the Opéra five works entirely new, in different kinda. The first was *Guillaume Tell*, the second was to be *Faust*. Some time after the representation of *Robert le Diable*, he went to find Véron to talk with him about his future opera; but the happy director, all iotoxicated by the success of a work which he played only against his inclination, received him coldly, pretended many and many a reason for deferring it: in short, Rossini, out of patience, tore up his contract on the spot, and went away. A short time after that, he returned to live in Italy. There he received one day a visit from Fétis, and showed to the astonished musicao a huge score, adding: "This is a *Faust* by me."

Fétis himself related this occurrence to the person from whom we have learned it. Did Rossini speak the truth, or was this one of those mystifications of which his mocking homor was so fond? We do not know, bot we wish to believe that he was not joking. It pleases us to think that the author of *Guillaume Tell* could not withdraw himself from the charm which Goethe's poem exercised over the imaginations of the *élite*, that he had yielded to the temptation to write, and that, alone, with oo other object but his own pleasore, he had composed an entire opera, with the fixed idea that it should never see the light. It is true that we find no mention of this work in the list of the unpublished works of Rossini which appeared just after his death; perhaps he had destroyed or lost it. None the less does it appear established that we owe to the indifference of Véroo our having oever seen this genius of light and outward passion at close quarters with the sombre, chaste and naive poetry of the master of Weimar.

On his part, Boieldieu, without being vividly moved by the poem of Goethe, was solicited to set it to music by a well known author, who saw there a chance of one more success for a certaio style of drama. It was at the time when Boieldieo wrote *Les Deux Nuits* that Antony Béraud, the friend of Frederic

[1] We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique: Ses Jugements, son Influence, Les Oeuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" *Par* ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880. — Ed.

[2] We may cite among these episodes the monologue of Faust after the departure of Wagner, his attempt at suicide interrupted by the Easter hymn, the double promenade in the garden, and the death of Valentine.

[3] Schindler: *Vie de Beethoven*, Scoulouch's translation, p. 224.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 237.

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Soulié, afterwards director of the Opéra-Comique, made him the offer—well enough received at first—to arrange the *Faust* as a comic opera on his account. Béraud has himself related, in a newspaper article, the propositions he had made in this sense to the celebrated composer, the hesitations of the latter, his indecision and finally his refusal. Boieldieu, it seems, had asked him if he would like to make with his cooperation a work *à grand tra-la-la*; these were the musician's own expressions. Proud of such an honor, Béraud, who was then working at a drama of *Faust* for the Porte-Saint-Martin, with the cooperation of Merle, assistant director of that theatre, had the idea of transforming this drama into a comic opera, in spite of the first opposition of his fellow-worker, which he had no difficulty in overcoming; and some days afterwards he submitted to the musician the plan of a *Faust* turned into a comic opera, with a feminine Mephistopheles.

But Boieldieu had already changed his mind, and he presently returned the poem to Béraud, with a very amiable letter, in which, while manifesting a desire to be his collaborator for some subject that should be original, and possibly a trifle diabolical, and while recognizing the piquant details and the dramatic effects which this piece would present, above all with the devil in the guise of a pretty woman, yet he did not believe he could accept his offer for the following reason: "As I have had the honor of telling you, M. Scribe has treated, or is to treat this subject for Feydeau. He designs it for M. Meyerbeer, and, as I have been in the confidence of this project, it would be an unhandsome proceeding on my part to engage you to treat it for the Opéra-Comique." Whether this were the real reason or only a pretext in order not to disoblige Béraud by a groundless refusal, certain it is that Boieldieu did not undertake to cope with the vast conception of Goethe, for which it is no disparagement to say he was not at all prepared. The musician's letter of refusal is dated March 9, 1828. Nine months afterwards, on the 20th October, the first representation of Béraud's grand drama took place at the Porte-Saint-Martin. It obtained a brilliant success, to which the sweet and melodious inspirations of Boieldieu would no doubt have added nothing—even if they had not hurt it.

But let us return to the musicians, who, more happy than Beethoven, Rossini and Meyerbeer, have been able to give free course to their inspiration, and allow their soul to sing as it was moved and troubled by the reading of this admirable poem.

Schumann is the only one among them who, after the example of Goethe, has made of his musical conception the work of his whole life; who has translated the aspirations of its different ages; who has, so to speak, lived the life of his personages. This complete similitude with his model gives him already an incontestable superiority over his rivals. But he has also, over Berlioz and over M. Gounod, the precious advantage of being essentially German in mind, heart and tendencies; of seizing, consequently, better than any one, the most secret meanings, the most abstract thoughts, the most mysterious depths of the German poem. Thus, compare the episodes of the Garden and of the Cathedral (the only two which both he and his rivals have treated) and instantly his superiority will flash upon the eyes of all, without searching in the other parts of his work, which abound in inspirations of the first order, and which bear on every page the undeniable mark of genius.

M. Gounod and Berlioz have the advantage, rather insignificant in its kind, over their rival, of having been able to complete their work; the one with the care and the research which he brought erewhile to his least productions, the other with his eager passion and his romantic enthusiasm. Each work bears, profoundly graven on it, the imprint of the artist; the one remarkably elaborated, finely chiseled, filled with a gentle passion and a chaste reverie, but sullied now and then by trickery and affectation; the other, more powerful, more vigorous, full of burning passion and of feverish ardor. The one seduces, charms, intoxicates; the other seizes, dominates, exalts. The one is the work of a reflective inspiration, the other of an ardent imagination.

Goethe may count, then, with good right, among the musical works which his poem has inspired, at least three exceptional creations, one of them truly incomparable. Around these three stars gravitate numerous satellites. Around the names of Schumann, of Berlioz, of Gounod, shine with a tempered lustre those of Spohr, of Mlle. Bertin, of Lindpaintner, of Radziwill, and of so many others, who, in default of success and glory, have had the precious honor of measuring themselves with genius, and have thus merited that their name should not die.

And who can tell the secrets of the future? Perhaps one day some new name will shine by the side of those who have been the most favored of fortune; perhaps there will arise some man of genius who will create yet another masterpiece upon the poem of the master, and who will come, anew, after Gounod, after Berlioz, after Schumann, at once to confirm by his attempt, and to contradict by his success, this severe prediction of Goethe: "The *Faust* is essentially a work which cannot be measured entire; every attempt to give the complete understanding of it must fail. It is necessary, moreover, to take account of one thing, which is that the first part is the expression of a thought still beset with obscurity. This very obscurity exercises an attraction over men, and they strive to triumph over it, as over every insoluble problem."

MEPHISTOPHELIAN MUMMERY.

Most of our contemporaries have launched forth into lavish praise of Boito's "Mefistofele;" and we suppose we ought also to have gone mad over it, and done the usual amount of ecstatic raving. But there are certain reasons for our moderation, or rather for our silence. We do not, at the best, think very highly of Italian opera, at any rate as cultivated in England, as a branch of musical art; we do not like the uses to which it is put; and we have a special aversion to the degradation of music and the distortion of pure art which this particularly Mephistophelian opera displays. It has portions which come within the realm of pure art, there is no doubt; but they are injured by their connection. It has been "an immense success," "the feature of the 1880 season," a "veritable triumph," and so forth; and as these facts have had so many chroniclers, there was the less need that we should occupy our space by recording them. Notwithstanding its thousand-and-one trumpeters, however, we must protest against the tendency of things which "Mefistofele" illustrates. We shall, doubtless, protest in vain—but we shall still protest. We have had a "Ride to the abyss," and have seen Faust "Delivered to the Flames;" now we are bidden to rise to cooler and serener localities, and listen to a "Prologue in Heaven." Ye gods, what next? To what farther uses is music to be put? To what still more daringly impious freaks will these degraders of the divinest of all the arts be led by their feverish thirst after originality? Nothing seems to escape the prying eyes of these hunters after a name, and no subject seems too sacred to be "set to music" by this erratic and epileptic school of composers. We are not at all disposed to be prudish in these matters; but we think these modern Athenians, in their desire to hear some new thing, should exhaust earth before going either to heaven or to hell for a libretto. We have no words to express our supreme contempt for the corrupt, meretricious, depraved taste which writes musical "prologues in heaven," tries to paint the laughter of fiends by clarinets and fiddles, and dares to attempt to realize by musical cacophony the sensations of a miserable wretch about to be delivered to the tortures of the damned. If earth is not enough for these musical maniacs, let them keep their impious hands away from heaven, and confine their frantic efforts to the other place. Or, if they have exhausted (!) the almost boundless possibilities of earth, with its ever-varying kaleidoscope of human life, and human love, and human woe, and cannot write any original melodies or harmonies nor devise any new musical situations, let them acknowledge that their occupation is gone. The "prologue in heaven" style of music may or may not be to the taste of those critics who have fallen so violently in love with Boito's opera as a whole—it is certainly not to ours; and we should consider ourselves traitors to the best interests of art if we did not cry out against such profanations of music. There have been great composers of pure music whose works will always be heard because they appeal to the artistic sense in man; and it is quite possible that the composers whose vagaries we condemn may be able to walk worthily in the steps of the illustrious dead. If they are, let them show it; by their fruits we shall know them. If not, let them be forever silent. We have enough good music to form a museum of great composers; but if the moderns can add nothing better than "prologues in heaven," we had better close the list, mark the last two centuries as "the musical epoch," and regard the vein as worked out. If no other Purcells, Bachs, Haydns, Mozarts, Beethovens, Spohrs, or Mendelssohns are ever to appear to the end of all time, we have at least one of each to fall back upon, and their works can never die. The world will worship at the old shrines until newer and better ones are erected. We have at least enough pure and beautiful music to fill a very large library, even if no more should ever be written; and its beauty can never become threadbare. These composers did not degrade their art: they exalted it to the very pinnacle of grandeur. "Prologues in Heaven" do degrade it, and pretty can very well spare the heap of rubbish which has of late years accumulated under the hands of composers of that ilk.—*Lon. Mus. Standard.*

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THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

BY G. A. MACFARREN, ESQ., M.A.,
Mus. Doc. Cantab., Prof. Mus. Cantab.

Concluded from page 132.

We will now advance to the period of Gluck. He began his career as a writer of Italian operas. On this Italian modern (for then it was modern) model Gluck recited the whole story in what they call "dry recitative" (*recitativo secco*) or recitative, accompanied only with the harpsichord and with the bowed instruments, to sustain the bass note, interspersed with one or other of the five classes of *aria*. He attained great celebrity, in consequence of which he was engaged to write for the King's Theatre in London. Here he supposed that, his works being unfamiliar, a pasticcio would supply all that was necessary, and therefore his opera, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, was a collection of pieces from several of his other operas adapted to a new text, and the work produced small effect. This brought upon him the conviction that music, to fulfill its highest functions, must be written for, and written to, the situation in which it was presented; that an adaptation of old music to new words, or new words to old music misrepresented both, and that the true dramatic qualities could only be fulfilled if words and music were written for each other, and when these both belong to the situation for which they were designed. Such, indeed, was the idea which had been germinated by the Florentines, in their institution of recitative and thence of the opera. Such had been set forth at length by that distinguished Venetian amateur, Benedetto Marcello, who in 1720, published an essay on dramatic music "Il teatro alla modo," in which he satirized the vices of the dramatic music of the time. It became, hereafter, the province of Gluck to put the theory of Marcello into practice. Gluck, for many years, pondered this new view, although in its novelty it was but a revival of the treatment of the dramatic element in music. He met with a poet, Calzabigi, who entirely agreed with him in this perception of dramatic propriety, and wrote for him, and with him, and into his very thoughts, the text of the opera of *Alceste*.

This was produced in Vienna, in 1767. It was an extraordinary change from what had been heard before, and met with very great success. In consequence of this success Gluck thought that still higher things were possible to music than had been hitherto accomplished. He knew that the resources of the Paris Theatre exceeded those in any other capital; he knew the great powers of scenic effect, and how all the accessories then incident to the stage were to be met with in Paris. He went thither for the sake of extending his practice in the composition of opera, and he brought forward his opera of *Iphigénie en Aulide* with a success which fully realized all his desires. But here he was bound by the exigency of the French opera of intermixing with his music very much dancing. He met with the famous Vestri, another instance of French recourse to Italian genius, for although the French is the dancing nation of all the world by universal admission, this great Vestri, who bears the title in French annals of "Le dieu de la danse," was Italian born, and added the "s" to the end of his name only after he had been some years settled in France. When then *Iphigénie* was to be produced, Vestri went to Gluck to make arrangements for the ballet. He said he must have his *gavotte*, he must have his *allemande*, he must have his *bourrée*. Gluck exclaimed, "Agamemnon never danced a *gavotte!*" Vestri replied, "So much the worse for Agamemnon; the people of Paris cannot witness an opera without one"; and consequently such dances were necessarily inserted into the drama which represented the woe of Agamemnon compelled to sacrifice his daughter in order to propitiate Diana for fair winds to carry the Greeks to Troy.

We find in Handel the representation of several characters contained in one piece of music, but they have still this stagnant quality of singing so many asides together, and never addressing one another. A composer who is only known by name, for I have never been able to meet with any specimen of his works, Logroscino, is said to have, in some operas he wrote for the small theatre in Naples, represented continuous action in music, and to have had great success. Nicolo Piccini, afterwards the rival of Gluck in the great Paris musical warfare, extended the idea, and in his opera, *La buona Figliuola*, there are specimens of long-continued music during a varied action, where the characters address one another, where sometimes each sings his own sentiment aside while others sing theirs, and where this particular element in lyrical composition is brought to a very high standard. This was set to a text founded on our Richardson's novel of *Pamela*. The opera had an immense success, and, in consequence of it, Piccini's fame was very greatly extended.

The particular combination of characters and continuation of action has its highest example in the masterpieces of Mozart, and we need but refer to the great finale of *Don Giovanni*, to the finale of each act of *Figaro*, and to the sextet in the second act of *Don Giovanni*, to perceive the utmost to which the dramatic musical art has yet attained; the utmost to which it seems possible human genius can ever reach. The only probability that dramatic music may exceed these examples may be in the choice of a loftier subject than the gallantries of Don Giovanni and the intrigues of the Count's valet in *Figaro*. But with the application of such resources to a great tragical or a great religious subject, the opera is capable of becoming the greatest development of the musical art. It is especially to be noticed, in these works of Mozart, that all the principles of musical construction are manifestly fulfilled, and that while they illustrate the action, while they express and declaim the text, the musical composition is in itself so complete and so perfect that were the words withdrawn we should still be delighted to hear the music; were the action imperceptible, one still would feel his musical sense satisfied in the admirable pieces which these works present.

I have now to speak of a particular quality in dramatic composition much vaunted of late as a novelty due exclusively to one composer, and characterized by the German term of *leit-motif*. The rise of this may grow to be an abuse, and one must bear in mind the remark of one of the humorous journals on some more or less recent performance of the kind, that the Portuguese proverb Byron quoted may be applied to some of the works in question, and we may say that "Valhalla is paved with good motives," and those motives are not always realized. One finds a particularly strong anticipation of this allusion to a musical idea that has been previously stated in the first *finale* of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. In the scene in this opera where the governor of the prison, Pizarro, requires Rocco, the jailor, to fulfill his dreadful purpose upon the prisoner, Florestan, he has described the contemplated murder, and, after exclaiming "Ein Stoss," sings to four notes, with terrible emphasis, "Und er verstummt." In the *finale*, Rocco is pleading for the prisoners to be allowed to range the prison-yard, and enjoy for the first time the fresh air of heaven. Pizarro is angered to find them at large, and demands how has this man dared without order to set them for a while at liberty? No word is in the text replied; but in the orchestra are those four notes by which we read the conscience of Pizarro — that he feels he has confessed his intention to murder his victim — that he has made this man his confidant, and, of course, as he has made him his confidant, he cannot deny him the privilege which he has used, of giving the prisoners a few moments of freedom.

The same appropriation of a musical idea to the constant expression of one specialty may be noticed in the *Freischütz* of Weber, where the influence of the evil spirit is always indicated by that particular *tremolo* with the soft note upon the drum, together with the *pizzicato* for the basses. Again, in his *Euryanthe*, by that peculiar passage which occurs in the centre of the overture in slower *tempo* than the rest of the movement, with muted violins, which is always used in the opera when allusion is made to that ghost story, which is the means employed to injure the character of Euryanthe. Let us look further: there is scarcely to be met with in an Italian opera a mad scene, where the *prima donna* lets down her back hair, but she is sure to sing some portions of the love duet she had with the tenor in the first act. And in all the operas of this century, where it has been found convenient, is displayed a natural, but not lavish use of this resource. The resource is not confined to dramatic music.

It may be said to be an application of the same thing, that in setting even music for the church the recurrence of a musical idea at a later portion of the text, which idea was previously heard with other words, is employed by the composer to throw the light of that former text upon the latter expression. Thus, for instance, we find in some settings of the canticle *Te Deum* that when in the latter portion of the hymn the words come, "Day by day we magnify Thee," the same musical phrase is appropriated which is set to the words, "We praise Thee, O God." To magnify, to praise, are one outpouring of the heart; and the sense of this magnifying and worshipping, in the latter portion of the hymn, is aggrandized and made more forcible by such musical reference to the corresponding words at the outset of the canticle. And in such manner as this, the principle of recurrent musical ideas is to be used, not as a pantomime trick of bringing up a stage goblin, but as a very high medium of enforcing the musical meaning. Further, it is not confined to vocal composition alone, but I maintain that in the symphony in C-minor of Beethoven, when in the last movement the theme of the *scherzo* recurs, this is quite as much an application of the principle of *leit-motif* as anything that has occurred in recent operas. This is to recall in the midst of the grand heroic movement whatever sentiment the composer designed to express in the music of the *scherzo;* and this was not original in Beethoven, because in a symphony of Haydn in B, which is very little known, in precisely the same manner, and in precisely the same situation, namely, in the middle of the last movement, there occurs a phrase from the minuet of the same symphony.[1]

Again, in the first quartet of Mendelssohn for violins, at the end of the last movement occurs that lovely melody in E-flat, which opens the first movement. In the second quartet he begins with the melody, which he had previously set to words, and the reference to which setting is a very strong index toward comprehending the expression intended by the whole quartet, and the quartet terminates with the same song set forth at length which is only hinted at in the beginning. That is the quartet in A-minor. Then again, in his octet, there recurs in the midst of the last movement, a portion of the *scherzo* which is interwoven with the themes of the last movement, most ingeniously combined, and the one is made to form

[1] This little Haydn symphony was performed in one of the Harvard Symphony Concerts here in Boston about twelve years ago. — *Ed.*

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a counterpoint to the other. Here again we find this application in instrumental music of the element that I think is very valuable, but by no means a recent acquisition in the operatic treasury.

We have to distinguish now between what the French call their grand opera and their comic opera, understanding that the term comic does not signify, as in ordinary speech, matter for jest and laughter and fun, but the comic opera corresponds with what was here called the ballad opera, or the opera of the days of Purcell; an opera, namely, in which there is song, but in which much is spoken. And this has in France a very curious origin. A patent for the performance of the lyrical drama was granted specially to the Académie Royale. It was therefore, forbidden to sing on the stage of any other theatre. There were, however, performed at the Opéra-Comique spoken dramas, which were interspersed with songs; these songs were to popular tunes, and when the situation for their insertion occurred a scroll was displayed, on which the words were written at length and in large characters; the band played the tune, and the audience sang the song. From this has been developed the Vaudeville, and thence the opéra-comique of the French stage.

Corresponding with the opéra-comique, which has—more than our ballad operas possess—some occasional largely developed pieces, is the *singspiel* of the German stage, and it is to be remembered that it has been so highly developed that many of the best works in the German school are of this structure. Such are the *Seraglio*, the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, the *Freischütz* of Weber, the *Faust* of Spohr, and many others which might be named.

It is in the last fifty years only that the composition of the highest class of opera has been aimed at in England; and although we have lost some of our dearest friends who have had best successes in this department, there are still some who aim at dramatic composition; and let us hope that they will have the opportunity, as no doubt some of them may have the talent, to add yet glories to the lyrical drama. I would lastly remark that the sunshine of the poet draws from that great ocean, the musician's mind, the clouds which reflect its light prismatically broken into countless colors, and which pour their riches upon the earth to warm, and strengthen, and nourish men's hearts with the wealth of harvest—the harvest of the human mind.

SACRED CONCERTS AND ORGAN MUSIC IN PARIS.[1]

[1780 and 1880.]

It is neither by chance, nor mere caprice that the above dates, 1780 and 1880, stand side by side at the top of this rapid essay, which, while retrospective, treats also of to-day. What they prove, is that, in matters of art, tradition always presides, to a greater or less extent, at the birth and the development of everything useful and beautiful, and that the present cannot be explained without our knowing and comprehending the past. The concerts given for the last three years by M. Guilmant in the hall of the Trocadéro are related to those which, a century ago, found a home at the Tuileries, in a much less spacious locality, the Salle des Suisses, afterward called the Salle des Maréchaux.

The "Concerts Spirituels," or Sacred Concerts of the last century were originally intended to replace theatrical performances during the period of Easter, and at certain solemn festivals. It was the brother of the celebrated composer, Philidor, who founded them, and the King lent him a special apartment in the Tuileries. The 18th March, 1725, was the day which saw the birth of what was a genuine Academy of Music, the number of concerts given annually being twenty-four or twenty-five. There were eighty-two performers, including a conductor, an organist, eight reciters, or solo singers, male and female, and fifty-four symphonists. These concerts, which soon enjoyed a very great reputation in France and Europe, lasted till the end of 1791, when there was a long period of silence extending down to 1805.

In the year 1780, then, if we look over the programmes of the Sacred Concerts, at the head of which stood Gossec to direct the orchestra, and one of the Couperins for the organ, we find among the principal works interpreted by such singers as Le Gros, Laya, Mmes. Todi and Saint-Huberti, symphonies by Gossec, and airs by Piccinni, Sacchini, Paisiello, Gluck, etc., besides recitalos and concertos by Bach, symphonies by Haydn and Mozart, Pergolesi's *Stabat*, fragments from the *Carmen Sæculare* of Philidor, who had just achieved a great success in England, oratorios by various composers of the day, a "Te Deum," a "Dixit ire," and a "Veni, sanctus Spiritus," by Gossec, these different pieces of the liturgy being adapted for the festivals of Whitsuntide, All Saints, All Souls, etc. Among the eminent instrumentalists we may mention Dupont the violoncellist, Ozi, the famous player; and Punto, the hornist. Among the prodigies of the period were Mlle. Murdich, a distinguished flautist, and Rodolphe Kreutzer, then scarcely thirteen, who was greatly applauded in a violin concerto, written by his master, Stamitz.

The Sacred Concerts were discontinued at the end of 1791, to be revived about 1805, with varying fortune and elsewhere than in the Tuileries. Gradually, what had so long been a brilliant institution disappeared, or was hardly ever mentioned, save at very rare intervals, and during Passion Week. From twenty-four or twenty-five, the number of concerts annually was reduced to two or three.

One especial obstacle to the continuation, or rather resurrection, of these interesting and useful meetings was the want of a locality large enough to enable their directors to render them accessible to the masses. At last, in 1878, the erection of the Salle du Trocadéro supplied this lamentable deficiency. In future, classic music has at its disposal a building worthy of it. There is a huge difference between the thousand or fifteen hundred places at the old Sacred Concerts and the five thousand of the amphitheatre at the Trocadéro. M. Cavaillé-Coll's grand organ—more favored in this respect than the other instruments and the voices, which have not much to thank the acoustic qualities of the edifice for—sounds powerfully through the vast space, and replaces Cliquot's charming, but too modest instrument, which lost its aid at the old concerts. An immense distance has been traversed, a great advance made, by passing from the fourteen or fifteen registers of Cliquot's instrument to the sixty of the organ at the Trocadéro. M. Cavaillé-Coll's organ, by itself, is equal to the most powerful orchestra in the world.

The concerts inaugurated and carried on with such brilliant success by M. Guilmant for the last three years are in very many respects a revival of the old Sacred Concerts. They are, it is true, essentially organ concerts, but vocal and instrumental music fill a sufficient space in them for the assimilation to suggest itself naturally to the mind.

But this year more especially, M. Guilmant has attempted a resurrection possessing all the attraction and charm of something previously untried. We refer to the performance with organ and band, of Handel's concertos, so popular in England but hitherto not known in France. Some of the great master's oratorios gave, a few years ago, a foretaste of these fine works, which are at one and the same time popular, and highly artistic in character. Handel wrote eighteen concertos for organ and orchestra. M. Guilmant, with the assistance of M. Colonne's excellent body of players, has given us four of these remarkable compositions with, in addition, a notable fragment from a fifth; thereby constituting the great and legitimate success of his very interesting entertainments. We had the fourth concerto in F; the seventh in B-minor; the first, in G-minor; the second, in B-minor; and, lastly, a fragment of the sixth. We lay particular stress on Handel's concertos without again analyzing, after the reports published in this paper, the programmes of which they formed the chief ornament; indeed it was the announcement that they were to be given, which attracted to the four concerts so numerous an audience that more than 300 persons had to be turned back on each occasion. Having come with a feeling of curiosity mingled with a certain prejudice against works supposed to be purely scholastic and consequently wearisome, the public were first astonished, then charmed, and finally enraptured with such melody united to such science, and disguising art by art itself. The frank rhythms, the genuine good humor, the rapid pace which caused tolerably long pieces to appear too short, all combined to ensure the immediate success of these masterpieces, which have so long formed part of the regular repertory in Germany and more especially in England. The effect produced by their performance was well expressed by an amateur who observed: "This music possesses a rustic flavor which is charming; we breathe it like the perfume of a meadow; it has the odor of thyme." M. Guilmant has been worthily rewarded for his efforts by a degree of success hitherto unprecedented in this branch of art. His concerts have been more than an agreeable recreation for the crowd; they may lay claim to the character of an artistic imitation. Are there many of which we can say as much?

Ch. Bartelemy.

WAGNER ON BEETHOVEN.[1]

. . . . . Touching Beethoven, Wagner declares that it was the mission of the master to assert the proper function of his art; to release it from the bondage of the external and trivial, and make it a revelation of the inmost soul. On this point our author, after referring to the retardation of Mozart's development by "unprecedented deviations," goes on to say: "We see young Beethoven, on the other hand, facing the world at once with that defiant temperament which, throughout his life, kept him in almost savage independence; his enormous self-confidence, supported by haughtier courage, at all times prompted him to defend himself from the frivolous demands made upon music by a pleasure-seeking world. He had to guard a treasure of immeasurable richness against the importunities of effeminate taste. He was the soothsayer of the innermost world of tones, and he had to act as such in the very forms in which music was displaying itself as a merely diverting art." We will not stop to inquire whether Wagner's picture of Beethoven's "savage independence" is exactly warranted by the facts of, at least, the early part of his career. It is more important to raise a question as to the obligation expressed in the last-quoted sentence. Wagner was bound to meet the argument that his hero accepted, and, to the last, worked upon the recognized form of art, and we find here some sort of necessity assumed. Our author admits that Beethoven "never altered any of the

[1] From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*. (Translation from the *London Musical World*.)

[1] "Beethoven." By Richard Wagner. With a Supplement from the Philosophical Works of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Edward Dannreuther. [London: Reeves].

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extant forms of instrumental music on principle; the same structure can be traced in his last sonatas, quartets, symphonies, etc., as in his first." He would have acted according to reason, we are told, if he had overthrown those forms as a lot of useless "external scaffolding"; but he did nothing of the kind, although the "rough vehemence of his human nature shows how he felt the ban these forms laid upon his genius, with a sense of personal suffering almost as great as that which he felt under the pressure of any other conventionality." The entirely gratuitous assumption expressed in these words makes it all the more imperative that Wagner should explain to us why the savagely independent spirit of Beethoven did not burst asunder the chafing fetters of form. But our author does nothing of the kind. He tells us, in words already cited, that Beethoven "had to" observe form. Why "had to"? We can see no obligation, and the fair inference is that the master adhered to accepted artistic methods in the exercise of his right of choice, conscious that they did not hinder but rather assist a full and intelligible expression of his ideas. How much Wagner is at a loss to reconcile his theory of Beethoven with Beethoven's acts appears by his riding out of the matter on the back of a compliment to the German nation: "Here again is apparent the peculiarity of the German nature, which is inwardly so richly and deeply endowed, that it leaves its impress upon every form, remodels the forms from within, and thus escapes the necessity of externally overthrowing it." This may be very true, but affords no proof that Beethoven despised the forms he, through life, so scrupulously observed. While we challenge Wagner on this point, it is impossible not to agree with his glowing description of the manner in which Beethoven's genius gave new life to the old methods. He may be somewhat hard upon the master's predecessors when he likens their works to a painted transparency with the light held *before* the picture, and Beethoven's to the same transparency with the light *behind* it, but every word of the following is true: "Assuredly it is an enchanted state we fall into when listening to a genuine work of Beethoven's. In all parts and details of the piece, that to sober senses look like a complex of technical means cunningly contrived to fulfill a form, we now perceive a ghost-like animation, an activity here most delicate, there appalling, a pulsation of undulating joy, longing, fear, lamentation, and ecstasy, all of which again seem to spring from the profoundest depths of our own nature. For *the* feature in Beethoven's musical productions which is so particularly momentous for the history of art is this: that every technical detail, by means of which for clearness' sake the artist places himself in a conventional relation to the external world, is raised to the highest significance of a spontaneous effusion." Surely if this prove anything beside Beethoven's greatness, it shows that the classical forms which "for clearness' sake" the master used are not incompatible with the complete manifestation of even a stupendous genius. Why then assail or ignore them, as some of Beethoven's successors take pride in doing?

Wagner next gives us some interesting remarks upon the difference in the essential natures of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first-named master was satisfied to be a Prince's attendant. "Submissive and devout, he retained the peace of a kind-hearted, cheerful disposition to a good old age." Mozart, on the other hand, found servitude unbearable, and spent himself in "an incessant struggle for an undisturbed and secure existence," sacrificing his fugitive earnings to the petty enjoyments of life. On his part, Beethoven, far too haughty to attend either prince or public, lived so much within himself that he was comparatively indifferent to the world of external things. And, as he withdrew farther and farther from that world, the clearer became his insight into inner and inward things. In urging this upon us Wagner becomes truly eloquent, and we follow his argument with unalloyed pleasure. In the light here shown, deafness came to Beethoven as a gift from the gods: "For the outer world now became extinct to him; not that blindness robbed him of its view, but because deafness finally kept it at a distance from his hearing. The ear was the only organ through which the outer world could still reach and disturb him; it had long since faded to his eye. What did the enraptured dreamer see when, fixedly staring with open eyes, he wandered through the crowded streets of Vienna, solely animated by the waking of his inner world of tones?"

We must pass over Wagner's remarks upon Beethoven's optimism in religious belief, and in the capacities of human nature, simply pointing out how, in view of it, he compares the master to a saint whose suffering is enhanced by every display of evil works and ways. Beethoven's reason we are told, impelled him "to construct the Idea of the Good Man," and then to find a melody proper to him. In working out this fanciful hypothesis Wagner becomes extravagant to the cool-headed reader. He speaks of the "Eroica" Symphony as "almost" indicating Beethoven's search after the Good Man; who is, however, more obviously found in the finale of the "C-minor," to which the "Eroica" appears as "a protracted preparation, holding us in suspense like clouds moved now by storms, now by delicate breezes, from which at length the sun bursts forth in full splendor." As for the melody fitted to the Good Man, Wagner discovers it in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony; "The most consummate art has never produced anything more artistically simple than that melody, the childlike innocence of which, when it is first heard in the most equable whisper of the bass stringed instruments in unison, breathes upon us as with a saintly breath. It now becomes the Plain-Song — the choral of the new congregation, around which, as in the church choral of Sebastian Bach, the harmonic voices form contrapuntal groups as they severally enter. There is nothing like the sweet fervor to which every newly-added voice further animates this type of purest innocence, until every embellishment, every glory of elevated feeling, unites in it and around it, like the breathing world round a finally revealed dogma of purest love." This is not less true than eloquent; but Beethoven would probably be surprised, could he live again, at the theory which connects his beautiful theme with search after a melody fitting for an ideal Good Man. He might also want to know why such a melody is not recognised as having been found when the Choral Fantasia was written. Wagner now goes on to insist that Beethoven "emancipated melody from the influence of fashion and fluctuating taste," and not only so, but gave to vocal music, in relation to that which is instrumental, a new significance, by treating the voices, not with reference to their verbal text, but as "human instruments." An orchestra with voices thus became simply an orchestra with enhanced capabilities — in other words, additional instruments. "We are all aware," says Wagner, "that music looses nothing of its character even when very different words are set to it; and this fact proves that the relation of music to the *art of poetry* is purely illusory; for it holds true that when music is heard, with singing added thereto, it is not the poetical thought, which, especially in choral pieces, can hardly be articulated intelligibly, that is grasped by the auditor, but, at best, only that element of it which to the musician seemed suitable for music, and which his mind transmuted into music." This leads our author into a philosophical discussion of "the most complete drama," as we should have it from the combination of a Shakespeare and a Beethoven, each speaking out of his inmost consciousness, regardless of forms and conventionalities. As to this part of the argument we must refer the reader to the book itself, since to touch it all would necessitate the taking up of large space.

Wagner anticipated that his peculiar ideas about Beethoven would be held up to ridicule, and he here discusses at some length the literary and æsthetic degeneracy of our age. He attributes it almost entirely to fashion — the subordination of individuality to a common pattern. The true paradise of mental activity, he tells us, was found before letters were invented, or written upon parchment or paper. But when written characters were introduced, mental activity abated, and still more was this the case after the invention of printing. Down to this point, however, there was some hope. "The genius of a people could come to an understanding with the printer," but the rise of journalism removed the last chance. "For now opinions only rule, 'public opinions,' and they can be had for money. Whoever takes in a newspaper has procured its 'opinions' over and above the waste paper; he need not think or reflect any further; what is to be thought of God and the world lies ready before him in black and white." Thus, hopelessly in bondage to fashion or "public opinion," we must, on Wagner's showing, look to music for comfort. The kingdom of music, like that of religion, is not of this world. "Let every one experience for himself how the entire modern world of phenomena, that, to his despair, everywhere impenetrably hems him in, suddenly vanishes away as soon as he hears the first bars of one of these divine symphonies. How could we possibly listen with any devotion to such music at one of our concert-rooms, if the physical surroundings did not vanish from our optical perception? Yet this is, taken in its most serious sense, the uniform effect of music over and against our entire modern civilization; music extinguishes it as sunshine does lamplight." It is the spirit of this powerful and unfettered art, from which Beethoven struck the last shackles of fashion when he emancipated melody, that, according to Wagner, will re-animate our civilization as far as concerns the artistic Man. On the same authority, the task of re-animation devolves upon the German spirit, and will be achieved by it provided it learn to comprehend the situation properly and relinquish every false tendency.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATORIUM.

In the columns of the *Parisian*, a young English lady, Miss Bessie Richards, gives a brief but interesting description of life in Leipzig, with special reference to the career of young ladies who enter at the Leipzig Conservatoire. Miss Bessie Richards was, it is well known, a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and she therefore speaks from experience. Altogether her picture of life in the Saxon city is a highly favorable one. For a home you have the choice of boarding with a family — married officers and persons of similar standing freely receiving boarders — or having private apartments. Miss Bessie Richards chose the latter alternative, and she had a room which served at once as a bed, sitting, and reception room. A large Berlin stove, without any visible fire, but which warms the apartment far more effectually than the open fire-places; a wooden bed, which is concealed by a screen during the day, a few chairs, a table, two or three rugs, and a parquet floor, rendering a carpet unnecessary, form the furniture of these apartments. The examination to secure admission to the Conservatoire is almost nominal, and the thing is clenched

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by the reading aloud of the rules and the payment of the fees. Miss Bessie Richards says: —

"As the professors present did not understand English, I fear, when on one occasion I was deputed to read the above-mentioned rules to some of my country-people, my sense of the humorous overcame my respect for the authorities; and some clauses which I added on my own account, delivered with a gravity befitting the occasion, slightly astonished my hearers. After giving the dates of their birth, with brief biographies of their nearest relations, the students are provided with a plan of the daily lessons and can begin work."

Into the system of study adopted at the Leipzig Conservatoire Miss Bessie Richards unfortunately does not enter in detail. She merely says that each student or "Conservatorist" and "Conservatoristin," as they are called, has a right to from six to eight lessons a week in piano, violin, violoncello, or singing, and harmony; besides which there are weekly lectures, ensemble classes for the practice of concerted music, and entertainments (Abendunterhaltungen), every Friday evening, arranged for the purpose of accustoming the inexperienced artists to perform in public. These take place in the concert-hall, a room capable of holding from four to five hundred people; and all interested in the success of the Conservatorium are admitted. Miss Richards complains that at the Conservatoire "the male and female classes are kept carefully apart: a precaution which appeared to me very unnecessary, since I never met a member of the institution who could have succeeded in diverting my attention for one moment from my studies." After some cursory remarks on the hats of the gilded youth of Leipzig, Miss Richards proceeds to describe the amusements of the city. She says: —

"The amusements offered in Leipzig during the winter are the theatres, numerous concerts, and skating. The new theatre is a large and handsome building, where operas and dramas are given alternately every evening. Although the 'stars' of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg are seldom heard there, great attention is paid to the orchestra and chorus, resulting in a generally good performance. The low prices (the most expensive seats costing only four shillings on ordinary occasions) enable even persons of slender means to indulge frequently in these entertainments. The principal orchestral concerts are the Gewandhaus, the Euterpe, and occasional church concerts for the performance of oratorios, masses, etc. There are also the Kammermusik Soirées, or chamber music soirées, once a week, and occasional concerts organized by stray artists visiting the town. The Gewandhaus Concerts every Thursday evening are the event of the week. The rehearsals, at which members of the Conservatorium have the privilege of being present, take place on Wednesday morning, beginning at nine o'clock — the early hour raising murmurs, in which even the most enthusiastic amateurs cannot but join. All the numbered seats having been subscribed for by the same families for years, and being looked upon as heir-looms, outsiders wishing to be present at these concerts are condemned to sit in the Kleiner Saal, where it is possible to see, but not, except from the few seats facing the door which leads into the large room, to hear. To secure the coveted chairs is the ambition of all; and a formidable party may be found assembled on the stairs of the Gewandhaus an hour before the doors are opened, prepared on the ringing of the bell, the signal for their admission, to incur any risks in compassing this end. The new comers, uninitiated in these customs, are slightly astonished on arriving shortly before the beginning of the concert, to find all chance of obtaining a seat at an end. But, shortly after, the novice, who a few weeks earlier would probably have been sauntering leisurely into St. James's Hall in all the splendor of evening array, might be seen scampering madly along the passages of the Gewandhaus, upsetting any one who barred the way to the longed-for seat. The discovery of a less-frequented entrance on the other side of the hall caused at one time a certain amount of excitement, and a few admitted to the secret were missed from their usual posts on the stairs. The result was that the two parties, rushing frantically from opposite directions, fell into each other's arms; and in the struggle the seats which had been the object of this unseemly encounter fell to the lot of the less enterprising competitors bringing up the rear. The Euterpe Concerts are also of considerable repute, but not sufficiently so to necessitate a resort to strong measures in order to obtain a stall."

Miss Richards also describes the cafés, giving an amusing picture of the fondness of grown men and women for chocolate, and the horror of the average German for a current of fresh air in a room; and with a description of the arrangements for skating, and a warm panegyric of the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants towards strangers, her interesting essay concludes.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

LOCAL ORCHESTRAS.

Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, one of the rising composers of England, and a musician of culture, living and working at Cambridge University, has addressed the following letter to the organists of the English cathedrals. Though we have no cathedral cities, and no military centres of the kind here alluded to, yet the principal suggestion in the letter would seem to be, *mutatis mutandis*, equally applicable to the musical condition of some parts at least of our own country.

We have frequently insisted in these columns on the desirableness of having a good local orchestra in every city and large town which has acquired importance as a musical centre. Nothing could do so much to secure the musical independence of a community. It would leave us far less at the mercy of speculating managers and agents, with their travelling bands and orchestras. If we have not trained cathedral choirs, we have in many towns and cities vocal societies, which study with enthusiasm oratorios and cantatas of the highest character, and would perform them oftener if they only had the means of a suitable instrumental accompaniment without going to Boston or New York for it. What gives real musical character to a place is its possession, all within itself, of its own orchestral, as well as its own vocal, organization. The same thing may be said also of the opera; there will be no true opera in America until we cease to be dependent for this costly and luxurious entertainment upon the travelling impresarii, and have permanent, established, local lyric theatres of our own.

Mr. Stanford suggests to his brother cathedral organists that "out-going choristers" (boys we presume) in the several choirs might be taught to play instruments against the time when their voices would naturally fail them. This resource would amount to little here. But, on the other hand, with all our music schools and "Conservatories," and with the increasing interest in music everywhere about us, might not the materials for a small orchestra be found and made available by training, not only in principal cities like Boston, but in large towns like Worcester, Salem, Springfield, etc., — in short, wherever an oratorio society exists? And it would also serve for purely instrumental concerts. Mr. Stanford writes: —

Sir, — In the present acknowledged dearth of local orchestras in England, I venture to ask your attention to, and if possible co-operation in, a plan for supplying a want so widely felt. Good chorus singers and choral societies are in plenty, while the means of adequately accompanying them is so rare, that either an orchestra must be obtained at great expense from London or Manchester, or else recourse must be had to the miserable substitute of a harmonium or pianoforte. If we except Bristol, and a very few of the larger cities, local orchestral concerts, such as are to be found flourishing in the smallest German towns, are unknown; and that too, not from the absence of musical appreciation in the English public, but from the lack of instruction in orchestral instruments. I have tried, and hitherto with success, the expedient of having out-going choristers in my choir taught orchestral instruments, and their previous musical training stands them in such good stead, that I confidently expect to find eventually good results in a competent local orchestra. The knowledge of orchestral instruments will be profitable to them, in that it will supplement their income from whatever mercantile or other pursuits they enter upon when they leave the choir. I trust that you will see your way to developing this idea in your town and choir. If the Cathedral cities were to make an effort in this direction, the effect both upon English audiences and English music, would, I feel convinced, be a most marked one. As many Cathedral towns are also military centres, no difficulty would be found in procuring the services of a band-master or other qualified person to teach the various instruments.

Hoping for your valuable co-operation in this plan, and for any suggestions you may make for its furtherance, I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully, C. Villiers Stanford.

Trinity College, Cambridge, July 27th, 1880.

HOUSEHOLD MUSIC.

One of the most powerful means for the dissemination of musical knowledge and the consequent progress in musical art, is the proper practice of music in the household. Sufficient attention is not given to the cultivation of this phase of the art. It is too generally looked upon as an unimportant branch of education, which may take care of itself. But this is a mistake; because it denies the people a vast amount of pleasure and profit. Musical enthusiasts who are continually running wild over music and musicians would do well to devote some of their exuberant energy to the propagation of music in the home circle. The average young lady amateur should be taught that outside of her two or three little piano pieces there is a world of music, which, if she will, she may enter with delight and profit to herself. As a household instrument, the piano is unsurpassed; but its abuse must be guarded against. It is so popular a form of music-making that people are apt to look upon it as the only musical instrument available for the household. The interchange of sympathy and enthusiasm, brought about by the practice of part-singing or part-playing in the household, is far more conducive to the propagation of musical art among the people than is the incessant and indifferent use of any one instrument.

The violin and orchestral instruments generally are now much studied by ladies, so that, besides the gentleman players who can be procured, the material for home orchestras is not lacking. This form of home music combines informal social enjoyment with deep study of the works of the great masters. Moreover, it has the additional effect of familiarizing the casual listener with the masterworks of musical genius, until their intrinsic beauties grow upon him. Hence, side by side with the spread of concerted music in the household, will grow the popular appreciation of that classic music which is now too rigidly believed to be far above the comprehension of the masses. Many persons do not enjoy classic music, not because they lack a natural taste for it, but because they do not listen to it often enough to grow familiar with it. The practice of holding musical evenings in the house, for the performance of both solo and concerted music, is one likely to stimulate a love for the art. In the performance of part music, the piano can be brought into use in numerous ways. Apart from its unique use as a solo instrument, the piano is invaluable for accompanying, on account of its harmony-producing powers. Though it has not that perfection of intonation to be found in the stringed instruments, its unique qualities will always sus-

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tain it as the instrument of instruments for household use. It certainly is a much abused thing, but its use is so important that the abuse is, in a measure, excusable. Very few people take proper care of the piano. They allow it to be exposed to the vagaries of the atmosphere and of piano-thumping young ladies. Not having an acutely musical ear, they do not know when their instrument gets out of order, or, knowing, they neglect to have it tuned often enough. The consequence is that such neglect inflicts a permanent injury upon the instrument, destroying its quality of tone and purity of intonation. These defects combine to blunt the musical sensibilities of the learner on the instrument, as well as to grate upon the sensitive ear of the musician.

The quality of the musical compositions for the piano in use of late years is much better than formerly, yet much room remains for improvement. Trashy songs and piano pieces still occupy too prominent a place upon the household music-stand. When a higher standard of musical appreciation is reached by the general public, this demand for trashy music will cease. Meanwhile, it is reasonable to think that an inferior quality of music in the household is better than none at all, since it may indirectly lead to the appreciation of something better. Many hot-headed musicians and ultra-classicists do not endorse this view of the matter, but erroneously urge the introduction of classic music into every household, where not even the slightest preparation has been made for its reception. The adequate appreciation of classic music is a matter of education and time. There is no reason why the best and highest music may not, in course of time, become a common means of household enjoyment. The general public has begun to find that there is greater beauty than they had supposed in classic music, as the appreciation of it at concerts testifies. And so, in very many homes it has justly usurped the place of the light and ephemeral trash which has so long held sway.

To place music in the house upon its legitimate footing, it is necessary that it should be somewhat systematized. Every household ought to form a musical club, composed of a few select members, who would meet together regularly for practice and for social enjoyment. The musical duties ought to be carried out earnestly, and the evening's pleasure ought not to degenerate into a mere pastime. Nor is it sufficient that devotees of the art be merely executants. There are many branches outside of the playing of music which are of deep interest to the true music-lover. The perusal and discussion of the several branches of musical literature are never-failing means to arouse in thinking minds an interest and enthusiasm which cannot but bear good fruit. To read the biography of a composer, then to study an analysis of certain of his works, and hear those works performed, is an absorbing treat to the man who is not a practical musician, as it is to one who is a deep student of the art. It is the intellectual phase of musical appreciation which our household musicians need to cultivate. The perusal of standard musical literature and the musical periodicals is one means to this great end. In addition to his inherent love for music, the more general culture a man possesses, the more will he be enabled to appreciate the depth and grandeur of the art — the broader will be his capabilities of conception and appreciation. If people thus gifted would bestow some of their attention on the cultivation of music in the house, in course of time there would be very little heard about the lack of general admiration for the best and highest in musical art. The sooner people learn that musical appreciation does not wholly consist in their passive attendance at concerts and operas, the sooner they will learn that their perfunctory contributions to musical societies and the like are not the only requisites for the elevation of music; the better it will be for the ennobling art which demands active, personal sincerity from those followers who would elevate it to its proper place among the people. George T. Bullino.

OLE BULL.

A despatch from Bergen, Norway, by way of London, received here on the 19th inst., announced the death of the veteran violinist and great popular favorite, Ole Bull. For many years, and even until the past few months, he was a familiar figure in these parts, still attracting attention and admiration by his noble stature, his courteous demeanor, his outward dignity and grace, his benevolent and beaming countenance, crowned by the copious mass of hair white with age, which made his aspect venerable. He lived last winter at Cambridge, in the house of James Russell Lowell, enjoying the friendly intercourse of Longfellow and other friends of culture and distinction, who celebrated his seventieth birthday there last February; and he was often seen in concerts, both as performer and as hearer.

As a man, a mind, a character, he could be admired, without much admiration of his music. His personality was striking. There was a touch of genius, or something like it, in his face and in his conversation, and there was a certain charm in all his eccentricity. He was noted also for his public spirit, his generous aid of charitable or noble causes, and for the outspoken freedom of his opinions always on the side of liberty and of humanity. He could tolerate no nonsense, no affectation (although he has been often charged with the latter weakness, himself, in his art). He hated Wagner's music; we have heard him say: "There's murder in that music, it appeals to the lower passions." On the other hand, he was an intense admirer of Mozart, even more so than of Beethoven. Schumann seemed to be too much for him.

As a violinist, and as a composer, Ole Bull ranked rather as a virtuoso, than as a musician in the best sense. He had undoubtedly a sincere love of his instrument, could woo from it the sweetest, richest tones, and had acquired, in certain respects, a rare mastery of execution. But he dealt too much in brilliant, startling *effects* and in exaggerated sentimentality. He played *down* to his audience. He became the spoiled child of popular applause; always repeating himself, playing over and over for many years the same small stock of pieces, which were sure to please the multitude; manifesting no progress whatever as a musician and composer from the time of his first popular triumphs here in 1843. His compositions, which he almost always played, as well as his fantastic, rarely felicitous improvisations, were mostly of the flimsiest and even claptrap character; they pleased the crowd, and he was always upon exhibition, caring more for that, apparently, than for real earnest growth in art. Yet there was a certain halo of romance about him, a certain legendary something, that made him still a hero with the people. To them he seemed to embody and continue into our modern times the outworn minstrel character and function of the middle ages. While he has added nothing to the history of Art, his memory will be cherished as that of an imposing, genial, attractive personality. We take from the *Transcript* the following sketch of his career:

He was born in Bergen, Norway. His passion for music manifested itself at a very early age, but was discouraged by his father, who destined him for the church. At eight years old he played in the Philharmonic concerts at Bergen, and at nine he played first violin in Beethoven's symphony in D. When he was eighteen years of age his father sent him to the University of Christiania, which he soon left on account of taking charge of an orchestra at one of the theatres during the illness of the leader. In 1829 he went to Cassel to study with Spohr, but his reception was so cold as to almost entirely suppress his musical enthusiasm. He then began the study of law at Göttingen, but soon recovered from the despondency caused by his interview with Spohr, and once more determined to devote himself to his art, and went to Minden, where he gave his first concert with considerable success. At this place a quarrel with a fellow artist resulted in a challenge, and in a duel which followed his antagonist was mortally wounded. Compelled to leave the country, he went to Paris, where he led a most precarious and wretched life, and after being robbed of everything he possessed, including his violin, he attempted suicide by drowning. He was rescued and taken to the house of a recently bereaved mother, who found in him a remarkable resemblance to her dead son, and assisted him so liberally that he was enabled to appear in public in the profession he had chosen. The next seven years were spent in professional tours through Europe, by which he acquired not only an extended reputation but a handsome fortune. In 1838 he returned to his native place with his wife, a Parisian woman, and five years later made his first visit to the United States, where he was enthusiastically received, his concert tour yielding him a rich pecuniary harvest. In 1846 he returned to Europe, and during the succeeding seven years gave a series of concerts in the principal cities of the continent, made a campaign in Algeria against the Kabyles under General Yusuf, built a theatre in his native town, and made an effort to establish in Norway national schools in literature and art. His liberality and patriotism brought him in contact with the police because of his political preferences, and a number of vexatious lawsuits dissipated his fortune, and in 1852 he made his second visit to this country. In the same year he purchased a tract of uncultivated land, comprising 120,000 acres, in Potter County, Pennsylvania, and founded an agricultural colony, to which the name of Oleana was given in honor of its founder. The project, however, was only partially successful, and to relieve the pecuniary embarrassments which followed he resumed his concerts. Upon the completion of the Academy of Music in New York in 1854, he leased the building and undertook the management of Italian opera, which, however, proved extremely disastrous, and at the end of two months was abandoned. He again returned to Europe, where he gave concerts with much success. In April, 1866, he was reported to have died in Quebec, but since that time he has had a very busy and prosperous life. On June 1, 1870, he was married to Miss Sarah C. Thorp, daughter of Hon. J. G. Thorp of Madison, Wis. Some months later he came again to America. Since then he has lived in America most of the time, and during last winter was a resident of Cambridge, where he occupied Hon. James Russell Lowell's estate. During recent years he has frequently appeared here in concerts, and he has taken a deep interest in all matters pertaining to music, the drama and art.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. George Henschel, the noted baritone, late of London, arrived here last week, and are now visiting at Haydenville, Mass. Mr. Henschel will not sing here before his return to England, where he is engaged for the Leeds Festival in October. He will make his American début on his return here, Nov. 6, in New York, and will be heard first in this city in the Bay State course, Nov. 11. Pity that the Handel and Haydn Society cannot have him to sing the part of Elijah, at the opening of the new Tremont Temple!

—— The Handel and Haydn Society will perform the *Messiah* and *Elijah* in the opening week of the new Tremont Temple. In the first oratorio, October 11, Miss Lillian Bailey will be the soprano soloist, making her first re-appearance in this city after singing at the Worcester Festival.

—— The Mendelssohn Quintet Club's new members for the coming season are Isidore Schnitzler, first violin, from Rotterdam, and Ernst Thiele, violin, from Philadelphia. Messrs. William Schade, flute, and Frederick Giese, 'cello, make their second season with the club, and Thomas Ryan begins his thirty first year with the organization which he created. The club, with Miss Lewis, who has just returned from Europe, after an absence of two years, are preparing to make a concert tour in Maine and the Provinces, appearing in St. John, N. B., Sept. 7, returning to Boston about the 25th.

—— The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernhard Listemann, conductor, is to be increased for the coming season to forty-two men, and will give five concerts of classical and miscellaneous selections before the New Year. The principal works promised are the following: —

Symphonies: Beethoven — Pastoral in F, No. 6: Liszt — A "Faust" symphony in three parts, with Schluss chorus and Dante symphony (first part, "Inferno"); Raff — "Im Walde"; Tschaikowski — Suite, Op. 43. Overtures: Weber — "Freischutz"; Berlioz — "Le Carnival Romain"; Gluck — "Iphigenia in Aulis" (finished by Wagner); Beethoven — "King Stephen"; Wagner — "Eine Faust Ouverture"; Goldmark — — "Penthesilea"; Dvorak — "Der Bauer ein Schelm"

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(The Peasant a Rogue). Miscellaneous: Rubinstein—"Don Quixote" (musical character picture); Hoffman—Three character pieces; Mozart—Divertimento in D; Wagner—"Siegfried's Funeral March," "Waldweben" and "Kaisermarsch"; Tchaikowski—Andante for strings; Dvorak—Slavonic Dances (new); Ed. Kretschmer—"Abendruhe," for strings; Brahms—Hungarian Dances; Saint-Saëns—"The Youth of Hercules" and "Phaeton"; Paine—Scherzo from "Spring Symphony"; Handel—Andante and Menuet from the Fourth Concerto, and Musette from the Sixth Concerto; Bach, Gavotte in D minor; Liszt—"Carnival of Pesth" and "Rakoczy March"; Zopf—"Idyllen," for two orchestras; Strauss—Waltzes, etc.

—— The Sunday *Herald* tells us:—

Few musicians have been more in demand than Theodore Thomas has since his return, managers from all sections vieing with each other in their efforts to secure his services. Offers for one hundred night engagements and for more extended concert tours have been made him by a number of responsible amusement caterers, but largely with no result. Manager Peck has, however, secured his services, with that of his newly-organized orchestra, for the last week in October, when a series of concerts will be given in this locality. It is more than probable that one of the attractions of this engagement will be the production of "The Damnation of Faust," with all the attractions, as regards a perfect orchestra, efficient soloists and chorists that can be desired. A number of the novelties brought over by Mr. Thomas, and so strictly guarded [!] from public knowledge, will also be produced during this engagement.

Worcester, Mass. The twenty-third annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will occur September 20th to 24th inclusive. Its scheme embraces eight concerts of a very high character, introducing artists prominent in every department, in Europe as well as this country, in solo and concerted music; and, in connection with the great chorus of the association an augmented orchestra and the Worcester organ, in works of the largest and most brilliant character.

At the head of the long array of eminent artists, under engagement for the festival, is the name of the charming soprano, Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, who, having been engaged at large expense by the association for this festival, retires for a short period from the scenes of her recent triumphs in England, to return there at once upon the fulfillment of her contract at the Worcester festival, in order to fill an engagement as principal soprano with Albani, at the Leeds festival of October 14th to 18th, and other engagements immediately following. Mrs. Osgood is one of the very foremost sopranos in public estimation, and the committee who boldly assumed the necessary expense to secure her services deserve commendation.

Miss Lillian Bailey, the pleasing young soprano just arrived from England, Italy, Germany and Holland, where she has created great enthusiasm by her pure voice and sympathetic, artistic singing, has also been secured. Miss Bailey's appearance here at the festival of 1877 is well remembered, and she will be welcomed home again from successes abroad with much pleasure.

As it is a part of the plan of the committee to introduce new and, to our audiences, unknown but meritorious talent each year, they have made an effort to do this the present year, and have engaged the services of Mrs. J. C. Hull, a rising soprano, lately secured as soprano at the Church of the Incarnation, New York city, who will appear on one or more occasions during the festival. Mrs. Hall has sung the leading rôle in Auber's *Crown Diamonds* and Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* as well as in most of the oratorios, and good things are expected of her.

Annie Louise Cary, who sustains the principal alto solos at the festival, requires no word of praise from us, and no introduction to a festival audience. It is understood that the committee, by insisting upon the fulfillment of her contract with them, simply occasioned Annie (sic) to conclude an engagement following with Mapleson here, rather than in England; contraltos of the calibre of Miss Cary are not common enough on either side of the Atlantic to remain long unemployed. Miss Ita Welsh will assume the mezzo-soprano solos in the *Requiem Mass* by Verdi, which will be brought out with the same grand orchestral and general dramatic effect as called out such interest at its presentation in Boston at the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in May last.

Mr. C. R. Adams, who sang the work under its composer, and who first brought it to this country, will sing the great tenor airs in the *Requiem Mass*, while Mr. Clarence E. Hay will sustain the baritone solos in the same work, also appearing in other concerts during the festival. Mr. Theo. J. Toedt, the principal tenor of last year's festival, will sing, as will also Mr. W. C. Tower and Mr. C. F. Bonney, the latter having lately returned from several years' study abroad and recent successful appearances at the Crystal Palace concerts, London. Myron W. Whitney heads the list of bassos, which also contains the name of D. M. Babcock.

The Schubert Concert Company, comprising sixteen of the leading members of the Apollo Club, (male voices) of Boston, will also appear. The Eichberg Quartette of young lady violinists will undoubtedly repeat their success of last year's festival and confirm the good impression then made by them.

Timothie Adamowski, the violin virtuoso, has been secured, as has also an increased orchestra of selected musicians. Negotiations are in progress with a first-class pianist for concert solos, and also with other vocal and instrumental artists.

We have said enough to show conclusively that the coming festival will take a step in advance in interest over any its predecessors, and need only add, as a still greater assurance of success, that Messrs. B. D. Allen, George W. Sumner, and E. B. Story are to be the accompanists, and Carl Zerrahn conductor.

The festival chorus begin their fall series of rehearsals on Monday evening, August 30, continuing them on the evenings of September 2, 6, 9, 13, 16 and 17, the festival beginning the 20th of September, and continuing five days.—*Worcester Spy.*

Cincinnati. The *Inquirer* has the following intelligence, which has also been widely disseminated by circular:

The College of Music, it may be safely said, is now a permanent institution of our city. It passed through a fiery furnace during the first few months of its existence, and has come from the flames of dissension, jealousy and discontent purified and perfect.

There are many of the doubting kind, who, when Theodore Thomas withdrew from the college, with looks of wisdom and nodding heads, said, "they knew the college would not be a permanent institution," and with the passing away of Mr. Thomas these people expected the college would also disappear; but they have been disappointed.

The name of Theodore Thomas undoubtedly gave prestige to the college and proved a charm, but as he was not the soul of that institution, its life was not even threatened when he withdrew.

The college directors recently announced that a new department, "A School for Operatic Training," was soon to be added to its already numerous branches of study. Col. George Ward Nichols, president of the college, has been in New York city for some time making arrangements to secure a competent teacher for this department, and it will be gratifying to our people to know that he has secured the services of the well-known and popular impresario, Max Maretzek. Mr. Maretzek will bring to the college his invaluable services as a teacher of singing, which, together with his long experience as an impresario, eminently fits him for this position. The letter of Mr. Maretzek to Colonel Nichols accepting the appointment is so interesting that we publish it. He pays a high compliment to the "native talent of America," and displays his confidence in the College of Music and its success when he says that there is no need for American singers to go abroad to attain a perfect training when they have an operatic department in such a school as the College of Music. The acceptance of the position is also an evidence of the faith Mr. Maretzek has in our College of Music and its ultimate perfect success. It will not be out of place to state here that the number of pupils at the college during the coming winter will be almost double that of last year. The applications of scholars are coming in daily, and it is now thought that at least one thousand pupils will be instructed in the college during the coming fall and winter terms. The letter of Mr. Maretzek is as follows:

New York, August 7, 1880.

"George Ward Nichols, Esq., President College of Music of Cincinnati—*Dear Sir:* I accept with pleasure the flattering invitation of the Board of Directors of the College of Music, of Cincinnati, to perform the duties of Professor of Voice and of the Operatic Department in your great institution. For over thirty years I have been associated as conductor and manager of the operatic stage, and during that time I have assisted in the appearance of the most prominent artists who have visited this country, and of many others who have been ambitious to become great artists. This long experience has revealed to me an immense amount of native talent, which only needed the right kind of musical training to produce American singers equal, if not superior, to any in the world. There is no need to go abroad to attain such training when there is, as you propose to have in connection with a school like yours, where the rudiments of music are already taught, a department where the student can be placed upon the stage and taught to act as well as sing. The position you offer to me suits my inclination, and I sincerely hope and believe that it may result in the much higher elevation of the standard of the operatic stage in this country.

"Believe me, yours truly, Max Maretzek."

—— Speaking of the Cincinnati college circular, announcing the engagement of Max Maretzek, the *Worcester Gazette* says: "Again appears to us the now familiar envelope of the Cincinnati College of Music, containing another circular. Both the enclosure and the shell bear the device of the college, with a lion rampant, *regardant*, with his tail curled round a post to steady himself, while he sings wildly of the departure of Theodore Thomas, accompanying himself on the harp. It is an ingenious bit of heraldry."

MUSIC ABROAD.

Paris. "C. H. M." writes (July 31) to the London *Musical Standard:*

The public competition which has just ended at the Conservatoire has not disclosed many unsuspected Pattis or sucking Rubinsteins, nor indeed can it be said to have satisfied even the modest expectations we had formed of it. One artist of unquestionable talent has however been made known to us through it—Mlle. Tua, the young lady who carried off the first prize in the violin competition. First prizes for singing were awarded to Miss Griswold (a clever American pupil of M. Barbot), and to Mlle. Merguiller. The first prizes for piano fell to M. René (a pupil of M. Marmontel), and to Mlle. Blum, (a pupil of M. Le Couppey). It is worth remark that Stephen Heller, the veteran composer of so many original and beautiful works, was one of the members of the jury in the piano section. The number of lady competitors in the violin class was this year larger than ever. Besides Mlle. Tua, two ladies, Mlles. Hillemacher and Roger, figure in the honor of the list—the first with a *premier accessit*, the last with a *deuxième accessit.*

In opera and opera comique the results have been disappointing in the extreme. The first prize for opera comique in the masculine department went to M. Piccaluga, a baritone whom we have heard on several occasions at the concerts. No other baritone need be singled out for mention. As to the tenors, all of the five who were admitted to the contest failed miserably. So the coming Mario must be looked for outside of Paris. In the wind instrument competition I was glad to notice that that effective and much-neglected instrument, the trumpet, is being cultivated more than it has been of late. And this is, I think, all that need be said of the great annual event at the Conservatoire, so far as details are concerned. If the matter were examined from a more general standpoint, perhaps a great deal might be added. It might be asked for the hundredth time, whether the principle of these competitions is not radically mischievous and cruel: whether it would not be better to suppress all such delusive distinctions as *accessits* and second prizes, and whether it would not be better still to suppress even the first prizes rather than encourage fond, and in so many cases utterly unrealizable hopes, in the breasts of the unfortunate prize winners.

There is quite a romantic story attached to Mlle. Tua, the winner of the violin prize. The young lady (who is barely fifteen, I believe) is the daughter of a strolling Italian player, of whom she received her first notions of music, and with whom, when quite a child, she performed very often in humble places of amusement in Italy. A charitable French professor heard her play during a voyage a year or two ago, and was so struck by her extraordinary promise that he at once undertook to get her admitted to the Paris Conservatoire. With the aid of some generous friends he collected the modest sum necessary to support her and her father here till she could finish her studies and earn her own living by her art. She proved, as the result of this year's competition shows, an apt pupil, and *her* future, at least, may be now considered as assured. The distribution of prizes will have taken place by the time this finds its way into print. M. Turquet, the Under Secretary of State, is again to preside at the ceremony. It is said that he will have the pleasing task of handing M. Ambroise Thomas the decoration of a grand officer of the Legion of Honor on the occasion.

There is absolutely nothing stirring in musical circles outside the Conservatoire and the opera of a nature to interest the general public. I may however, mention the report that the Paris Municipality has resolved to subsidize the Gaiety Theatre, and to use it in future for alternate performances of drama and opera.

At the opera we are being surfeited with "Guillaume Tell" and "Freischutz." M. Massé has just finished his new opera, "Les Nuits de Cleopatre," and we are, it appears, very shortly to be allowed to hear M. Widor's ballet, the scene of which is laid in Brittany.

—— A daily paper, says of Miss Griswold:

"The principal honors of the Concourse de Chants, of the Paris Conservatoire, have fallen to Miss Gertrude Griswold, an American young lady, the niece of Mr. Brett Harte. This is the first time since the establishment of the famous Conservatoire that an American or even an English-speaking person has carried off the grand prize. The *Parisian* says: 'Miss Griswold's grand success this year is only the more gratifying because it was not only wholly deserved, but was achieved despite many and what would have been to almost any other person overwhelming difficulties. Day after day, through all the twelve months of three long years, she has sung and studied at the Conservatoire. It is not necessary for us to review Miss Griswold's labors; it is sufficient to say that after a more than usually hard contest, she was pronounced both by the jury and public the best singer in the school, and the first prize was accordingly awarded to her. As to her artistic future Miss Griswold is not yet determined. After the public distribution of prizes, next month, at which Miss Griswold will sing, she may be engaged for a season at the Grand Opéra.'"

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A WEEK IN DRESDEN, 1860.

(Continued from page 110.)

OCT. 30, 1860. That Tuesday shall be memorable for a long day's excursion, in company with Clara Schumann, her daughter, (a blooming maiden with musical voice and the father's features), the sister Marie, and our strong tone-hero Joachim—in a great open carriage, a driver that would lose the way, so as to prolong the pleasure—and the finest of October days, though far from warm—out to one of the most characteristic and romantic points of the so-called "Saxon Switzerland," the *Bastei*. When such artists have holiday, it is a good thing to be of the party; that is, if they want you. And was it not a charming way to take, to make the stranger acquainted—a stroke of hospitable genius on the part of the warm-hearted artist woman, ever occupied with earnest cares and duties, mother of seven children, thrown upon her art for their support, busy with the concerts, busy with a thousand artistic relations, and with the laborious practice necessary to maintain, as she fully does, her pre-eminent position among genial classical pianists? A few hours' drive brings us to the path down in the famous *Uttewalde Grund*, through which wonderful ravine we thread our way afoot, winding upwards to find ourselves upon a narrow gallery of rock, perched high in air, some six or seven hundred feet above the Elbe that sweeps right round its base. This is the Bastei, and you look off over a vast plain, broken by low mound-like mountains, round and flat like huge Titanic mill-stones, each entirely by itself, with miles of deadest level between it and the others. The sun is just dropping down in the West, purpling the water and the skies, (how short the days!) and the great round moon is already taking color and serenely throned above the whole magnificent, cold scene. Art has contrived curious towers, and bridges, sacred niches and inscriptions all about our rocky perch; and feudal legends, of robber knights who used to swoop down upon their prey on that quiet river, are not wanting; while close around us, springing from the plain, and rising to an equal height with us, are strange fantastic shafts of rock, a sort of Giants' Causeway, only all set apart, as if the whole sandstone mass had been cleft this way and that way to the very bottom, as we see a block of wood cleft into a bunch of matches. But I am not going to describe the Bastei; you will find it very well done in Murray. Suffice it to say the only title of this region to be called a "Switzerland" lies in the fact that it is as unlike Switzerland as possible. That is the very charm of it. It has no snowy mountains, no glaciers, no blue peaks and needles, no *cols*, no mountain *chains*, nor valleys, nor pasture Alps and *Matten*—nothing that is Swiss, nothing that is grand. But it is a wild kind of beauty on a smaller scale, entirely *sui generis* and unlike anything else; a weird, romantic beauty; some strange old poetry and magic seems to haunt there; the tones of the wind seemed fraught with mystical suggestion as they swelled and died away around the *Gasthaus*, in which our merry company were sitting after yielding to the fascination of the scene outdoors as long as cold and hunger would permit. I wonder if their secret did not pass into the strings of that matchless violin, whose soul and master we had with us!

What a cold drive we had home under that harvest moon! The fields and hills spread white with frost around us, blanched in the pale moon-gleam. And when we reached the broad part of the river where we had to cross, behold, the ferry boat was on the other side, and Charon snug asleep, insensible to our repeated shouts, or hearing in his dreams the halloos and shrill whistles of our driver mellowed into the wild hunter's waldhorn or the Wunderhorn of Oberon. Happy boatman! What cruel disillusion waits thee! Still we shiver. A whole half hour we stand there at the water's edge and freeze; the glistening air itself is frozen white and solid. At last a light begins to wave reluctantly and sleepily about the cottage; and there are sounds of chains and paddles, and a boat steadily approaching through the small eternity it takes to cross a rapid stream in such an hour, and brisk exchange of tongue artillery between our charioteer and Charon, and we are underway again—or underweigh—chilled into society of silence like a Quaker meeting, musing on the rich day we had had, and owning the majestic beauty of the night, grateful for all this to nature, although her hand-grasp just now is none of the gentlest. But we were soon thawed, we two, after we had bid good night to our fair entertainers, and were snuggled over a good fire and other good things in our hotel, just in the mood for talk, and quite agreed that such a day was worth the freezing.

Oct. 31. A sharp, clear air, fit to be breathed upon this day of the *Reformations-fest*—prondest anniversary of Protestant Germany. And where should it be celebrated if not here in Saxony, in spite of the anomaly of a king, one of whose Elector ancestors slid back to Rome and then picked up a crown? The shops are closed, and the streets have an almost New England Fast or Thanksgiving aspect. All the large churches—the court church excepted—are thronged two or three times during the day for solemn, cheerful service; the old Lutheran hymns ring out with a will from thousands of united voices, and the debt of Germany, of civilization, to Luther, with the duties thence arising, is the theme of many a glowing preacher. I go in the morning to the most curious and interesting, perhaps, as well as one of the largest of these old churches, the Sophien-Kirche. There we may hear perchance some organ-playing by the most famous of the German organists now living, the old Johann Schneider. His post of duty is here, at the old Silbermann organ, stuck up in the gallery in a corner of the vast and unsymmetrical interior. Such was the crowd, standing in every aisle, that there was no penetrating beyond a place directly underneath the organ gallery. If there had been any fugue or voluntary before service, I had lost it. But it did edify and thrill one somewhat to stand there part and parcel of that crowd, when there went up from young and old the mighty intonations of *Ein feste Burg*, sustained by the great flood of organ harmony. Many stanzas were sung; and between them were short interludes, often of a very brilliant character, which showed a master-hand indeed, but not a very sober taste. One could not help thinking that the old man had taken a strange time to figure in the character of virtuoso and indulge in such fantastical surprises.

Then came an hour of *chamber* music, of Bach and violin, all by ourselves. A beautiful Andante of the old master was played to an audience of one—and it is probable that not so much as *one* was thought of when the thing was written. The full *brook* flowed just as steadily and sweetly in the unbroken solitude, as when the world looked on. And so it would have kept on running (for it was the right master-hand that smote the rock, that is the strings) that morning, but that a visitor, a poet, dropped in full of talk, Hans Christian Andersen, the Dane, a homely, tall, good-natured, lively, gaily-dressed, enthusiastic individual, pleased with his own echo in the world. And should he not feel pleasantly? Had he not just been bidden into the presence, to read before his Saxon Majesty, the royal *Ueberseter* of the more than royal Dante, his last drama, romance, or what not in MS.? But now adieu! auf Wiedersehen! because my lady waits. We step across the hall, into the concert room, where the two artists must rehearse for their last soirée. So, after cordial inquiries and assurance on all sides that all are safely thawed out after the last night's cold adventure (for surely Charon, the real mythological old fellow, never had a colder, stiller set of ghosts to ferry over—though we were no ghosts, nor that stream a Lethe, as these presents show), the audience of one is ensconced in a corner, and the morning business proceeds. Sonatas for piano and violin, one by Mozart and one by Haydn, are the subject. Fine specimens of their authors' finest art and genius, and not dismissed until the rendering was so faultless, that one saw the genial masters in a fresh light and conceived a new love for both of them. It is a good thing, after long preoccupation with such deeper spirits as Bach or Beethoven, to be reminded, in such a way as a pianist like Clara Schumann can remind one, of a Clementi, a Haydn, etc. Such interpreters as these two know how to place them all in the right light, relatively, before you.

Nov. 1. Another morning rehearsal. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven (glorious sonata), Bach. After dinner a long walk, over the

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bridge, through the Neustadt, and round towards the right bank of the river, to the place of entertainment called the Linksche Bad, where there is another large and sumptuous café concert-hall. The programme was rich; containing, besides lighter things, the "Pastoral Symphony," Gade's "Ossian" overture, duet from "Jessonda," overture to "Egmont," Andante and variations from Haydn's 12th Symphony, overture to "Nozze di Figaro," and to the "Swiss Family," *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and an arrangement from a very striking song by Schubert, the *Greisengesang* (Song of the Old Man), which impressed me as one of the best things for this kind of treatment, if we must have such things served up by an orchestra. The frigid chords (so Schubert-like) which describe the wintry snows of age upon the head ("the roof"), contrasted with the warmer harmonies of the summer that abides within, are quite effective. It would be a good change in our Music Hall "Rehearsals" from the "Serenade" and *Lob der Thränen*, now so staled by repetition (1869).

In the evening came the third and last soirée of Clara Schumann and Joachim, with the assistance of Frau Garrigues-Schnorr von Carolsfeld as singer. The illness of Herr Schnorr, the husband, caused a real disappointment, and some change of programme, making it as follows:

1 Sonata (F major), piano and violin:
Allegro, Variations. Tempo di Mennetto . Mozart
a "Thränenregen," (Wir sassen so traulich beisammen.)
b "Mein." (Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein).
3. Sonata (Op. 101) for piano . . . . . Beethoven
4. Three Duettinos, piano and violin . . R. Schumann
5. a Romanza, for violin . . . . Beethoven
b Bourree and Double, do. . . . . J. S. Bach
6. a Ballad; "Heinrich der Vogler" . . . . . Löwe
b "Lithuanisches Lied" . . . . Chopin
7. Sonata (G major), piano and violin: Andante—Adagio.—Cantab.—Finale all' Ongarese . Haydn

The piece by Haydn is found as a Trio; but the violoncello, which scarcely more than doubles the bass in the piano, could be left out without loss—by such players. It is one of the happiest strokes of Haydn's genius; the last movement exquisitely sunshiny, like jack o' lantern on the wall. It was played *con amore*, with the most accurate and nimble fingers, and such nice and vital accent as the best player only can command when all the nerves are rightly strung. Those variations by Mozart could not have been more generally perfect and Mozartish in the rendering. It certainly was a notable achievement for a woman to bring out clearly, finely, warmly, grandly, as Mme. Schumann did, the beauty, force and meaning of a sonata which is one of the most difficult, alike to comprehend and execute, of those remarkable works of the last period of Beethoven—and one of the most richly imaginative and original. If there is any part of it into the sense of which perhaps a man might enter more completely, it is that singular quick march, the like of which no other hero mood of genius ever marched by; for that treads airy heights for which, methinks, only a man's brain can be at once enough intoxicated and enough self-possessed. Talking the thing over together, afterwards, we did not find the lady fully sympathized with our admiration of that particular movement. (Among the "Davidsbündler"—Eusebius, Meister Raro, and the rest—there would have been none to say us nay). As Joachim dealt with it, there seemed a great deal more in that often played Romanza of Beethoven, than there ever had before. It held the audience in ecstasy. The *Bourrée* (old dance rhythm) and *double* (or variation), were given with masterly vividness and truth of outline, and afforded still new evidence that old Bach is the youngest man alive in music, as well as the ripest. The vocal selections were choice; each with a characteristic charm; the singer could not be charged with neglect of expression; there was only too much of it; a certain extra dramatic infusion of energy, which let the melodies have no peace to "flow at their own sweet will." The three little instrumental duos by Schumann were a nice substitute for some duets of his which were to have been sung. More rare or charming song selections one can scarcely hear than graced these concerts. Robert Schumann is never more genial, more felicitous than in his songs; and where should one expect to make their acquaintance in the right way, if not in just these concerts, which are pious tributes to his memory and genius, by one who has the best right to interpret him?

The concert over, now imagine a very pleasant, sociable symposium in an upper room of this same nice Hotel de Saxe. It is a genuine German sit-down, where everybody is expected to be just as free and happy as he can. And everybody can be just as happy as he has a right to be; and no more, *nicht wahr?* It is at once an artist and a family *Gesellschaft*. All of the Wieck and Schumann representatives are there, who chance to be at hand. But the Amphytrion is our hero of the violin, who would insist upon the mountain's coming to Mahomet. There's magnetism in the man, as we have said; and where do you ever find power that is not tyrannically used? So, not content with "ascending me into the brain" in the form of Beethoven and Bach, he must needs start other subtle effervescing spirits on the same track. We are a dozen all told. Three generations of that musical family of Dresden represented. A right German party! But it is not complete, the younger branches are not happy, nothing can go on, until the grandpapa is found, dragged from his *Kneip*, led in triumph and installed with all due honor and uproarous rejoicing at the head of the table. Then all are very happy; the middle-aged and youngest are very talkative and jokeative, and the dear old lady looks a deal of silent happiness; and Altmeister Wieck is very wise and fatherly and witty in his chair of state, and jokes about the *Wunderkindervater*, as the father and the teacher of two such artists as Clara and Marie, with such a son-in-law as Robert Schumann, may well call himself. Not a few sharp criticisms he drops, too, on the new school music—all in fun of course! And very comical and to the point are some of his illustrations of prevailing tricks in fashionable false schools of singing. For this old man possesses the true art of disciplining the voice as well as the fingers. The daughter Marie, who is full of generous good nature and good sense, as well as musical talent, is a fine singer, has a rich mezzo-soprano admirably developed, and sang one evening in my hearing Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and that impassioned song of Beethoven, to Goethe's verses, *Herz, mein Herz*, in a way to make them felt. I think I forgot, in speaking of the first soirée to mention the artistic touch and finished, tasteful execution with which this young lady played the upper part in the "Allegro Briliante" of Mendelssohn with her sister. I have heard her also play Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, and some of those bewitching little quicksilver clavier movements of Bach, with a spirit and a nicety not to be surpassed. Good for the Wunderkindervater! Health! J. S. D.

GEORGES BIZET.[1]

The public, being in a hurry or used up, often judges flippantly the early works of young composers. Those spectators who, indifferent or weary, attend the first efforts of such novices, sometimes destroy, with a shrug of the shoulders, an edifice laboriously constructed at the price of long years of study and sleepless nights without number. Serious criticism hardly knows—and does not always deign to recollect—how many painful struggles every young composer must go through, and how many desperate attacks he must make, before he obtains even a moderate success. Side by side with the courteous judges who do not decide off-hand—who think it worth while to listen and take the trouble of discussing a subject in detail,—how many indulge in peremptory sentences, brutal condemnations, and unreasoning, foregone conclusions, crushing in the bud the legitimate hopes of young composers. All artists do not possess the admirable stoicism of F. Halévy, who, referring one day to some bitter and unjust criticisms on his fine score of *Charles VI*, observed: "Let them say what they choose; do not let us be affected by criticism. If the work is strong, it has nothing to fear; if there is no life in it, criticism will simply have accelerated its fall." Few composers possess this firmness of soul. Ill-natured or simply indifferent criticisms irritate the majority of conscientious workers; their life is worn away on this ever-revolving grindstone, on which they leave the best part of themselves.

Georges Bizet's honest, frank nature suffered cruelly from the often excessive harshness of criticism. Under a cold exterior, the heart of the valiant composer beat quickly and strongly, and, though finely tempered, his soul was prematurely crushed in the daily combats in which a man should be able to look at his enemies with a smile. Had Bizet been less taken up with his art, and less jealous of his works, he would still be the glory of the French school. Extreme nervousness, combined with a strong feeling of professional dignity, has conferred on him the sad privilege of figuring in our gallery of the celebrated dead.

Bizet (Alexandre, César, Léopold, called Georges) was born in Paris, on the 25th of October, 1838, amid essentially artistic surroundings. His father, an excellent singing master, was married to a sister of Mme. Delsarte, a talented pianist, who carried off the first prize at the Conservatory. Bizet's uncle, A. Delsarte, a friend of my childhood, was a musician of taste, but his erudition was not well balanced. He undertook to combine with vocal science a mass of subjects which appeared to unprejudiced judges quite dis-

[1] From *Le Ménestrel*. (Translation from the London *Musical World*.)

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tinct from this branch of art. An ardent apostle and sincere utopian, he advocated preparing the way for vocal studies by a knowledge of physiology, anatomy, phrenology, etc.; previous to their attempts to emit a sound, his pupils had to study the rationale of acoustics, as well as of lock and gesture. The really solid part of his instruction, on the other hand, was deeply interesting. The study of sound in its gradations and varieties, and the gamut of its colors, were the theme of attractive demonstrations; reading and reciting aloud, declamation, spoken and sung, formed a body of subjects which often frightened timid pupils, but fanaticized those of finely tempered minds.

Delsarte sent his young nephew to me. Georges Bizet was nine years old, and, though not very advanced, played with good taste and naturally feeling Mozart's sonatinas. From the very first day I was able to perceive in him a strongly marked individuality, which I endeavored to preserve. He did not wish to show off, but to "render well;" he had his favorite authors, and I took a pleasure in learning the cause of his preferences. It is thus, I think, that, by awakening the intelligence and reason, a master may guide and form the taste of his pupils. Admitted into my own class, and successively into Benoist's for the organ, and F. Halévy's for fugue and ideal composition, Bizet won, surely, if slowly, all his grades, never allowing himself to be discouraged when not successful, but always redoubling his efforts. He gained one after the other the prizes for solfeggio; the second and the first prize for the piano, extempore playing and organ; the second and the first prize for counterpoint and fugue; and lastly the "Prize of Rome." We see with what patience he went through his musical humanities before appearing as a master; an example to be noted at a time when eagerness to come forward, united to the suggestions of self-love, persuades so many students that they are wasting their best years on the benches of the Conservatory. It was step by step that, from 1849 to 1857, Bizet went through the due course of study and of recompenses. Here are some probatory dates: 1849, prize for solfeggio; 1851, second prize for piano; 1852, first prize for piano. Under the above dates must be placed also the first "accessit," the second, and lastly the first prize for the organ in Benoist's class; 1854, second prize for fugue; 1855, first prize for fugue; 1857, second "Prix de Rome"; 1857, Grand "Prix de Rome."

We must not forget to record here an incident which Georges Bizet never forgot. When I was nominated to the piano class, Zimmermann begged me to point out among my pupils those who would like to study counterpoint under his direction, that being a study of which he was especially fond. Bizet was one of those I selected, and thus it was that, before entering the class of the illustrious master Halévy, the young man was already familiar with the contrapuntal style according to the pure lines of Cherubini, whose traditions Zimmermann had inherited. It is also interesting to remember who were Bizet's fellow-pupils at the Conservatory. My class then comprised among its members, Wieniawski, Tharaer, Francis Planté, Martin Lazare, Jules Cohen, Deschamps, etc., a brilliant generation of accomplished virtuosos and future composers, with which are directly connected the pupils of the following years: Guiraud, Paladilhe, Dubois, Fiaux, Duvernoy, Salvayre, and many others, and it is not without a melancholy feeling that, when contemplating their living celebrity, I think of the glory, so soon ended, of Georges Bizet.

The new "Grand Prix de Rome" had valiantly earned his artistic holiday. A residence in the Eternal City was the realization of his youthful dreams. His letters, of which I possess several from Rome, breathe an ardent love of art, as well as a lively and confident faith in the future. But there was a black spot obscuring the radiant horizon. The young composer's mother was in bad health, and very strong fears abridged his stay in Rome. It was written, however, that Providence should preserve some years longer, for her affectionate family, their worthy and courageous mother, so eager to devote herself to their happiness. On his return from Italy, Georges Bizet, while busying himself in looking about for a poem satisfying his aspirations and musical temperament, was wise enough to make a modest income by giving lessons in pianoforte playing, harmony, and singing, or by undertaking arrangements and reductions for the music publishers. This was a halt, but not a period of repose; it was a period for the concentration of the young composer's living force, so that he might make a breach in the stormy conflict in which every one too frequently fights for himself alone, and a brother-in-arms, an old schoolfellow, rarely uses his influence and his connections for the comrade of one day who has become his rival on the next.

It is only right to state that, thanks to the intelligent and artistic initiative of the popular *impresario*, Jacques Offenbach, G. Bizet and Ch. Lecocq were bracketed as *ex æquo* to receive the prize for a buffo opera—*Le Docteur Miracle*. Bizet's work was a clever pasticcio in the old Italian style, containing several charming pieces, and especially an exceedingly well-written *finale;* but this excursion into buffo composition was destined to be the only instance of Bizet's playing truant. His robust temperament and conscientious nature inclined him to more serious subjects, really suitable for the stage. *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* offered him an interesting canvas, moving scenes, and an opportunity of proving his value as a musician. Despite some portions which were too long, the public must have recognized in so important a first work, a composer of the true stamp of frank, true melodies, speaking his language with great facility, and able to make his inspiration bend to dramatic sentiment. Yet *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* scarcely reached fifty representations, despite the efforts of M. Carvalho, who had a presentiment that Georges Bizet was a lyrical musician. *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* was followed, some years later, by *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, the book being written by Saint-Georges, and very skilfully arranged for the stage. It was an easy task for musicians and sincere critics to note great progress, undeniable firmness of style, and, lastly, a more strongly marked individality, real originality in the form of the pieces, and new effects of sonority as well in the choruses as in the orchestra. Thenceforward, and despite the half success of this highly meritorious work, Georges was in the first rank of new composers. The score of *Djamileh*, one act, for the Opéra Comique, was a charming work, dreamy, impassioned, and bearing the stamp of that Oriental *moralisme* which Félicien David and Ernest Reyer have so happily transferred, palpitating with life, to the delicious pages of *Laila Roukh* and *La Statue*. Georges Bizet's work may, with due allowance for difference of proportions, take its place unchallenged side by side with these two masterpieces, and blent without his having borrowed aught of the originality and peculiar style of the two masters of Orientalism. In the intervals between his larger creations, Bizet produced orchestral *suites*, fragments of symphonies, and a characteristic overture: *Patrie*. We must not forget to mention, also, his poetic score of *L'Arlésienne*. These orchestral and symphonic works, while proving the young composer's supple talent, rich imagination, and learning, afforded him, likewise, an opportunity of demonstrating his great ability, his perfect tact in the art of orchestration and of musical color. He followed, within due bounds, and without allowing himself to be carried beyond the limits of good taste and a sense of the beautiful, the happy audacities of innovators; but, while admitting the grandeur of certain Wagnerian conceptions, he admired unreservedly the genial works of Verdi, and delighted in praising the ardent inspirations of that great master of Italian dramatic art. It is to be remarked that his predilection for the German and for the Italian school did not render him unjust towards our own national dramatic music. Auber, Halévy, Gounod, and Ambroise Thomas were to the last his favorite masters, and we have often heard him analyze, with the most sincere admiration, Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, which, by the way, he left two remarkable transcriptions for the piano, the one two-handed and the other four-handed.

We are now nearing the happiest years of his life. After marrying Halévy's second daughter and becoming the father of a charming little girl, it was not long ere he was to know the delight of a real theatrical success. *Carmen*, a three-act work, which the Opéra Comique public, at first a little startled by the realism of the libretto, eventually applauded with enthusiasm, established his reputation on a solid basis, and justified his having received a short time previously the knight's cross of the Legion of Honor. *Carmen*, so warm and so full of color, at one and the same time original and frank in its inspired flights, soon became a modern stock-piece in France and abroad. But the already celebrated artist was about to be struck down in the flower of his triumph. Death came and seized him surrounded by those near and dear, by the side of his wife and in the arms of his friends, in his charming villa of Bougival, of which he was so fond, and whither he was always going to awaken inspiration. The catastrophe occurred the same year that *Carmen* achieved its success. *Carmen* was brought out in March, 1875. On the 3d of June, that same year, Bizet succumbed to acute heart disease, accelerated by the emotions he had gone through during the few preceding months. The emotion caused by the event was considerable, and the sorrow general. All who, like us, knew Bizet will bear evidence to the noble and generous qualities of his heart, as well as to the elevation and delicacy of his sentiments. Endowed with healthy and correct judgment and a rigid conscience, he would hear nothing of compromises; he entertained to a supreme degree a sense of justice and a horror of intrigue. Possessed of refined and ready wit, he shone in conversation with intimate friends by his amusing and original repartees, observations full of sense, and happy sayings. On his days of gayety he delighted in maintaining paradoxical theses, after the manner of Méry. But in these games of wit he never employed irony. His sharp-pointed darts were always arms of courtesy with his friends, and, when he might with certainty have wounded, he was contented with indicating he had touched. He was great, generous, devoted and faithful in all his affections; his friendship, sincere and unalterable, was as solid as his conscience.

When a child, he was blond and ruddy, with a somewhat chubby but highly intelligent face. When a young man, his round features assumed a firmer character. His clear glance, open physiognomy, and smiling mouth, testified to great energy. Confidence was their predominant expression, and I still see him, despite the bitterness of his earlier dramatic essays, happy at living, and easy as to the future, eashing the joys and the glory he had so well deserved.

A. MARMONTEL.

[To be continued.]

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THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—ITS LIBRARY.

On account of alterations to be made in Exeter Hall, this fine old Oratorio Society is obliged to move into more narrow quarters. Its concerts for the present will be given in St. James's Hall, which does not afford accommodation for more than 200 choristers. *Figaro* tells us what is to become of its valuable library, as follows:—

The question, what is to be done with the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society when the Corporation of the city of London declined to take charge of it, has been solved. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have, in the most handsome manner, agreed to take care both of the library and the famous statue of Handel by Roubillac, and if at any time the Sacred Harmonic Society again has a habitation of its own, the goods will of course be restored. The Sacred Harmonic library is both a large and important one. It contains about 3,000 volumes, about 450 volumes of which are manuscripts. Among other rare printed works, it contains the Sarum Missal of 1527, and that of Ratisbon of 1518, much of the ecclesiastical music of Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Willaert, and other writers of the Italian and Flemish schools; the Cantiones of Tallis and Byrd, the Musica Deo Sacra of Thomas Tomkins; the very rare and curious sheet published by Matthew Locke, containing his communion service, with the Kyrie set ten different times; Lowe's directions for the performance of Cathedral Service, and a perfect set of Barnard's Selected Church Music, published in 1641, said to be the first collection of English Cathedral music ever issued. First, or early editions, in type, of the "Psyche" of Matthew Locke, of many of Purcell's works, and the operas of Lully and other French composers, are also in the library. In specimens of madrigals by the great English madrigal writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, the Sacred Harmonic library is peculiarly rich, most of the specimens being original editions. The song collections of John Playford and his contemporaries of the days of the Commonwealth and Restoration down to the time of George I, are also included in the collection. The library also possesses a large quantity of music for the lute and other obsolete instruments, and particularly the rare "Book of Tablature," published in London by William Barley in 1596, with Gasparo Fiorini's "Nobiltà di Roma," published in Venice, 1573, and the "Lautten Buch of Wolf Heckel," printed at Strasburg, 1562, exemplifying the different kinds of tablature for the lute in use in England, Italy, and Germany respectively. Indeed, from the point of view of musical typography, the library is one of the finest in the world, as it contains specimens of type-printed music produced in different countries and at various times during a period of upwards of three centuries. In the brief account of the library appended by Mr. Husk to the catalogue of 1862, it is stated that the collection includes specimens of the beautiful types used by the English-Flemish and English printers in the sixteenth century, the bold but less finished English and the rough Italian types of a succeeding age, and the rude German printing of the last century. Since then, large additions have been made to the printed portion of the library. Nearly 400 different English operas and other musical pieces, many of them unique, are now in the library, besides Starter's "Friesche Lusthof," published at Amsterdam in 1621; a "Bishop's Bible," dated 1585; and a collection (by no means complete) of musical literature and journals.

It is, however, in the manuscripts that the Sacred Harmonic library is the most valuable. It contains the vocal score of the "Elijah," mostly in the handwriting of the composer; the autograph of Auber's "Exhibition" march, autograph "services" and other works by Greene, Arnold, Samuel Wesley, Balef, Henry Purcell, Blow, Croft, Boyce, Arne, Durante, Clari, Geminiani, and others, for the most part never published. Among the manuscripts is also a complete opera by Joseph Haydn, entitled "Armida," in full score, and in the autograph of the composer. This work was, it seems by the brief but admirable account written by Mr. Husk, sent to England by Haydn in fulfillment of an engagement entered into by him when in this country to furnish an opera for the King's Theatre, now Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket. During the interval between the making of the engagement and the sending the opera, an alteration had taken place in the management of the theatre. On the arrival of the work the new manager refused to receive it, and it was consequently never produced. There is also a curious manuscript score of an opera called "The Demon," which proves to be an adaption by Sir Henry Bishop, Tom Cooke, Hughes, and Corri, for performances at Drury Lane, of Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil." It is in instrumental score only, and is in the autograph of the adapters. A manuscript copy of Carey's "Dragon of Wantley," in the autograph of Thomas Barrow, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, is also here. The full score of Blow's "A Song on New Year's Day, 1700," in the composer's autograph, is likewise here, together with the commonplace-book of John Stafford Smith, the cuttings from newspaper criticisms collected and pasted in books by John Parry between 1834 and 1848, with manuscript notes by him, and the whole of Professor Edward Taylor's unpublished lectures. These lectures (which should repay publication) comprise discourses on church and dramatic music, on Purcell's "King Arthur," on the Italian, Flemish, and German schools of music, on English vocal harmony, English vocal part music, and on English madrigal-writers.

The special autographs in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society are curiosities, if they have no abiding interest. One is a letter from Franz Abt, asking for a ticket for a Handel Festival. A curious letter from Beethoven's brother Johann, dated Vienna, 24th of February, 1825, offers the right of publication in Great Britain, America, and England, of seven of Beethoven compositions (Op. 124 to 130) for sale for £40. There are two letters from Beethoven, one of them addressed to Herr von Holz, apprizing him of his discovery, after Holz had left his house on the previous evening, of some mislaid spoons which he had supposed lost, and his subsequent recovery of his equanimity. He invites Holz to dine with him on the following Sunday, when he would give him fuller explanations. By the tone of the letter, it is evident that crusty old Beethoven had accused, by implication, his friend of stealing the spoons and wishes to remove the disagreeable impression he has created. The second letter is dated from Baden, July 10, 1813, to Herr Narena, in which he requests his friend to return his symphonies in C-minor and B-flat; his oratorio he did not immediately require, and thanking him for fifty florins. A letter of introduction sent by Donizetti to Sir Michael Costa is also here. A receipt by Orlando Gibbons, dated 24th February, 1617, for £10, a quarter's pension due to him as one of his Highness' musicians, is mutilated, only the initial of the signature being preserved. There is a letter from Handel dated October, 1723, to Francis Colman, British envoy at Florence, thanking him for negotiating the engagement of Senesino, the vocalist; and autograph letters or other documents of Attwood, William Ayrton, Bishop, Boieldieu, Grétry, Hummel, Lully, Meyerbeer, Paer, Spontini (respecting a performance of portions of "La Vestale"), and Weber. A letter dated Paris, November 6, 1856, to Sir Michael Costa thanks the great conductor for the present of a Stilton cheese, and compliments him on the success of "Eli." Perhaps the most important manuscripts, are, however, from Mendelssohn, and particularly two having special reference to the Sacred Harmonic Society. The first is written in English to his librettist, Mr. Bartholomew, and is dated May 11, 1846. He tells Mr. Bartholomew that the oratorio for the Birmingham Festival is "not the 'Athalia' nor the 'Œdipus,' of course, but a much greater, and, to him, more important work than both together. He says it is not yet quite finished; but that he writes continually to get it finished in time, and that he intends sending over the first part (the longer of the two it will have) in the course of the next ten or twelve days." We now know that the oratorio referred to was the immortal "Elijah." He begs Mr. Bartholomew to try and find some leisure time towards the end of the month, that the chorus-parts may be in the hands of the chorus-singers as soon as possible. And he concludes by begging Mr. Bartholomew to give it his best English words, for he (Mendelssohn) feels so much more interest in this work than in any of the others, and he only wishes it may so last with him. Another letter from Mendelssohn accepts the invitation of the Sacred Harmonic Society to come over and conduct "Elijah" in April, 1847, though he cannot give a positive promise. Last of all, in the autographs is a letter from Nicolo Zingarelli, dated Naples 9th November, 1829, to Sir Michael Costa, inquiring as to the success of the cantata written by Zingarelli for and produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival in the preceding October. It is the charge of this work that brought Costa to England and, as we all know, after failing as a vocalist at this same Birmingham Festival, he remained here to become conductor at the King's Theatre, and laid the foundation of a fame which has lasted half a century.

THE "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS."

Without counting the "extra" concerts when the later quartets of Beethoven are annually brought forward, the season recently closed brought the total performances to the number of seven hundred and twelve. Such a series of concerts, of the same character throughout, and under one director, is probably unique in the history of music. The programmes alone form an extensive library, and must have afforded to thousands the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with the lives of the great composers. Taking a glance at random through the volumes of two or three seasons, we find biographical sketches of Brahms, Gernsheim, Grieg, Raff, Rubinstein, and others of the modern school; Marcello, Leclair, Corelli, and others of more distant periods; while interesting notices of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn—to say nothing of Bach and Handel—abound in almost every programme. Mr. Arthur Chappell has earned the gratitude of musicians, as well as an enduring niche in the temple of Fame, by his unprecedented achievement. It is unnecessary to write the history of these "Popular Concerts," for an interesting though brief account appears in the second volume (p. 352) of Doctor Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," which will, it is hoped, endure to inform future ages of the doings of the present.

As a generation has passed away since these concerts were established, and *The Musical Standard* was not then in existence, our readers will not perhaps think it is out of place, before examining the work accomplished, to have placed before them a brief account of the plan of the earlier seasons, from contemporary notices and personal recollections. The instrumental music will alone be considered, deferring notice of the artists engaged till a future time. The vocal selections we do not propose to notice.

The only musical journals in 1859, when the "Monday Popular Concerts" started, were the *Musical World* and the *Musical Times;* the latter not at that time the important and influential paper it now is, being devoted chiefly to the interests of choral societies, does not notice the performances till the commencement of the sixth season. To the *Musical World*, then, we must go for a description of the early days of this now celebrated institution. As stated in Grove's "Dictionary," the concerts were originally of a truly popular character, the "classical series" being a continuation of them, and regarded as an experiment—the last miscellaneous concert being held, February 7, 1859, and the first "classical" taking place on the Monday following. The notice in the *Musical World* of February 12, 1859, of the last "popular" is amusing:—"The

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success of these concerts is undoubted. Hypercritics may object to them on the ground that they are calculated to please, not to enlighten or elevate the hearers. The directors, we take it, have no ulterior object beyond that of gratifying the general public, and thus honestly filling their own pockets. They resign to the Philharmonics, to the London Musical Society, and other institutions of the kind, the task of instructing through the medium of amusement, and only claim credit for carrying out their intentions in perfect consonance with these principles. Their aim is to render their entertainments popular — no more. For this purpose they invariably engage for each concert one or more artists of celebrity. A name like that of Arabella Goddard, or Sims Reeves, is attraction sufficient to fill the hall. If the hall be filled, and the people pleased, the captious critic becomes a secondary consideration. The success the popular concerts have achieved is a proof of their necessity. Besides, are we not to have a Mendelssohn selection on Monday? "The following extracts from the director's advertisement puts a different face upon the matter:— "In commencing a new series of entertainments, the design of which may be understood by reference to the programme of this evening, the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts wish to endow their undertaking with a more universal character than it has hitherto assumed. The advantages offered by St. James's Hall, and the resources placed at their disposal by the generous patronage they have experienced, will, it is confidently hoped, enable them to carry out their plans with success. So rapidly is the taste for pure and healthy music spreading through all classes of the community, that no enterprize of this kind can hope to prosper for any length of time, much less to attain a solid permanency, without taking this great social fact into consideration." . . . "It will be perceived that the programme of this evening's concert is made up from compositions, vocal and instrumental, by one master (Mendelssohn). In its exclusive application to chamber-music, the experiment may claim to be regarded as in some measure new; and so rich is the catalogue of vocal and instrumental works bequeathed to us by the great composers in this special branch of their art, so marked by sterling excellence, and so undeserving of neglect, that, backed by the suffrages of the public, the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts have no doubt whatever of being able to present a succession of entertainments unprecedented at least in variety of attraction."

The programme of the first concert was repeated, in part, at the five hundredth, January 18, 1875, and will bear a further quotation; — Quintet in B flat, Op. 87, strings; Sonata in F minor, Op. 4, pianoforte and violin; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, organ; Quartet in D, Op. 44, No. 1, strings; Tema con variazioni in D, Op. 17, pianoforte and violoncello; Fugue in B flat (from the Magnificat), organ. The organ-piece was omitted in 1875. From the date of this "Mendelssohn" concert to the present day, the "popular" element — in the common acceptation of the word — has disappeared; but the directors' estimate of public taste has been fully justified by the support their enterprise has received; and "popular" the concerts still remain. A "Mozart" night was given on Monday, February 21, 1859, and the *Musical World* devotes a leader to the subject, from which we quote the opening paragraph: — "The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have taken a turn which promises excellent results. The directors have, at length, condescended to assume for granted — however much against their inward conviction — that the public generally is not an aggregate of dults, with ears wholly insensible to the influence of divine harmony. They have condescended to admit just so much, and begun to set upon the admission extorted from them 'à rebrousse poil.' To their surprise, no doubt (if not to their satisfaction), the two concerts already given, at which nothing but good music was allotted to either singer or player, proved eminently successful. To their astonishment, perhaps, (if not to their satisfaction), the quintets, quartets, and sonatas, not only pleased the multitude, but were heard with greater attention, and applauded with greater enthusiasm, than anything else. In short, most probably to their utter consternation (if not to their satisfaction), the two so-called 'classical' concerts threw all that had preceded them into the shade — and this without the aid of great names, but solely on account of the musical attractions *quand meme*." This is rather cruel, after the remarks by the critic first quoted. The next concert was devoted to Haydn and Weber. Beethoven filled the programmes of March 7, 21, and 28; the Mozart selection being repeated at an extra concert, on Wednesday, March 9. The original series of six concerts was extended; Bach and Handel being represented April 4; Mendelssohn again on the 18th; and an "English" night on the following Monday; the season terminating with another Beethoven night, May 30th. As, though the directors felt parting to be "such sweet sorrow," they announced another extra concert for June 27. We were present for the first time on that occasion, and heard a Sonata, by Dussek, for pianoforte and violin (Op. 69), the themes from which still "haunt the ear." The second season commenced November 14, 1859, and was continued till July 9, 1860. The arrangements were generally the same; evenings being devoted chiefly to one composer. There were two "Italian" nights, and one more "English" night, April 9, 1860 — the last, unhappily. The next few seasons presented the same features — the fourth being prolonged to July 29, 1862; two concerts taking place on consecutive evenings, owing to large numbers being unable to obtain admission to the director's benefit, July 7. The fifth season began October 13, 1862, with the one hundred and third concert from the commencement. The seventh season did not begin till January 16, 1865. Morning performances, on the Saturday — now a permanent feature — were introduced this year. The remaining period is sufficiently familiar, and requires no particular notice. In another article attention will be directed to the works performed, and the number of composers represented. — *Lond. Mus. Standard, Aug. 7.*

THE LETTERS OF BERLIOZ.

The letters of Hector Berlioz to Humbert Ferrand prove that the composer's memoirs do not tell the whole story. Like other Paris critics, Berlioz draws a sharp line between written and spoken truth. His letters to Ferrand contain the latter. What has so far appeared in Madame Juliette Adam's (Lamber's) *Nouvelle Revue* and in the *Neue Freie Presse* is indescribable, and there is more to come, unless Charles Gounod prefers not to edit the rest. Berlioz was haunted by the idea that he must be wretched, even in love, and constantly changing. In February, 1830, a few days after he had fallen in love with Harriet Smithson, while she acted *Ophelia*, he writes: "Horrible! Could she but comprehend for one moment the poetry and infinity of such love, she would rush into my arms and die of my kisses." A mere rumor then led him to execrate the same woman, to vilify her name, and to begin another affair. Both his love and his hatred he invariably desires to express by an orchestra and chorus of not less than two hundred and fifty performers. By way of contrast, Beethoven's "Adelaide" may be recalled, and Mozart's musical glorification of Konstanze. From Florence he writes: "Saw an opera here, Romeo and Juliet, written by a dirty little pig called Bellini — mind you, I saw it, and the Shades of Shakespeare did not appear to destroy these Myrmidons!" When a Roman Music dealer was unable to show him anything of Weber, Berlioz wrote: "Do what? Sigh? — Childish. Gnash my teeth? — Trivial. Patience? — Still worse. One must concentrate all poison within, let nothing evaporate, let it ferment until the heart cracks."

October, 1833, after he had married Harriet, he writes: "I kept my faith in defiance of you all, and my faith has saved me." He had to borrow three hundred francs to pay his marriage expenses; but he pretended for once to be happy, and when he wanted to please his bride he sang to her from the same *Symphonie Fantastique* which he had written to execrate her. She liked Auber's music, whereupon Berlioz remarks that her taste is not good, but yet lovely. A few weeks before his marriage he abandoned Harriet again, and wrote: "To make this terrible separation bearable an unheard-of accident led a poor girl of eighteen into my arms. . . If she loves me, I shall crush a little love out of my heart and imagine that I love her. What a foolish novel!" In 1841, he writes: "They talk of giving me Habeneck's place; but they would have to place him in the Conservatory where old Cherubini is sleeping persistently. When I am old and incapable the management of the Conservatory cannot slip away from me." In 1841 he says: "France is getting duller and duller in musical matters; the more I see of foreign countries, the less I like France. Pardon this blasphemy, but "art in France is dead, rotting." At Brunswick he was given a public dinner; a hundred leading men were present, he wrote, so you can imagine the feeding. "Victor Hugo is raving because he is not emperor, that's all," he writes in 1853; "I am a thorough imperialist. I shall never forget that the Emperor has redeemed us from that dirty and lunatic republic. In matters of art, he is a barbarian, but the barbarian is a savior — and Nero was an artist."

In 1864 he wrote: "I have heard enchanting little Patti as Martha; as I left I felt like covered with fleas, and sent word to the dear child that I should pardon her singing such pialthudes at me, but could do no more for her. Fortunately the work contains 'The Last Rose of Summer' which she sang with so much poetic simplicity that the sweet fragrance is almost enough to disinfect the rest of the opera." When Scudo of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* died insane, Berlioz remarked that his rival and enemy had been crazy for fifteen years. In 1862, when quite ill, he asked innocently: "Must we suffer all this because we have adored the beautiful for a lifetime? Very likely." In May, 1854, he wrote: "A part of our little musical circle is insane; so am I; the rest is merry because Meyerbeer is dead." In 1833 he wrote of himself; one day good, quiet, pensive, poetic; the next day sick, annoyed, doggish, malicious like a thousand devils, and ready to spit out life were there no prospects of some possible inoxication, friends, music and curiosity. My life is a novel in which I take much interest." This he wrote in his honeymoon; he might have written it on the eve of his death. His life is a sensational novel *à la* Zola, but he never read it, he never understood it, and it never did him any good. Like Byron, he thought it bliss to look extremely unhappy. He wanted to be sick with Chateaubriandism, Werthersism, Shelleyism, Byronism — with all the most civilized products of the century that usually sicken him whom they need not in the least concern.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

WHAT LACK WE YET?

OUR good town of Boston has a certain pride in what is called æsthetic culture. If we do not all plume ourselves upon being artists, we at least have an idea that we are something rather *hors ligne* as intelligent art-patrons. We are not, as a rule, a close-fisted people, and although we do not claim to being more munificent than our neighbors, we have been brought up to fancy that when we give our thousands or hundreds of thousands to establish, or enrich any art institution, we may possibly do so a thought more intelligently than they. Be this as it may, we certainly have this in common with other American cities, that so soon as we are thoroughly persuaded that we really want a good thing, the means of getting it — that is, the money — comes quite easily, almost of itself, as it were.

Thus, we wanted a large music-hall, well situated, architecturally fine, and of good acoustic properties. No sooner said than done; the Music Hall was built.

We wanted a large and expensive organ, and we got one which leaves nothing to be desired, either in point of size or expensiveness.

We wanted an art museum, and we have it. We had only to assure ourselves of the reality of our want, and to assure our moneyed fellow-citizens of its reasonableness, and the dollars poured in as fast as we could desire.

Now we have another very crying want, and it is rather odd, by the way, that just this want has been so long in formulating itself in Boston, of all cities in the Union, — *we want an orchestra.*

One would have said that, if Boston were anything in an artistic way, she was musical; notwithstanding the noble array of Boston names which are famous in the annals of Painting and Sculpture, our chief æsthetic pride has been that we are — almost *par excellence* — the musical city of the United States. Yet we neither have, nor ever have had, an established orchestra.

Remember: an orchestra is not merely a large or small body of musicians playing together at this or that concert after a few preliminary rehearsals. It is a body of musicians who play and rehearse together from one end of the season to the other. Its members do not play various stringed and wind instruments in as various military bands and theatres or ball-room orchestras, and meet together *en masse* only when some grand concert is to be given, to be dispersed again after the concert. In a real orchestra the members play together all the time, every week and every day.

We have for years had most excellent material for an orchestra at easy command, although this material is yearly growing smaller, and more difficult to concentrate; but we have never had a real orchestra.

The reason? An orchestra costs money, a great deal of money. But this is not the whole reason, neither is it an insurmountable obstacle in the way of our having one.

One thing is certain: without a standard orchestra we shall die out of the musical world. Boston has already fallen behind New York and Cincinnati as a musical centre, simply and solely for want of an orchestra; and, if things go on in the same course, we shall soon sink to the level of the mere musical provincialism of Baltimore or Portland. An orchestra is the musical focus of a city; it is idle to say that we can have Mr. Thomas's admirable and admirably drilled body of players whenever we want it. Admitting that we can; an orchestra, no matter how superb it may be, that is attached to our city only by so many miles of telegraph wire can never become a musical focus.

How are we to get an orchestra of our own, for that is what we need?

By paying for it. Nothing more or less. But how? Aye, there's the rub!

It is very evident that we cannot look to the general concert-going public merely. An orchestral fund can only be raised by appealing to individual munificence; by large subscriptions and donations. An orchestra is too expensive a machine to be purely self-supporting; it cannot, especially in the beginning, live on "gate-money." Still less can it be established and founded upon the mere hope of possible "gate-money." It must rest upon a *foundation*, in every sense of the term.

The question is: Can our moneyed men, our merchant princes and millionaires, be got to give their money, and give it freely for this object? Well, they have given before now to other artistic objects not more worthy than this one. Take for instance, the Art Museum.

It is not necessary for a rich man, inclined to be munificent, to have an individual sympathy with the object of his donation. He needs only to be satisfied of its worthiness, its utility, and above all things that it is something tangible. He very naturally wishes you to show him some tangible and permanent equivalent for his expenditure; in other words to get his money's worth. He knows the value of his money better than any one else, and is not willing to see it wasted on chimæras. It is a mistake to think that he has a prejudice against music; look at the great organ! he gave his money readily enough for that.

But on the other hand, look at the Harvard Musical Association. This most excellent society has never been able to lay hands on any money that did not come from the annual assessment of its members, or from its Symphony Concerts. It has not been the recipient of large donations. Why? Because the Harvard Musical Association has stood in the public mind as the representative of a merely abstract idea, of a certain musical tendency. Its object has been to raise the standard of musical taste, to preserve, as far as might be, the purity of musical tradition, to present the public with finely constructed programmes. True, its *desire* has been to found an orchestra, but it has never had the means of setting to work. How much money does any one suppose would have been given by individual capitalists to a society for the improvement of artistic taste in painting and sculpture? Not much, surely. But a great deal of money was given to found an art museum.

Now an orchestra *is* something tangible. When once formed, it has a corporeal existence, and has at least the possibility of permanency. Ask a man to give his money to found an orchestra, and you can show him some tangible equivalent for his giving something that, whether he be musical or not, he can feel sure is more solid than smoke, and which can make him realize the fact that he has been in truth a public benefactor.

When the Harvard Musical Association established its symphony concerts, one cannot help feeling that it began at the wrong end. It said: "We want concerts of good music." It should have said: "We want an orchestra that can play any music." The symphony concerts are a great deal that is good, and very little that is bad, but they have the fault of hovering in mid-air; they rest on nothing solid. Take away the fifty musicians who play on the Music Hall platform, and they fall to the ground at once. But an organized orchestra is something solid; no matter to what uses it may be put — whether to the playing of waltzes and potpouris, or to the rendering of Beethoven symphonies, it is still there, with its powers and energies unimpaired, a never-failing stand-by in all emergencies, a centre of musical *force*. Let it play quadrilles in a beer-garden for six nights in the week, on the seventh it is ready for symphonies and overtures.

It is unquestionably to this object that our rich fellow-citizens should now give their money. If the Harvard Musical Association comes forward and asks for donations, and large ones too, for this purpose, we think that it will not be disappointed. Who indeed should be better trusted to spend money intelligently for this object than it? Only, if it does ask it, let it assure every one it asks that the orchestra itself is to be the main and only object; that everything shall be done to keep up the orchestra when it is once organized; that it shall be made as self-supporting as possible, and that its existence shall not be sacrificed to the fighting out of any special principle. If it has to live *by* playing "popular" music, it can still live *for* playing the very highest music. So long as it really exists it can do anything. W. F. A.

MUSICAL ADVERTISING.

Time was when musicians were hired lackeys in great men's households; now they are not only their own masters, but are, in appearance at least, masters of a good many people beside themselves. The arts are making fortune, as the French say. Musicians — composers and performers — are now kings and princes in comparison to what they used to be; yet their kingship rests upon very singular foundations. One would think that if any man were king over men "by the grace of God," that man was the heaven-inspired composer. But if we look a little curiously into the situation, we find that his mastery is far more of the democratic sort, and that his reputation — in other words, his title to office — rests, to a great extent, upon more or less universal suffrage. It is difficult to find a musician who is not, to a greater or less degree, a party leader or a prominent party adherent. It is to the strength and enterprise of his constituents that he owes much of his own material strength.

An artist now-a-days is not only a man who makes money, but one out of whom a great deal of money can be made. In all communities where the ballot-box plays a part in political machinery, a man wins the suffrages of his constituents, not so much as a mark of personal esteem and admiration, but because his constituents believe him to be at once more willing and competent to further their own interests than any one else.

Just so a large proportion of the loud admirers of certain composers and performers are men who are anxious to make money out of them. Most of us remember that great patriotic procession from Boston to Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1876. At first sight it looked like a pure expression of veneration of the heroes of the Revolution and of renewed fraternity between North and South, shaking hands over the bloody chasm. But upon closer examination it was found that a good half of that brilliant procession was nothing more than a gorgeous phantasmagory of bakers', brewers' and shoemakers' advertisements. One-half of our fellow-citizens shouted praises to the Spirit of '76, while the other half pasted advertisements all over her wings.

A prominent composer of to-day may imagine himself to be an æsthetic world-power, and the recipient of the unrestrained homage of men, while he is in reality looked upon by many in the crowd merely as a successful advertising medium. He is covered all over with flaming placards. It would be well, in one sense, if artists went about with a strip of paper pasted on their foreheads, bearing the inscription "Stick no bills!"

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There are many musical journals in Germany, and each one extols a particular composer. Every new work he produces is declared to be epoch-making. The world stands astonished at this enormous quantity of epoch-making compositions, until it finds out that the musical journal which proclaims these works as divine is edited by the very firm that publishes them. *Hinc illæ—jubilationes!*

Does the composer imagine that these laudatory articles show that the writers appreciate his genius at its full value? Perhaps he may; but they really show that the writers appreciate at its full value his power of advertising their publishing-house. Business is business. But this advertising system has one unfortunate result, and that is, that if you look for sound criticism on contemporary music in Germany, you must *not* look for it in the musical press, but in the larger daily papers.

When are nine pianists out of ten, to-day, but walking advertisements of pianoforte manufacturing houses? Of course it is dinned into your ears that So-and-so is the greatest living pianist, but even that consoling announcement is made accordant to the all-important fact that he plays upon the Such-and-such pianoforte. And yet it is hinted that So-and-so, in spite of his being the greatest living performer, could not earn his bread and butter without allowing himself to be used as a show-card.

Kings and princes? No! Musicians, from being rich men's hired lackeys, are fast becoming the servants of ingenious speculators. They wear crowns made of newspaper and adorned with gaudy job-print. It is only years and years after their death that they are placed upon their thrones, when their works have had time to prove their divine greatness, as saints in the Roman Church are canonized only after their relics have worked indisputable miracles.

W. F. A.

MR. MASON IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, July 21, 1880.

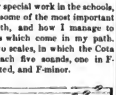
JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq.:—

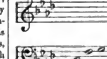
Sir,—If I recollect rightly, you are one of the trustees of the Perkins' Institute for the Blind. My object in writing you is to obtain specimens of printed music for the blind, also of all elementary instructions in music. They have an institution for the blind here on a small scale, not supported by the government. While I am here I desire to do what I can for them. I have as a pupil a blind man, who is the best performer and teacher of the Koto, their harp of thirteen strings, in Japan.

Their most scholarly musicians seem to have no scientific knowledge of harmony. I have seven of the court musicians, all young men, as pupils in singing and harmony. Our simplest ideas of harmony seem to open a new world to them for the study of music. My work thus far has been in the two Government Normal schools and in the training school connected with them. So I have had about five hundred boys and girls, corresponding in their ages to our primary and grammar schools, to work with. I can say that my success for the time and under the circumstances (less than four months and knowing but little of the language) has been the best I ever experienced.

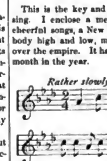
I will not speak of my special work in the schools, but will briefly mention some of the most important things which I met with, and how I manage to get over the difficulties which come in my path.

I found their two scales, in which the Koto was tuned, contained each five sounds, one in F-major, 4th and 7th omitted, and F-minor.





This is the key and scale in which they mostly sing. I enclose a melody of one of their most cheerful songs, a New Year's song, sung by everybody high and low, men, women and children, all over the empire. It has twelve verses, one for each month in the year.



This is a favorite way of ending their songs. If the Cota be tuned in F-major, the above cannot be played.

In the Girls' Normal School, which is patronized by her Majesty, the Empress, the court musicians taught this kind of singing, while I was trying to teach in our scale. I found it very difficult to get the young ladies to sing 3 and 4 and 7 and 8, and mentioned the fact to the authorities upon the different scales. They then wished to know which I thought was the true scale. I replied that I had not come to Japan to decide matters of that kind, but suggested that, as they had a first-class Professor of Physics in the University, I had no doubt that he could decide the matter upon scientific principles. They seemed to jump at that suggestion, and arranged that Professor Mendenhall should be invited to give a course of lectures upon the subject of sound, especially illustrating the musical scale, and the harmonic relation of sounds; which he did in three lectures.

Professor M., having all the apparatus for this purpose, was entirely successful in his demonstrations. The result was that it decided the whole matter: (1), that their scale had not even been submitted to scientific treatment; (2), that they had not included the idea of the harmonic relation of sounds in their system. At these lectures they took good care to have all the Japanese musicians of note in the capital invited, including the court musicians. A large number attended. From this time I had my hands full. The musicians come to me to learn about our scale and about harmony.

A commission was appointed by the educational department, to decide (1), as to the scale; (2), as to nomenclature; (3), as to the poetry to be furnished me to set to music for all grades of schools. This commission consists of three of their literary men, and one blind musician, the Cota-player, whom I have mentioned. Mr. Isawa, and myself, including my interpreter. We have met three times a week and spent about three hours each time. The first hour is taken up by my giving a course of lessons based on our system of music and in our notation. They copy all my exercises from the blackboard, and then go to work with their songs or words for songs.

By the above you may get some idea as to what I am trying to do. Every thing seems to proceed with an excellent spirit, and I feel very much encouraged in every respect, for I feel that, if I do not progress very far, we are working in the right direction; and I feel that you would approve our course.

Yours truly, L. W. MASON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Of the operatic outlook last Sunday's *Herald* tells us:

In the absence of an established operatic season, such as New York has enjoyed the last two years, Boston will during the coming months enjoy a series of short visits from nearly a dozen different organizations for the presentation of Italian, French and English grand opera, as well as opera comique and opera bouffe. The list of companies expected during the season includes the "Boston Ideal," Manager Mapleson's, the Strakosch and Hess and Emma Abbott English, the Gilbert and Sullivan company, with the new and unnamed work of those amiable workers, the Aimée and Soldene opera bouffe, the De Beauplan and Gran French, the Roosevelt English, Maho's "Boccaccio," the Bijou, the Flora E. Barry company, and an organization for Italian opera, headed by Sig. Tagliapietra, now being formed. The "Ideal" company will open at the Boston Theatre late in the season and present "The Pirates," "Chimes of Normandy," "Bohemian Girl," in addition to their former repertoire, with Mary Beebe, Marie Stone, Adelaide Phillips, and Messrs. M. W. Whitney, W. H. MacDonald, Tom Karl, W. H. Fessenden, H. C. Barnabee and George W. Frothingham as the leading soloists. The Mapleson company come to the Boston Theatre Dec. 27, for two weeks, and will, undoubtedly, make the entrée of Mme. Gerster the leading event, and Boito's "Mefistofele" and "Rienzi" the novelties of the season. The Strakosch and Hess English Opera Company opens at the Globe Theatre Nov. 15, for a single week, producing first in America Boito's "Mefistofele" with Mme. Marie Rose as Margherita. The Emma Abbott English company come to the Globe Theatre during the latter part of the season, and, with a repertoire including "Romeo and Juliet," "Lover's Pilgrimage," "Merry Wives of Windsor," as its novelties, will introduce Sig. Brignoli in English opera. Beyond the fact that the new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan will be first presented in this city at the Globe Theatre, nothing is known as to this promised new composition.

——Of the singing societies we learn from the same source:

The opening concerts to be given by the Handel and Haydn Society will serve as the leading events in the dedicatory week of the Music Tremont Temple, a performance of "The Messiah" being announced for the evening of Monday, Oct. 11, and one of "Elijah" on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 13. Miss Lillian Bailey makes her entrée to the Boston concert hall on the former occasion, singing the soprano role. The other soloists will be Miss Emily Winant, contralto, William J. Winch, tenor, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, bass. For the "Elijah" the soloists have not been fully decided upon, but Messrs. John Winch and Charles E. Adams and Miss Emily Winant will probably be heard on that occasion. For the regular season of the society there have been plans made for four performances, "The Messiah" at Christmas, Mozart's "Requiem Mass," and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," a month later, selections from Bach's "Passion Music" at good Friday.

The Cecilia Club programme for the season is full of attractions, and promises a far more popular series of concerts than have been given the last few seasons. The works to be given by this organization are cantatas by Bach and Gleyre, two motets by Beethoven, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Liszt's "Die Glocken des Strassburger," Beethoven's "Ruine of Athens," Mendelssohn's "Loreley" and Schumann's "Faust," all with full orchestral accompaniment, to which rare array of attractions will be added four unaccompanied poems of Mendelssohn. It is quite possible that these concerts will be given in the new Tremont Temple.

The absence (in Europe) of the conductor of the Boylston Club, Mr. George L. Osgood, has made it impossible as yet to arrange the season's programme for this organization. Mr. Osgood will unquestionably bring with him more or less novelties for the Boylston singers on his return late this month, and the notably choice selections included in the concerts of the club the last few years ensure an equally interesting series of performances the coming season.

—— The Old Bay State course of entertainments will begin on Thursday evening, Sept. 27, with a concert by Miss Annie Louise Cary and the Temple Quartet (Gloe Club, and subsequent evenings will be filled with a reading of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by George Riddle, with all of Mendelssohn's music by the Philharmonic orchestra, and concerts by the Theodore Thomas orchestra; Marie Rose and the Listemann concert company; the Ideal opera concert company, consisting of a double quartet of the principals; the Mendelssohn quintet club and Lillian Bailey and George Henschel as soloists; the Barnabee concert company; and readings by Prof. Churchill and Miss Cayvan. At some of the entertainments Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, pianists, will appear, and Miss Fanny Kellogg will also be heard in this course.

—— First among the miscellaneous concerts of the season come those announced by Manager Park for the evenings of Oct. 4 and 8, and the afternoon of Oct. 9, by Miss Annie Louise Cary, Wilhelmj, Joseffy and the Temple Quartet.

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MUSIC ABROAD.

London. Mr. Henry C. Lunn writes, in the *Musical Times* (Aug. 1):

The rise of new Associations for the practice and promotion of music is a sure indication of the growing interest in the art. The London Musical Society, under distinguished patronage, has this season given a concert of the utmost interest; and there can be no question that as this Society appeals not to the general public for encouragement, the professed object it has in view — that of performing high-class works, either ancient or modern, and of any country — will be carried out. The Bach Society, too, continues its career of usefulness, under the conductorship of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and amongst the Societies in other parts of the metropolis we may mention the Borough of Hackney Choral Association (which, since Mr. Ebenezer Prout has assumed the conductorship, has grown into the greatest importance), the Hampstead Choral Society, so ably directed by the founder, Mr. Willem Coenen, and the Highbury Philharmonic Society, placed under the efficient conductorship of Dr. Bridge; many others, however, deserving the warmest praise for their zeal, not only in presenting compositions of recognized worth, but in performing new works which, but for the existence of such institutions, would scarcely obtain a hearing.

We think it may now be safely said that the anticipated dissolution of the Sacred Harmonic Society will be averted. Exeter Hall, it is believed, will undergo such extensive alterations that the concerts of the Society will probably not be given there next season, but the following year it is hoped that they will be resumed in the old locality; and we sincerely trust that the conservative policy which has for so many years ruled supreme at the councils of this Association will at least be slightly relaxed in the future. It is true that the works of one living composer have annually a place in the programmes of the concerts; but there are many others anxiously waiting, and the Sacred Harmonic Society may not only do good to the art, but benefit its funds, by admitting their claim to a hearing. The concerts this season have been quite up to the usual standard.

—— Royal Normal College for the Blind. The *Musical World* (July 17) says: —

Some very interesting proceedings in connection with this college took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, but before noticing them in detail, it may be well to state precisely the objects of the Institution and the means by which they are attained. According to the just issued report of the energetic Principal, Mr. F. J. Campbell, a misconception exists on this vital point, it being often supposed that the College is an academy of music and nothing more, consequently that, as in an academy of music, only persons with special gifts can be received, its field of operations is a restricted one. But, in reality, the charity exists specially as a normal school for the training of blind teachers, and generally as a place where blind persons are fitted, by thorough physical, mental, and artistic development, for the task of earning their own living. Its doors are open, therefore, to all afflicted with loss of sight, and its mission appeals to a universal sympathy with those whom hard fate has deprived of a precious sense. The instruction afforded at the college is carried on in four departments. First comes that of general education; next, that of special training for teacher's work; next, that of the science and practice of music; and last, that of pianoforte tuning. In addition, particular regard is paid to such physical exercises as tend to encourage confidence and independence, even skating on ice or concrete being part of the regular course. But while the charity thus seeks to render the widest possible service to blind persons, its usefulness is, perhaps, more apparent in the department of music than in any other. For some mysterious reason, loss of sight is often partially compensated by susceptibility to the influence of music, and skill in the practice of the art. It follows that a blind school anywhere must be, in a particular sense, a school of music. The Royal Normal College is such a school, and its "Annual Prize Festival" on Saturday last was, with entire propriety, a musical demonstration. The latest report contains some interesting facts illustrative of the good already done in preparing pupils, musical and other, for the work of life. We read of an ex-scholar "successfully engaged in the coal trade at Belfast;" of another who emigrated to Canada, and is doing well as a pianoforte tuner; of two others who have established themselves as music publishers, etc., in Glasgow; of three young ladies who are employed under the School Board for London at good salaries; of a youth who is earning his bread as an organist; of two young ladies, still connected with the college, who are more than self-supporting; and so on to the number of forty-five out of fifty-five whom the college has sent forth into the world. The percentage of successes is a high one, and it is impossible to read the details given in the report without pleasure.

But the highest value of those details lies in the testimony they give as to the thoroughness of the training imparted by Mr. Campbell and his assistants. Blind persons compete at enormous disadvantage with those who can see, and to equalize their conditions in any tolerable measure, the education of the blind must be as painstaking and as thorough as possible. This necessity is amply recognized at the Normal College, for proof of which take the department of music. Not only do the pupils receive the ordinary instruction, but the professors of the pianoforte (Mr. Hartvigson), and of the organ (Mr. Hopkins), give weekly recitals throughout the year, at which classical compositions are systematically analyzed and performed. In twelve months 645 different pieces were thus brought to the knowledge of the pupils by Mr. Hartvigson. Nor is this all. The young people are themselves required to give recitals from time to time. A weekly rehearsal of the music under study takes place, and by frequent attendance at the Crystal Palace concerts the highest forms of creative and executive art are made familiar.

As a result of so much thoroughness we find the examiners in music dwelling with emphasis upon the attainments of the scholars. They tell us of a lad who played Bach's organ fugue in B-minor "excellently," and gave an account of its construction, after having had the copy "only a few days." We read also, of a young lady, Miss Amelia Campbell, who could play by itself alone any one of the four "voices" in Bach's C-major fugue — an achievement nothing short of wonderful under the circumstances. The examiners (Messrs. Manns and Stainer) say further: "Regarding the principles on which the various teachers seem to develop the reproductive powers of musical art of their sightless pupils, frequent and searching questions put to the latter, sometimes at the cost of interrupting their performance, placed the fact beyond a doubt that they are made as familiar with the notation and the practical details of the compositions they perform as if they had not the sad experience and heavy labor of gaining information under the deprivation of one of the most important 'doors of the mind.'" Better testimony to success than this could neither be given nor desired.

According to the balance-sheet issued last September, the financial state of the charity is good, the excess of receipts over expenditure for the nine months then ending being £1,394. This, however, is due to a self-sacrificing economy which may be measured when we state that the total cost of the educational department during that period was but £1,138, while the expenses of management amounted to no more than £140. A charity so administered should, by preference, be helped, and we need scarcely say that further assistance in this particular case would meet with thankful acknowledgment. The property of the college is mortgaged to the extent of £12,000, and the executive committee — of whom Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., acts as chairman — have, no doubt, good reasons to say that "the annual interest on this sum is a heavy strain upon the income of the college." The friends of the institution, however, look forward to a time when it will be self-supporting. There is room in the present building for 120 pupils, and were these forthcoming, "the annual income would, from scholarships and fees, cover the expenditure." That the empty places will soon be filled we have every reason to hope. The patronage liberally bestowed upon the college by members of the Royal Family, the influence untiringly exerted in its favor by the president, his Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G., and many other distinguished persons, and the effect inseparable from such proof of good work done as is occasionally given, cannot fail to raise the institution to the place it deserves.

—— Katharine Stephens. A correspondent writes to ask me the date of the death of Miss Stephens, who became the Countess of Essex. Happily the lady is still alive, and although nearly blind, her great age sits upon her as lightly as it should upon one who has led a useful and spotless life. Katharine Stephens was born on September 18, 1794, and in 1807 she studied music under a forgotten teacher, Lanza. It was during 1807 and 1812 that she sang under articles to this Lanza at Bath, Bristol, and Southampton, and also at the London concert-hall then called the Pantheon, but now used as wine and spirit vaults. The lady's first appearance in London, therefore, dates back about seventy years. Sixty-eight years ago we find her playing the part of *Mandane* in Arne's "Artaxerxes," and such characters as *Clara* in the "Duenna," and *Polly* in the Beggars' Opera," at the old Covent Garden Theatre. Sixty-six years ago she was singing at the Ancient Concerts, and afterwards at Drury Lane (then a comparatively new) Theatre. More than half a century since she declined an engagement at the King's Theatre (now Her Majesty's) to succeed Catalani, and in 1838, after a public career of 31 years, Miss Katherine Stephens became the second wife of the fifth Earl of Essex. On her marriage she of course retired from the stage. The Earl died in 1839 without issue, and his widow has since resided at the family mansion in Eaton Square. After a public career of thirty-one years the Countess of Essex has enjoyed a retirement of forty-two years, and is still, at the advanced age of eighty-six, in fair health. One of her few contemporaries who seemed likely to survive her was Planché, who was, of course, one of her oldest friends.—*Figaro.*

—— *Figaro* quotes the following testimony in favor of London rather than Milan as the best place for students in the art of singing: —

Signor Brocolini (Mr. John Clarke, of Brooklyn), well known on the operatic stage here, has been giving his experiences of matters musical in various parts of Europe. Signor Brocolini first studied in Italy, and he gives a horrible, but by no means over-drawn, picture of the dangers to which young English and American girls are subjected in Milan: —

"What should be exposed is the extortion practised on students in Italy by the operatic managers. Just before the commencement of the season they would come to Milan, visit the different professors of music, and inform themselves concerning those pupils who desired to make a debut. The price which the débutante was to pay would be fixed according to the amount of money which he or she could command. After one or two nights the manager would have the singer hissed by the audience, and making that an excuse for dismissal, would engage another debutante who had more money, perhaps. The whole system was connected with extortion and abuse. Lady students, especially, were hounded by the sixpenny Italian nobility, and I knew of one case in which an American lady having refused to receive calls from a Baron, the latter would order his carriage, which was well known, to be kept standing in front of the lady's residence till two or three o'clock in the morning."

Signor Brocolini next discussed the relative advantages of study in London over Italy. He said: —

"I should advise all young people to study in London. The only advantage to be found in Italy is the opportunity for studying and practising the lan ge. In London you can have the finest teachers in ery branch of the art. There are, for instance, Profs. Deacon and William Shakespeare, and also Madame Dolby, one of the most successful teachers of female voices in London. Many of the teachers are connected with academies, but not all. The Royal Academy and the London Academy are under the management of professors, and furnish a systematic and thorough course of instruction. The South Kensington Training School is under the directorship of Sullivan, the composer, and is the especial pet of royalty. All the principal orchestral solo players are connected with the academies. Joseph Barnby, the well-known composer and conductor, is professor of music at Eton. Prof. Garcia is connected with the Royal Academy. Outside the academies there are also Profs. Vocchetti, Li Calsi, and Sir Julius Benedict, who are all eminent in their profession."

Signor Brocolini has by no means exhausted the list of singing professors in London, and, indeed, one of the most popular, Signor Randegger, and many of the best, such as Mr. Welsh, Mr. Walworth, Mr. Montem Smith, and numerous others, he has not mentioned at all. The name of Professor Deacon, too, I do not recollect, while Sir Julius Benedict does not teach singing. In regard to the cost of tuition in London (and the figures, which are correct, may be quoted for the benefit of provincial and foreign students), Signor Brocolini says: —

"The best teachers charge from 10s. to £1 per lesson. It is customary in London to take furnished apartments, which can be had for from 15s. to 25s. per week. Meals will be furnished at one's apartments at any hour, or can be procured at a neighboring café. One can live very comfortably on £3 per week. This is more than the same accommodations will cost in Italy."

Signor Brocolini likewise details a few of the many musical performances of all sorts which the student can enjoy, and which will interest and instruct him, and with a brief sketch of his own career, his interesting paper concludes.

Germany. The vacant post of organist at St. Thomas Church, of Leipzig, has been conferred on Prof. Carl Piutti.

—— The recent repetition of the performances, in chronological succession, of the whole of Mozart's operas at the Imperial Opera at Vienna has proved, as in January last, a most complete success. Among the vocalists specially engaged for the "cyclus" of representations were Mmes. Pauline Lucca, Marianne Brandt, Prochaska, and Schuch-Proska.

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SONNETS.

TO AN ARTIST. — *J. M.*

I.

What if thou spurn me, slight me, pass me by
In haughty silence, O thou proud and grand!
Where sometimes weeds on thy path I stand,
And, with vain patience and a secret sigh,
Pray humbly that on me night light thine eye, —
If, like a pilgrim from some foreign land,
I knock upon thy door with weary hand,
And never hear a friendly voice reply! —
The feeble heart may bleed, but while thou still
Art deathless true to thy immortal goal,
And godly purposes thy spirit fill, —
Unchilled, unchanged, unflagging, my strong soul
Soaring triumphant o'er such petty ill,
Shall follow thee from distant pole to pole.

II.

Ah no, ah no! I was deceived! — in vain
The daring courage and the dauntless song;
The flight is weary and the way is long;
The soul, grown feeble, faints beneath the strain
Of aching toil, while from the fountn of pain
The heart drawes nourishment, and waxes strong.
Back to its core the purple life-drops throng,
And fill it full of flushing power again.
— Aye, from thy path shall my dumb prayers ascend,
Until a smile shall kindle in thine eye
For me alone, — still with a noiseless cry
I'll knock upon thy door, till thou shalt bend
From thy high state, and draw me gently nigh,
And clasp my hand in thine and call me friend!

STUART STERNS.

RICHARD WAGNER.

. . . . In approaching the twentieth period of our history, the last into which we have thought it necessary to subdivide it, we find ourselves brought face to face with a master whose earnest devotion to the cause of Art entitles his opinions to a more than ordinary measure of respectful consideration. We have, it is true, expressed our intention of avoiding, as far as may be, the invidious task of criticizing the productions of living authors, from a firm conviction that the time for fairly and dispassionately considering the extent of their influence upon the progress of Art has not yet arrived; but in this case no choice is left to us. The theories of Richard Wagner have already been so loudly proclaimed and so freely discussed, his works have been so fiercely attacked by one class of critics, and so extravagantly praised by another, that it is no longer possible to ignore either their present significance, their connection with the history of the past, or their probable effect upon the future. We therefore propose to conclude our rapid sketch of the changes which the opera has undergone since its new birth in the opening years of the seventeenth century, by reviewing, as briefly as the nature of the case will permit, the peculiarities of the phase through which it is now passing, and thus enabling our readers to form their own opinion as to its relation to, or points of divergence from, the schools we have already attempted to describe.

[From the article "OPERA," by W. S. ROCKSTRO, in Part XI. of Grove's Dictionary of Music.]

Wagner's contemplated regeneration of the lyric drama, as he himself explains it, demands changes far more significant than the mere adoption of a new style; changes which can only be met by the creation of an entirely new Ideal — a conception so different from any proposed since the time of Gluck, that the experience of a hundred years is utterly valueless as a guide to its elaboration, except, indeed, as affording examples of the faults to be avoided. Rejecting the very name of opera as inapplicable — which it certainly is — to this new conception, he contents himself with the simple title of drama. The drama, he tells us, depends, for the perfection of its expression, upon the union of poetry with music, scenery, and action. Whenever one of these means of effect is neglected for the sake of giving undue prominence to another, the result is an anomalous production which will not bear the test of critical analysis. If we are to accept him as our oracle, we must believe that, hitherto, composers, one and all, have erred in making the music of the drama the first consideration, and sacrificing all others to it. That they have weakened rhetorical delivery, for the sake of pleasing the ear by rhythmic melodies which cannot co-exist with just dramatic expression. That they have impeded the action of the piece, by the introduction of movements constructed upon a regular plan, which, whether good or not in a sonata, is wholly out of place in a musical drama. That they have kept the stage waiting, in order that they might give a favorite singer the opportunity of executing passages entirely out of character with the scene it was his duty to interpret. In place of such rhythmic melodies, such symmetrically-constructed movements, and such brilliant passages of execution, Wagner substitutes a species of song, which holds a place midway between true recitative and true melody — a kind of *mezzo recitativo*, to which he gives the name of "melos." This he supports by a rich and varied orchestral accompaniment, designed to form, as it were, the background to his picture, to enforce the expression of the words by appropriate instrumental effects, and to individualize the various members of the *dramatis personæ* by assigning a special combination of harmonies, or a well-defined *leit-motif*, to each. The management of this accompaniment is incontestably his strongest point. No man now living possesses a tithe of his command over the resources of the orchestra. The originality of his combinations is as startling as their effect is varied and beautiful. He can make them express whatever he feels to be needful for the effect of the scenes he is treating; and he frequently does so with such complete success, that his meaning would be perfectly intelligible even were the voice part cancelled. His "melos," thus supported, adds power and expression to the poetical text, and furnishes us with a very high type of purely declamatory music — the only music he considers admissible into the "drama," except in an incidental form; while the infinite variety of orchestral coloring he is able to impart to it deprives it, to some extent, in his hands, of the intolerably monotonous effect it would certainly be made to produce by an inferior composer.

That he has selected this style from conviction that it is more exactly adapted to the desired purpose than any other, and not from any natural inability to produce rhythmic melody, is certain; for his earlier operas clearly show him to be a more than ordinarily accomplished melodist in the best sense of the term. "Mit Gewitter und Sturm aus fernem Meer," "Traft ihr das Schiff im Meere an," and "Steuermann! lass die Wacht!" in *Der fliegende Holländer*, would alone prove this, had he never written anything else. His principles, however, were but very faintly perceptible in *Der fliegende Holländer*. We find them more clearly enounced in *Tannhäuser*, more strongly still in *Lohengrin* and *Tristan und Isolde*; but they only attain their complete development in his last great drama, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, a so-called "Tetralogy," consisting of four divisions, each long enough to form a complete work, and respectively named, "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." From this quadripartite conception the aria in all its forms is strictly banished, and music is made throughout the handmaid of the libretto, and not its mistress. The correlation existing between the two is so intensely close, that we may well believe it could never have been satisfactorily carried out, had not the poetical text been furnished by the composer himself. Wagner evidently takes this view of the matter, for he has written the libretti as well as the music of all his later operas; and it is evident that, where this arrangement is possible — that is to say where the dramatist is great, and equally great, both as a poet, and a musician — it must of necessity lead to higher results than, any which are attainable when the work is divided between two men of genius, who, however closely their ideas may be in accordance, can never think exactly alike. In the "Tetralogy," the subject selected, and carried on throughout the four grand divisions of the work, is founded upon certain Teutonic myths, which it is scarcely possible for two great writers — a word-poet and a tone-poet — to contemplate from exactly the same point of view: the advantage, therefore, is immeasurable, when one mind, of great and varied attainments, can arrange the whole. Wagner inclines to the idea that myths of this description furnish the best if not the only subjects on which the musical drama can be founded, though both *Lohengrin* and *Tristan und Isolde* are founded upon Keltic legends. But, in this he would, perhaps, lay down no very strict law; for the Teutonic myth could scarcely appeal very strongly to the imagination of an English audience, and, to a French one, the *Nibelungenlied* would be utterly unintelligible.

The force of our remarks will be best understood by those who have enjoyed an opportunity of hearing Wagner's works performed in his own way; but a mere perusal of the score will illustrate them with sufficient clearness to answer all practical purposes. In either case, the student cannot

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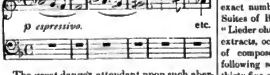
fail to be struck by the undoubted originality of the style: but, is the general conception a new one? Assuredly not. It is the fullest possible development of the Ideal which was proposed, in the year 1600, at the house of Giovanni Bardi, in Florence. Wagner looks back to Greek tragedy as the highest available authority on the subject. So did Rinuccini. Wagner condemns rhythmic melody as altogether opposed to dramatic truth. So did Peri. Wagner keeps his instrumental performers out of sight, in order that he may the better carry out the illusions of the drama. So did Emilio del Cavaliere, and Peri after him. Wagner uses all the orchestral resources at his command, for the purpose of enforcing his dramatic meaning. So, in 1607, did Monteverde. The only difference is, that Monteverde had but a rude untutored band to work with, while Wagner has a magnificent orchestra, fortified by the experience of two hundred and eighty years. It was not to be wondered at that Monteverde's style of recitative grew wearisome, or that, when the power of introducing orchestral coloring was so very small, Alessandro Scarlatti endeavored to increase the interest and beauty of his works by the introduction of measured melody and well-constructed movements. In process of time these well-intentioned improvements attracted too much attention, and weakened the true power of the drama. Then Gluck arose, and resolutely reformed the abuse—but for the time only. No one can say that his principles have been fully carried out by later composers—that too many operas of the present day, in more schools than one, are not grievously lowered in tone by the pernicious habit of introducing irrelevant, if not positively flippant tunes, in situations where they are altogether out of place. Against these abuses Wagner has waged implacable war; and, in so doing, he has merited the thanks of all who have the true interests of the lyric drama at heart: for the evils which he has made it the business of his life to eradicate are no light ones, and he has entered upon his task with no faltering hand. Only while giving him all due honor for what he has done, let us not wrong either himself or his cause by pretending to give him more than his due. He has called our attention, not, as some will have it, to a new creation, but to a necessary reform. He has nothing to tell us that Gluck has not already said; and Gluck said nothing that has not already been said by Peri. The reformation, so far as recitative, declamation, and melody are concerned, is nothing more than a return to the first principles laid down at the Conte di Vernio's *réunions*. It brings us therefore not one step in advance of the position that was reached little less than three centuries ago.

These, however, are not the only points concerning which it is necessary to call the reader's attention to the strange analogy existing between the new school of the nineteenth century and that which flourished in the seventeenth. The disciples of Peri and Caccini cast aside, as mere vexatious hindrances, the restrictions imposed upon them by the laws of counterpoint. Modern composers have done the same; and striving, like Monteverde, to invent harmonic combinations hitherto unheard, have justified their innovations by the not very easily controvertible dictum, "That which sounds well must, of necessity, be right." Admitting the force of this argument, must not its converse—"That which does not sound well must, of necessity, be wrong"—be equally true? It seems difficult to dispute this; yet our ears are sometimes very sorely tried. Can any one, for instance, really take pleasure in the hideously "out-of-tune" effect of the following "false-relation" from the third act of *Der fliegende Holländer?*



The great danger attendant upon such aberrations as these is that the progression used by the master, in a few isolated instances, for reasons of his own, is too often mistaken by the disciple for a "characteristic of the style," and introduced everywhere, *usque ad nauseam*. Should the disciples of the school we are considering fall into this pernicious, though almost universally prevalent error, its results cannot fail to exercise a most disastrous effect upon the future prospects of the drama. We have already said that the value of a work of art depends entirely upon the amount of natural truth it embodies, whether that truth be exhibited in the perfection of symmetrical form, as in *Il Don Giovanni* or *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in power of emotional expression, as in *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, or *Lucia di Lammermoor*, or in purity of harmonious concord, as in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Wagner's strict adherence to dramatic truth distinguishes his writings from those of all other composers of the present day. He declares himself ready to sacrifice all less important considerations for its sake, and proves his loyalty by continually doing so. No one will venture to assert that the value of his own works, strengthened as they are by his conscientious adherence to a noble principle, is materially diminished by a heterodox resolution, or an occasional exhibition of harshness in the harmony of an orchestral accompaniment; but should his school, as a school, encourage the use of progressions which can be defended upon no natural principle whatever, we may be sure that no long time will be suffered to elapse before it is pushed aside, to make room for the creations of a twenty-first period.

(Conclusion in next number.)

THE LONDON "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS."

II.

Having, in our last, given a short sketch of the "Rise and Progress" of this Institution, which may now fairly claim to be of national interest and importance, we purpose entering somewhat into detail with regard to the work accomplished during the twenty-two seasons of its existence. Our readers are probably familiar with the "catalogues" which Mr. Arthur Chappell has issued from time to time, containing lists of the works performed to the various dates. Having a two-fold purpose in view, we shall select as our starting-point that published at the end of the eighteenth season, April, 1876. The genius of a Gladstone can throw the halo of poetry around such a prosaic subject as the "Budget;" scarcely less is required of him who would make a work of art of a "catalogue," even though the subject-matter be the divine art itself. We have no such lofty purpose in view; but shall be satisfied if we can make our survey useful, and perhaps interesting. The last programme of the eighteenth session concludes thus:—"End of the Five Hundred and Fifty-seventh Concert." The number of pieces given, up to that period, may be put down in round numbers as five hundred and fifty—it being impossible, without examining every programme, to get at the exact number; as detached movements from the Suites of Bach and Handel, selections from the "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, and other extracts, occur from time to time. The number of composers represented is sixty-two. The following season—the nineteenth—consisted of thirty-five concerts, and the new works amounted to nineteen, and new composers to five. The last three seasons show the following results respectively:—Forty-one concerts, thirty new works, nine new names; forty-one concerts, twenty-two works, four names; thirty-eight concerts, thirty-three works, four names—bringing the grand totals to seven hundred and twelve concerts, six hundred and fifty-four works, and eighty-four composers. We beg to draw particular attention to this apparently "dry" enumeration, for reasons which will appear later on.

In the course of our investigation we shall frequently find cause for surprise: and the first is afforded by the above figures. Whether in the aggregate, or in detail, we invariably find that the "concerts" outstrip the "works" in number—the first few seasons being a necessary exception. The second "surprise" is, the small number of composers—only eighty-four! Of these, thirty are still living; five have died within the last ten years, leaving less than fifty to recall to mind that great army of musicians of the past whose works exist to delight and edify the civilized world.

To classify the names according to nationality would be a pleasing and instructive task. But our purpose will be better served by dividing them into periods—thus affording ready means of comparison as to the relative proportions of the music, ancient and modern, that Mr. Chappell has brought before his audiences. This classification is rather difficult, as some names obstinately refuse to enter either category—their owners living too long for the one, and born too early for the other; still we give our best judgment to the matter, and submit the result to our readers.

Firstly, we will take the "Old Masters," and their immediate followers. To avoid wearisome repetition, we shall give the names in alphabetical order; and, excepting the "giants," refer to them once only. Antonioti, and Asioli, are each represented by one work only—for the violoncello. The next name is that of Sebastian Bach, the bare enumeration of whose works that have been given would form a decent "catalogue" in itself. Fifty-three pieces have been presented—some, complete works; others, selected movements. The number of performances amount to one hundred and forty-six. The first work given was the Organ Fugue in G-minor; the last, the sixth "Suite Anglais," in D-minor. Many of his works have been performed several times—including the concertos for three and two pianos; the celebrated Chaconne in D-minor, for

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violin alone, has been played twenty-four times. The name of his eldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, appears in the programmes but twice — in 1870; on the second occasion, his fine "Fantasia Dramatica," in C, was given. There were a good many "Bachs," as Mr. Chappell is doubtless aware. We hope the future may bring some of their works to a hearing. Boccherini is represented by eight pieces; two quartets, the remainder for the violoncello — the favorite sonata in A coming in for nineteen performances. Corelli only appears twice. His Sonata in D, for violin, has been given four times; and the Trio in E-flat, once only — at the first "Italian" night, February 27, 1860. Pierre Gaviniès appears on the scene so late as December, 1876, when a sonata of his, for violin, was performed. The programme states that he made his *début* at the age of fourteen, and played in public when seventy-three — such an "old stager" surely deserved a little more notice! Geminiani, who passed half his life in England, is limited to a sonata and gavotte, both for violoncello — a curious thing about them being that they were performed, the one, March 20, 1875, the other, March 20, 1876 (one on a Saturday, the other on a Monday). Another curious thing is, the different estimate of the composer's age. The programme (following Burney, I presume,) gives the year 1666 as that of his birth; Hawkins (followed by the *Harmonicon*, Mendel's *Lexicon*, and Grove's *Dictionary*), gives the year 1680, or "about." Grove's *Dictionary* states that he died in 1761; the others, without exception, give the date, September 17, 1762. When "doctors" like these disagree, who shall decide? Handel, like his great contemporary, was introduced by a composition for the organ — the concerto, No. 6, according to the "catalogue;" No. 3, according to the notice in the *Musical World*. Our readers will recall our mention of the Bach and Handel night, April 4, 1859. There is a great difference in the number of works given by these masters; the last named only counting fifteen, and forty-four performances. The fifth "Suite," first collection, is the favorite, and has been played fourteen times; the Air therefrom, known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (with how little reason, our columns, years ago, gave evidence), once in addition. The last work heard was the Sonata in A, for violin, performed for the twelfth time, November 17, 1879. The last four seasons show only five performances from Handel — the work just named, coming in for four of them. For a nation of Handel worshippers this is a sorry record, and furnishes another "surprise." Hasse, an illustrious contemporary, fares much worse, being represented by a solitary sonata, and that so late as January, 1879 — almost a century after his death. Leclair and Locatelli are represented by two works each; one from the latter, being a "derangement" for the violoncello, of a violin sonata. Two works, by Manello, for violoncello, have been given several times. Nardini only figures once — in 1873. Porpora, the same — in 1868. Rameau, ditto — but not till 1878, when his charming and well-known Gavotte with variations, in A-minor, was given. Rust's D-minor Sonata (the only one performed,) has met with better success — not allowed to "rust," we are tempted to add — having been brought forward seven times between the years 1871 and 1880. Domenico Scarlatti, another *débutant* at an "Italian" night (the second), has had ten performances devoted to his "Harpsichord Lessons;" and, after an interregnum of seven years, is coming again to the front, several sonatas having been introduced during the last three seasons. "Let not the Germans," says the critic of the *Musical World*, referring to the "Italian" nights, "imagine that they are the only people who can compose chamber-music." And so say we; without any disrespect for German music, and having other than Italian composers in our mind's eye. Tartini numbers only three works; but the "Trillo del Diavolo" has been heard twenty-three times at these concerts. Veracini, Vitali, and Valentini, close our list of names for this period. They number six works, and twenty-one performances between them. Our readers will notice the preponderance of Italian names, and the total absence of English ones — of this, the "Old School;" still, with that one exception, we must admit that Mr. Chappell has dealt liberally with this period; having presented twenty-two composers, and one hundred and ten pieces — "Old Bach" claiming nearly one half. For the next few years Mr. Chappell can easily find as many more from the same sources.

III.

Our second period will embrace the founders of the "modern school," and range from Haydn to Schumann. Towering high above a race of "giants," it is only natural to expect that Beethoven should surpass them all in the number of works presented in these programmes, and such we find to be the case. It would be a much easier task to enumerate the works *not* given than to mention those performed. No fewer than ninety-three works have been presented; the performances reaching the enormous total of eight hundred and sixty-one! To the complete *repertoire* of the "Monday Popular Concerts" we find Beethoven contributing one-seventh — another of the "surprises" we hinted at in our last. There are so many points of interest in looking over this vast array, that we would fain linger over our task; but, space forbidding, a few instances must suffice. The first work given was the Quintet in C, Op. 29; the last the "Kreutzer" sonata, March 20, 1880. Sufficient evidence of the popularity of the last-named work is afforded by the fact that it has been played forty-eight times. The Septet in E-flat, Op. 20, comes next in order with thirty-four performances. Of this work, a critic writes (1828): "As a happy union of musical science and beautiful melody, no work of Beethoven equals his Septet." Eight other works appear twenty times and upwards. All the quartets for strings have been given, with the exception of the Grand Fugue, Op. 133 (so numbered in Breitkopf & Härtel's edition); the six trios, Op. 1 to 97, for pianoforte and strings; the whole of the sonatas for pianoforte and violin, for pianoforte and violoncello; thirty sonatas for pianoforte, and much besides. Indeed the difficulty in finding novelties seems to have been so great, that the last four seasons only produce one — the variations "Se vuol ballare," for pianoforte and violin. We might ask, Why are none of the pianoforte quartets given? Why not perform occasionally the octet, or sextet for wind, or the sextet for strings and horns? We believe the subscribers would be pleased to hear the clarinet, oboe and bassoon somewhat oftener. This homage to Beethoven may be truly described as magnificent; and any city in Germany might be challenged to produce its equal.

We pass on to the next name: that of Cherubini, who wrote but little chamber-music, of which still less is published. He is represented by three string quartets, and the pianoforte Sonata in B-flat, the total performances numbering fourteen. Chopin comes next. He is introduced by his Valse in A-flat, Op. 42, April 8, 1861; but according to the *Musical World*, that work was looked upon as a trifle — along with Schubert's Impromptu in B-flat — infringing the systematic order of the concerts, and, to the minds of many, out of place. He does not appear again till June 13, 1864, when the Scherzo, Op. 31, was given, and the valse repeated. The number of works given now reaches twenty-seven, of which thirteen have been introduced during the last four seasons: a proof that his music is making way — the performances numbering fifty-six. The favorite work appears to be the Polonaise, Op. 3, for pianoforte and violoncello (composed in early youth), which has been given eight times, the Scherzo named above coming next with six performances. We now reach Clementi, "the father of all such as handle the pianoforte," as was remarked on the occasion of the "grand dinner" given in his honor in 1828. Among hundreds of "pianoforte solo" performances, we might expect to find a fair proportion allotted to the music of Clementi. As a matter of fact we do not find it so. Six works and seven renderings are all the programmes record. He was represented at each "Italian" night (there were three in all during 1860); at the first, Feb. 27, was played his sonata "Didone abbandonata," which, says the *Musical World*, "created the profoundest impression. The sonata is the work of a poet as well as a great musician, and sets at naught the idea entertained by some modern amateurs, that Clementi was a pedant." One work was given in 1861, another in 1866, and the last in 1877. We will only remark that here is another "surprise." Donizetti was represented at the second "Italian" night, by his fourth quartet for strings (in D), which we are informed was "heard to perfection." Dussek, who follows in our list, is fairly well treated, a quintet for pianoforte and strings, two string quartets, two sonatas for pianoforte and violin, and five for pianoforte alone, gracing the programmes at intervals; the total performances numbering thirty-five, of which fifteen were devoted to the beautiful sonata mentioned in our first article. Like Clementi, Dussek has not been heard since 1877. More's the pity! Ernst had a "benefit" concert, June 6, 1864 (a concert of great interest, says the *Musical Times*), when five of his compositions were brought forward, including three numbers of the "Pensées Fugitives," written in conjunction with Stephen Heller. A string quartet had been given two years earlier, with some of the pieces repeated at the "benefit," making in all six works and nineteen performances — the "Elegie" coming in for eleven.

At the name of Haydn the mind instinctively reverts to quartets; it is no matter of surprise that forty-seven of the eighty-three have already found a place in these programmes. It would cause no displeasure, we venture to predict, if Mr. Chappell should think fit to give one at every concert each season till the "cycle" was complete. The performances of the quartets alone reach the large number of one hundred and seventy-three. The other works given include six trios, a sonata for pianoforte and violin (arranged from a quartet), two sonatas, and the variations in F-minor for pianoforte solo — making in all fifty-seven works and two hundred and six performances. Seven pieces were marked "first time" last season. "Papa" Haydn has been well looked after. To Hummel is accorded ten works and twenty-seven performances, thirteen of these belonging to the Septet in D-minor, last heard November 13, 1875, after which date the name of Hummel disappears. Krommer, who follows, appears only once, December 17, 1861, when his string quartet, Op. 24, No. 3, was introduced. The *Musical World* remarks: "The programme commenced with a quartet by Krommer, a composer doubtless new to the majority of the audience, and, judging from the specimen produced, not likely to become familiar, although this same 'Moravian' composed no less than sixty-nine quartets for stringed instruments, besides a vast quantity of music for the church."

Mendelssohn is well represented, numbering

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forty-nine works (selections from the *Lieder ohne Worte*, Books 3 to 8 here counting as six), and three hundred and twenty-one performances. The favorite pieces seem to be the trios; that in C-minor appearing twenty-six times, and the D-minor, twenty-three. The splendid quintet in B-flat was given twenty-four times; the Octet, fifteen; the Sextet (posthumous), once only — March 16, 1868. The "Preciosa" variations written by Mendelssohn and Moscheles ("improvised" at the Philharmonic Concert — see *Life of Moscheles*), were performed July 6, 1863, the only occasion when the name of the latter composer is mentioned. Molique has four works and seven performances. Mozart, who comes next, has fifty-three, and numbers two hundred and seventy-nine performances. There is a fair distribution of pieces in the various departments of "chamber-music," the quintets and quartets, perhaps, taking the lion's share. The clarinet quintet comes in for twenty-five performances; the Quintet in E-flat, for pianoforte and wind, for one! — a like fate to that of the similar work by Beethoven. Of the quartets, that in C, No. 6, has been played the most frequently: twenty-one times. Paganini and Romberg we class together as composers and *virtuosi;* they have three works in all; the former, two, and the latter, one — each performed once.

Rossini has had three of his string quartets performed — one at each of the "Italian nights." The *Musical World* says: "Rossini's quartet (in D), an amusing bagatelle, was (together with four others) written at the age of sixteen, and published without the consent or knowledge of the master." We have only heard of five, but of one a writer remarks in 1828, when Rossini was a score of years beyond sixteen, that it was then about to be published simultaneously in Milan and London, to secure the copyright. Schubert shared the honors of the programme with Spohr, May 16, 1859, when his Quartet in A-minor, Op. 29, introduced his name to these concerts. He has kept his place well, the last novelty having been the Quartet in B-flat, Op. 168, given January 28, 1878. His works reach the total of twenty-nine, with one hundred and seventy-two performances, the lovely Trio in B-flat counting twenty-five, the Quartet in A-minor, eighteen, and the Octet, sixteen. Schumann, whose name comes next, exceeds Schubert in the number of pieces, but not in the performances, having forty-six of the former and one hundred and fifty-six of the latter. The first work that appeared by Schumann was the famous Quintet in E-flat, for pianoforte and strings, introduced December 1, 1862. There is a long notice of the performance in the *Musical World*, which space will not allow us to quote, and of which no extract can give the "argument" clearly. That the work is now better understood is shown by the fact that it has reached its twentieth performance, and appears to be classed with the regular "annuals."

Now we come to Spohr, who is down for twenty-nine works — the number given to Schubert, with whom he was introduced. His part of the programme opened with the Double Quartet in E-minor, No. 3, Op. 87 ("This was a very great performance of a great master-piece." *Musical World*, May 21, 1859), and which has been given altogether seven times. The greatest number of performances fell to the barcarolle and scherzo from the "Salon Duettinos," Op. 135, which were played twelve times, the total performances numbering only fifty-one. Steibelt appears but once, December 17, 1860, when his sonata in E-flat, dedicated to Mme. Bonaparte, was performed. We cannot resist inserting another extract from our much-quoted contemporary and senior: "The last of the Monday Popular Concerts was interesting for more than one reason, and especially for the introduction of a name which has hitherto been somewhat unaccountably neglected." Further on, attention is directed to another sonata, Op. 60, possibly with the hope that it may be introduced — a hope not yet realized. Viotti is represented by three works and six performances. Our next name is that of Weber, who, it will be remembered, was introduced with Haydn at the third concert, February 28, 1859. The works then given were the Trio in G-minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, and three of the Chamber Duets, Op. 60, (on two pianos). To these works we can only add six others — the quartet in B-flat, for pianoforte and strings, the four pianoforte sonatas, and the sonata for clarinet and pianoforte; the total performances being thirty-six. The last name belonging to this period is that of Woelfl, who appears on the scene December 5, 1859, with the "Ne plus ultra," which has been given in all seven times. The only other work introduced being the Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata in C-minor, Op. 25.

Our survey of this period gives a total of twenty-three composers, and four hundred and forty-eight works. Embracing, as it does, the names of Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, and Weber, few will be disposed to cavil at the enormous total — more than half the "catalogue." If there were "communists" in the musical world, they might clamor for a more equal distribution. Our present object being simply to record the work done, we reserve further comment till our examination is completed. We might, and do, wonder at the omission of names by no means unfamiliar to the student; we might, on the other hand, have included at least, two English names as belonging to this epoch, but we prefer keeping the "little flock" of native composers for separate notice. — *London Musical Standard.*

GEORGES BIZET.[1]

(Concluded from page 147.)

A faithful friend and a devoted comrade, knowing neither envy nor petty jealousy, Georges Bizet, whose generous heart was never found wanting, felt delighted at the success of his fellow-competitors of the day before and his rivals of the morrow. His elevated mind and delicate sentiments impelled him to encourage those less fortunate than himself, to console those whom Fortune had betrayed, and it was in perfect sincerity that he applauded the triumph of his competitors. I have under my eyes several letters dated from Rome, in which the young inmate of the Villa Medici speaks with frank enthusiasm of his comrades and fellow-students, Guiraud, Th. Dubois, Paladilhe, pupils, as he was, of our masters, Halévy and Thomas, and also of myself. These unreserved communications, penned without premeditation, with thorough open-heartedness and freedom from artistic and literary affectation, are, as it were, the reflex of his temperament, so vigorous and marked by such individuality. Side by side with sincere criticism, free from prejudice or disparagement, I find examples of warm enthusiasm and outbursts full of frankness. A few extracts will enable the reader to judge: —

"30th January, 1858.

"I reached Rome safely the day before yesterday and hasten to send you a little visiting card. I did not forget to think of you on the 17th; though far away, I drank your health and shared with all my heart in your family rejoicings. . . . I was highly delighted when informed of the great success of *Le Médecin Malgré Lui.* Have you heard it? I fear your health has not allowed you to do so. As for myself, I have had a splendid journey; I have seen Lyons, Vienna, Valencia, Orange, Avignon, Nimes, Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Florence, Perugia, Terni, etc. As you perceive, I have lost no time. I will soon forward you particulars of the life we lead at the Academy of France in Rome. . . ."

"11th January, 1859.

". . . Though I am actually absent, my heart will be all with you. I wish you, my dear master, as much success this year as last. . . . This, I think, is about the most affectionate thing which can be wished for you and consequently for myself. With you, a pupil learns more than the piano; he becomes a musician. The further I get, the more plainly do I perceive the large part which belongs to you of the little I know. Your manner of teaching suggests to me a very great deal, which I will develop at length on my return. Just as you make students who are not first-rate play Haydn's earlier sonatas, might we not employ for sol-faing, the easy works of the great masters instead of the A, B, C, of M. X . . . whom I like very much — and whom I should be deeply grieved to see at the Institute! I am at this moment giving a short course of musical instruction to a painter and a sculptor in the Academy. I make them sol-fa fragments from *Don Juan, Le Nozze*, etc. I can assure you they do not complain. Had I the courage to undertake anything educational, I would try and turn this idea to some account; but I am not strong enough, and I am too egotistical. This is not a piece of pleasantry or a paradox; I confess it with shame. I have not much to tell you concerning myself. I indulge in long and delicious draughts of the delights of Rome, which at present are superior to those of Capua. What a life! And to think that in two years it will be ended! This grieves me; but I shall come back here, that I swear; perhaps we will come back together. . . . I am working very hard now. I am finishing a buffo Italian opera, with which I am not too dissatisfied, and I hope the Academy will think my style exhibits progress. With Italian words, one must do the Italian; I have not attempted to escape this influence. I have made every effort to be intelligible and distinguished; let us hope I have succeeded. I shall send for the second year an opera of Victor Hugo's, *Esmeralda*, and for the third a Symphony. I do not avoid difficulties; I want to test my strength while the public are not concerned in the matter. I will not disguise from you the fact that I expect to be exposed to a great many annoyances on returning to Paris. The 'Prix de Rome' are not spoilt, but I have a little will of my own which will overcome a great many obstacles, and it is on that I rely. *Faust* will soon be given. Tell me what you think and *ce qui est.* It will be a master-piece, that is certain. Will it be a success?" . . .

"3d August, 1859.

"It is an infinitely long time since I had a talk with you. I should be very angry with myself were this the result of forgetfulness or indifference; it is only idleness at the worst. To begin with, I worked very hard to finish what I had to send, *Don Procopio*, a two-act buffo opera. Then I have been travelling and had a splendid trip to the mountains. What a country, my dear master, and what travelling companions! At Astura, Cicero; at Cape Circe, Homer and his Ulysses; at Terracina, Fra Diavolo. . . . This is thoroughly Scribish, and when I think that from Homer to M. Scribe there are only three leagues, I feel amused. I start to-morrow for Naples, and I shall go and spend a few hours with Tiberius and Nero. This is a step in the wrong direction, you will remark, but Virgil and Horace will console me for the tyrants. I am busy on the work I have to send. It is a grand Symphony on Camoëns' *Lusiade.* I have just despatched my scene-plot to a friend. If he can put it into verse, I shall feel encouraged in my design. But let me speak a little about you. . . . I must congratulate you on your success at the Institute, for I know better than any one else how largely you contribute to the education of those who are lucky enough to pass through your hands. I am delighted at Guiraud's getting the prize; he is a real musician; I hope he will console me a little for the small sympathy existing between poor X. . . . and myself. I am really not very fortunate with my musi-

[1] From *Le Ménestrel.*

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cal comrades. Dubois, also, has had a good year, for he carried off the organ-prize, did not he? Paladilhe must be enchanted. . . . Jules Cohen likewise has achieved a fine success at the Théâtre Français. . . ."

"17th JANUARY, 1860.

". . . It is with regret that I see the end of my stay in Italy approaching. Shall I have made during the three years sufficient progress to take the place I wish to occupy in musical art? That is something which I dare not yet hope. . . . I wanted a long time ago to write a symphony on Camoëns' *Lusiade*; I made a plan of the work and then I had to find a poet. I put my hand on a certain D. . . , a Frenchman, very learned but destitute of taste. I am obliged to re-write a portion of his poetry, which is not an amusing process, especially as I perceive with terror that my lines are infinitely superior to his. . . . I am expecting Guiraud from day to day. I shall experience all the more pleasure in seeing him, because I have not spoken to an intelligent musician for two years. My colleague X. . . . is pretentious and wearying. . . . Our musical conversations always end by irritating me. He talks to me about Donizetti and Fesca, and I answer Mozart, Mendelssohn, Gounod. . . ."

"26th July, 1860.

"So then I am at length about to leave Rome. When shall I see it again? It is the true home of artists. . . . The class is distinguishing itself and among your *boys* are some of the right stuff for 'Prix de Rome,' such as Fissot, Diemer, Lavignac, etc. I was sorry to hear of poor Goria's death. . . . What is there new in musical Paris? There are no master-pieces, are there? Revivals, and what revivals? Ridiculous old vaudevilles adapted to music still more ridiculous. I have a horror of the little 'musicket' of Monsigny, Philidor, Nicolo, and Co.; to the deuce with all the people, who saw in our sublime art merely an innocent amusement for the ear. Stupidity will always find numerous worshippers; I do not complain, however, and I assure you I should experience great pleasure at being appreciated by none save persons of pure intelligence. I do not care much for the popularity to which men now-a-days sacrifice honor, genius and fortune. . . ."

On becoming a composer, and one of our most highly endowed masters of dramatic and symphonic art, Georges Bizet continued to be a skilful virtuoso, an intrepid reader, and a model accompanist. His execution, always firm and brilliant, had acquired an amplitude of sonorousness, a variety of expression and gradations which imparted to it an inimitable charm when he performed his orchestral transcriptions and especially his vocal pieces, *L'Ecole du chanteur italien, allemand, et français*, a collection of one hundred and fifty specimens, transcribed for the piano and constituting an admirable preface to Thalberg's work, *L'Art du chant appliqué au piano*. Bizet excelled in the art of modulating sound and of rendering it fluid under the pressure, delicate or intense, of his fingers. Like a consummate virtuoso as he was, he possessed the secret of causing the melody to stand well out in the light while leaving it the envelope of a transparent harmony, the undulated or cadenced rhythm of which was identified with the recitative portion. The auditor submitted unresistingly to the seduction of the performer's suave and persuasive touch, similar to the — so to say — magnetic charm of Gounod, when he sings his adorable melodies, and for the voice substitutes a genuine echo of the soul.

Among the works written especially for the piano by the author of *Carmen* we may mention his *Chants du Rhin*, six characteristic *Lieder* which may unhesitatingly compare with the collection of *Songs without Words*, by Mendelssohn. Bizet was also most nearly related, as regards form, to Robert Schumann. His *Chasse fantastique*, dedicated to me, is characterized by the chivalric and diabolical accents of the old legends. It is an imaginative piece, exceedingly interesting in its details and finish — an epic ride through the world of spirits. The *Thème varié* in the chromatic style, dedicated to Stephen Heller, is a composition written with a master's hand. It is impossible to carry imagination and ingenuity to a higher pitch. Some of the variations are exquisitely charming and elegant. The self-imposed necessity of adhering to the chromatic style is productive, however, of a few dissonances; but these shadows bring out all the more strongly the real beauties of the picture. We must mention, furthermore, some delicious little infantine pieces for four hands, and the Scherzo of Saint-Saens' Concerto in G-minor, transcribed with very great skill as a pianoforte solo. The beautiful scores, too, of *Mignon* and *Hamlet* found in the future poet of *Carmen* a conscientious translator, full of tact and delicacy. It is not our purpose to give a complete catalogue of the varied labors of the young master who has been snatched from our admiration, and we will content ourselves with naming his fine collection of melodies, so full of such charming individuality, of such delicate and penetrating emotion. Among so many rare gems, we will point to *L'Hôtesse Arabe*, which Mme. Bataille interprets like a great artist — a masterpiece of sentiment which she completes by putting into it the sorrowful accent of regret and of tenderness inseparable from the exquisite melody. The orchestral pieces and the choruses written for *L'Arlésienne* were highly appreciated by amateurs of taste and the dilettante portion of the public. The thoroughly picturesque local coloring, the true and expressive sentiment of the symphonic pieces interpolated in Alphonse Daudet's moving melodrama were praised without restriction by the musical critics, happy to encourage the young master's novel tendencies. *Carmen* was the brilliant consecration of the transformation of Bizet's style, and his most splendid day's march on the ascending road to the ideal of which we had caught glimpses in his former works. The composer had at length effected an alliance between ingenious, brilliant orchestration and vocal melody of light and elegant outline. The equilibrium of the harmonic edifice, without being disturbed, assigned to the symphony a more than usually large space; the more than ordinary vigorous coloring of the accompaniments or symphonic fragments corresponded with the inspired flights of the musical poet, without being injurious to the full and reassuring affirmation of his return to the healthy traditions of dramatic art.

Carmen, no matter at what point of view we place ourselves to judge it, is a work of high value. The inspiration in it is sustained; the warm melody, full of color, is distinguished by expressive sentiment thoroughly suited to the stage; the different numbers, perfectly proportioned, well arranged and well conceived, belong without exception, by the originality of the ideas and the way in which those ideas are set in a light at once expressive and limpid, to that normal and rational art which is accepted by all, and to which we owe so much strong emotion as well as so much sweet and pure enjoyment. Apart from its incontestable melodic value, the music of *Carmen* is scored with really surprising ingenuity. It is no longer the work of a musician of the future, rich in hope, but a lasting monument constructed by a musician sure of his effects, master of himself, and expressing his thought with the certainty of saying what he thinks in the form he has chosen. Two symphonic fragments and an overture, *Patrie*, were performed with success at the Concerts Populaires conducted by Pasdeloup. These instrumental pieces exhibited the composer's talent in a special light. The symphony, broadly treated and written with the firm hand and style of a master, exhibited the science of a consummate musician, possessing the most secret resources of his art. As for *Patrie*, it is a noble specimen of inspiration, vigorous, full of color, and vibrating with emotion. Among the vocal and instrumental pieces written for *L'Arlésienne*, many also figured in the programmes of the Pasdeloup Concerts. The orchestral Minuet was transcribed, with great fidelity of details and effects, by Delaborde, who, like Guiraud, was one of the composer's intimate friends during the later years of his life.

Georges Bizet, by virtue of his laborious life, so courageously employed, may be held up as a model for young composers, too yielding either to premature discouragement or to the more dangerous seductions of early success. He devoted his whole existence to searching for new forms, taking, at the same time, religious care not to stray from those grand principles without which, art is no longer aught save phantasy. Being a man of progressive mind, he underwent the reaction of the numerous transformations and evolutions which affect the domain of music. He never lost his interest in the novel tendencies of the German school towards a special expression of dramatic sentiment; the descriptive, picturesque, philosophical, realistic, and other designs of the Wagnerian group, did not leave him indifferent, but he knew how to make an intelligent selection, as they say in the vocabulary of the other side of the Channel. He was sometimes beguiled, but never assimilated.

And no one was less calculated to undergo the exclusive influence of an absolute system. Bizet, on the contrary, represented the French school, so profoundly jealous of its characteristic qualities, and too personal to allow itself to be taken in tow by new prophets. He was a "clairvoyant" in all the force of the term. His straightforward natural good sense, his sound judgment, prevented him from going astray after subtle differences. Sometimes finical, he had on the other hand a horror of what was obscure; his distinguished harmonies go as far as labored refinement without falling into affectation. Even the paradoxes with which he enameled current conversation, the way in which he was pleased to parody certain airs by Méhul or Boieldieu, ornamenting their melodies with old-fashioned embroidery work and repetitions, was only an exaggeration of his "musical straightforwardness;" but his passionate admiration for the flights of Verdi or the sublime inspirations of Rossini was equalled only by his enthusiasm for the really fine pages of Wagner or Schumann. He was a man of eclectic temperament, just mind, indefatigable imagination, and an open soul, endowed with a rare facility of assimilation; no contemporary artist knew less of the petty prejudices of the school, and, had death not come to interrupt him in his work, no one would have been worthier to take a well-marked place in the sublime and glorious land illuminated by the fraternal equality of genius.

A. MARMONTEL.

GERMANY. Adalbert von Goldschmidt, whose oratorio, "The Seven Cardinal Sins," had drawn the attention of German connoisseurs to the young composer some time ago, has just published the textbook of a musical drama entitled "Helianthus," which is said fully to confirm the high opinion formed from the preceding work of the author's exceptional poetical qualifications.

—— A fresh contribution to the already most voluminous Wagner literature has been added by that able and indefatigable exponent of the poet-composer's music-dramas, Hans von Wolzogen, editor also of the famous "Bayreuther Blätter." The new pamphlet is entitled "Tristan und Isolde, ein Leitfaden durch Sage, Dichtung und Musik."

—— A commemorative tablet has been placed in the building of the elementary school at Hainburg, in Austria, where, during the years 1737 and 1740, Joseph Haydn had been a pupil, receiving there also his first musical instruction. Numerous vocal societies from Vienna and the vicinity of Hainburg assisted in the interesting ceremony.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

TURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

THE ORCHESTRA QUESTION.

WE sympathized so fully with the main thought and purpose of the article in our last number by our friend and frequent contributor "W. F. A.", (who kindly undertook the task of writing us a "leader" during our short vacation in the country), that we preferred to print it as it was, reserving the few and perhaps not very essential qualifications that occurred to us. We agree with him of course (for "we ourselves have said it" many times) as to the absolute importance of having a complete established orchestra in Boston. But we have too much faith in the essential power of music, and in the genuine love and appreciation for the great symphonies which has for forty years existed in this community, to share the gloomy apprehension that "without a standard orchestra we shall *die out of the musical world*." We shall always manage to get our feasts of Beethoven, Mozart, and the rest, as for forty years we have done thus far, even should we have to rely upon the most make-shift orchestras. The main thing, after all, is the love of the best music—that is the master compositions, the truest inspirations of musical genius—and the provision of sufficient opportunities of hearing them at least decently well performed. Somehow we have always managed to get at the *heart* of the matter, even through performances open to criticism on the score of technical precision and fine finish. For it must be remembered that there was a time in the musical history of Boston, twenty or thirty years before we ever heard anything that could in any sense be called a model orchestra, when season after season more of the classical works were heard here, and more keenly enjoyed, more deeply felt, and talked about with more enthusiasm, than hardly any music which is heard here now. Because then the appetite was fresh and healthful; it had not been spoiled by incongruous medleys of things highly spiced and indigestible; the musical stomach was not overloaded, and dyspeptic symptoms had not supervened. Sure of good meat (good programmes) we were less fastidious about the style in which it was served. We gave ourselves up in simple good faith to what we had a right to believe to be intrinsically good, and that faith was rewarded by the revelation of a new world of wonder and of beauty. We listened in an accepting and not in a critical spirit; we cared more for the matter than the manner. Cannot an open and susceptible young mind find out Shakespeare for himself in the most soiled and badly-printed cheap edition, without waiting for the fine type and paper, and the sumptuous binding of our modern books? Did we not feel and love the Fifth Symphony quite as much as any body feels and loves it now, in those old days of the Odeon (Federal Street theatre) when we first made acquaintance with it through an orchestra which perhaps would hardly be tolerated to-day?

We say this only in qualification of the gloomy hint of "dying out." Of course we desire as much as any one that Boston should have its own local orchestra, permanent, in constant practice, always in readiness for all worthy musical tasks, under the control of some respectable body or bodies of enlightened and disinterested friends of music, and kept most religiously out of the hands of speculators, advertising agencies and "bureaux."

We want it, and we have great faith that it can be had. But our young friend must consider that such a thing, as a local institution, does not exist, and never has existed yet in any city of America. Mr. Thomas's admirable orchestra is in no sense a local institution any more than are the travelling opera troupes of the Maplesons and Ulmanns; moreover it is not permanent, it is continually changing, and its whole principle of unity and continuity resides in the individuality of Mr. Thomas. Boston, therefore, is not worse off than other cities, except in so far as it is less populous and has not the crowd of musical immigrants to draw from that New York has.

With our *collaborateur* we are fully of the opinion (we have often expressed it here) that it is not at all unreasonable to expect public-spirited rich men of Boston, sooner or later, to do here for an orchestra what they have so readily and generously done for the Art Museum, for Harvard College, and for all the higher agencies of culture and enlightenment. It seems as if in the very nature of things some such special providence must speedily appear. And we agree with him in feeling that the Harvard Musical Association, having for so many years taken the initiative, and having in the tone and character of its membership so good a guaranty of disinterestedness and of a high ideal in its endeavors to promote the art of music among us, might very fitly, and without too much modesty, make a direct appeal to wealthy friends of music, or of culture generally, to aid it in building up that permanent, efficient orchestra, which is now felt to be so essential to the musical character and progress of our city.

At the same time we cannot admit that the Harvard Musical Association, in its Symphony Concerts, "began at the wrong end." It began at the only end that *could* be taken hold of. There was no real orchestra existing; but there was a strong desire to hear the symphonies, and there were musicians enough in town to make up a fair orchestra for their interpretation. Was it not well to make the most of the small means we had, knowing that what deep genuine love of such music there was in Boston had sprung from the even poorer opportunities of an earlier day, and believing that by keeping the sacred flame alive, even in a small way, the desire would increase and extend itself through larger audiences, and the means for its gratification would in time come also? Nor do we quite see what is meant when the Symphony Concerts are spoken of as "hovering in mid air," as "resting on nothing solid." Is not a banding together of lovers and workers for good music something solid, or might it not make itself so? Are not good programmes something solid? Indeed we think them of prior consequence, if there must be priority, to very "advanced" conditions of performance. And we still believe that "we want concerts of *good music*" more than we want an orchestra *per se*. The end is surely greater than the means, the use than the machine.

Yet we could see how all our friend's remarks were capable of a construction not essentially in conflict with our own ideas, which we have here felt called on to express mainly from the fear that his ideas, as he expresses them, are open possibly to wrong constructions in the minds of others.

The whole orchestral question is now open; other solutions will of course be presented; and we trust the theme will be discussed until some tangible, concrete, "solid" plan shall be agreed upon as fit to be submitted in an earnest canvass for support.

AMATEUR ORCHESTRAS. One suggestion prompted by the great want expressed above, though tending only in a partial and subsidiary way to meet it, is that of an amateur orchestra which might co-operate with our amateur vocal clubs in the production of cantatas and other choral works composed for an orchestral accompaniment. The idea seems to correspond in certain features to the plan of Mr. Stanford (to which we referred a few weeks since) of local orchestras connected with church choirs in England. Mr. S. L. Thorndike, in his annual report as president of the Cecilia (which we hope soon to give in full) says:

Allow me here to offer the suggestion that an amateur orchestra would be a valuable and useful feature in the musical life of any city large and cultivated enough to furnish it. The suggestion is certainly not new. The experiment has often been tried with varying success, but with sufficient success to warrant its repetition. There is no reason in the nature of things why success might not be as complete with an orchestral as with a vocal club. Admit all that can be said by way of doubt or disparagement; that fair playing implies a greater amount of musical capacity and training than fair singing; that the variety of skill required in an orchestra is tenfold that required in a chorus; that the time needed for private practice and for joint rehearsal by the orchestral player is double that needed by the member of a singing society. All these are matters of degree and detail. We are growing more musical year by year. Amateurs now vie with professionals. The time is coming, perhaps is close at hand, when it will be as easy to find five good amateur violins or 'celli as to find twenty good amateur tenor or bass singers. When that time arrives, a good amateur orchestra is possible. And when a good amateur orchestra shall exist in any city, the vocal clubs of that city will have a fresh encouragement and support. They will not need paid assistance, but will join hands with those who approach the sacred art with the same end as themselves, not as a livelihood, but as one of the delights and graces of a cultured life. Therefore I take this opportunity of saying that the Cecilia, the Apollo, and the Boylston, ought to promote the formation of any association who will lend aid with instruments to what they are trying to do with voices.

MR. CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, THE RUSSIAN PIANO VIRTUOSO.

[The line of wonderful pianists who come knocking at our doors from Europe, one after another, every year, seems to be endless. After all epithets of praise have been exhausted, over and over, new ones have to be invented. We hope the glowing first impressions of the enthusiastic friend, who writes us the following letter, will be measurably, if not absolutely confirmed when we all have a chance to hear.]

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT:

It is not often that one is permitted to enjoy so rare a musical treat as I did this week. Having been somewhat exclusively privileged to hear, in private, the Russian piano virtuoso, Mr. Constantin Sternberg, last Thursday evening, the day following his arrival in this city from Germany, I hasten to communicate to you a few particulars of the highly artistic treat which was accorded me.

In the first place, I must conscientiously state that I had read highly laudatory criticisms of Mr. Sternberg's playing, published in several German and other European musical papers, but I was rather egotistically inclined to wait and judge for myself as to the pianist's artistic merit. But I have heard for myself, and am convinced that Mr. Sternberg is a great artist in the fullest sense of the word. Not only that, he is a true man, full of noble humanitarian principles, genial, and without a particle of affectation or pride. This I proved by an extended conversation with him. His soul and mind are richly stocked with a love of everything good and admirable in painting, poetry, sculpture, literature, as well as his predominant art of music. His knowledge of the multifarious art-works of the various nations of the world is surprisingly full. To my mind he is the ideal artist in music. He is not only a virtuoso, he is a deep-thinking and deep-feeling musician. Music in America cannot but largely benefit by his advent among us.

His touch on the piano, and his style of playing, are at once massive and sweet, grand and poetical. Were I to stop and compare his playing to that of Liszt or Rubinstein, I should immediately feel that it is Sternberg who is playing, and that with either of the three names comparisons would be odious, since each possesses his own strong individuality. Mr. Sternberg's virtuosity is superb, yet, it is all under the powerful control of his rich artistic gifts. His touch in soft passages and runs is pearly

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and delicate, full of poetical suggestions, and his force in loud, grand playing is highly impressive, and absolutely artistic. It is in this latter attribute that he differs favorably from many of the virtuosos of the day who lose their artistic instinct when they soar to the height—a mechanical and intellectual height, you well know—of their prodigious virtuosity. In all the multifarious phases of his playing there stands prominently out the mother-wit, the manly feeling, the noble sentiment, of the great artist.

His repertory is all-embracing; it includes, among all the old, a rich vein of new piano works by modern masters, of which he is the unique exponent. It is his musical mission to America to interpret, as he alone all others can interpret, the rich piano literature of those more modern composers the artistic merit of whose works is destined to make them ultimately become classic. In the selection of these we ?, he has been guided by his own deep, artistic instinct. In addition to this he is a noble exponent and admirer of the grand old classics in music. He is an original genius of the piano, who will ably place before us things which are not only absolutely new, but highly meritorious.

I picked up a copy of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" which was lying near the piano; "Ah!" said Mr. Sternberg to me, in an affectionate tone, looking at the Bach, "that is my daily bread." Whereupon he sat down at the piano and played several of the Fugues in clear, noble style, giving a double individuality to each melody, and making each part sing with the other in artistic unity in such a unique manner that it made me feel that I was not listening to a mere virtuoso, but to a great artist. He played several of his own compositions, published in Germany. One, a quaint "Gavotte," which he called a "little piece," but which is an artistic gem, pure and original. His repertory includes several of Grieg's, Saint-Saëns's, and Schumann's works; a concerto of the latter master which is full of strength and beauty, and when under Mr. Sternberg's hands, in conjunction with orchestra, it will have an effect which might be given forth by a combination of two orchestras.

Of Russian music Sternberg is indeed a rare interpreter. He fosters a loving admiration for the folk-songs of his nation. He played one or two highly difficult transcriptions of the songs of the people, which are master-pieces of musical composition. "The songs of the people," he remarked, "come from the heart, not the head, and they are never dying." Sternberg's masterly interpretation of them will certainly live in the hearts of true musical people the world over. He will make his debut in America at the Academy of Music, in this city, on the 7th of October, in association with Mr. Carlberg's orchestra. Mr. Carlberg's experience in the interpretation of Russian music will doubtless make his orchestra a valuable supplement to Mr. Sternberg's playing. Altogether there seems to be no doubt of the success of Manager C. C. Colby's enterprise in securing so truly great an artist as Mr. Sternberg for one hundred concerts in America.

Personally, Mr. Sternberg is about the medium height, well-built, has a massive Beethovenish head, strongly-marked features, evidencing well-developed character. He is twenty-six years of age, and is possessed of a knowledge of men and things far in advance of his years. He spoke of his acquaintance in Germany with two of your Boston musicians, Mr. Ernst Perabo and Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, and presumed upon their welfare in your city. I may state that just before he sailed for this country, Mr. Sternberg was offered the directorship of the great Russian Conservatory of Music.

Always with best wishes, sincerely yours,

GEORGE T. BULLING.

New York, September 18, 1880.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWPORT, R. I., SEPT. 13.—Lovers of music in Newport have within a few days enjoyed a rare treat in three Schubert Song Recitals, given by Mr. Jules Jordan, of Providence, R. I., with the assistance of Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cello, of Boston, and Mr. James H. Wilson, of New York, pianist and accompanist. The recitals were the musical event of the season. They were given in the beautiful new theatre of the Casino, on Thursday, Tuesday and Thursday, Sept. 2, 7, and 9, as now, to audiences fair in numbers, but very critical and appreciative.

Mr. Jordan will be remembered in connection with the concerts of the Boylston Club of your city, in which he has often appeared. Last season he took the part of Faust in the master-piece of Berlioz, as given by the Oratorio Society of New York under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch. In this work he appeared six times, winning high commendation for his rendering of the music of the part.

These recitals were first given near the close of last season in Providence. At each one the interest deepened and the attendance increased. The songs given were such as are known as "Pretty Maid of the Mill," "The Winter Journey," and the "Swan Songs." These Mr. Jordan has arranged in a sort of story, giving one set at each recital. At the third recital, as the "Swan Songs" are fewer in number than the other two sets, he gave in addition miscellaneous songs from Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Jensen, Liszt, Franz, etc., with a view of illustrating the development of German song. This was a happy and very appropriate idea, as the "Swan Songs" were written in Schubert's last short time before his death, whence their title, and really formed "the beginning of a new era in German song." This new era found its full development in Schumann and Robert Franz, and has been still further illustrated in the compositions of those authors whose names are mentioned above.

Mr. Jordan's renderings, considering the great variety and difficulty of the songs, some of which are not quite in the best range for his voice, were superb. He had studied them with great care and had entered very completely into their spirit and meaning, so that he was able to convey their many-sided moods to his audience with remarkable power. The audience showed their appreciation of his rendering by frequent and hearty applause.

Mr. Wulf Fries gave us some very fine 'cello playing, delightful to listen to, and satisfying in every way. His selections were especially appropriate. All were very choice morceaux and beautifully rendered.

Mr. Wilson furnished a discriminating and sympathetic accompaniment which received its full share of appreciation.

The recitals were in every way a splendid success, and Mr. Jordan has every reason to congratulate himself on his effort. Surely it cannot fail of awakening in many who were present a higher appreciation and a deeper love for these wonderful songs, and through them, for all music of this noble character.

As Mr. Jordan contemplates giving these recitals in Boston and New York during the coming season, I will not attempt at this time any elaborate and detailed criticism of them. We are indeed fortunate in the prospect of such an opportunity to become acquainted with these gems of song will of itself awaken a lively interest in the subject, among all musical people. A. G. L.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 16.—Your correspondent has been silent some time, for musical matters were at a period of rest, and "everybody" was out of town, including the writer. But again there is new life in our musical circles, and there is a general awakening on all sides. Plans for the near future are being developed by our musical societies, and our season bids fair to be a brilliant one. There has been a great improvement in the taste of our musical public in the past few years, and managers have found out by experience, that in order to obtain paying houses they must furnish entertainments worthy of support. The weak point in last season was our want of symphony concerts; for during the entire winter only one orchestral work of any importance was played. We have a goodly number of musicians, with whom the formation of a fair orchestra would be possible; but unfortunately, no plan of organization has yet been made by which a result can be obtained. Your correspondent has endeavored, by means of his humble influence, and with his pen, to bring about some plan of organization, that our city might be blessed with an orchestra worthy of the name; but up to the present hour the endeavor has been fruitless. We are to have, so I am informed, a visit from an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Theodore Thomas, some time during the winter. It will be delightful, after such a long time of waiting, to hear a symphony well given; and there is no doubt but that Mr. Thomas will be received with enthusiasm when he comes. Yet the question of a home orchestra remains unsettled, and our need cannot be supplied by any foreign band that visits us simply to make money. Real development in art is only possible when it rests upon sure and lasting foundations. A city should endeavor to support whatever adds to its reputation as a cultivated place; and it is only when an art atmosphere has been created, that real refinement in taste is universally possible. Thus I look for our best helps towards musical development to come from within the circle of our city. Home talent is always our own, and is ever active in usefulness.

Our vocal societies are hard at work, and we are promised a number of fine things. The Beethoven Society will honor the birthday of the composer, whose name they bear, by giving a concert, in which some representative compositions will be performed. Our Apollo club has also a fine plan before it. The culmination of the season is to be a large Festival, which will take place some time in the spring. Among the productions of the summer, was the publication of a book by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, entitled "How to Understand Music." The writer has given us a book that will be useful to a large number of thinking teachers, and also instructive to those who are interested in music as an art. Our teachers should give more reflection to their art, and view it from its grand stand-point, that of its meaning. Intellectual teachers are an honor to the art; and the day is past when the superficial in any profession can command either respect or support. This one view every indication of thoughtful observation and reflective study, on the part of any earnest teacher, as so much accomplished for the art. In this connection it pleases me to mention that Mr. A. W. Dohn of our city has placed in English dress the interesting work on "The Art of Singing" by Prof. Ferd. Sieber.

The study of the voice is one that lies at the foundation of the musical art, and as such, it becomes a matter of much moment, and every new thought on the subject is of importance.

Among the new arrivals of the summer comes Mr. Boscovitz, the pianist, who intends to locate here. I have not heard him play as yet, but I understand he will give a public recital next week. As the season advances I shall take pleasure in sending my notes to the JOURNAL and endeavor faithfully to transmit word-echoes of our music to the East,—for in art our interests are common.

C. H. B.

MUSIC ABROAD.

BERGEN, NORWAY. The Norwegians have celebrated Ole Bull's death and funeral with great solemnity. Some of the newspapers, including "Bergensposten," went into mourning, and most of them brought out elaborate eulogies and anecdotes. B. Björnson left Gausdal, and Edward Grieg, the composer, arrived from Hardanger to attend the funeral, which took place at Bergen. The funeral was arranged on an elaborate scale, officers of all kinds appearing in full uniform, civilians in black, with white neckties. On 23d of August, the day preceding the funeral, a special performance took place in the Bergen theatre, one of the actors pronouncing a poem beginning: "Crown his grave, the haven of rest." Then came Nordgreen's funeral march and the play of "Michel Perrin," all before a full house. On the 24th, the day of the funeral, the steamer "Kong Sverre" took a distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen to Ole Bull's villa, where breakfast was served. The company then entered the concert-room where the coffin stood, E. Grieg played on the organ, a singing society sang an air, and several addresses were made. The coffin was then taken on board. In the city, a procession was formed, led by the Norwegian flag, a band of music and singers. Sixteen young ladies, with the trophies of Ole Bull, preceded the funeral wagon which was drawn by four horses. The latter was followed by Consul John Grieg, who was marshal of the day, and Edward Grieg, who bore the golden wreath given to Ole Bull in San Francisco. All the corporations of the city took part in the procession, the band played Chopin's funeral march, all the church-bells were rung, and nearly

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ten thousand persons are supposed to have witnessed the grand pageant. The drug store of the Swan, Bull's birthplace, was specially decorated, and in front of it the procession stopped, the singers rendering a selection. At the cemetery the Reverend Mr. Walnum made a solemn address in front of the grave, and was followed by Björnson, E. Grieg and Bendixen. Between the addresses there was singing or instrumental music, and finally the grave was filled while the choral "Who knows how near I am my end" was sung. Ole Bull's orders, diamonds and presents have been given to the Bergen museum. One account of the wide-spread mourning at his burial says: "At the grave the poet Bjarnstjern Björnson spoke, and in the whole country there was hardly a village in which the day was not solemnized in some way. For Ole Bull was something more than a virtuoso; he was a character in the history of Norway, a power in the national life of the country. . . . Patriotism was his great passion. All the honors he earned in the world he sent conscientiously home. He forgave people when they said that he could not play the violin; but he never forgave them when they doubted that Norway had the stuff within herself to become a great country. His patriotism was fanatical, and his fanaticism often gave rise to very queer freaks. But his countrymen, who reaped the benefits of all he did and all he said, understood him, and the country in mourning at his burial is a simple and natural expression of gratitude."

Leipzig. Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed professors at the Leipzig Conservatorium, died on the 16th ult., at the age of seventy-two. He had been the intimate friend and fellow-student, under F. Wieck, of Robert Schumann, and a contributor to the music journal founded by the latter. Soon after the establishment of the Leipzig Conservatorium in 1843, under the direction of Mendelssohn, Wenzel obtained the professorship of pianoforte-playing at the new institution, which post he filled with great ability to within a few months of his death.

—— A complete edition, in five volumes, of the literary writings of Franz Liszt is just now being published by the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel.

—— A medallion portrait of Robert Schumann, which had recently been secretly removed from the memorial erected to the composer at Leipzig, has been found in the possession of a young student of the University, whose admiration for the master has doubtless prompted him to commit this crazy act of vandalism.

Duesseldorf. Under the title of "Festive performances of works by Düsseldorf Music-directors, from Mendelssohn to the present time," a musical festival was held at the Rhenish town just named, under the direction of Julius Tausch and Ferdinand Hiller. The performances were given on the 8th and 9th ult., being intended as a contribution to the Exhibition of Art and Industry recently held at Düsseldorf. From an artistic point of view the festival is said to have proved highly satisfactory, whereas, financially, the result has been a deficit of some 6,000 marks. Among the solo performances, Herr Leopold Auer's violin-playing created much enthusiasm. The programme of the two days included:

Symphony, D-minor (Schumann); Oratorio, "St. Paul" (Mendelssohn); Overture, "Dionys" (Burgmüller); "Dein Leben schied" from Byron's Hebrew Melodies, for male chorus and orchestra (Julius Tausch); Violin Concerto (Mendelssohn); "Wallfahrtslied," for mixed chorus and orchestra (F. Hiller); Frühlingsnacht," for four solo voices and orchestra (F. Hiller); Symphony, C-major, MS. (F. Hiller); "Festouverture" (Julius Rietz); Ave Maria, for alto voice with organ (Julius Tausch); "Abendlied," for violin (Schumann); Scenes from "Faust," Part III. (Schumann).

——The Royal Opera of Berlin resumed its performances on the 24th ult., with Beethoven's "Fidelio." The imperial opera of Vienna reopened its doors on the 15th ult., with the same classical master-piece. Schubert's little-known opera "Alfonso and Estrella" will be the first novelty to be introduced by the latter establishment during the season just inaugurated.

Gloucester, England. The Festival began on Tuesday, Sept. 7, with a morning service and a sermon by the Dean of Worcester. These "Three Choir Festivals" are supposed to date from 1724, although the annual meetings really began some years earlier. At first the united choirs very sensibly gave their concerts for the benefit of the sick and infirm members among their own body, but in 1724 the clergy took the matter in hand, and the subscriptions now go to widows and orphans of the beneficed clergy within the three dioceses. Widows get £20 and orphans £15 a year. This, be it said, does not arise from the "profits" of the Festival, which, under many years of somewhat inefficient management, form an inappreciable sum. Indeed, until the absurdity be recognized of permitting the cathedral organist to air his ability in triennial conducting, and until far more adequate performances are given, the receipts bid fair to do little more than cover the bare expenses. This year the programme has been better selected than heretofore, and three novelties (Mr. Parry's "Prometheus," Mr. Henry Holmes's "Christmas," and Mr. Lloyd's Service) will be brought forward. The Festival opened on Tuesday morning with *Elijah*, and in the evening a miscellaneous programme, including Mozart's E-flat symphony and Mr. Parry's novelty, was given in the Shire Hall. On Wednesday morning, September 8, Mozart's *Requiem*, Schubert's unfinished symphony in B-minor, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*, were given, and in the evening *St. Paul* was performed. On September 9, the service was to be that of Mr. Lloyd in E-flat, with Ouseley's anthem, "Great is the Lord," and the programme of the performance was to include Leonardo Leo's "Dixit Dominus" in C, Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," Henry Holmes's "Christmas Day," and Beethoven's Missa Solemnis in D; the evening concert including Schumann's symphony in B-flat and Sterndale Bennett's *Waldnymphe* overture. On September 10, the morning service will include the "service" Tallis in D, Doric, and anthem, Gibbon's "Hosanna to the Son of David"; the morning performance will be of the *Messiah*, and the Festival will close in the evening with the air for strings from a suite in D of Bach by way of prelude, Tallis's music to the Responses, Evening Service in F, (newly composed by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, the cathedral organist), Mendelssohn's "Let all men praise the Lord," from the *Lobgesang*, and the "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. A new anthem by Dr. Stainer is expected.—*Figaro.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

The event of the present week was the Worcester Festival, which has passed off successfully, beginning on Monday afternoon and ending last evening with *Judas Maccabæus*. A summary of its eight concerts we shall make room for in our next.

Boston. The earliest concerts of importance for the coming season are the three announced by Mr. Peck, at the Music Hall, for Monday, Oct. 4, Friday, Oct. 8, and Saturday (matinée), Oct. 9. In each of these will appear Miss Annie Cary, Herr Wilhelmj, the great violinist (for the first time here in two years), and the phenomenal piano virtuoso, Rafael Joseffy. Wilhelmj will play: an Andante and Intermezzo (first time here) by Vogrich; Ernst's *Otello* Fantaisie; Bach's Chaconne (without Accompaniment); the Andante and Finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto; a Fantaisie of his own and a Polonaise by F. Laub. Joseffy's selections include: the Andante Spianato and Polonaise by Chopin; the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven; and many witching little things, such as a Prelude by Bach; Liszt's Campanella, Tarantella, etc.; Rubinstein's Etude on "false notes;" aria from Pergolese; Spinning Song, Wedding March, etc., by Mendelssohn; a nocturne of Chopin; and a polka and waltzes of his own. Miss Cary's pieces are not yet selected. Once more the world of music will be felt about us.

——The rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn Society begin tomorrow evening at Bumstead Hall. The soloists engaged for the *Messiah*, at the opening of the new Tremont Temple, Oct. 11, are Miss Lillian Bailey, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. *Elijah* will be given in the same hall on the 13th.

New York. Boïto's *Mefistofele* will be the leading attraction of the coming opera season. Strakosch will present it with Marie Roze as Margherita; Byron, the English tenor, as Faust, and George Conly as Mefistofele. Mr. Mapleson's cast will include Gerster as Margherita, with Campanini and Nanetti, the original representatives of Faust and Mefistofele.

—— It is stated that Mr. Theodore Thomas has finally consented to permanently accept the directorship of the choral and orchestral department of the New York College of Music. Herr Rafael Joseffy has accepted the place of first professor of the piano. The board of management has decided to institute a system similar to that of the Paris Conservatory, by which six free scholarships will be maintained, open to competition by any young ladies of talent who may choose to apply for examination.

Chicago. The musical statistics of last season form a long list, which records quite a number of important events. Perhaps this activity is greatly due to the influence of the Hershey School, which numbers many excellent musicians among its professors, and includes in its course of instruction recitals by eminent soloists. We have already referred to several of these recitals given by Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood and also to those of Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, who is one of the finest organists in the country, and, we believe, one of the principal teachers of the Hershey School. His recent programmes have included parts of Widor's second organ symphony, Bach's *St. Ann Fugue*, Thiele's *Concertsatz* in C-flat minor.

Mr. Harrison Wild, the organist of Union Church, gave an organ recital last week, playing Merkel's sonata in G-minor, and Thiele's *Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue*.

Among other recitals we mention an afternoon of songs given by Professor James Gill. His programme included songs by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein and Purcell; Bach's aria *My heart ever faithful* and Arcadelt's *Ave Maria*.

A review of the musical events in Chicago since June 1, 1879, gives the following list of one hundred and sixty-nine concerts, which may be classified as follows: Rivé-King troupe, four; Williams College Glee Club, one; Yale College Glee Club, one; Germania Männerchor, one; Exposition Building concerts, three; Sherwood recitals, three; Mendelssohn Quintette Club, three; Remenyi troupe, three; Beethoven Society, three, besides reunions; Liebling recitals, three, besides several pupils' recitals; Carlotta Patti troupe, four; Apollo Club, four; Joseffy recitals, four; Thursby troupe, including the Ole Bull concerts, six; Blind Tom [!] concerts, eight; Liesegang chamber concerts, eight; Musical College concerts, eight; Eddy organ recitals, eleven; Lewis chamber concerts, eleven; Hershey School concerts, including chamber concerts, pupils' matinées, and popular concerts, twenty-nine; miscellaneous, including church concerts, charity concerts, testimonial concerts, etc., forty-six. The most important works which have been performed at these concerts have been Hiller's *Easter Morning*, Hoffman's *Cinderella*, Brüch's *Lay of the Bell*, the *Creation*, the *Messiah*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, Bruch's *Frithjof* and Gade's *Erl King*. Three new cantatas by amateur composers have also been performed: J. Maurice Hubbard's *Fisherman's Grave*, Philo Otis's *One Hundred and Twenty-First Psalm*, and J. A. West's *Dornroeschen*.

There have been twenty-three seasons of opera as follows: Aimée troupe, Haverlay's, August 20-24; Mahn's *Fatinitza* troupe, Hooley's, August 25-September 6; Haverly's Church troupe, September 15-20; Strakosch troupe, McVicker's, October 20-November 1; Haverly's Juvenile troupe, November 10-15; Maretzek troupe, McVicker's, November 18-29; Haverly's Juvenile troupe, second season, December 8-13; Emma Abbott troupe, December 15-20; Haverly's Church Choir troupe, second season, January 5-10; Mapleson troupe, Haverly's, January 12-24; Grau French opera troupe, Haverly's, February 2-28; D'Oyley Carte opera company, Haverly's, March 1-8; Oates troupe, Hooley's, March 8-13; same, Olympic, April 5-10; Amateur troupe, Haverly's, April 19-24; Peerless [!] *Pinafore* company, Music Hall, May 31-June 21; Bijou opera company, McVicker's, June 14-19; D'Oyley Carte opera company, second season, Haverly's, June 14-19; Nathal English opera company, Hooley's, June 14-19; Mahn's opera company, McVicker's, June 14-July 5; Daly's New York company, Haverly's. These troupes have given two hundred and twenty-five performances of opera, which may be classified as follows: *Fatinitza*, twenty-five; *Girofle-Girofla*, nine; *Le Petit Duc*, five; *Les Brigands*, two; *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, four; *La Marjolaine*, two; *La Fille de Mme. Angot*, three; *Die Schoene Galathea* (new), one; *Der Liebes-Trank*, one; *Pinafore*, sixty-nine; *Trial by Jury*, twelve; *Trovatore*, four; *Faust*, four; *Mignon*, six; *Aida*, five; *Lucia*, four; *Traviata*, one; *Bohemian Girl*, three; *Martha*, two; *Norma*, one; *Rigoletto*, two; *Sleepy Hollow*, (new), nine; *Paul and Virginia*, two; *Chimes of Normandy*, four; *Romeo and Juliet*, two; *Sonnambula*, two; *Linda*, one; *Daughter of the Regiment*, one; *Dinorah*, one; *Grand Duchess*, four; *La Perichole*, one; *La Belle Hélène*, two; *Mme. Favart*, one; *Le Pré aux Clercs* (new), one; *La Camargo*, one; *Pirates of Penzance* (new), sixteen; *Fanchette*, adaptation of *Royal Middy* (new), seven; *Royal Continentals*, (new), eight; *Spectre Knight* (new), eight; *Charity begins at home* (new), eight; *Boccaccio* (new), sixteen; and *Royal Middy* (new), sixteen. — *Mus. Review*, *Aug.* 12.

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FRANZ LISZT.

. . . . Franz Liszt was born in the year of the comet, 1811, October 22, in the village of Raiding, near Oedenburg in Hungary. His father, Adam Liszt, the descendant of a noble family, which, however, had renounced its title of nobility in consequence of reduced circumstances, held there the position of accountant of Prince Esterhazy. Being a zealous friend of music, playing several instruments himself, he recognized the early manifestations of his child's endowment and, at his urgent entreaties, began instruction Three years later little Franz had already with him in his sixth year, on the pianoforte, played in the concerts at Oedenburg and Presburg, winning the admiration of his hearers to such a degree, that several Hungarian magnates offered at once to bear the expenses of his education through a stipend of a thousand guldeu for six years.

Father and son at once resorted to Vienna after the former had resigned his place, and the work of education was energetically pushed on under the direction of Czerny and Salieri in piano playing and in composition. On the 13th of April, 1823, the music-loving imperial city heard Franz Liszt for the first time. The extremely favorable result of this first concert, which won for the genial boy the high reward of the embrace of Beethoven, who did him the honor to be present, afforded him, in connection with a second concert, the means of completing his artist outfit in Paris. On his way there he appeared in Stuttgart and in Munich and was greeted as a "second Mozart." The coveted reception into the Paris Conservatoire was refused him, as a foreigner, by Cherubini, in spite of a brilliantly passed examination; but in Paër and Reicha he found active furtherers and guides of his youthful strivings. He was soon the fêted hero of the day, the favorite of the musical aristocracy, and the Parisian journals were enthusiastic in their praises of the phenomenal talent which "knew no longer any rival." As a composer, too, in which capacity he had already excited the attention of Salieri in Vienna, he now came forward publicly, and in the year 1825 brought out at the Académie Royale a one-act opera: "Don Sancho, or the Castle of Love," which was so well received that Nourrit, who represented the leading rôle, took up the young composer in his arms and bore him before the shouting public.

Journeys into the provinces, into England and Switzerland, brought him new triumphs. Then suddenly his faithful, provident father died, and the youth of sixteen saw himself thrown upon his own resources. Speedily he summoned to himself, to Paris, his mother, to whom he cleaved with all the devotion of his heart until her end, and laid at her feet 100,000 francs, all that he had saved up thus far, as a welcome greeting; this made the evening of her life secure from care.

Religious scruples and internal conflicts, questions of political principles and party, philosophical and general studies, which latter won for him the much admired universality of his intellectual culture, occupied him during the next years. Not only an artistic talent and development, but in combination with them a comprehensive culture of the mind and character are, according to his view, the conditions and supporters of the true artist life. He would have all virtuosity regarded "only as the means, and not the end." If virtuosity before him had run into not much more than mere finger facility, he appeared, according to the testimony of Dehn, the celebrated harmonist, as "the first who gave an inner meaning to the technique so remarkably developed through himself, the first who used it to a higher end." The high superiority of his art was evident at once, when, on the occasion of Thalberg's appearance in Paris, he entered into a competition with him and came off victorious. "Thalberg is the first, but Liszt the only," was the decision of the company, to which the critics were not slow to assent. And he has remained the Only to this day.

It was his principle as a director, that "the task of a capellmeister consists in making himself so far as possible superfluous and vanishing out of sight with his function so far as he can." So, too, in his activity as a teacher he left to each one's individuality the greatest freedom in development. He would have nothing to do with any pattern; complete individuality and independence were secured to every pupil to whom he unfolded the inestimable treasures of his experience in the technique of his art. If the individual, soulful magic of his playing cannot be transferred to any other, still his school, long since diffused over all parts of the world, cannot be lost. From it have proceeded the most famous names of the younger pianists, at their head Rubinstein, Hans Von Bülow, Von Bronsart, Tausig, Sophie Menter, Anna Mehlig, Ingeborg von Bronsart, Laura Rappoldi, to whom may be added a wider circle of capellmeisters and musicians, such as Joachim, Laub, Singer, Cossmann, Cornelius, and Lassen.

Before his competition with Thalberg, Liszt had lived for a long time in retirement at Geneva, induced by his friendly relation with the Countess d'Agoult (known by the *nom de plume* of Daniel Stern)—the mother of Richard Wagner's wife. Then he spent two full years (1837–39) studying and giving concerts in Italy. Brilliant successes in Vienna, too, established his artistic fame in Germany and formed the beginning of the virtuoso travels, which now led him from the North to the South, from the East to the West of Europe, through all countries and all music-loving cities. Fêted with enthusiasm everywhere, he received in Hungary and Germany especially, the greatest homage. Princes decorated him with titles and orders; the Austrian Emperor restored his nobility, and afterwards made him a member of the Imperial Council, with an honorary salary, and president of the Musical Academy of Pesth; cities raised him to the dignity of honorary citizenship; Pesth conferred on him the sword of honor, and the University of Königsberg the Doctorate. A tumult of enthusiasm followed his steps wherever he went. Then, suddenly — the world saw it with amazement — he stopped short in his victorious progress and, standing at the zenith of his fame, closed his career as virtuoso, to exchange it for the more thorny path of the composer.

Weary of triumph, longing for a home, a more concentrated sphere of labor, he allowed himself to be imprisoned in the little town of Weimar, where, yielding to the call of the Grand Duke to become capellmeister, he fixed his permanent abode in November, 1847. He settled down upon the "Altenburg" in company with the Princess Caroline Sayn-Wittgenstein, a lady of high intellectual importance, who had followed him from Russia, and with her he soon gathered about him a circle of choice spirits. Here he caused art to bloom afresh upon the old classic ground, and developed an activity which became of far-reaching significance for the whole musical life of the present time. As his appearance in the virtuoso character had been epoch-making, so was it also when he came forward as director, as teacher and as composer. There as here, in all directions of his activity, it was a bold, consciously powerful spirit of progress which spoke from his artistic achievements and opened new paths to Art. Together with a fostering care for classical works, he was, above all, interested in the furtherance of the rising musical generation. He was of incalculable service to Wagner, for whose operas, while no one thought of the exiled master and his art, he founded a home upon the Weimar stage; in this way, by his in domitable energy, he broke a pathway for them. No new musical manifestation of any sort of significance remained disregarded by him, and the matinées held every Sunday in his house exerted their attraction far and wide.

(Conclusion in next number.)

[We translate from the article: "Franz Liszt, a Musical Character Portrait," by LA MARA, in the *Gartenlaube*.

RICHARD WAGNER.

(Concluded from page 154.)

Progress — even though it "progress backwards" — is an essential condition of art; and we cannot suppose that any exception will be made to the general law in the present instance. This being the case, it may not perhaps, be altogether unprofitable to consider, as closely as circumstances will permit, the probable character of the future which lies before us, more especially with regard to the influence which Wagner's works and teachings are likely to exercise upon it.

We are not left wholly without such data

[From the article "OPERA," by W. S. ROCKSTRO, in Part XI. of Grove's Dictionary of Music.]

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as may enable us to form an opinion on certain points connected with this very important subject; and, first, we may state our belief that it is simply impossible for such works as *Der fliegende Holländer*, or *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, to be forgotten, twenty years hence. It seems much more probable that they, and *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* and perhaps also *Tristan und Isolde*, will be better understood, and more frequently performed, than they are at present. But what about the Tetralogy? Does there seem a reasonable hope that that, too, may live? The probable longevity of a work of art may be pretty accurately measured by the nobility of its conception. *Die Zauberflöte* is as young to-day, as it was on the evening when it first saw the light: *Der Dorfbarbier* is not. Now it is an universally received axiom, that, of two works of art, both equally true to Nature, that in which the greatest effect is produced by the least expenditure of means will prove to be the noblest. The greatest operas we have are placed upon the stage with wonderfully little expense. For the worthy representation of *Fidelio*, we need only some half-dozen principal singers, a chorus, an ordinary orchestra, and a couple of scenes such as the smallest provincial theatre could provide at a few hours' notice. For *Der Freischütz*, we only need, in addition to this, a few special "properties" and a pound or two of "red fire." But, in order that *Der Ring des Nibelungen* might be fitly represented, it was found necessary to build a new theatre; to construct an orchestra, upon principles hitherto untried, and to fill it with a matchless company of instrumentalists representing the most brilliant talent in Europe; to enrich the *mise en scène* with waves, clouds, mists, flames, vapors, a dragon—made in London, and sent to Bayreuth in charge of a special messenger—and other accessories which put the stabled horses and led elephants of "Berenice," and the singing-birds of "Rinaldo," to shame; and, regardless of expense, to press into the service of the new school all the aids that modern science could contribute or modern ingenuity invent. Surely this is a great sign of weakness. There must be something wanting in a drama which needs these gorgeous accompaniments to make it attractive; and it is difficult to believe that such a display will ever again be attempted, except under the immediate superintendence of the author of the piece. But, supposing the "tetralogy" should be banished from the stage, from sheer inability to fulfill the necessary conditions of its production, will the principles upon which it is composed be banished with it? Is it not possible that Wagner's teaching may live, even though some of the grandest of his own individual conceptions should be forgotten? Undoubtedly it will live, in so far as it is founded upon purely natural principles. We have already spoken of his intense reverence for dramatic truth. He cannot have taught us the necessity for this in vain. It is absolutely certain that, in this particular, he will leave a marked impression for good upon the coming generation. Whether or not he has carried his theories too far for successful practice is another question. His disciples say that he has not, and are so firmly convinced of the truth of their position that they will not even hear an argument to the contrary. Nevertheless, there are many, who, despite their unfeigned admiration for his undoubted talent, believe that the symmetrical forms he has so sternly banished might have been, and still may be, turned to good account, without any real hindrance to dramatic action; and many more there are who doubt whether the old Florentine ideal, re-inforced by all that modern improvement can do for it, can ever be made to take the place of that which Mozart so richly glorified, and from which even Beethoven and Weber only differed in individual treatment. The decision of these questions must be left for the future. At present, "Non piu andrai" and "Madamina" still hold their ground, and may possibly win the day, after all.

In close and not very encouraging connection with this subject, there still remains another question, which we would willingly have passed over in silence, had it been possible; but, having entered upon our inquiry, we must pursue it to the end. We may be sure that Wagner's most enthusiastic supporters will attempt to carry out his views very much further than he has carried them himself. Will they also think it desirable to imitate his style? It is to be hoped not. It would take a long day to tire us of Wagner—but we cannot take him at second-hand. "Wagnerism," nor gods nor men can tolerate. Yet there are signs of imitation already. Not only in the lower ranks—there, it is a matter of no consequence at all, one way or the other—but among men who have already made their mark and need no stepping-stones to public favor. Nor is it only at the opera—the place in which we should naturally have sought for its earliest manifestation—but even in instrumental music; one whose name we all revere, and from whom we confidently expect great things, has been betrayed into this imitation, in a marked degree, in the finale of one of his most important orchestral works. It is more than possible, that in this case, the plagiarism of manner—it does not, of course, extend to the notes—was the result of an unconscious mental process, not unnaturally produced by too keen an interest in the controversies of the day. But be the cause what it may, the fact remains; and it warns us of serious danger. Danger that the free course of art may be paralyzed by a soulless mannerism, worthy only of the meanest copyist. Danger, on the other hand, of a reaction, which will be all the more violent and unreasonable in proportion to the amount of provocation needed to excite it. Should the cry of the revolutionary party be for melody, it will not be for melody of that heavenly form which true genius alone can produce, but for the vulgar twang, with which we have long been threatened, and of which we have already endured far more than enough. Between these two perils, stagnation and reaction, which beset our path like "a ditch on one side, and a quagmire on the other," we shall, in all probability, come to some considerable amount of grief. Yet we must not lose heart on that account. Art is not now passing through her first dangerous crisis; and our history has been written in vain if we have not shown that her worst crises have always been succeeded by her brightest triumphs. There may be such a triumph in store for her, even now. Before the new period dawns, a leader may arise, strong enough to remove all difficulties from her path; a teacher, who, profiting by the experience of the last half century, may be able to point out some road, as yet untried, which all may follow in safety. Let those who are young enough to look forward to the twentieth century watch cheerfully for his appearance; and, meanwhile, let them prepare for the difficult work of the future, by earnest and unremitting study of the past.

"ÆSTHETICS OF MUSICAL ART."[1]

(From the "*Pall Mall Gazette.*")

The "æsthetics of musical art" is not at first sight a very promising topic; it is certainly the most difficult in the whole range of philosophic art criticism, for the reason that music by its very essence defies explanation by words. Dr. Hand has done little to enliven the subject, less to solve its mystery. His treatise is a curious mixture of physical and metaphysical speculations, which proves what every one accepts, and leaves untouched what stands in need of proof. He even thinks it necessary to raise the question "whether the object of music consists in its being expressed or sung, or whether it exists simply to delight when listened to?" It would be as well to ask whether a mutton-chop becomes a mutton-chop only on being eaten and being found tender. It is equally superfluous to prove that music is exclusively an art of time and becomes perceptible through means of measured portions of time called rhythm. Aristoxenus was fully aware of that fact when he defined rhythm as the division of time into shorter and longer parts recurring at equal intervals and applied to certain movements performed in that time (τὸ ῥυθμιζόμενον) that is, in music, to melody. Even with Dr. Hand's elaborate proof that music is meant to move the soul, not merely to tickle the ears, we would willingly dispense, although, perhaps there was more need for it in his time than there is at present. When his book appeared (in 1837) the philosophy of music was in its infancy, not to say non-existent. Amongst the Greek sages, Plato was the only one capable of regarding music in connection with the idea of the absolutely beautiful, and of separating it from its mathematical basis. To that basis it remained fettered in the books of philosophers for centuries to come, and even Leibnitz saw in music no more than an "exercitium arithmeticæ occultum nescientis se numerare animi." Hegel, in this as in other respects, displays that happy faculty of knowing nothing about everything to which he owed his reputation for omniscience. Historians called him the greatest physiologist, artists the finest critic of poetry, poets the most learned historian the world had ever seen. Only in his own special branch each thought him somewhat deficient. No wonder that Hegel, when he deigns to speak of the divine art, blunders sadly and goes so far as to assert that instrumental music is meaningless and incomprehensible. At a time when such a writer was accepted as the representative phi-

[1] "Æsthetics of Musical Art; or, The Beautiful in Music." By Dr. Ferdinand Hand. Translated from the German by Walter E. Lawson. (London: William Reeves. 1880.)

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losopher of the philosophic country *par excellence*, even Dr. Hand's treatise may not have been without a certain value. But it baffles conjecture to discover the motive of Mr. W. E. Lawson in translating such a work forty-three years after its first publication, unless it be the not uncommon prejudice that a very dull book must be a very learned book, especially if it happens to be written in German.

If Mr. Lawson had taken the trouble of inquiring into the subject, he might easily have found a worthier object of his reproductive zeal, and would not have committed himself to the statement "that since the publication of Dr. Hand's treatise but few works on the æsthetics of music have been given to the world." There is, on the contrary, a large choice of such works, ranging from a popular treatise to a profound philosophic disquisition. We may mention, for example, Dr. Hanslick's extremely well-known book, *Vom Musikalisch Schönen*, which has gone through many editions in the original, but has, as far as we are aware, never been translated into English. Dr. Hanslick, by many people considered the leading German critic of music, is essentially a "littérateur," and the grave manners of the philosopher are no more natural to him than they are to Mephistopheles in his interview with the student in Goethe's *Faust*. At the same time, he is thoroughly familiar with his subject. He has read about music, and perhaps even thought about it; and his book, moreover, is written in agreeable German, which M. Charles Beauquier has paraphrased in still more agreeable French. If Mr. Lawson had given us a readable translation of Hanslick he would have done useful and agreeable work. Or again, if his ambition had been of a higher order, he might have tackled the musical chapters in Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer is the only German metaphysician who has said anything worth listening to on the subject of music, and in whose system it plays an important part — more important, indeed, than all the other arts. It is true that in order fully to grasp his meaning one must be acquainted and to some extent in sympathy with his philosophy in general. But even those who refuse to contemplate music in its relation to the "Platonic ideas," in Schopenhauer's sense, cannot help being struck with the new light thrown by that philosopher on the art which, according to him, is, as it were, by one degree nearer to the sources of all life than poetry or painting or sculpture. For while all these have to borrow their ideas from the external objects of the world, music expresses the secret emotions of the soul by its own unaided efforts. It communes with the Spirit of the World, and the echoes of this converse are melody and harmony, saying nothing to the reasoning faculty and everything to the heart.

[Dr. Hanslick "has read about music, *and perhaps even thought about it*." Here we espy the cloven hoof of the Wagnerite, who quotes Hanslick as the burnt Vanini quoted the Saints. — Dr. Blidge.]

THE CECILIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT, JUNE, 1880.

I have the honor, in accordance with your by-laws, to present the annual report of the progress and condition of the Cecilia for the fourth year of its independent existence, and the sixth year since its original foundation as a branch of the Harvard Musical Association, and to congratulate you upon another season of continued success.

The year has been so notable in musical work and enterprise in Boston that we can but be encouraged that our little club has held its own in the great flood of harmony, and has fully retained its interest with both active and associate members. The list of singers has been fuller than ever before. Indeed, the pressure for admission has been such that the number of active members has constantly exceeded the prescribed limit of one hundred and fifty. The balance of vocal parts has also been improved, and the regularity and punctuality of attendance have been better than in any previous year.

Our public performances have been given under conditions less favorable in one respect than heretofore. The destruction of Tremont Temple by fire obliged us to resort to the Music Hall. It cannot be denied that this room is too large to present the Club, and the music which it desires to sing, to the best advantage. We may admit this without being accused of detracting from the pride which all musical Bostonians feel in this admirable hall, and the regret which they would experience if it should be swept away by the inroad of trade. When its preservation was endangered, I considered it my duty to appear as your president in its behalf; but I was nevertheless conscious that its loss would be felt by you not as a society but as individuals, and I am sure that you will agree with me when I express the longing that I have had during the past season to return to a smaller room. To give a cantata of Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gade, or Bruch, with our present vocal force and a full orchestra, in a place no larger than that in which we sang four years ago, would certainly be an exquisite pleasure. But here comes the dreadful question of expense. We require the support of a larger number of associates than can be accommodated in Horticultural Hall. A reasonable compromise as to size of audience-hall is all that we can hope.

The greater expense of singing in the Music Hall, and our determination, which has every year become firmer, to employ an orchestra as often as possible, rendered it necessary at the commencement of the past season to raise our assessments. Our associates generously acceded to this change, and have provided all the money we have really needed. Cordially recognizing their kindness, aware that "gratitude is always a lively sense of favors to come," and convinced that we could spend even much more than they have already given us, and that it could all be spent for our mutual benefit and for the good cause, we beg to assure them that we shall be ever ready to meet them half way, and shall no sooner be tired of asking than they of giving.

The question of employment of an orchestra, on which theme I have spoken in all my previous reports, is, I trust, finally settled for this and all other clubs which undertake to give complete cantatas. It is everywhere, and by all competent to judge, admitted that a work written for orchestral accompaniment comes before its audience with tongue-tied and stammering utterance, if presented with the feeble support of a piano. The jewel has not merely lost its setting, it has also lost its color and brilliancy. We, shall therefore employ an orchestra as often as the means furnished by our associates allow.

There is one other advantage, on no account to be overlooked, in having an orchestra frequently at our service. That is the opportunity of making our performance more interesting and satisfactory by introducing a certain amount of pure instrumental music to relieve the otherwise continuous flow of vocal sound. The monotony of an evening of male part-singing has been frequently remarked. The ear craves the variety of voice and pitch which mixed part-singing affords. In like manner, uninterrupted vocal music, though for mixed voices, after a while palls upon the senses. We hope, if not next year, certainly in the future, to be encouraged to introduce into our programmes some numbers of pure instrumental music.

[Here we omit paragraph quoted in our last number, containing the suggestion of an Amateur Orchestra.]

I have only to review briefly the performances of our past season, and to announce our plans for the coming year.

We announced at the beginning of the season, instead of three programmes, each repeated, which had been our plan in previous years, four different programmes without repetition. We were obliged to depart from this plan, in consequence of the peremptory demand of our associates for the repetition of Bruch's "Odysseus." We gave, December 22, the "Odysseus," with orchestra; February 27, a miscellaneous programme, with piano; April 12, Schumann's "Manfred" and Bruch's "Fair Ellen," with orchestra; May 24, a repetition of the "Odysseus," with orchestra.

The "Odysseus" of Max Bruch, a cantata occupying an entire evening, is a capital specimen of modern romantic composition. The old Homeric story is cast into a form as dramatic as an opera. Choruses, duets, and songs are skilfully interspersed, and the instrumentation employs all the resources of the orchestra. The work is tuneful throughout, and contains many distinct melodies which linger in the memory. It is by no means an easy thing to sing. The success of the Club in coping with its difficulties at the first concert, on December 22, may best be judged by the general demand for another performance. We have probably never produced a work which excited such interest at the first hearing. The female chorus was excellent throughout, and of the ladies and gentlemen of the Club who sang the solos nothing can be said but praise. The success of the evening was also largely due to Mr. Charles R. Adams, who filled the title rôle. A baritone part makes a hard requisition upon a tenor voice. No higher commendation can be given to Mr. Adams's rendering than to say that we almost forgot that he was a tenor.

The second concert, on February 27, commenced with a Bach cantata, "Bide with us." It was sung and heard with attention and interest by all, with delight by a few. I hope that the time is coming when the delight in the works of this wonderful genius shall be coextensive with the interest and attention. May the Cecilia persevere in its efforts to bring about this result. This concert contained much of Mendelssohn, — the Forty-Third Psalm, scenes from the "Athalie," an aria exquisitely sung by Dr. Langmaid, and a part-song. There were also a new part-song of Franz, a glee of Stewart, a prize madrigal of Leslie, and an accompanied female part-song of Gade. Everything except the glee went well.

On April 12, Schumann's music to Byron's "Manfred" was given entire, and given admirably. Mr. Howard M. Ticknor did us good service in reading the necessary parts of the drama. The evening ended with Bruch's cantata, "Fair Ellen," given some years ago, with piano, by the Cecilia, but inspiring fresh interest now by the addition of the orchestra.

On May 24, the "Odysseus" was repeated, and was found to realize all the favorable impressions of the first hearing. It ought to become a stock-piece with vocal clubs.

The season has been most encouraging, and our time seems to have been well spent. I trust that we have offered our associates nothing unworthy of the aim, the standing, or the reputation of the Club. If they have received as much gratification and improvement from the hearing as we have from the practice and performance of our music, I am more than content.

We hope to have good things to offer next year. Shall we again venture upon a Bach cantata? I trust so, sincerely. We also have upon our list Schumann's "New Year's Song," one of the shorter Psalms of Mendelssohn, his "Lorelei,"

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and one of his motets for female voices, part-songs by Rheinberger, Grieg, and Hofmann, glees by sundry English composers, one of Wilhye's madrigals, Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" music, Liszt's "Bells of Strasburg," and, as our largest pieces, which will certainly be attacked, whatever of the rest is allowed to go over for another year, the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz, and the "Faust" of Schumann.

In conclusion, I have only to say that I look forward to the coming season in full confidence that it will be most interesting and profitable. Each year, thus far, seems to me to have been with us one of musical progress. I believe that the next will be no exception.

S. Lothrop Thorndike,
President of the Cecilia.

MUSICAL CHATS.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

NEW SERIES.

I.

It is a pity that so few artists in music are also real men and women. All truly great and honored artists have proved themselves to be noble human beings, as well as gifted exponents of their art. But there is a large class of musicians, composed of men and women who are more or less artistically gifted, yet who possess very small souls, when they are looked upon in the light of members of the great human family. It is a praiseworthy thing to see a man living the life of an artist devoted to his art; indeed, without such depth and sincerity of purpose, he can accomplish little. But, when he goes so far as to forget that he is under sacred obligations as father, son, husband, or brother, he is actually injuring, instead of elevating the noble art of which he would be a representative. It is a monstrosity which you cannot fail to have observed, the man who is successful as an artist, but a failure as an individual with the feelings and affections of a man. One consolation remains: he can never ultimately become a truly great and remembered artist. All the great men and women in music whom we honor to-day, possessed that individual nobility of character which largely helps to constitute the really great musician. The devotion of Beethoven to an ingrate nephew; the affection of Chopin for his family and country; the sweet nature and home-loving attributes of Mendelssohn; the devotion of Schumann to his wife, are but a few of the numerous instances of the fitting combination of great artist and noble man, which universal history holds forth to us. I have frequently observed that the great artist who is not a true man or woman usually excels as a virtuoso, and not as a real expressionist in music; though it is not impossible to meet with a sweet-voiced opera singer who would not hesitate to beat his wife, if he wanted to; but such a man is always morally and physically a coward, as the sequel continually shows, and he really lives more for the applause of the multitude than for his art. Is he a happy man?

Upon the weak and frivolous portion of the multitude of listeners to music, be they men or women, the physical presence of the artist has considerable effect. The magical impression of a handsome face or figure makes the silly members of an audience go wild over—what? why, a handsome face and figure; that's all. So, on this score, you need not be alarmed for the cause of music, my friend, since those poor deluded mortals who are thus affected by physical beauty have but little control in the elevation of that spiritual beauty which is infinitely the most potent of all. It is well enough that a mind and soul of spiritual loveliness should be enclosed in a physically beautiful form and face, as a subtle suggestion of the commingling of forms of beauty, infinite and finite; but it is absolutely immaterial, so far as the highest and only form of beauty is concerned. Music itself has a physical effect, which is subjective, and not intrinsic. Its greatest and strongest attribute is that its spiritual effect can be felt, but not described. It is the indefiniteness, the airy intangibility, the holy and awful mysteriousness of music which give it that all potent charm which it possesses above any of the arts. There is no such thing as mere sensual music. It is the individual mind and physical organization which adds the sensuality to music. The pure soul and elevated mind find purity and elevation in all music. The earnest artist is capable of painting the most voluptuous forms of physical loveliness, without the white even a sensual thought. He is held pure by his art, though he is human. Music, being an excitant of the imagination, will affect men's minds in conformity with their own natural bent. I have found that the man who will tell you that music is pre-eminently physical in its effects, speaks from his individual experience. He may as well attribute to the intoxicated man who looked round about and saw everybody drunk and reeling but himself.

You have noticed that, during the past few years, there has been a morbid leaning towards the intense in music. The increase in number of virtuosos, who are not necessarily musicians, and the crashing sounds and effects with which composers have invested their instrumentation, are unwholesome signs of this malady. It cannot last, because it is not built on a sound foundation. Science is permitted to enter just so far and no farther into the domain of music. Music is stronger than science, just as sure as feeling is more powerful than intellect. It were absurd to assert that music must not progress hand in hand with science, for both must advance in conformity with men's ever-changing ways of feeling and thinking. The law of continuity cannot be reasonably ignored. Still, the greatest would-be reformer cannot but admit that music has fundamental laws of beauty which originated with man himself, if not with nature, as the violoniste will have it, and these laws are not to be broken with impunity. There are fashions in music, as there are in articles of apparel. If it be fashionable for a while for orchestral composers to use the brass and instruments of percussion so as to smother the beautiful effect of the strings and wood, why, let them do it. Music will be temporarily affected thereby, but, in the very nature of things, it will ultimately return to its normal state. There is a happy medium, which the composer himself may see some day, if he should live long enough to let his musical mind pass through its transition state.

E. F. WENZEL.

The last *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* brought us the sad news of the death of Ernst Ferd. Wenzel, the well-known pianoforte teacher at the Leipzig Conservatorium. In him the institution lost one of its oldest and ablest teachers, one whose interest in all the pupils and in all that concerned the Conservatory, never flagged.

He was, an eccentric man, full of wit and humor, a keen observer, a sharp critic, a careful and thorough teacher. To those of his pupils who were earnest and diligent in their studies he was gentle, kind and encouraging; but woe to those in whom he detected carelessness, indifference, or obstinacy! Whether they were talented or not, he showed them no mercy; his keen sarcasms and biting irony he did not spare, and his patience was soon exhausted, if they persisted in their errors. When his anger was once aroused, it knew no bounds. I have seen him, in a fit of fury at the glaring faults of some pupil, snatch the music from the rack and fling it into the farthest corner of the room. At another time after repeated endeavors to get a pupil to play some notes in a certain way, he would, in perfect despair, roughly knock the pupil's hand off the keyboard, in order, as a last resort, to show how the thing was to be done. This he never did, until persuaded that the idea could not be got into the pupil's head—which he considered a preferable way of imparting instruction to the more mechanical one of allowing the pupil merely to imitate what the teacher does. He wished the pupil to *think* for himself. In pursuance of this plan he would work away at the dullest, most stupid pupil, at first with a patience wonderful to behold. He would explain in the clearest manner and gentlest tones what was to be done, then tell the pupil to do it. Of course it would be wrongly executed. Then he would repeat the directions, raising his voice slightly, and emphasizing it with an occasional blow of his fist on the piano. Again a failure to comprehend. Raising his voice still higher, and pounding the piano still louder, he would repeat his words, and this would go on until the wretched pupil had mastered the lesson, or until, with a muttered "Donner-wetter!" he would sweep the offender's hands from the keyboard, and show what he meant—clearly enough too, for he was no pianist. When at last the pupil was able to play the passage correctly, Wenzel would look at him "half in anger, half in *amazement*" and say: "*So!* Why didn't you do that at first?"

I have seen young ladies, accustomed to a gentler mode of instruction, shed tears at his scornful remarks, or furious actions, rendered all the more so by the wonderful faculty he possessed of making the most ferocious grimaces. At all times his face was a study, for it was a most expressive one. Each changing emotion was mirrored therein, in the quick succession, and with the utter unconsciousness of childhood; scorn, curiosity, anger, fun,—there was no need of hearing him speak, to know his thoughts. On the street he was conspicuous by his singular appearance; he would rush along, with a preoccupied air, his white hair flying picturesquely, his overcoat unbuttoned and flapping in the wind, and the ends of a gaudy-colored neckerchief gracefully floating behind him. Every one in Leipzig knew him by sight, and people smiled to themselves as he passed.

Wenzel was born in 1808, in the little village of Walkhof, and was in his seventy-third year when he died. He was a clever writer and contributed to different musical journals.

Personally, he was short and squarely built; his head, like those of so many musicians, was a little like Beethoven's, particularly the broad, square, massive forehead. His eyes were always handsome, though the shaggy white eyebrows over them, and a perpetual scowl made them rather forbidding at first sight. But at a second glance one could see that the eyes were kind, in spite of scowl and shaggy brows, and under the rough exterior there was as kind a heart as ever beat. A legend was current, among the pupils of the conservatory, whose origin no one knew, to the effect that Wenzel had been disappointed in love, early in life. The object of his affections became the wife of one of his friends and is still living, being, in fact, no other than Madame Clara Schumann. For the truth of this statement I do not vouch, merely telling it here as it was told to me.

Among Wenzel's pupils are two, well-known in America, Ernst Perabo, and S. B. Mills. Since he is gone, there remains but one friend and contemporary of Mendelssohn, Schumann and

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Hauptmann, at the conservatory, and that one is its venerable director, Conrad Schleinitz.

A "CONSERVATORISTIN."

THE LONDON "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS."

IV.

Our survey now brings us to those wa must call the composers of to-day, since wa shall have to deal with the works of living musicians, with two exceptions only.

The first name on our list is that of Woldemar Bargiel, the step-brother and disciple of Schumann, who was introduced to these concerts, November 8, 1875, by a performance of his Trio in D-minor, Op. 6. Sir Julius Benedict, who has been associated with the institution from the commencement, we find represented as a composer once only, November 25, 1867, when a Berceuse and Monferina for violoncello and pianoforte were given (bearing the joint names of "Benedict" and "Piatti"). Here we make notice of the benefit-concert, in March last, when several works from the veteran composer were brought forward. Johannes Brahms was first introduced, February 25, 1867, and seems gaining ground; as eight works of his have been added to the *répertoire* during the last four seasons. The total number of his compositions given, is seventeen, including the "Ungarische Tanze," arranged for pianoforte and violin by Joachim. The performances reach the number of fifty-seven. Selections from the "Tanze" have been given nine times—generally at the closing concerts of the seasons. Next in order comes the Sextet in B-flat, which has been heard eight times; the "Liebeslieder Walzer" (first set); following with seven performances. Hans Von Bronsart appears once, November 18, 1878, when his Trio in G-minor was given. Max Bruch is represented by his Romance in A, Op. 42 (originally for violin and orchestra), introduced November 11, 1876, and repeated the following year. Anton Dvorak had his chamber-music introduced in this country, February 23, of the present year—an occurrence fresh in the memory of our readers. The Sextet in A, Op. 48, then given was repeated the following month. Somewhat tardy was the recognition of Niels W. Gade, whose Octet in F, for strings, was produced so late as February 2, 1878, remaining the only work heard so far. Friedrich Gernsheim has had two works produced, the Quartet in E-flat, Op. 6, and the Trio in F, Op. 28—both for pianoforte and strings, the performances preceding four. We now come to a name, that of Hermann Goetz, probably unknown in this country until the year of his death, 1876. Notice of his now familiar opera "The Taming of the Shrew," had appeared early that year, but of his other compositions next to nothing was known. His Trio in G-Minor was introduced at these concerts, February 8, 1879, followed by the Quintet, in March, and the Quartet in E, Op. 6, in February last. Karl Goldmark was represented by his Suite in E, Op. 11, for pianoforte and violin, April 6, 1878, the work being repeated January 18, 1879. Eduard Grieg was introduced February 6, 1875, with his Sonata, Op. 8, for pianoforte and violin. There is a better, Op. 13, to which attention may be directed. Stephen Heller, introduced in 1864, at the Ernst "Benefit," has had (besides the Pensées fugitives, written jointly with the composer just named), but three pianoforte pieces given—two in 1864—and some of the "Lieder ohne Worte" in 1868; after a lapse of eleven years, the Pensées fugitives were again heard in 1879, making four performances in all. Only one opportunity was afforded Adolph Henselt, who was represented by some of the Etudes, Op. 2, April 15, 1878. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller performed, with Signor Piatti, his Sonata in E-flat, Op. 22, for pianoforte and violoncello, February 17, 1872—the first time his name appeared in the programmes as a composer. We reproduce a paragraph from a former series of this journal, commenting on that occasion:—"Greenhorns should be apprised—for they seem to be unaware of the fact—that Dr. Hiller is no ordinary man, to be put on a par with artists who do not pretend to possess creative genius. He is the *Altmeister* of Germany, and a great composer." This notwithstanding, we have only to add an Adagio for the violin, given April 8, 1878, to exhaust the record of his works. Joachim, as a composer, if we except the arrangement of the "Ungarische Tanze," is limited to a Romance from the "Hungarian Concerto," performed March 4, 1878. Friedrich Kiel was introduced, December 5, 1874, by his Quartet in A-minor, Op. 43, for pianoforte and strings; two other works were given last season. The Prelude and Toccata, pianoforte, of Vincenz Lachner, performed December 15, 1877, is the only mention of this musically celebrated family. Lotto, the violinist, was represented by a Morceau de Concert, Op. 2, December 7, 1863. Piatti has had five pieces for violoncello in the programmes, but only during the last four seasons—a rare example of reticence, considering the artist's long connection with the concerts. Joachim Raff is represented by seven works and nine performances, the Cavatina in D claiming three. The first work heard was the Trio in G, Op. 112, February 7, 1874; the last, the Tarantella for two pianos, December 8, 1879. The name of Carl Reinecke appears for the first time, April 15, 1878, when the Impromptu for two pianos, on a theme from Schumann's "Manfred," was performed. A similar work, "La Belle Griselidis," was given last December, and that is all we hear of this prolific writer. To Joseph Rheinberger are accorded two works, and eight performances; the Quartet in E-flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte and strings, having been given three times. Anton Rubinstein comes in for six works, and eighteen performances, the favorite appearing to be the Sonata in D, Op. 18, for pianoforte and violoncello, which has been given six times. Camille Saint-Saëns claims three works—a Sonata, a Trio, and a Quartet, the Trio being performed twice. Madame Schumann, as our readers know, is a composer, as well as a great player; and it is pleasing to find recognition of both capacities: the Scherzo in D-minor, and Romance in E-flat minor, Op. 11, were both presented last year. Guiseppe Verdi, of operatic fame, finds here a place, January 21, 1878, when his string Quartet in E-minor was produced, and repeated the following month. Henri Vieuxtemps, the violin *virtuoso*, has his name to seven works, the performances being nine; the last so long ago as June, 1866. Henri Wieniawski, another *virtuoso*, whose loss the world of art has so recently (April 2), had to mourn, was represented by a "Legend" for the violin, February 11, 1878—the only occasion when his name appears as a composer. Our record of composers of to-day closes with the mention of another lady, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whom we could almost claim as a compatriot, whose Suite, Op. 19, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, found a place in the programme of March 8, last.

We shall find that the composers of to-day outnumber those of any period we have considered—a matter for surprise, perhaps, but also for congratulation; for no art can be said to be in a healthy vital condition if it is unproductive. Mr. Chappell has displayed both liberality and enterprise in thus adding to his catalogue works from some hitherto little-known continental composers. The pieces referred to in this article only number eighty; but the selection has been taken from the works of twenty-nine composers. This, it must be admitted, is a very fair recognition of living talent for any single institution to exhibit.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. PART XI.

This eleventh of the twelve quarterly parts originally promised is exceedingly rich in valuable and instructive matter. Beginning in the middle of Mr. W. S. Rockstro's important contribution on the Opera, it ends in the midst of what promises to be a very satisfactory article on Palestrina, such as we may expect in a work which has contained Mr. Grove's own admirable and almost exhaustive essays upon Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and which has invested the familiar histories of Handel, Haydn and Mozart, as well as the critical analysis of their styles and peculiarities, and the recognition of their several contributions to the progress of the art of music, with wonderfully fresh interest. Besides the Opera we have from the same writer a very clear and complete history of the origin and progress of Oratorio,—30 close pages—tracing its course for convenience through fifteen distinct periods, after a similar division of the Opera into twenty periods (Handel's operas forming the ninth, Gluck's the eleventh, Mozart, etc., the thirteenth, Weber, Spohr, and other masters of the Romantic School, the fifteenth, English opera (Purcell, etc.,) the seventeenth, and Wagner, whom he treats generously and fairly (see extracts in this and the last number of our journal), the twentieth. These two articles are full of musical illustrations.

Then come Orchestra and Orchestration,—both again by the prolific, learned, and clear-headed Mr. Rockstro. To the article on the Orchestra is appended a very useful comparative table showing the numerical proportion of the various instruments in two of the oldest orchestras of note: that of Dresden under Hasse in 1754, and that at the Handel commemoration in Westminster Abbey (1784), and of twelve of the most celebrated orchestras of the present day, not omitting our own Boston Handel and Haydn Festival of 1880, and including the London Philharmonic and Crystal Palace orchestras, those of the French Conservatoire, of the Leipzig Gewandhaus, of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, New York Philharmonic, the Birmingham and Rhine festivals, and the Wagner festival at Bayreuth.

Mr. Hopkins, the accomplished organist of the Temple church in London, contributes an elaborate and fully illustrated description and history of the Organ; and "H. J. L." a history of the Overture, with examples in notation of successive schools and periods.

Besides these weightier treatises (think of all this in a single quarterly number!) there are shorter but good articles on Paganini, on Paër, Pacini, Paisiello, and our own John K. Paine. But once in a while, we are sorry to see, this minute dictionary descends into the trivial. For instance, under the head "Orpheus," a well-known collection of little German part-songs, it gives the complete list of contents, — 230 or more songs: why not as well print Novello's or Oliver Ditson's catalogue?

Plainly *Grove's Dictionary* will have to exceed the limits originally contemplated by possibly another year's quarterly installments. And why not? Who does not wish to see it as complete as practicable? We only wonder how

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any person really interested, and who desires to be intelligently interested, in music, can afford to be without this work. The cost ($4,00 per annum) is trifling measured by its value. Better spend from twelve to sixteen dollars upon so full and satisfactory a book of reference, than fritter the same amount away on cheap tenth-rate ephemeral manuals and pamphlets, as so many do. Let every musician and music-lover therefore, whom our words can influence, send to Macmillan & Co., London or New York, and subscribe for what cannot of course be a *perfect* dictionary of music, but what is by far the best (at least for English and American readers) that has yet appeared in any language.

CONCERTS.

The great multifarious music-making army is advancing upon us, and some slight skirmishes have already occupied some portions of the field. During the past week we have had, (not to speak of "Lecture" courses) two, to be followed this afternoon by a third, of those miscellaneous combination concerts which the superintendent of the Music Hall is so ingenious in contriving, and commonly makes so attractive by a startling array of artists' names; also the semi-private début of a young Danish pianist of merit; we read also of another of a young English pianist, — both of these at Chickering's warerooms.

——Manager Peck's constellation this time consists of Miss Annie Cary, the contralto, Herr Wilhelmj, the violinist, and Herr Joseffy, the pianist, — all of rare lustre, — besides the Temple (male quartet) Club, and Mr. W. C. Tower (one of that club), the tenor singer. We can only speak now of the first concert, which occurred last Monday evening and was honored by a large audience, — one of the *encoring* audiences, alas! which encored nearly every piece. It seems that we cannot commonly rely on the good sense or self-respect of artists or conductors, still less on the self-interest of artists' managers and agents, for the abatement of this nuisance. How would it do to organize a league among the really musical persons who commonly attend concerts, and have it mutually understood among them that, whenever the offence appears likely to be carried too far, they should all, at a concerted signal, quietly get up and leave the hall? We claim no reward for the suggestion. That is the way the aggrieved minorities are apt to do in Democratic caucuses. — The programme was as follows:

Quartet. "The Drum March," . . . . Krugh.
Temple Quartet.
German Songs —
a. "Liebesbotschaft,"
b. "Ich will meine Seele tauchen,"
c. "Der Wand'rer," . . . . Fesca.
Mr. W. C. Tower.
Violin Solo, "Andante e Intermezzo," . . . Max Vogrich.
First time.
Herr August Wilhelmj.
"Vedrai Carino," Don Giovanni, ... Mozart.
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Piano Solo, "Andante Spianato and Polonaise," Chopin.
Herr Raphael Joseffy.
Quartet, "Salve Regina," . . . . Schubert.
Temple Quartet.
Violin Solo, "Otello Fantasie," . . . . . H. W. Ernst.
Herr August Wilhelmj.
"Oh, cessate di piagarmi,". . . . . Perugini.
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Piano Solos —
a. "Cantique d'amour," . . . . F. Liszt.
b. Spinnerlied, "Flying Dutchman," . .
c. "Etude on false notes," . . . . . Rubinstein.
Herr Raphael Joseffy.
Part-Song, "Turkish Cup Bearer," . . . . Mendelssohn.

The great violinist, simple, noble and impressive in appearance, like an intellectual young giant, played in the same broad, noble style, and with the same earnest feeling, that enchanted every listener two years ago. His tone seems even fuller, larger, richer than before. We failed, however, to become much interested in the composition by Vogrich. Ernst's *Otello* Fantasia, including Desdemona's "Willow" aria, was more satisfying in its way; but the Bach Aria — the well-known one on such occasions — was the best of all, and sang itself to all hearts.

Herr Joseffy's rendering of the smooth and even Andante and the fiery Polonaise of Chopin was in his best style, though his *pianissimo* was sometimes carried to a point which requires very apprehensive ears to make it audible at all. Recalled, he played his own delicate and charming setting of the song: "Tre giorni son che Nina," by Pergolese. In the Liszt-Wagner Spinning Song his facility of rapid fingering, and his exquisite grace and fluency of execution in all such florid arabesques, betrayed him into some hurrying of tempo which we did not notice in his other interpretations. The Rubinstein Etude (absurdly entitled on "false notes," since they are merely strongly accented appoggiaturas) was played with great force and brilliancy.

Miss Cary was in excellent voice and spirits and sang delightfully. Only we had the feeling that "Vedrai carino" was taken a trifle too fast. We never saw before the name Perugini as that of a composer; the song, however, ("Cease to wound me") was of a tender, plaintive and beseeching character, beautiful in itself and beautifully sung. Miss Cary, of course, had to pay her full share of the encore tax. Mr. Tower sang with chaste feeling and expression, using his sweet voice with much taste. The Temple quartet sing almost *too* well; it gets to be almost finical and sentimental.

——Chickering's long upper room was nearly filled last Saturday evening by an eager and appreciative crowd of listeners, for the first time, to some piano recitals of Mr. Otto Bendix, of Copenhagen, a fellow-student in Germany of Mr. Sherwood and Mr. John Orth of this city. The programme was well chosen:

Beethoven, ... Op. 57, Sonate, in F-minor.
Allegro assai — Andante — Allegro non troppo.
Chopin, ... Polish Song, arranged by Liszt.
Chopin, . Op. 66, Fantasie impromptu, in C sharp minor.
Moszkowski, ... Op. 17, Waltz.
Chopin, ... Op. 62, Ballade, in F-minor.
Liszt, ... Ave Maria.
Liszt, ... La Campanella.

Mr. Bendix has a clear and vital touch, and showed superior execution alike in passages of force and delicacy. Of the *Sonata Appassionata* we should say that he gave a very fair rendering, could we only banish from our mind the impression left by Joseffy's magnificent reading of it last spring, not to speak of Rubinstein, Bülow, Mehlig and others. The Chopin ballade was to our mind the most successful performance of those we heard; he played it with delicacy and fine musical feeling. The last two pieces we were obliged to lose; and it is but fair to state that we listened to disadvantage from the rear part of that long, narrow room, so that we need a better opportunity to form a clear estimate of this young artist's talent. His manner certainly was modest and prepossessing.

BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN.

Trieste, September 6, 1880.

Mr Dear Dwight: —

I find a paragraph going the rounds of the newspapers, stating that an English purchaser has recently obtained one of Beethoven's violins from the widow of the Viennese musician, Carl Holz.

I suppose all your readers know, that Prince Lichnowsky presented a full quartet of strings to the (then) young composer — first and second violins, viola and violoncello. One of the violins was purchased at the sale of Beethoven's effects by Carl Holz, and it is this which is now said to be in England. *I question its authenticity.*

In the autumn of 1862, a newspaper notice of the four instruments, as then being in the Royal Library at Berlin, attracted my attention, and drew from me, in the *Deutsche Musikzeitung*, a "request for an explanation," of which this is the substance:

"Alois Fuchs describes, in the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, No. 146, of the year 1846, the four instruments, and says of the first violin: 'A violin made by Jos. Guarnerius of Cremona, in the year 1718, is now in possession of Herr Carl Holz, director of the Concerts Spirituels in Vienna.'

"Afterwards, says Fuchs: 'under the necks of all these instruments the seal of Beethoven is impressed, and on the so-called "Boden" of each, a large "B" scratched by Beethoven's own hand. Within the last few years I have seen this instrument (if genuine) several times; the last time the 23d of September, 1862, with the large 'B,' and some remains of a seal. It is in possession of the Widow Holz."

The result of this call for an explanation was this: Mr. Espagne, then librarian of the musical department of the Berlin library, forwarded several documents to Mr. Bagge, editor of the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* for my inspection. The result of the inspection is contained in a letter to Mr. Bagge, printed in his *Zeitung* Nov 8, 1862, of which the following is a sufficient translation:

"Mr Dear Sir, —

"You now ask *me* for an explanation, which I gladly give. In April and May, 1860, I had a correspondence with a gentleman in London, who desired to purchase this instrument, provided it was really one of very fine quality. Not being a judge of instruments, I took the opinions of several competent judges here in Vienna. Not one of them expressed any doubt as to the authenticity of the instrument, nor did any one speak in any strong terms of its excellence. Not long before, a pupil of Vieuxtemps told me, that his master had tried it, and found it to be 'a very fair instrument, but not of first quality.' I so reported to the gentleman in London, who thereupon declined the purchase. I therefore had no further occasion to inquire into the authenticity of the violin, but, like the other gentlemen, rested satisfied with the testimony of the widow and her son, with the great 'B,' and with what I took for marks of Beethoven's seal.

"When I saw, some months since, the first notice of the gift to the Berlin library of the four instruments, I was among the first to congratulate widow Holz on the sale of the violin, and was not a little astonished to learn that this was not the case. Seeing the notice repeated, I thought it my duty to the widow Holz, to the Berlin library, and to myself, to seek some solution of the enigma.

"The documents, which you have placed before me for inspection, are decisive. The truth is evident, that Holz sold the Beethoven violin in 1852, and left in possession of his widow an *imitation* of it!

Your obedient servant, A. W. T."

It is this imitation of the original, which has recently been purchased by the London gentleman.

A. W. T.

THE SCHINDLER-BEETHOVEN PAPERS.

Trieste, September 6, 1880.

My Dear Dwight: —

When Schindler, in 1845, sold the Beethoven papers, in his possession, to the Prussian Government for the Royal Library at Berlin, (2,000 thalers down, and an annuity of 400), he retained a certain portion of them, which were of a more private nature, and which to a great extent were personal to him, or closely connected with statements made by him in his biography of the composer.

On occasion of my visits to him in Frankfort am Main, or the neighboring village Bockenheim, he showed me some few of the autographs thus retained, but, laying his hand upon the portfolios, he said earnestly: "As long as I live, no human eye will see these papers!"

Time passed on. Schindler died, and all these papers and relics went into the possession of his sister, a certain Widow Egloff. She lived in Mannheim, and L. Nohl, of the neighboring Heidelberg, catalogued them for her, — making some very droll mistakes, by the way — and had the use of them in finishing his Beethoven book. What became of them afterwards I had no means of ascertaining, and feared that they were lost to me.

It is perhaps fortunate for my work, that for a long period I was unable, in addition to my official duties, to perform any serious and continued literary labor; for last year, while mourning over my enforced delay in resuming the Beethoven studies, what should I receive, but a note from Mr. Emanuel Nowotny, of Altrohlan, near Carlsbad, — a gentleman utterly unknown to me, as I (personally) to him — asking me some question relating to Beet-

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hoven, and concluding by informing me, that he had become the purchaser of the collection complete, and that he gladly placed it at my disposal not only for any studies I might desire to make, but for copying to any extent!

Upon noting in the catalogue certain papers to be copied for me, he crowned his goodness by sending me one of the portfolios, and since that time, has entrusted to me the rest! I feel it a duty, as well as pleasure, thus publicly to express my gratitude. All the more, because he has now transferred them to the Royal Library at Berlin, where they properly belong as a portion of the Schindler-Beethoven papers. A. W. T.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, OCT. 18. — Musical matters are beginning to take a positive shape, and we are having a few concerts, even if it is early in the season. The Mme. Emma Abbott Company have been giving us something that they call "English opera," and for the past two weeks we have been thus honored. To call such performances opera, is to rob the name of its true signification. Musically, the efforts have been depressing, when taken as a whole, although with some of the members, particularly Mrs. Seguin, a bright exception may be made. Signor Brignoli has been struggling with the mysteries of the English language, and has sung as well as could be expected considering his worn voice, and the difficulties that were in his way. Yet it was broken-English opera in more senses than one. Miss Abbott is a lady of energy and life, and has battled for a position as a singer most heroically. Yet she is in no sense an artist, and never will be; although her energy may win her a certain reputation and notoriety. A large number of our American people are still in the early stages of a musical understanding, and they are attracted by the idea of an opera in English; and, therefore, the success of this company has been good, notwithstanding its character. Musically, the opera is bad; financially, its success has been remarkable.

Mr. Boscovitz made his first appearance here as a pianist last week. He played the "Italian Concerto" of Bach; a Nocturne, Mazurka, the Berceuse, a Valse, and the Ballade, Op. 47, of Chopin; a sonata by Nichelmann, the twelfth Rhapsodie by Liszt, and some smaller pieces, including three compositions of his own. A frank opinion bids me say that I was disappointed in the playing of this gentleman. He takes too many liberties in tempo, and in interpretation, to be called a correct player. With the Chopin music, his taste or caprice led him into mannerisms that bordered upon the sensational, and while he manifested sentiment, it was of such an exaggerated order that its point and meaning seemed lost. Yet he is called a pupil of that master. What seemed most marked in his playing were two characteristics, one of striking the notes with great force, and the other with delicacy. In the quiet passages he was at his best, but there was no gradual development of tone from the soft to the loud. It was uneven playing. Every player has a personal right to his own ideas, and they are entitled to respect; and while we may not agree with them, we at least honor the independence of thought. Mr. Boscovitz played a "Hunting Jig" by Dr. Bull, written about 1590, with a grace that was pleasing, and also did the last movement of the Bach Concerto with much quickness and finish of movement. Yet, in my humble opinion, he cannot approach the rank of the great players in any particular. Other recitals may show him in new lights, and he may win appreciation; and it is only fair to the gentleman to wait until he has given us larger and better programmes before we classify his merits even in our private judgment.

I understand that Mr. Thomas is to visit us in November, and give some orchestral concerts in connection with Herr Joseffy, the pianist. He will be welcome, and the concerts enjoyable beyond a doubt.

Everything that aids the progress of music by furnishing standards of either performances or criticism, is worthy of our honest respect, and hearty support. C. H. B.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THE first two programmes of the Harvard Symphony concerts are essentially arranged, as follows:

First concert, Nov. 18. Programme: Overture to "The Water Carrier," *Cherubini;* Aria (Miss Lillian Bailey); Seventh Symphony, *Beethoven;* Songs; Overture to "Julius Cæsar" (first time here), *Schumann.*

Second Concert, Dec. 2. Symphony in C — No. 3, Wüllner edition — (first time here), *Haydn;* Piano Concerto in A, (first time), *Liszt* (Mr. Max Pinner); Short Symphony, No. 2, in A-minor (first time here), *Saint-Saëns;* Piano Solos; Overture to "Egmont," *Beethoven.*

The list of orchestral works to be given in the subsequent six concerts has been somewhat modified, and now stands thus:

Symphonies. Beethoven, No. 8; Schumann, "Cologne" (E-flat); Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique, *second time;* J. K. Paine, "Spring," *second time;* Raff, in G-minor, *first time;* Symphony by F. L. Ritter, *first time.*

Overtures. Gluck, "Alceste"; Mozart, "Titus"; Beethoven, "Leonore," No. 3; Spohr, "Faust"; Mendelssohn, "Melusina"; Schumann, "Manfred"; Bennett, "Wood Nymph"; and for the *first time,* Berlioz, "Carnaval Romain"; Goldmark, "Penthesilea"; Bazzini, "King Lear."

Miscellaneous. Bach, Pastorale from Christmas Oratorio; Beethoven, Adagio and Andante from "Prometheus"; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony; Schumann, Overture, Scherzo and Finale; Berlioz, Marche Nocturne, from "L'Enfance du Christ," *second time;* Wagner, "Siegfried Idyll"; Bennett, Prelude and Funeral March, from "Ajax," *first time;* Dvorak, Sclavic Dances, *first time;* Norbert Burgmüller, Andante (with Oboe Solo) from Symphony in D, *second time;* Liszt, "Orpheus" (Short Symphonic Poem), *first time;* Goetz, Intermezzo from Symphony in F; Fuchs, Serenade, *first time.*

Other works may be found desirable and practicable as the concert season approaches. Solo artists, vocal and instrumental, will be announced in due time.

Subscriptions for the season of *Eight Concerts,* at Eight Dollars, are invited. The lists will be open until Nov. 8, when three days will be allowed for the *Subscribers only,* whether members of the Association or not, to receive their tickets and select their seats at the office of the Music Hall.

On Thursday, Nov. 11, the *public sale* of season tickets will begin; and on Monday, Nov. 15, that of single admissions.

Those wishing to subscribe are requested to address the Chairman, or any member of the committee; or place their names on one of the subscription papers to be found at the Music Hall, at Chickering's, or at Ditson's, Prüfer's, or Schmidt's music store, at Sever's bookstore in Cambridge, etc., *before Nov. 8.*

Concert Committee: J. S. Dwight, (12 Pemberton Square), C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, S. B. Schlesinger, Chas. P. Curtis, S. L. Thorndike, Augustus Flagg, Wm. F. Apthorp, Arthur Foote, Geo. W. Sumner.

—— The final matinée of the three Cary-Wilhelmj-Joseffy Concerts, under the management of Mr. Peck, will take place at the Music Hall this afternoon. Mr. Wilhelmj will play a Fantaisie of his own, and a Polonaise by Laub. Mr. Joseffy is down for an Allegro and Passacaille by Handel, the Tarantella by Liszt, a "Polka noble" and Waltzes of his own, Nocturne in F-minor, Chopin, Aria by Pergolese, Spinnerlied, Wedding March, etc., Mendelssohn. Miss Cary will sing "Divinités du Styx" from Gluck's *Alceste,* and "Voi che sapete," from Mozart's *Figaro.* Mr. Tower, the same group of German songs which he sang on Monday evening. And the Temple Club will sing Mendelssohn's "Cheerful Wanderer," Schubert's *Salve Regina,* and the "Three Huntsmen" by Kreutzer.

—— The absorbing topic of next week will be the new Tremont Temple, which will open October 11, with a performance of the *Messiah,* in which Miss Lillian Bailey, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. William J. Winch, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney will appear. On the 12th a grand concert will be given by the Philharmonic orchestra, Bernard Listemann, conductor, and on the 13th, *Elijah* will be given with Miss Fannie Kellogg, Miss Winant, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. J. F. Winch as soloists. The new organ built by Messrs. Hook & Hastings for the Temple, will be used on both occasions. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will conduct and Mr. B. J. Lang will be the organist.

—— The following choice programme was performed at Wesleyan Hall on Monday afternoon, before the pupils of the New England Conservatory:

1. Pianoforte Trio, Op. 70, No. 2, Beethoven; Introduction and Allegro non troppo; Allegretto; Allegretto non troppo; Allegro; (J. C. D. Parker, C. N. Allen and W. Fries.)

2. Violoncello Solo; (Mr. Wulf Fries.)

3. Sonata, piano and violin, Op. 21, Gade; Allegro di molto; Larghetto; Allegro vivace; (Messrs. Parker and Allen).

—— PEDAL CABINET ORGANS. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have received the following testimonial from S. Parkman Tuckerman, Mus. Doc. Cantab. England, Hon. Member of the "Academy of St. Cecilia," Rome, and, for eighteen years, organist and director of the choir of St. Paul's Church, Boston.

MESSRS. MASON & HAMLIN:

Gentlemen,—The Pedal Cabinet Organ arrived yesterday and is now placed in the position designed for it in my music-room. It seems superfluous for me to say one word in praise of this truly *wonderful* instrument, for certainly it speaks its own praise better than any one can speak for it. I do not wonder that all the distinguished organists and musicians of the day are unanimous as to the superiority of your instruments; nor does it seem possible that a better substitute for the more costly and intricate pipe-organ can ever be made.

During a long residence in Europe, I had unusual facilities for examining every kind of instrument belonging to the harmonium or reed-organ family; and I am now convinced that the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have already distanced all rivals, on both continents, in the manufacture of cabinet organs; and in my opinion, their instruments, of every size and style, are as near perfection, in all essential particulars, as it seems possible for human skill and ingenuity to make them.

This letter was not written for publication, but you are at liberty to use it for that purpose if you please. (Signed) S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN.

Sept. 20, 1880.

—— Miss Helen Lamson, of Boston, who has been studying music in Stuttgart for years three past with Pruckner, Lebert, Faisst and Alwens, returns to this city the latter part of this month. Miss Lamson has been an indefatigable worker, accomplishing far more than is done by the average musical student who goes abroad. Not only has her playing been carried to a high degree of perfection, but she has become a proficient in such matters as counterpoint, fugue, reading orchestral scores, etc. The testimonials from her teachers as well as the newspaper criticisms are very flattering. She will most likely be heard in Boston during the coming season.

NEW YORK. Manager Mapleson's plans and engagements have been summarized as follows:

Soprani — Mme. Etelka Gerster, Mlle. Alwina Valleria, Mme. Marie Louise Swift, Mlle. Bianca Montesini, Mlle. Isidore Martinez, Mlle. Valerga and Mlle. Lorenzini-Gianoli.

Contralti — Mlle. Anna de Belocca, Mlle. Ricci and Miss Annie Louise Cary.

Tenori — Sig. Ravelli, Sig. Runcio, Sig. Lazzarini, Sig. Crazzi and Sig. Campanini.

Baritoni — Sig. Del Puente, Sig. Bellati and Sig. Galassi.

Bassi — Sig. Monti, Sig. Ordinas, Sig. Baldassare Corsini, and Sig. Franco Novara.

The orchestra, which has given such satisfaction in the past, has been farther improved by several important changes. The chorus has been placed under the charge of Sig. Zarini, chorus master of La Scala, Milan. As director and conductor Sig. Arditi has been specially engaged. Selections will be made from the subjoined extensive *répertoire;* "Robert," "Traviata," "Barbiere," "Huguenots," "Nozze," "Lucia," "Don Giovanni," "Don Pasquale," "Rigoletto," "Figlia del Reggimento," "Talismano," "Martha," "Favorita," "Sonnambula," "Faust," "Trovatore," "Flauto Magico," "Freischütz," "Dinorah," "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Forza del Destino," "Ruy Blas," "Linda di Chamouni," "Aida," "Mignon." The season will commence on Monday evening, Oct. 18, on which occasion will be performed Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor." The subscription will consist of 30 nights and the terms will be as follows: Parquet seats and balcony (first three rows), $90; balcony (other rows), $60; boxes, $250, $300, $400, $500, according to location.

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WORCESTER, MASS. The twenty-third annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Convention was held in Mechanics' Hall, during the past week. We may say at the start that the affair was abundantly successful in every particular, and, this much admitted, there is little left to say beyond the bare record. The choral force was 437 strong, and its work was generally good, at times remarkably so, especially if one considered that it was made up of detachments from Worcester and neighboring towns, and that opportunities for rehearsal, *ensemble*, were not possible until the week preceding the festival, while that with the orchestra did not come off until the very day of each concert in which an orchestra assisted. The orchestra, all from Boston, numbered thirty-six, and its work also was creditable, due allowance being made for the few possible rehearsals. The concerts were eight in number, — each afternoon, from Monday to Friday, inclusive, each evening beginning Wednesday, the festival closing Friday evening with Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. We have not the space to devote to a repetition of the programmes in full, but we can point out their prominent features sufficiently to indicate their generally dignified character and great variety. The choral works were as follows: *Jubilate*, Garrett; *Ave Verum*, Mozart; *Farewell to the Forest, Psalm XLIII, Hear my Prayer*, Mendelssohn; *O Lord, our Governor*, Marcello; *Send out Thy Light, Nazareth*, Gounod; *Gypsy Life*, Schumann; *The Trumpet's Loud Clangor*, from *Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day, Judas Maccabæus*, Handel; *Requiem Mass*, Verdi. The most ambitious orchestral work presented was the fifth symphony of Beethoven. In all the list there were no novelties, that is, none which would be so called in a Boston concert-room. Then there were performances of part songs by the Swedish vocal quartette, female voices, and the Schubert company, male voices; of piano solos by Teresa Carreno; of harp solos by Madame Rohrer; of violin solos by Mr. Adamowski and Mr. Eichberg; of 'cello solos by Mr. Fries. Mr. Zerrahn presided over all, and the labors of accompanist at organ and piano were shared by Mr. B. D. Allen, Mr. E. B. Story and Mr. G. W. Sumner. The soloists were nearly all so well known to Boston concert-goers, that anything more than the list, with the assurance that each made a creditable appearance, is hardly needed. These soloists were Mrs. Osgood, Miss Lillian Bailey, Miss Fannie Barnes, Miss Annie Cary, Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. Adams, Mr. Babcock, Mr. Hay, Mr. Tower and Mr. Whitney. Mrs. J. C. Hull and Mrs. Edward P. Hoff were strangers to most of the audience. Each lady made, we were given to understand, a good impression. Mr. Toedt's fine tenor voice and tasteful delivery proved highly agreeable. Miss Bailey's time in Europe had been, apparently, profitably employed. Her style is, of course, more matured, but none of its directness and artistic simplicity have been sacrificed in the ripening process. Mrs. Osgood, too, was as charming as of old, her clear, sweet and true voice, and her distinct enunciation being especially captivating. The solos in the two most important choral works were assigned as follows: In the *Requiem-Mass* of Verdi — Mrs. Osgood, Miss Welsh, Mr. Adams, Mr. Hay; in *Judas Maccabæus* — Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hall, Miss Cary, Mr. Tower, Mr. Hay, Mr. Whitney. — *Courier Sept. 26.*

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. The following extracts from the *Musical Standard* (Sept. 20), will give some idea of the great variety of music which has been performed in the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts during the past month:

On Friday, Sept. 10, there was an "English Choral night," when Mr. Frederick Clay's cantata "Lalla Rookh" was performed for the first time in London, having been written for Mr. Kuhé's Brighton Festival. The vocalists were Miss Anne Marriot, Miss Ellen Lamb, Mr. Frank Boyle, Mr. A. Oswald, and Mr. W. Lemare's excellent choir. The orchestra performed Balfe's overture, "Bohemian Girl," and F. H. Cowen's "Festival" overture. Mr. Charles Hallé played on the pianoforte (a) Nocturne in F-sharp, and (b) Polonaise in A-flat (Chopin).

The concert on Saturday night, Sept. 11, which brought one of the usual Saturday crowds to the theatre, was a fair specimen of the "miscellaneous" programmes which appeal so irresistibly to the tastes of the many. An overture by Auber, three of the ballet pieces from "Masaniello," one of the liveliest Finales from one of Haydn's liveliest symphonies (in G — known as "Letter V") and a new selection from "Carmen," by M. Audibert, constituted the orchestral pieces in the opening part, which included also a masterly performance by Mr. Hallé of the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto, and the Ballade and Polonaise of Vieuxtemps, extremely well played by Mr. Sutton, a promising young violinist, pupil of M. Sainton. The singers were Miss Mary Davies, Madame Antionette Sterling, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Harold Russell.

On Monday, the 13th, being a "Mendelssohn night," the programme was devoted chiefly to the works of Mendelssohn, the scheme including the Symphony in C-minor, which is really the thirteenth of Mendelssohn's symphonies, but usually known as "No. 1;" the incidental music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and the Rondo Brillante in E-flat (for pianoforte and orchestra), played by Mr. Charles Hallé. Mr. Hallé also played Schubert's valse, "Caprice," in A-minor, arranged by Liszt. A selection from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" was also given by the orchestra.

On Tuesday, the 14th, Mr. Charles Hallé played on the pianoforte, Mozart's Andante and Finale from Concerto in B-flat; also Impromptu in A-flat (Schubert); and Tarantelle in A-flat (Heller). The orchestra performed a work by Saint-Saëns, and Cowen's march, "Maid of Orleans," and a few other pieces.

Wednesday, Sept. 15, was a "Classical night," when the programme included Gade's overture, "Im Hochland;" Gluck's "Airs de Ballet;" Haydn's Symphony in B-flat; and a selection from Verdi's *Aida*. The concert opened with the overture composed by Gade, and belonging to the same period as his first symphony (in C-minor), which attracted the favorable notice of Mendelssohn towards the Danish composer, who has since produced many works that have made him one of the few celebrated composers of whom his country can boast. This overture contains much effective orchestral writing; but is scarcely suggestive of the impressions implied by the title. In strong contrast to this clever but somewhat vague work, is the bright, clear, and genial symphony of Haydn, which is a fine specimen of the older master, being one of the set composed by him expressly for Salomon's London Concerts, towards the close of the last century. The other orchestral music of the classical part of the programme consisted of airs de ballet from Gluck's *Iphigenie en Aulide*. These and the other pieces referred to, were effectively played by the fine band so ably conducted by Mr. F. H. Cowen. A specialty in the selection was Mr. Charles Hallé's fine performances of Schumann's pianoforte Concerto in A-minor, which was received with appreciative attention. The classical vocal music comprised Handel's "Let the bright seraphim," well sung by Miss Anna Williams (with trumpet obbligato by Mr. Ellis), Schubert's "Erl King," finely declaimed by Mr. Santley, and the contralto solo, "Fac me vere," from Haydn's "Stabat Mater," expressively rendered by Miss Orridge.

The "Humorous night," on Thursday, Sept. 16, proved a great success. The first portion of the programme began with "Kamarinskaja," an orchestral fantasia by Glinka, on national Russian airs — a "Wedding song" and a Dancing song. This was followed by Mozart's divertimento entitled "Ein Musikalischer Spass" (a Musical Joke) composed in the year 1787. The piece was thrown off with that facile rapidity and love of frolic which were characteristic of the composer: the intention having been to caricature both the feeble style of much of the music of the period and the inefficiency of many of the executants. It is written (for stringed instruments and two horns) in symphonic form, comprising an Allegro, Adagio, Minuet (with trio), and Finale. The wrong notes, false entries, and omissions which are indicated for the several instruments are most amusingly contrived, especially comic being the imbecile indication of a fugue in the finale; another special feature being the burlesque cadenza for the first violin (in the adagio), ending in a most absurd wandering out of the key. This was played by Mr. A. Burnett with an admirable rendering of its intended incorrectness, and was greatly applauded. Another speciality was Bernhard Romberg's "Toy Symphony," composed for stringed band and children's diminutive instruments, the latter comprising imitation cuckoo, quail, nightingale, and woodpecker — triangles, rattles, bells, drums, and penny trumpets. There is not much musical merit in the piece.

Other orchestral pieces were Weber's characteristic Chinese overture, Turandot, a "Humorous Meditation" (Scherz), in which the styles of Bach, Mozart and subsequent composers, down to, and including, Wagner, are parodied with intermixed passages. Weber's charming pianoforte solo, the "Invitation to the Waltz," was admirably played by Mr. Charles Hallé, who elicited continuous applause which only subsided on his returning to the instrument and giving with equal excellence, Chopin's Waltz in A-flat (from Op. 34).

LEEDS, ENGLAND. — Of the Festival, which is to take place Oct. 13-16, *Figaro* says:

Although there were some years ago several musical meetings at Leeds, the first festival proper was given in 1858, when Sterndale Bennett (the conductor) produced his "May Queen." The triennial festivals began in 1874, and in that year and in 1877 Sir Michael Costa conducted. This year, in consideration that Mr. Arthur Sullivan would write a grand oratorio on the subject of "David and Jonathan," the conductorship was offered to and accepted by the composer of "Pinafore." Mr. Sullivan subsequently found that Holy Writ was not suited to his capabilities, and in place of the Biblical text, the great composer of "The Sorcerer" has selected finer language from the pen of the late Dean Milman, adapted and doctored by Mr. William Schwenk Gilbert. "The Martyr of Antioch" as it now stands consists of seventeen numbers, five of which are choruses pure and simple. Starting with the chorus of fire-worshippers, "Lord of the golden day," we next have a baritone solo, "Break off the hymn"; a tenor solo, "Come, Margarita, come"; a baritone solo, "Great Olybius"; and a chorus, "Go on thy flower-strewn road." The unaccompanied chorus, "Brother, thou art gone before us," has a march-like rhythm, and it is not difficult to forsee in it "The Martyr of Antioch March." A bass solo, "Brother, thou slumberest," is followed by a hymn, "For Thou didst die for me," to be sung by Mme. Albani. A duet, "My own, my lov'd, my beauteous child," is set for soprano and baritone. It leads to the chorus of maidens, "Come away with willing feet"; a recitative and aria, "See what Olybius's love prepares for thee," for tenor; a duet, "Oh, hear me, Olybius," for soprano and tenor; and a chorus, "Now glory to the God," of heathen maidens and Christians. A song for contralto solo, and chorus, "To Pæan," is followed by a concerted piece, "Great is Olybius and his mercy great," for the quartet of soloists, and by a quartet, "Have mercy, unrelenting heaven"; the work ends with a soprano so[lo an]d chorus, "What means yon blaze of light." Altogether, the work will, it is hoped, prove abundantly that Mr. A. Sullivan is worthy the knighthood which, it is stated, awaits him, and that the poet, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, will be found worthy of at least similar honor. The solos will be entrusted to Mmes. Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd, Henry Cross, and Frederic King.

ST. PETERSBURG. — This capital already possesses a German, an Italian, and a French theatre, besides native establishments of the kind. The list is to be increased by the addition of an exclusively Jewish theatre, where the repertory, consisting of plays, in prose and verse, relating to historical Jewish subjects, including comic operas, will be exclusively from Jewish pens. The company will also be Jewish. The theatre is also to open in November with *The Fanatic*, a comic opera by the manager, A. Goldfaden, a Jewish actor favorably known to Moscow.

COPENHAGEN. The success of Mlle Vanzandt has been confirmed beyond all expectation. She has really made a great "hit" — which is not always easy at Copenhagen. The theatre has been nightly crowded and tickets sold at double, sometimes treble, prices. At the most recent performance of *Mignon*, the Royal Family of Denmark, as well as the King and Queen of the Hellenes, were present, and sent their congratulations to Mlle Vanzandt. The director of the theatre, M. Hallesen, has engaged the gifted young singer to appear three times more — twice as Mignon and once as Zerlina, which makes nine performances in all (at 1,000 francs for each performance).

BAYREUTH. — Some time ago Hans von Bülow announced his intention of giving a series of concerts to raise 40,000 marks in aid of the Bayreuth Fund. Last year he forwarded 28,000 marks. In consequence of his neuralgic attack, however, he is unable to give more concerts at present; but, in order that the fund may not suffer, he has made up the deficiency — 12,000 marks — out of his own pocket.

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A FINNISH RUNE.

Rendered into English by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Name not my name with the names of the singers,
Magical dreamers, great rune-weavers!
Not from within can I weave wild music,
'Tis from without that I weave sweet music.
Blossoms and brooks and birds and branches,
I can but sing what your voices sing me,
Borne on the winds and the rushing waters!
Could I, afar, through the wide world wander,
Far from the cares and the chains that crush me,
Then would I lull the wild sea to slumber,
Sing the wild sea to a lake of silver,
Lull the wild voice of the storm to silence,
Sing the gray sea-foam to milk and honey,
Were mine the magical power of the singers,
Musical rhymers, great rune-weavers!
Were mine the wondrous spell of the singers,
Golden hay-ricks should stand in the meadow,
Pease on the shelves, in the press, fine linen!
Fragrant fruit-trees should flower in the orchard,
Red-ripe apples should stud the green branches,
Rainbow dew-bloom on every ripe apple,
Cuckoos sipping the rainbow-bright dew-bloom,
Pearls in showers from their silver beaks falling,
Strings of pearl for my pretty wife's girdle.

Were mine the godlike power of the singers,
I would invoke, with songs of enchantment,
Love, health, beauty, justice, truth, plenty,
Joy to each heart, and peace to each hamlet,
Were mine the wonderful spell of the singers,
Magical, musical, strong rune-weavers!

FRANZ LISZT.[1]

(Concluded from page 161.)

Already, during his travelling and virtuoso life, Liszt had produced a respectable series of works, which, written for the piano, were intended to serve the immediate purpose of his virtuosity; but simultaneously with the new, and, compared with all before his time, unheard of technical perfection which they founded, these works for the most part gave expression to a poetic element. Such were his studies and transcriptions (particularly of Schubert's songs,) his Paraphrases, Fantaisies, and Polonaises, his "Hungarian Rhapsodies," the "Consolations," "Années de Pèlerinage," "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses," the piano arrangements and transcriptions of the Beethoven Symphonies, and of the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, as well as of works of Wagner, Rossini, Weber, Schubert, Bach, and others, in which he has achieved something inimitable.

And now, during his residence in Weimar, larger and more comprehensive musical deeds were ripening. Liszt now came forward as the master of great orchestral forms, and astonished the musical world with his twelve "Symphonic Poems." Wholly new appearances of their kind, they were both in idea and form his most unique creations. He taken some poetic theme, some fiction, some poetic character or incident for a ground thought, and, winning from it its musical sides, reproduces it in musical expression. The outward form grows out of the subject matter; it is as multifarious as the theme itself, and is more related to the overture than to the symphony. The sonata form, on which the latter rests, showed itself not elastic enough for the reception of a new poetic content representing a continuous progress of ideas, and so Liszt seized upon the free form of variations, as Beethoven had used it in the vocal movement of his Ninth Symphony—the point of departure for Liszt's collective instrumental writing. Out of one or two contrasted themes —or *Leitmotiven*, if you will—he develops a whole succession of the most various moods, which through rhythmic and harmonic changes appear in ever new forms, corresponding to the three-fold law of alternation, contrast, climax.

This law, on which rests the principle of the sonata structure, is valid also here, in spite of the thematic unity and the one-movement form which leads to a freer construction of periods; indeed, the outlines of the four traditional movements are more or less discernible, although condensed. In his two grandest and most comprehensive instrumental poems, "Dante" and "Faust," which he entitled symphonies, Liszt preserved the independent division into movements, but within that division he manages matters in his own way. In both, which reproduce in tones the most profound poetic works that we possess—the *Divina Commedia* and Goethe's *Faust*—he has, again following the example of the Ninth Symphony, introduced choruses in the concluding movement. To the single movements he has given explanatory titles (for instance, Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles), as also to his symphonic poems, to make it easier to understand them and enjoy them; and he has prefixed programmes to explain the progress of ideas which he has essentially followed in their creation. In these he gives us either independent little poems, such as the verses of Victor Hugo and of Lamartine, for the "Mountain Symphony," for "Mazeppa" and the "Preludes," or an allusion to well-known larger poems, as in "Tasso" and "Prometheus," or he introduces us in "Orpheus" to a familiar mythical person, and in the "Heldenklage" lets us anticipate the great historical event there celebrated. The "Festival Sounds" and "Hungaria," as also "Hamlet," "The Battle of the Huns" (after Kaulbach), and "The Ideals" (after Schiller), he has left without programme, since he believed the title a sufficient indication of the ideas which guided him.

It is just this poetico-musical double nature of Liszt's orchestral creations, combined with their novelty of form (simply a result of their ideal contents) that has made them hard to understand, and, through their uncommonly exacting claims upon the public, has operated against their wide diffusion. In spite of their instrumental splendor, of the harmonic and contrapuntal art which they reveal, an opposition has fastened itself upon them, such as his piano compositions, serving the purpose of his virtuosity, had not experienced. But this opposition could not prevent the poetic tendency of Liszt from gaining ascendency in all kinds of music, or from a steady progress in their popular recognition. Indeed, have not the most taking of his symphonic poems, like the "Preludes," "Tasso," "Orpheus," etc., and others of his instrumental works, like his piano concertos, which are based upon the same principle of thematic unity, already found their way into all concert halls? And are not his songs, also, and his church compositions heard with growing favor?

In the song, Liszt represents the carrying out of the poetic principle to its extremest consequences. The musician subordinates himself completely to the poet; a free declamatory element prevails, resembling Wagner's song-speech ("Sprechgesang"). I need only mention here the beautiful "Ich liebe Dich" (from Rückert); while, on the contrary, the most popular of all Liszt's songs, "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," approaches the older song form the most nearly.

The poetic-character principle which Liszt has followed in the song and in his productions generally, the thematic unity principle which pervades his instrumental works, asserts its full right also in his compositions for the church. The *Leitmotiven* (leading motives), out of which Wagner weaves the web of his musical drama, Liszt now makes available for the first time in the mass and oratorio. He turns to their advantage all the modern conquests of instrumentation and of the free play of form. Here also, true to the necessities of his nature, he creates what is new and great. As everywhere else, so also here, where his problem has been nothing less than the regeneration of the Catholic church music, he has given with full hands. Out of the fullness of his gifts we can only allude here to the mass for the Gran festival; to the Hungarian Mass for the coronation of the Austrian Imperial pair at Pesth; to the *Missa Choralis*, the Mass and the Requiem for male voices, the Psalms and Hymns, and the oratorios "Saint Elizabeth" and "Christus." This last named work, a creation full of incomparable originality and spiritual depth, is Liszt's most powerful achievement in the sphere of ecclesiastical art.

But the greater number of his religious compositions germinated not in Weimar, but in Roman soil. When, in December, 1859, the opera "The Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius, a pupil of the master, fell through, the victim of a coterie opposed to Liszt, the latter retired from the direction forever. Moreover, since Dingelstedt became intendant of the Weimar theatre, the chief weight in the management of that stage was put upon the drama, while at the same time the foundation of the school of painting claimed too large a share out of the court budget to allow what would be required for the support of an opera and orchestra worthy of a Liszt. Suffice it to say, in 1861 he left Weimar and betook himself to Rome. There he received, on April 22, 1865, from Cardinal Hohenlohe, in the

[1] We translate from the article: "Franz Liszt, a Musical Character Portrait," by LA MARA, in the *Gartenlaube*.

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Vatican Chapel, the consecration which gave him the rank of an Abbate, to which has lately been added the dignity of a Canon.

But the favorite of Pio Nono remained still true to his artistic calling. Since 1869 he has returned once a year for several months to Weimar, taking up his abode there in the "Hofgärtnerei." Since then he has lived alternately in Rome, Weimar, and Pesth, where he formally entered upon his office as president of the Academy of Music in February, 1876.

We must count it among the finest merits of Liszt, that he has paved the way to publicity for innumerable aspirants, as he always shows an open heart and open hands to all artistic strivings. He is the first and most active furtherer of the Bayreuth enterprise, and the chief founder of the "Allgemeinen Deutschen Musikvereins." And for how many humanitary objects has he not exerted his artistic means! If during his earlier virtuoso career he made his genius serve the advantage of others far more than his own,—saving out of the millions that he earned only a modest sum for himself, while he alone contributed many thousands for the completion of Cologne Cathedral, for the Beethoven monument at Bonn, and for the victims of the Hamburg conflagration—so since the close of his career as a pianist his public artistic activity has been exclusively consecrated to the benefit of others, to artistic undertakings, or to charitable objects. Since the end of 1847, not a penny has come into his own pocket either through piano-playing and conducting, or through teaching. All this, which has yielded such rich capital and interest to others, has cost only sacrifice of time and money to himself.

So also in his literary labors, in his celebrated works on "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "F. Chopin," "Robert Franz," and in his miscellaneous essays, he has exhibited, apart from the splendor of the exposition, and the wealth of intellectual ideas and points of view, this fine trait of his nature: this of lending the weight of his authority to things beautiful and great which were not understood, and thereby helping toward their better understanding. Therefore, from whatever side we contemplate this fruitful artist life, it shows us the exalting image not only of a great, but also one of the noblest of men.

MUSIC AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

[From *Athenæum.*]

It is much to be regretted that at Oxford and Cambridge, although their respective Faculties of Music are of tolerably ancient date, there is no university school of music at which undergraduates desiring to take musical degrees can put themselves through a regular and defined course of training. It is true that at either university a few good musicians can be found who private tuition men are able to avail themselves, but practically nothing is done by the university authorities in the way of providing a recognised curriculum for such as are desirous of preparing for the musical profession. Beyond prescribing the work to be done for the preliminary and degree examinations, the universities have had little to say hitherto as to the mode in which the student is to acquire experience, as well as technical efficiency. Residents at Oxford or Cambridge have no frequent opportunity of hearing standard orchestral works performed by first-class bands. In both the university towns there are very creditable amateur orchestras, but of these can hardly be expected the perfection of skill to be met with at the operas, or at the Crystal Palace, and other important London concerts. When, therefore, any newly-made Doctor of Music is called upon to perform his degree-exercise at Oxford (the performance of the exercise is no longer required at Cambridge) he is compelled, at his own very serious expense, to engage the greater part of his orchestra in London, and convey them to the university. The time of professional orchestral players being very valuable, the candidate is constrained to hurry over the rehearsals, and hence it is that as a rule the exercise is imperfectly performed, and becomes at once an infliction upon the audience and a source of *chagrin* to the composer. We cannot see, therefore, what purpose of art these degree performances may be said to serve, unless it be to call attention to the lamentable lack of musical resources at the university.

Even in respect of church music, the ancient nursing-mothers of the arts can boast but little. The chapels of Trinity and King's at Cambridge, and of Magdalen and New at Oxford, still maintain their old reputation, but of the main body of college choirs the less said the better. Very little interest appears to be taken in the college services, or, indeed, in any musical matter, by the heads and Fellows of colleges in general, and as those together form the actual governing body of either university, we can hardly hope that the initiative steps towards reform will be taken by the universities themselves. External pressure must be brought to bear upon them; they must be made to feel that the art of music has claims upon them which they are bound to treat with respect, and that they have little moral right to hold examinations in a subject to the study of which they give no practical encouragement. Each university possesses its professor of music; but neither professor is resident, and the duties of each are limited to about half-a-dozen lectures per annum, and attendance at a half-yearly examination. It may reasonably be said that the universities could hardly compel the residence of musicians of such eminence as Sir Frederick Oneeley and Dr. Mcfarren; but in such a case they should be prepared to pay for their indulgence in a luxury by appointing well-qualified deputies to look after the well-being of the art within university precincts throughout the year. The lectures should be as frequent and numerous as those in other departments of science; while the practical studies should be cultivated under the eye of competent authorities armed with the direct sanction of the university. With the latter object, each university ought to subsidize a small but complete and efficient orchestra, for the illustration of lectures and the performance of classical works. It is as absurd to expect music to be cultivated in any high degree, minus these practical resources, as it would be to expect astronomy to be studied without an observatory, or chemistry without a laboratory. Not until we hear of such steps being taken can we hope that music will take its proper and ancient place among the Faculties, or its representatives hold a duly recognized rank in the "aristocracy of learning." While Sir Robert Stewart at Dublin, and Sir Herbert Oakeley, at Edinburgh, are fostering, by their presence and example, the art and its interests at those universities, English musicians have a right to ask for more downright earnestness and activity in the same direction at Oxford and Cambridge.

LA MUSIQUE AUX PAYS-BAS.[1]

Among the numerous works connected with music which have of late years been issued from the press, a prominent place must be assigned to M. Edmond Vander Straeten's book entitled *Music in the Low Countries*, and at present in course of publication. Already most favorably known as a learned musicologist, M. Vander Straeten has by this latest production from his pen more than maintained his deservedly high reputation. The fifth volume now offered the public is even more interesting than the four volumes which preceded it, and bears abundant testimony to the patient research and conscientious zeal of its clever author. To use a vulgar but expressive saying, it is as full of matter as an egg is full of meat.

Mankind never, perhaps, stands perfectly still, but at no period, probably, has its progress been so marked and so rapid as during the last few years. This is exemplified not only by the electric light, monster steamships, sewing machines, and telephones, but by the improvement manifested in the way of treating intellectual subjects, such as that now occupying M. Vander Straeten's attention. In a note addressed to the Royal Academy of Belgium, on the 6th February, 1851, that is to say very nearly thirty years ago, M. Fétis, senior, said: "There can be no doubt that a good and solid history of Belgian music is today a possibility." By the way, it may be remarked that, as a rule, doubt, especially in relation to his own powers, was an element unknown to Fétis, senior, who, like the Prime Minister of whom Sydney Smith spoke, would, we are inclined to believe, had the chance been offered him, have willingly accepted the command of the mail-steamer and dingy, which about constitute the Belgian fleet. Commenting on the opinion enounced by M. Fétis, M. Vander Straeten inquires what, at that period, had research done for religious music, folk's-songs, the musical instrument trade, the *maîtrises* in the churches, vocal competitions, the *ménestrandies* or corporations of minstrels, operas, or the private and professional life of prominent native composers and virtuosos? What archives had

[1] *La Musique aux Pays-Bas.* Par M. Edmond Vander Straeten, &c. Bruxelles chez Van Trigt, Rue Saint-Jean, et chez Schott frères.

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then been explored, with regard to these subjects, at Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Ypres, Tournai, Liége, and numerous other populous and industrial centres, where there is an almost endless abundance of documents belonging to collegiate institutions, abbeys, communes, and guilds? Fétis believed, as M. Vander Straeten observes, that with the help of a few interesting facts, picked up here and there, and a collection, mostly exotic, of books, amassed with a patience certainly deserving the highest praise, he would be able to build up a musical history as important, complex, and difficult as that of the Netherlands. "What an enormous error!" says our author. "He was only at the commencement of the task to be executed and he thought he had reached the end. He had merely turned over the surface of the ground, and he already beheld an exhaustless mine!" From the above remarks, which, though severe, are merited, the reader may easily picture to himself the spirit animating M. Vander Straeten. We must add that the latter's ability and zeal worthily second his perseverance and enthusiasm. His examination of the dusty records of past ages, his ransacking of ancient archives, and his eager perusal of monkish chronicles, have yielded him a rich store of materials, a portion of which he has fashioned in the fifth volume of *La Musique aux Pays-Bas* into five chapters, headed respectively: 1, Van Helmont (Adrien-Joseph), or Popular Songs; 2, Monte (Philippe de), or the Imperial Flemish Chapel at Vienna; 3, De Croes (Henri-Jacques), or the Royal Chapel at Brussels under Prince Charles of Lorraine; 4, Monoqué (Antoine), or Musical Bibliography; and 5, De Saay (Théodore), or the Glory of the Chimes. Such are the matters set forth, explained and illustrated in the five chapters. As the limited space at our disposal forbids our entering into details, we must content ourselves with praising generally M. Vander Straeten's latest contribution to musical literature, by cordially recommending it, and by saying with old Montaigne: "C'est ley un livre de bonne foy, lecteur." — *London Musical World.*

MUSICAL CHATS.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

NEW SERIES.

II.

I think there is nothing in the world which bespeaks a narrower mind, than the blind and absolute worship of old masters in music, and the utter ignoring of the new. Bowing down to old fossils while we wilfully forget the living and breathing life round about us, is equal to burying our head in the sand, ostrich-like, so that nobody may steal a march on us. Let us treat both new and old with equal respect. We must not, however, place Wagner ahead of Mozart, for instance, purely by reason of the newness of his musical ideas. He has only created a new era in music for his successors to alter and prune down, just as he is pruning down, or, should I say, embellishing the music of the masters who lived before him. He is a greater scientist in music than he is musician. He is intensely original as well as originally intense by nature. The beautiful compositions of his earlier years, which he now disowns, were the outcome of his original nature. His later works exhibit the intensity of the scientific side of his nature. Yet, in fair-minded man will deny that Wagner will do great good for music. It will be a battle of the same ever-contesting forces — the physical and the spiritual. It is impossible to deny that Wagner aims at highly physical effects, and has dogged will-power and strong intellect to force those effects on men's minds. But, the physical must wither and die, while the spiritual lives on forever. Just as sure as his ideas and effects are invested with this indispensable spirituality, they will live. If they are merely physical, they are doomed to die. His music-dramas appeal to the eye and to the ear. His blare and crash of brass in the orchestra must certainly be looked upon as an effect calculated to startle the ear, rather than appeal to the more delicate musical feelings of the listener. His great aim seems to be to envelop everything in an exciting mystery, even from the mythical subjects of his music-dramas, down to placing the orchestra out of sight, and doing likewise with melody itself. That simplicity which is the birth-mark of true and pure art, does not seem to belong to Wagner's music. But let us listen attentively to the compositions of the startling innovator, we may learn something from them.

The law of association of ideas acts a prominent part in music. Most of us have experienced that two or three notes from a strain of music will be sufficient to start within us a long train of remembrance, sad or sweet, as the case may be. This accounts, in a measure, for our personal likes and dislikes for certain compositions which individuals so frequently exhibit. A man may dislike a certain work simply because it has certain associations connected with it which are unpleasant for him to recall. In this connection, the perfumes of flowers have an analogous effect on human beings. There are strong individual associations connected with them. They, too, like music, vividly excite the memory and imagination, and the measure of their effect is usually governed by the extent of the poetic susceptibility of the individual concerned. On most fine poetic organizations, the perfume and sight of beautiful flowers has an effect akin to that wrought by sweet music, or the contemplation of grand works in painting and sculpture. Such effect has its physical attributes, which are by no means necessarily sensual. The deep lover of nature must possess strong poetic sensibilities, and, therefore, usually has a sincere appreciation of art. The man who loves the perfume and sight of flowers is pretty sure to be a music-lover. The artistic organization which does not appreciate beauty in all the multifarious phases of nature and art, is more or less incomplete. Of course, in a man, the burden of his appreciation will be held by that branch of nature or art toward which he has a special leaning. If his soul and mind be eminently musical, the contemplation of nature or works of painting and sculpture will suggest to him musical feelings, and even ideas. If he be a painter, his listening to grand music, or his contemplation of the inspiring scenes of nature, will stimulate him to new excitions in his special field of art. Hence comes the positive advantage to an artist of living in a distinctly artistic atmosphere. Here he will be surrounded by everything that will tend to develop his genius. He must possess an eminently broad soul which will grasp every thought and subtle suggestion, and yet focus them all to the aggrandizement of the special branch of art for which he lives and labors. Therefore, an artist should not live too exclusively shut up in his own art, but ought to exist more or less for all art and all nature. The bee gathers sweet succulence from many flowers, and yet devotes it all to the luscious honey. The musician who knows little or nothing outside of music, sadly belies his title. The limits for his adequate musical education, extend far beyond the line of music proper. He may become a wanderer in many lands, and yet return to the home of his heart with greater joy and understanding than ever.

THE DEATH OF OFFENBACH.

Jacques Offenbach, the best known of the three representative composers of opera bouffe, is dead. Hervé and Lecocq remain. There is a popular notion that Offenbach was the creator of this flippant school of music, but this is an error. Hervé was the real founder, and brought out his earlier works, which were in one act, in little café concert-halls. They were full of drollery, bizarre scenes, and rollicking music, and the libretti were suggestive and humorous. They soon became the rage, and all Paris heard them with acclaim. His success brought Offenbach into the field, and later Lecocq. Hervé did not write his larger works, like "L'Œil Crevé," "Chilperic," and "Le Petit Faust," until Offenbach had thoroughly seized upon and developed his ideas, and the school of opera bouffe was permanently established. In reality, Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," the first of his works, was the death-blow to Hervé's popularity, and afterwards Lecocq, with his "Les Cent Vierges," "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "Girofle-Girofla," "Le Petit Duc," "La Camargo," and other works, helped to dim the lustre of Hervé's success, though he was a better musician than either of the other two. Hervé's fame was local to Paris. Offenbach spread the reputation of opera bouffe all over the world, and thus it is that his name is the most closely identified with it.

Offenbach was born at Cologne, June 21, 1819, and was a Jew. Had he been a German it is doubtful whether he would ever have located himself in Paris and made for himself a reputation in a school of opera which has not a German characteristic in it. Germany has no writers in this school. Von Suppé is often called the German Offenbach, though there are no points of similarity between the two. Suppé's operas more nearly resemble the opera comique. There is nothing of the bouffe flavor about them. For two years, Offenbach studied in the Paris Conservatory, and in 1847 was appointed leader of the band, as Barbereau's successor, in the Théâtre Français. His first works were mere trifles, set to the fables of La Fontaine, and showed that he had an aptitude for pleasant, jingling melodies. The only legitimate reputation which he made was as a violoncello soloist, and his love for that instrument may be seen by the effective manner in which he uses it in his scores. In 1855, he became director of the Bouffes Parisiennes, where his earliest works, "Les Deux Aveugles," "Batacian," and "Trombal-Cazar," were produced, but these were mere trifles. Not long after he assumed the directorship he made the acquaintance of Meilhac and Halevy, then rising dramatists, and they conceived the idea of going into ancient mythology and reducing the gods and goddesses to the condition of the modern farce. They commenced with the legend of Orpheus searching through Hell for Eurydice, in which the entire group of the Olympian deities is modernized, both dramatically and musically, in the most ridiculous manner. The piece was an instant success, and "La Belle Hélène" followed, which was a laughable travesty of life in the royal household of the King of Sparta, in which these ancient heroes appear in a manner anything but stately or dignified. "Orpheus," which is his best work, ran 300 nights. "La Belle Hélène" was brought out in 1864, and first made Mme. Schneider famous. "Barbe Bleue" was the third opera of his writing. It was produced in 1866,

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but it was lacking in brilliancy as compared with its predecessors and has never been a great success.

His rivals already began to charge that he had written out, but in the next year he astounded them all and made his name known the world over with "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." It was a travesty on the Spanish Court, and it is said to have actually assisted in driving Isabella from the throne. Be this as it may, its coquettish Duchess, bombastic General, intriguing courtiers, and ridiculous army commended themselves instantly to popular favor. Its music was unlike his other works. Its melodies were very taking, its instrumentation very brilliant, and its spirit of burlesque keen, sharp, rollicking, and exercisatingly droll. There is not a song in all his writing that can compare with the "Dites lui" for real beauty, unless it be the "Serenade" in "Genevieve de Brabant," and there is not a situation in any of his operas that can compare with the conspiracy of *Gen. Boum, Baron Grog,* and *Prince Paul* in the *Duchess's* apartments, in drollery, and in the happy reflection of the sentiment of the text in the music. Schneider made a triumph in the title rôle. All Paris rushed to see it. It was played in twenty-three French theatres at one time. It traveled over Europe like wildfire. It crossed the water a year afterwards and soon went the length and breadth of our own country. It was whistled and sung on the streets. It was played on every piano and hand-organ. The bands caught it up. Innumerable potpourris appeared. It infected opera-goers, and the decline of the legitimate opera began with its advent here. It was kept alive with fresh actresses, who excelled each other in vulgarity and positive indecency. It heralded the coming of the spectacle and the leg drama. So fascinated were people with its lively numbers that they forgave even the bestiality of a Tostée.

"La Grande Duchesse" brought Offenbach to the summit of his fame. He has written numerous operas since, among them "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Perichole," "La Princesse de Trebizonde," "Les Brigands," "Le Roi Carotte," "La Vie Parisienne," "Les Bavaches," "Madame Favart," and numerous others, but in all of them he repeats himself. The vein in which he worked has yielded little since "La Grande Duchesse." There is every indication that opera bouffe has had its day, and none stronger than the tendency of the opera bouffe troupes to take up the works of the opera comique and even legitimate operas for performance. It was the fashion of a period, —a fashion which for a time did great harm to legitimate music, corrupted the popular taste, and at least did not benefit public morals. Its day has passed, however, and now that its representative writer is no more it will pass from the stage still more rapidly. The most that can be conceded to Offenbach is facility in lively melodies, agreeable dance rhythms, and a harmony that has some superficial brilliancy. His first four or five works were strong in these effects. The others have kept the stage by means of coarseness and suggestiveness in the dramatic situations and lavish displays of personal charms on the stage. But these in their turn have ceased to attract, and without them opera bouffe is tedious and dry. Much as we may admire Offenbach's humor, his industry, and his thorough and keen appreciation of burlesque, he has written nothing that will live, nothing that has made the world better, nothing that has refined or elevated music. His name as well as his music will soon be forgotten.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A FRENCH VIEW OF WAGNER.

The distinguished French *littérateur*, M. Henri Blaze de Bury, includes, in a recently published volume, a paper on Richard Wagner and the so-called Music of the Future. M. Blaze de Bury is a man of very decided opinions, which do not form themselves upon the popular model. As to music, at all events, he is far from being, in thought and in feeling, a typical Frenchman, since he never hesitates to attack the most distinguished French composers with a vivacity and point that make his criticism, quite refreshing and edifying. When such a man speaks about Wagner, his remarks, whatever their actual value, cannot fail to be of interest, and on the strength of this assurance we ask attention to the substance of his paper on the Bayreuth master.

The writer begins by repeating a conversation he once had with Meyerbeer on the subject of Richard Wagner. The theme was far from pleasant to Meyerbeer, who could not hear Wagner's name pronounced without a disagreeable sensation which he brilliantly diverted in such matters, took no pains to conceal. M. Blaze de Bury's words are, that "the name of the author of 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' had upon Meyerbeer the effect of a dissonance" — a result hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, even by those who look for its cause no further than the pages of "Oper und Drama." On one occasion Meyerbeer rallied M. Blaze du Bury for being reticent about Wagner, and then ensued the following dialogue:—

B. "The music of the future, you know my opinion — it is 'Don Giovanni,' 'Fidelio,' 'Guillaume Tell,' 'Der Freischütz,' 'Les Huguenots.' There is not an idea in the pretended theories of Wagner that has not been worked out in advance by Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, and yourself. But, on the other hand, there are many things in 'Fidelio,' 'Der Freischütz,' 'Guillaume Tell,' and 'Le Prophète,' which Wagner and his school have left out of their system, because they could not use them in their scores. However"—

M. "Ah! there is however!"

B. "Yes, maestro, for me at least, who have seen so many knowing ones deceive themselves, and so many oracles of to-day confounded by the verdict of to-morrow."

M. "But the public! do you dispute that we have there a very important criterion?"

B. "Important, yes, but not infallible; witness 'Il Barbiere' hissed at Rome, and the immortal 'Freischütz' rejected at the Odéon."

M. "Then, according to you, a day is coming when Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' will rank with those *chefs-d'œuvres*?"

B. "Please heaven such consequences will not follow. It is not sufficient to weary, provoke, and deafen the present in order to have a right of appeal from it to the future. . . . The author of 'Tannhäuser' is revolutionary only in his theories, for his music presents nothing that Beethoven and Weber have not said, and said better. As is that music to-day, so it will be in ten years, in thirty years. It has no secrets to show, and that is why I reproach it. You read as in an open book its merits and its defects — merits, alas! negative; defects without character — good sometimes, tiresome often, unintelligible never. . . ."

After this prologue, which is perhaps open to the complaint that Meyerbeer did so little of the talking, M. Blaze de Bury addresses himself to his argument.

Our author begins with a laugh at Wagnerian pretensions. To claim for Wagner the highest personification of art, present and future, is, he says, "one of the pleasantries which should be left to men gifted with skulls hard enough to make a breach in the sacred temples of the old masters" — men such as he who recently was so good as to say that "Mozart's operas are still of some value, and worth preserving." Reference is then made to Wagner's embodiment of the genius of poetry and music in one person. Here M. Blaze de Bury hits out. "At one time," he tells us, "Wagner thought himself a simple poet, and wrote dramas in verse which no one would play. Finding that poetry treated him hardly, he turned to music. 'You prevent me from making a small fortune; be it so, Monseigneur, I will make a big one,' as the future Cardinal de Bernis said to the Minister who refused him a place. Had the young dramatist's piece succeeded the least in the world, Richard Wagner would have been content to remain a poet like others, without a thought of reforming an art, even the elements of which he had not, at that ingenuous epoch of life, troubled himself to master. O supreme power of Vocation! how many things explain themselves thus? I have cited the example of Cardinal de Bernis. Richard Wagner appears to me rather to resemble those misunderstood priests who found a religion through hatred of that which has not made them bishops. Sprung from a race of comedians, he scribbled tragedies, mixing up in a heap 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear.' One fine day, hearing Goethe's 'Egmont' at Leipzig, with Beethoven's music, he thought that if some such music had been written for his piece, perhaps it would have been put on the stage somewhere. A disappointed poet; a musician by circumstances; a comedian by race — there you have all the man and all the artist."

Our author next deals with the "continuous melody," which expresses not only a situation but a word. This he accuses of making into a whole things intended to exist apart, each in its particular sphere, and to develop themselves according to their proper natures and end. M. Blaze de Bury strongly insists upon this distinction. "Music is one art, and poetry is another; which does not imply that, though perfectly separate, they ought not to approach each other. All good music has its poetry, as all good poetry has its harmony, its rhythm, its music; but each art keeps to itself its technical means, reserving them for employment in due time and place. . . . Did Schiller and Goethe, in creating their theatres, fancy themselves cutting out work for the musicians of the future. On the other hand, did Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, writing sonatas and quartets, in which poetry abounds, imagine themselves to be composing anything but music? Protesting that music is sufficient unto itself, our author goes on to say: "A sonata of Beethoven's has no words; but that does not prevent it from having poetry. What clearness there is in this intimate dialogue of the master with his instrument! Follow the musical phrase and, better than the best verse, it enables you to understand the profound drama of humanity unrolling itself before you. No feature of the master's soul escapes you, you hear its most secret vibrations of joy and sorrow, its tenderness, its meditations, its frenzy, and when it laughs or weeps the expression remains always simple, always true; a moral attitude maintains itself. . . . But in the works of the poets, especially in their dramas, there is material with which music does not agree. Music assimilates to itself characters, passions, and situations; but long tirades disconcert it; the recitatives of Telramond, like those of Thérameine, terrify it. A few drops of essence suffice to perfume a vase; four words of love, jealousy, or anger, are enough for the development of a grand morceau." As to the supremacy of music and the composer, as compared with poetry and the poet, we read: "The moment music comes into play it commands, and the words obey. For proof, observe that, however bad the verse may be, it cannot affect the music; while the finest stanzas are unable to do anything on behalf of

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music that is worthless. Such power has the musician that he can save the poem, if it be ridiculous, and destroy it, if it be sublime. Let the composer be Beethoven, and out of a *berquinade* springs 'Fidelio'; let him be Weber, and from the most incoherent, the most silly book of fables 'Euryanthe' disengages itself." Continuing the argument, our author denies the possibility of any such instantaneousness between word and note as Wagner's theory assumes. "In spoken language the words arrange themselves successively, and I perceive them only after the phrase is formed and my memory has collected them. Music, on the contrary, seizes me from the first note, and takes me along without leaving either the time or the power to return upon my steps. How can we hope to establish a complete union between forces so diverse?"

Taking as a text the remark of Ambros, that "if Wagner's principles become generally recognized and adopted as the laws of art, we may at once say '*Finis musicæ!*'" M. Blaze de Bury discusses, in a very interesting manner, the question whether music has not reached the limit of its development. Here space does not allow us to follow him, but we may quote one passage which shows pretty clearly his view that the present is a time of decadence. After referring to the "joyous and cordial parody of the ancient *régime*," he says: "This is not the parody by which the actual theatre is poisoned. Modern burlesque humor kills the idea, and with the idea the man who has been inspired by it. They speak of reviving Gluck upon the stage, and we shall see what becomes of 'Iphigenia,' 'Orpheus,' 'Eurydice' developing their grand pantomime, and their serene majesty, before an assembly saturated with cynical jokes, and still warm with the refrains of 'La Belle Hélène.' 'The music of the future' here it is,' said Rossini, one day pointing to a score of that repertory, comparable to certain plants, rank, entangled, that cover the surface of a lake, and keep from its waters, once transparent and profound, the light that comes from on high. Enthusiasm, respect for beautiful and holy things, we have renounced, but in return we scoff, sneer, and gambol to a marvel, and if we do not lift our hands towards heaven, we lift our legs in turning wheels." If the music of the burlesque theatre be one form of the music of the degenerate future, our author asserts that there is another—the music of Bayreuth, and "the more foolish of the two may not be that generally supposed." "Look on the side of the Fichtelgebirg, to the little town where lived the honest, modest, excellent Jean Paul; there dwells, enshrined in his presumption, a man who believes himself the Deity, and to whom his faithful priests never cease to sing mass. He throws himself in his Walhalla among giants, Norns, and Walkyries, and when he has finished, talking to Odin, he proposes to himself a task—strange, unlikely, even for a god—to correct Beethoven and amend Gluck. . . . Alphonse X., King of Castile and Leon, was fond of saying, 'If God had done me the honor to consult me, many things in creation would be better than they are.' So reason this personage. 'In Beethoven's place, I should have done thus,' and without more ceremony he gives to the clarinets the part of the oboes, cuts, writes over, adds to, and generally treats the text as though it were the work of a pupil. . . . To correct Beethoven and amend Gluck is less the effort of a great mind misled than of a Prudhomme."

The author professes to discover in Wagner much adroitness in turning the flank of difficulties, and much skill in, by a move of the hand, making riches out of poverty. "No one knows better than he the defects in his cuirass, and hence his habit of getting inside the mailed coat of legendary heroes, assured, in advance, of public favor." More than this, he diverts public criticism from his music to his theory, and appeals from the present to the future, which has no voice wherewith to condemn. To address the future is always a convenient thing, and it costs little to proclaim truths which cannot be contradicted by experience. True art knows nothing of such pretensions as these." — *London Musical Times.*

A GERMAN EISTEDDFOD.

A month ago the narrow streets of the old city of Cologne were crowded with five or six thousand men — Belgians, Dutchmen, Switzers, and Germans, members of singing societies, who had come to take part in the Festival by which the Kölner Liederkranz — the oldest singing-club in the town — celebrated its jubilee. The chances of travel found me at hand, and at ten o'clock on Monday morning I joined a throng which was pouring into the Gürzenich, a fine old hall of the fifteenth century, broad and lofty, with noble roof of carved wood — our own Westminster Hall in miniature. At least three thousand people were packing themselves within this hall, filling not only every seat, but every inch of standing room. The heat was stifling, yet the interest was keen.

This was not the beginning of the Festival. On Saturday evening there had been a reception of visitors, and an instrumental concert. On Sunday morning the societies, arriving by train and steamer, had been marshalled in one long procession, which had paced the principal streets. Before the start, the Liederkranz had sung Kreutzer's well-known part-song "It is the Sabbath Day." The procession over, the afternoon had been devoted to the preliminary competitions held simultaneously in five concert-halls, before juries made up from the twenty-two judges who were engaged for the occasion. Altogether there were on Sunday eight competitions, in which no less than 118 Societies had taken part, and it was the eight victors who were now on this Monday morning to compete for a prize given by Her Majesty the Empress of Germany.

The orchestra, which was not large, was nearly filled with listeners; only a small vacant space in the centre marked the place where the competing choir was to stand. In front of the orchestra, some yards back, was the judges' table, where I recognized the large and manly figure of the veteran Franz Abt, Ferdinand Hiller, Schmitt Hiller, short and round, was almost eclipsed. But who are these in gray jackets, a white cock's feather in their high felt hats, who file up on to the orchestra amid deafening applause? This is a Tyrolese choir from Innsbruck, and they sing with much delicacy and gentleness, the conductor guiding them with his hand merely. They are followed by the Cecilia Society of Godesburg, a Rhine-land village, which shows drill, but also a hardness of tone which more or less characterizes all the German choirs we hear. The next burst of cheers heralds an Amsterdam choir, in which we notice the fine basses — human bombardons — which seem to flourish only on the Continent. After another German choir comes the St. Nicholas Society of Liége, in Belgium, singing with a fire and force that was terrific, and a touch and attack that spoke of hours of patient and searching drill. A German choir from Nippes sang next, and then the Dresden Liedertafel, refined and smooth, showing culture more than force. The last was a second choir from Liége, the Cercle Chorale de Fragnee. Then came a few moments of eager expectancy. The vast audience stood waiting the verdict of the judges. It was soon given, and with a shout of "Dresden" the crowd made for the doors.

At five o'clock in the evening the hall filled again. Choirs which had won a first prize in previous Festivals, formed, in this Festival, a class by themselves, called the Highest International Honor-Class. These choirs were larger, and sang more difficult music than those we had heard in the morning. The choirs at the earlier competition had each sung a piece of their own selection; the five choirs which now entered the lists sang two pieces each, one of them an "Hosanna" by Ferdinand Hiller, which occupied a quarter of an hour, and was crowded with difficulties. The minimum strength of choirs in this class was seventy, and the best of them showed largeness of effect, voluminous tone, with the precision, the ease, and the neatness of fine machinery. At half-past eight the verdict was given. The Verviers Choir (Belgian) took the first prize, the Chenée Choir (also Belgian) the second, and the Rotterdam Choir the third. Thus the Germans were left wholly out in the cold. The members of the Continental Singing Societies, as is well known, are but imperfect readers. Each part is rehearsed separately, and learnt by heart from the piano; the parts are then combined. One does not like to say anything which may seem to disparage the power of reading at sight, but this habit of memorizing produces the most finished and perfect results. English choirs, with one or two exceptions, do not know the meaning of "precision" as it is predicated of these foreign choirs. They have the altogetherness and the perfectly united movement which we find in a first-rate orchestra, the members of which have played together for years. Neither in attacking nor in leaving the tones, whether they be loud or soft, can individual voices be distinguished; all is blended and homogeneous. Short staccato chords are delivered like the volley firing of a crack regiment; it is "all at once and nothing first." The only fault which need be noticed is the tendency to force the voices at the expense of smoothness and pure tone. This is perhaps natural to men whose lungs are generally stronger than their throats.

The large audience greeted each choir as it ascended the platform with great cordiality, and applause, more or less vociferous according to the character of the singing, marked the conclusion of each piece. The first sign of every choir was a heavy banner richly embroidered with gold, and hung in most cases with many medals, which rattled against each other as the standard bearer advanced. This was followed by a small banner on which the name of the choir and the number of singers it contained stood out in clear white letters.

It is curious that in all the competitions the minimum, not the maximum, number of singers in each choir was fixed by rule. The result was that the choirs varied considerably in size. The mode of classifying the choirs was interesting. There were four classes for the German choirs, each of which had its prizes. The first class was for choirs from villages of less than 3,000 inhabitants, consisting of at least 20 singers. In the second class these numbers were raised to 10,000 and 25 respectively; in the third class to 25,000 and 35; in the fourth class the town must contain upwards of 25,000 inhabitants, and the choir at least 50 singers. The Belgian choirs were divided into two classes on the same plan, 20,000 inhabitants being the dividing line. The Dutch choirs, being few, were not divided. At the first blush this method of classification seems arbitrary, but one sees the justice of it on reflection, for large towns will naturally have a larger pick of singers, and ought, therefore, to produce larger and better choirs than the small towns. Pretty medals were cast in honor of the Festival and worn by most of the singers.

The conductors arranged their men in very compact form, evidently counting much on this to promote solidity of style. With the exception of the Switzers, whose characteristic dress I have already noticed, the singers were broad-shouldered. They clustered close around their conductor, and fixed their eyes on him while singing.

The etiquette of the Festival was interesting. No societies or individual singers belonging to Cologne were allowed to take part in the fray. They were in the position of hosts, and the competing societies were their guests. For each competition one of the city societies was told off as a "greeting choir" (Begrüssende Verein), and the proceedings invariably began with a chorus sung by the greeting choir. In every way this was a happy arrangement. It displayed the modesty of the Cologne societies, while it allowed the public to see how they could sing. The organization of the Festival was complete. Five committees managed

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severally the music, the literature, the art, the lodgings, and the procession. The programme was a most carefully edited pamphlet of 144 pages, sold at the very low price of sixpence. It begins with a poem which gives vent to the feelings proper to the occasion. Then follow lists of officials, conditions, prizes, with the names of the honorary, active, and inactive members of the Cologne Liederkranz. We then have a history of the Society from its foundation in 1855, to the present time, written in a somewhat mock-heroic tone, which must be excused at such a moment. The programme of the four days follows, and then the words of no less than 137 pieces which the different societies had chosen to sing. These were numbered, and the number being called out as each began, the words were easily found. The last section of the book is occupied with lists of the members of all the competing societies.

On Tuesday morning the winning choirs assembled for the distribution of prizes by the mayor. There was some instrumental music, and the Liederkranz sang Mendelssohn's "Festgesang." But on Monday afternoon and evening the great majority of the choirs left the town. As the day wore on they crowded the railway station, and snatches of their songs mingled with the shrieking of the engines and the hissing of the boilers. The men who belonged to successful choirs wore in their hats a card with the word "Preis" written hurriedly upon it, and looked rather jaunty, while those who carried no label looked matter-of-fact. But all were in a good humor.

It is instructive to study a Festival of this sort, which fits so naturally into Continental habits, and yet would be utterly foreign to English ways. The first remark an Englishman makes, especially if he is married or hopes to be, is that these five or six thousand men represented probably an equal number of wives, present or future, left at home. To say nothing of musical advantage, the way in which English men and women take their pleasures together is surely better than the separation which prevails abroad. In England we hear men's-voice singing as a rare and delightful change from the prevalent mixed-voice singing. On the Continent the proportions are reversed. Now, men's-voice singing much sooner becomes monotonous than mixed-voice singing. The Germans themselves feel this. A German musical critic whose acquaintance I made during my subsequent stay at Bonn, spoke very disparagingly of the singing clubs, in which, he said, art was subordinated to beer. He regarded mixed-voice choirs as much better in every way. The reform, however, does not lie with the musicians to accomplish. The men's singing clubs are the expression of a social condition, and this must be changed if mixed choirs are to become common. — *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter, Oct. 1.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

TREMONT TEMPLE CONCERTS.

ORGAN EXHIBITION. As a sort of prelude to the dedicatory oratorios and concerts in the new hall, there was a private exhibition, numerously attended, on Friday evening, Oct. 8, of the splendid organ built by Messrs. E. and G. G. Hook and Hastings to replace the one destroyed in the burning of the Temple. A description of the organ will be found below. The selections on this occasion were well suited to exhibit the qualities of the noble instrument, which contains 52 speaking registers and a total of 3,442 pipes.

The first part of the programme was purely classical and performed by Mr. B. J. Lang. That grand, full-flowing five-part Fantasia in G-major of Bach, with its sparkling prelude, which Mr. Lang used to play some years ago on the great organ of the Music Hall, was followed by an exquisitely sweet and tender movement from Bach's Pastorale in F. The former showed the full organ, with its massive and well balanced harmonies, to good advantage. The latter was played upon a stop so soft and delicate, that, what with some noise around, we found it difficult to hear some parts of it. Then came one of Schumann's fugues on the letters of Bach's name; but not the improvisations or a theme from Bach set down in the programme.

Mr. S. B. Whitney, organist of the church of the Advent, in a Bach fugue in C, a Fantaisie in three movements by Berthold Tours, transcriptions of the Vorspiel to *Lohengrin* and other things from Wagner, and a transcription of his own Vesper Hymn, put the organ through its paces as an orchestral and solo instrument. A great variety of voices of bright and individual character and color were exhibited, — more of the brilliant than of the subdued and tender, as it seemed to us, like the shine of fresh paint, — but great distinctness, and prompt outspeakingness. The "Stentorphone" and "Tuba Mirabilis" (8 ft. pipes), which he casually let loose, were tones of startling solidity and loudness, such as might wake the dead. But if excess of brilliancy is too much the prevailing character of the organ, probably there is much which time and use will mellow and subdue and sweeten.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" was given on the formal opening night (Monday, Oct. 11,) by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Zerrahn conducting, and Mr. Lang at the organ, as usual. The chorus of the Society, about one hundred short of its usual number on account of the limitation of the stage, was well displayed upon the curving tiers of seats in front of the elegant and cheerful architecture of the organ, and the orchestra occupied the space in the middle, the whole being brought so far out into the auditorium, that everything was clearly heard. It was as a whole a very spirited and excellent performance. The choruses came out with uncommon unity and promptness of attack, sharpness of outline, and a ringing, rich ensemble. The shading, too, was good, and the accompaniment for the most part felicitous. Miss Lillian Bailey, who sang here for the first time since her studies in Paris, and her successful career in England, took the soprano solos; and, considering her youth, and the yet juvenile though much improved quality of her voice in firmness, evenness and fullness, acquitted herself most creditably. In the scene "There were shepherds" one missed of course the grand power and nobility of the great sopranos we have heard in that, like Jenny Lind, Nilsson and others; but the young lady's tones are pure and clear as a bird, her intonation faultless, and all the exacting arias were well studied and agreeably sustained with good style and expression. Miss Emily Winant's rich contralto voice seemed richer and more satisfying than ever before; she sang with unaffected, simple truth of feeling. Mr. Wm. J. Winch, somehow, was not at his best in the tenor airs and recitatives. Mr. M. W. Whitney gave the bass solos in his grandest voice, and with rare spirit and effect. The chorus singing frequently roused the audience to enthusiasm. But the audience was only moderate in numbers. The greater part of it occupied the cheaper seats in the vast upper end balcony, — the best place undoubtedly for hearing; but the heat and want of ventilation there were complained of as intolerable. This, we presume, can be remedied.

THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, of forty instruments, B. Listemann conductor, gave the second of these concerts on the following (Tuesday) evening. At the hour announced for the beginning, half-past seven, scarcely any audience had presented itself. At about ten minutes before eight, people began to pour in, about half filling the floor; the great end gallery we could not observe from the back of the floor, where we sat waiting until after eight for the musicians to appear upon the stage, a searching, cold, pneumoniac draught the meanwhile sweeping through the open doors behind us (how much more safe and comfortable the *side* entrances of the Music Hall!), so that one of the prime conditions of yielding one's self up heartily and freely to the influence of music, however excellent, was wanting. This was one of those little drawbacks incident to the first trials of a new hall, which we trust time will correct. — Mr. Listemann's orchestra appeared to be thoroughly trained, and gave a satisfactory rendering of what we dared to stay and hear of the following programme:

Overture, "Leonore," (No. 3)	Beethoven
Introduction to "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Violoncello solo, "Fantasie Melodique"	C. Schubert
Mr. Alexander Heindl.	
Serenade and allegro (with orchestra)	Mendelssohn
Mr. Otto Bendix.	
Remember now thy Creator	Rhodes
Ruggles St. Church male quartet.	
Two Slavonic dances	Dvorak
Melodie, "Saeterjentens Söndag"	Ole Bull
(Arranged for string orchestra by Svendsen.)	
Miniature march	Tschaikowski
Saxophone solo (air Tyrollienne Varié)	Leo Chic
Mr. Eustach Strasser.	
Polonaise in E	Liszt
Piano solos, Prelude	Chopin
Rhapsodie	Liszt
Mr. Otto Bendix.	
When evening's twilight	Hatton
Ruggles St. Church male quartet.	
Concert waltz, "The Village Swallows"	Strauss

Mr. Heindl's 'cello solo was artistically played; and Mr. Bendix gave a clean and graceful rendering of the *Serenade and Allegro giojoso* of Mendelssohn. The selections of the church male quartet were rather monotonous and commonplace, but were sung with sweetly blended voices, in a style refined almost to sentimentality, after certain more experienced models.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH," again by the Handel and Haydn Society, drew a considerably larger, but no means a full audience on Wednesday evening. Again we had a spirited and careful rendering of this popular oratorio as a whole. There was a change of solo vocalists. Miss Fanny Kellogg, to whom were entrusted the principal soprano arias, seems to have gained in volume and in carrying power of voice, and sang with intelligence and fervor, and with much declamatory force. Miss Winant, the only soloist in the preceding cast, sang "Oh rest in the Lord" in a manner most impressive. We have heard nothing more beautiful in its way for a long time; and all her part was equally satisfactory, she bearing off the chief honors of the evening. Mr. Charles R. Adams gave the first tenor recitative and aria: "If with all your hearts," with that artistic perfection of style, enunciation, and expression, which is always his so long as his voice is free from hoarseness. Through this air it served him well, but became somewhat clouded afterwards, although "Then shall the righteous shine" was superbly sung. Mr John F. Winch appears to have studied lately to some purpose, for he was in great voice, and sang with more freedom and energy than he was wont to manifest. The assistants in the quartets and angel trio were Miss Lucie Homer, Mrs. C. C. Noyes, Mr. G. W. Want, and Mr. D. M. Babcock. All rendered good service.

It was on the whole an unfavorable week for a series of grand concerts, particularly in an unaccustomed hall. Many of the most musical families were still out of town; there was too much politics in the air and in anxious patriotic minds; beautiful evenings and a reluctance to give up the summer's fascinating freedom, etc., etc., all together proved too strong for the charmer, music, to overcome.

MR. OLIVER KING'S CONCERTS.

This young man of twenty-four, pianist to the Princess Louise of Canada, is devoting his holidays, during the absence of the Princess in Europe, to making himself a little known both as pianist and as orchestral composer in the States. He was born in London, and studied first with Barnby, afterwards for four

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years at Leipzig, where his piano concerto, dedicated to Reinecke, was produced at the annual *Haupt-prüfung* at the Conservatory.

His first concert here, on Monday evening, Oct. 11, was unfortunate in want of management. The evening was badly chosen, being that of the *Messiah* at the Temple. The place was badly chosen; the great Music Hall, not a quarter filled, and mostly with unmusical deadheads, recruits at the last moment evidently, — people who went out in the middle of a piece, slamming the doors behind them, — must have had a chilling influence upon the young artist. Yet he carried through his very classical programme, with the assistance of Miss Fanny Kellogg in some songs, with the amiable patience of a saint, and managed to prove himself an accomplished interpreter of such works as Liszt's transcription of Bach's G-minor Fantaisie and Fugue, a Prelude and Toccata by Lachner, Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E-minor, the "Carnaval" scenes of Schumann, the Ballade in A-flat of Chopin, the "Wilde Jagd," by Liszt, besides a tender and graceful "Legend," by himself. Mr. King has a clear and brilliant touch, a fluent execution, and plays like an intelligent musician, perfectly at home and at ease in his work. The chief fault was uniformity, the same unflagging, unimpassioned, even energy throughout, not wanting in freedom, grace or accuracy, but in fire. He played all from memory.

His second concert (Friday evening) was remarkable as offering three of his own compositions in large form, with orchestra: a piano concerto in three movements, a symphony in five movements (never performed before), and a concert overture. This was a courageous undertaking for so young a man. Of course there was the disadvantage of a brief rehearsal; but Mr. Listemann and his orchestra gave it their best care, and it was evident that the young composer had the sympathy of the musicians. It was at least shown that he had made earnest studies. He knows how to compose, how to shape a thing in regard to form, how to develop themes; and he understands the use of the orchestra. In spite of crudities, of youthful extravagancies, of leanings here and there toward Liszt and Wagner, we found the works interesting; the overture particularly, which is perfectly clear and symmetrical, composed of three distinct subjects, in marked contrast to each other, and all three worked out together to the end.

In all these compositions he shows no lack of ideas and resources, but he is not always so successful in the products as he is in this overture and in the finale of the Symphony, which is clear, original, and beautiful. The first Allegro is in strict sonata form, to be sure, and has interesting themes, yet somehow, as it went on you could fancy yourself in the middle of some Lisztian Symphonische Dichtung. The short Andante was pleasing and idyllic. The Allegro Scherzando (in 6-8 measure) was of the wildest, most audacious in its sudden contrasts — no lack here of fire! The Adagio was more than we could fathom; very long, obscure, monotonous it seemed, abounding in close, chromatic, creeping harmonies, and altogether modern. The Concerto was to us the least satisfactory of the three works. Is has brilliant passages, which he played brilliantly, but, taken as a whole, we felt a lack of clear and positive intention. It is, however, absurd to pass any judgment on such works after a single hearing; they have merit enough, at all events, to entitle them to a nearer acquaintance and examination. Certain faults of instrumentation were more than once apparent. For instance, the tiresome, persistent Wagnerian squeal of the violins upon very high tones; sudden irruptions of trombones, etc., vanishing as suddenly; and, worst of all, the pervading restlessness, the want of repose, which is so characteristic of the new school of music. But Mr. King has talent, perhaps something more; and he is so earnest a musician, so well read and trained, and so appreciative of Bach and Beethoven, that we confidently expect something better from him. He is modest, open and ingenuous, as well as earnest; and he has already won respect and sympathy here among those whose appreciation is worth having.

The concert was relieved by some artistic and effective harp performances by Mme. Chatterton-Bohrer. Her rendering of a Gavotte by Gluck was particularly edifying after a restless modern symphony.

THE NEW TREMONT TEMPLE AND ITS ORGAN.

The reconstructed Temple has been opened and used as a hall for music during the whole of the past week. There was a private exhibition of the new organ, one of the very finest in the city, on Friday evening of the week before, and many persons were invited to go over the whole building on the following (Saturday) evening and inspect its many beauties and conveniences. On Monday (Oct. 11) and Wednesday evenings the oratorios of the *Messiah* and *Elijah* were performed; on Tuesday there was an orchestral concert by Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic orchestra; on Friday evening, a popular concert; and on Saturday a children's matinée. Of the first three we speak elsewhere. We deem it unwise to form an opinion of the acoustic qualities of a great hall, as compared say with the Music Hall, before we have had time enough to begin to feel perfectly at home in it. There are always numerous little drawbacks and confusing circumstances in the first trial of a brand new hall, — a certain sense of rawness, however brilliant its aspect, and however distinctly every sound asserts itself within its walls. This commonly wears off in time, as all that speaks to eye and ear gets gradually toned down and harmonized. In the matter of sound, in fact, we have often imagined that it must be with music halls as it is with violins, that it requires time and use to bring all the vibrations into sympathetic accord. We must say, however, for the present, that we found the hall extremely beautiful, and that the sounds of instruments and voices came out clear and brilliant. We missed the amplitude and simple grandeur which we feel on entering the Boston Music Hall, and we miss, of course, the thousand musical associations, the inspiring memories of musical experiences such as we can hardly hope to ever have surpassed, which hang about those noble walls. The new hall, in spite of its elegance, still seems a little cramped and stiff to us in comparison with it. And we fear that the problem of making it seat an equal number of persons with the Music Hall has been only solved by too close packing, while the enormous depth of the end upper gallery, and the great width of the side galleries contracts the main hall so that the *sense* of spaciousness is wanting. Yet we have little doubt, that, next to the Music Hall, it is one of the very finest halls for music in this country. — But let experience report of it from time to time. Meanwhile we borrow a description from the *Daily Advertiser:*

There was little in the appearance of the reconstructed Tremont Temple, as it was opened for the first time last evening for a private exhibition of the new organ, to remind one of the old Temple that has been only a memory for more than a year; not always a fragrant memory, either, as one thinks of it dingy, sombre, illy-ventilated, and so difficult of entrance and egress. Very few persons went up the steep, narrow stairs which led to the gallery without a moment of suffocation as the thought flashed across them what would be their probable fate in case of a fire. Such ugly thoughts were stifled as soon as possible, although they had a very uncomfortable way of obtruding themselves at intervals during an evening. It was fortunate that when the fire did come it was at a time when no one was in the trap. With the new building everything is most radically changed, and there is no place in the city which can be cleared more readily in case of fire or panic. The halls and corridors are wide, with doors opening into them at short spaces, and there are three stairways leading from the second gallery to the floor. The entire building can be emptied in a few minutes, even of a crowded audience. This fact alone will tend to make it one of the most popular concert halls in the city, and its exquisite architectural beauty and artistic decoration will also aid in this direction. A double flight of easy marble steps leads from the street to the floor of the Temple. A handsome vestibule occupies the space between the stairways, and the ticket offices, of which there are two, are situated directly under the stairways. Out of the corridor at the head of the stairs the main hall opens. Nothing remains to remind of the old hall but the square outline, which is much the same, the coloring and arrangement are so different. The platform, which is lower than the old one, occupies nearly half the floor, but there is a semi-circle of seats in front and on either side of the organ, so that no space is lost by the depth of the platform. The organ occupies the entire end of the building, and is one of the handsomest organs ever seen in Boston. It is in the cathedral shape, is painted a delicate cream color, with exquisite decorations in dull gold; the pipes are of block tin, as bright as burnished silver, and in perfect accordance with the other coloring. While there is some beautiful carving, the general effect is of elegant simplicity. There are two balconies, each easy of access, and with numerous doors swinging outward. The front of the balconies is white, and is in a very pretty design. The chairs are of ash, covered with green leather. The coloring is particularly harmonious and restful. The walls are tinted a pale chocolate ground, and with this color buff and blue are used with the most charming effects. The ceiling shows panels of blue crossed off with heavy carved beams in dark wood. Four large chandeliers with crystal jets and drops, and fourteen smaller ones in the same design, add lightness and brilliancy, while the side lights in the first balcony have also the crystal drops. A very little gilt is used, just enough to give life to the cooler tints, but not enough to become obtrusive. The corridors are tinted pale blue, all the wood-work being painted a soft, pale brown to harmonize. It is entirely unlike any other public building in the city, and certainly goes far ahead in the beauty of architecture and harmony of decoration. Mr. Carl Fehmer, the successful architect, has every reason to be proud of his achievement.

The Meionaon is as much altered for the better as the Temple itself; while the approach remains the same, yet the room itself has the appearance of being more "above ground," and it has been raised and well arranged for ventilation, and is now the very prettiest small hall in the city, and the best adapted for chamber and classical concerts, recitals, etc. A gallery surrounds three sides of the hall, which seats over two hundred persons. The decorations are chiefly in pale neutral tints, with here and there a touch of color; the chairs are of ash, with maroon leather covering, and the gas jets surround the eight ornamented columns which support the hall above. The work of rebuilding has been thoroughly done, and although the exterior remains unchanged, that is all that is left of the old Tremont Temple.

THE NEW ORGAN.

The new organ built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook & Hastings was privately exhibited last night before a large audience, in which the musical profession of Boston was largely represented. The organ is the fourth which the firm have built for the Temple, the two large ones which preceded it in 1846 and 1853 having been burned in 1852 and 1879 respectively. In the matter of size it is exceeded by several in this city. But so far as artistic completeness is concerned, regard being had for the avowed purpose of the builders — the production of an organ for concert use — and in thoroughness of construction, it is outranked by none. From the schedule which we print below it will be seen that brilliancy is the main feature of the instrument. In this respect it bears a strong resemblance to the most famous French organs, and it will be found especially adapted for the performance of transcriptions of orchestral compositions. The full list of registers is as follows: —

GREAT ORGAN.

16 ft.	Open diapason, metal.	2⅔ ft.	Twelfth, metal.
8 "	" " "	2 "	Fifteenth, metal.
8 "	Viola de gamba, metal.	4 "	Rks. mixture, metal.
8 "	Doppelflote, wood.	4 "	Rks. acuta, metal.
8 "	Gemshorn, metal.	16 "	Trumpet, metal.
5⅓ "	Quint, metal.	8 "	Trumpet, metal.
4 "	Octave, metal.	4 "	Clarion, metal.
4 "	Flute harmonique, metal.		

SWELL ORGAN.

16 ft.	Bourdon, wood.	4 ft.	Rks. dolce cornet, metal.
8 "	Open diapason, metal.	16 "	Contra fagotto, metal.
8 "	Salicional, metal.	8 "	Cornopean, metal.
8 "	Std. diapason, wood.	8 "	Oboe (with bassoon), metal.
8 "	Quintadena, metal.	8 "	Vox Humana, metal.
4 "	Flauto traverso, wood.	4 "	Clarion, metal.
4 "	Violina, metal.		
4 "	Octave, metal.		
2 "	Flautino, metal.		

CHOIR ORGAN.

16 ft.	Lieblich Gedackt, wood.	8 ft.	Melodia, wood.
8 "	English open diapason, metal.	4 "	Flute d'Amour, wood and metal.
8 "	Geigen principal, metal.	4 "	Fugara, metal.
8 "	Dulciana, metal.	2 "	Piccolo, metal.
8 "	Std. diapason, wood.	8 "	Clarinet, metal.
		8 "	Vox angelica, metal.

SOLO ORGAN.

8 ft.	Stentorphone, metal.	8 ft.	Tuba Mirabilis, metal.

PEDAL ORGAN.

16 ft.	Open diapason, wood.	8 ft.	Octave, wood.
16 "	Dulciana, metal.	16 "	Trombone, wood.
16 "	Violone, wood.	8 "	Trumpet, metal.
10⅔ "	Quintflote, wood.	32 "	Bourdon, wood.
8 "	Violoncello, metal.		

There are fourteen couplers and other mechanical registers, and ten pedal movements and combinations, including a "grand crescendo" by means of which the whole organ may be brought on from the softest stop, and diminished at the will of the player. All the newest discoveries and inventions in the art of organ-building, including a water-engine for keeping the organ supplied with wind, have been made use of. The scale of the pedal organ is from C-1 to E-o, thirty notes, and of each of the manuals from C-o to C-4, sixty-one notes. Summing up its resources we find that there are 52 registers (besides the mechanical movements), which embrace 3442 pipes. Only those organists who have been permitted to play on the instrument can speak "by the card" of its action, but from one of them, at least, and a high authority, we have the most enthusiastic praise for its quick response. As for its sound, we can safely say that it gave great satisfaction to those who take most delight in brilliancy.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 10. — I have neglected this correspondence a long time, and hereby apologize, offering as an excuse nothing better than summer laziness, and a dearth of important musical events. I

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ought to qualify this latter statement, however, for I might have given you an account of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews's summer Normal at Evanston, where I had the honor of being a teacher. The full corps of teachers was as follows:

W. S. B. Mathews, Principal,—Lecturer on the Art of Teaching, and Musical History; Teacher of the Pianoforte and Musical Interpretation.
Wm. B. Chamberlain, A. M., Voice-Building, Singing, Elocution, Chorus Directing, and Song Recitals.
John C. Fillmore A. M., the Pianoforte, Harmony, and Counterpoint.
Calvin B. Cady, the Organ, Pianoforte, Harmony, and the Art of Teaching.
Miss Lydia S. Harris, Pianoforte Recitals, and Teaching.
Mrs. Julia E. Hanford, Voice-Building and Singing.
Miss Mary H. How (Contralto), Song Recitals and Solo Singing.
Wm. H. Sherwood (Virtuoso Pianist) in five Recitals—Aug. 12-17th.

The pupils of the school were not numerous, but their intelligence and their eagerness to learn made the work of teaching delightful. Then, whoever works with Mr. Mathews finds himself stimulated to his highest activity, and the best in him drawn out, so that the result of the whole was a musical and intellectual atmosphere such as I have not often found in this country. Mr. Sherwood (finally assisted by Mrs. Sherwood) gave us five noble programmes in a thoroughly admirable way, and the song recitals of Miss How and Mr. Chamberlain were also very valuable.

As for music here: We have a new violinist in Mr. Gustav Bach, son of our local orchestra conductor, Mr. Christopher Bach. This young man has just returned from three years study in Leipzig, and has given a concert in which he played the difficult Lipinski concerto, and two smaller pieces of his own composition, and made a most favorable impression both as executant, interpretative artist and composer. He was creditably assisted by his father's orchestra, and by local soloists.

The Heine Quartet announces a series of six recitals of chamber-music.

The Arion Club announces no concerts, but may give one or two by and by. They are now working privately, and I hear that Mr. Tomlins is training them vigorously.

The Musical Society has issued the following programme of its thirtieth season:

First Concert, Friday, Oct. 22.
Symphony by Joachim Raff, "Im Walde" (In the Forest), first time.
Scenes from the "Golden Legend."
Prize Composition by Dudley Buck, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.
First Soiree, Tuesday, Dec. 7.
Second Concert, Friday, Jan. 28, 1881.
"Odysseus," for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra, by Max Bruch.
Second Soiree, Tuesday, March 15.
Third Concert, Friday, April 22.
"Elijah," Oratorio by Mendelssohn, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.

The mixed chorus is composed of 120 members; the Grand Orchestra will number 60 performers.

Members have free admission to the general rehearsals. J. C. F.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Since my last note to the *Journal*, there has been some controversy going on in the Chicago *Tribune*, in regard to the merits of Mr. Boscovitz as an interpreter of Chopin's music. There was considerable doubt expressed, by one writer, that Mr. Boscovitz was in reality a pupil of that master. This brought a reply from another writer, that Mr. Boscovitz took lessons of Chopin during the last year of the composer's life; Mr. Boscovitz being at that time eleven years of age. To a person outside of the musical circle these little controversies would seem very trifling. But they arise from the fact that musicians have allowed themselves to be badly managed, or that they follow false advice. To have a pianist advertise himself as a pupil of Liszt and Chopin, and to depend upon that statement to advance his claims to public attention, is a mistaken notion. We have had too many examples of people hiding in the shadow of another's greatness, and expecting to gain a reputation thereby. It matters very little to a public who the instructors of a musician may have been. The question they are interested in, is, what is the man himself; what are his talents and accomplishments? And by these alone will he rise or fall in the public's estimation. We have had a number of pianists who claim Liszt for a teacher, and I have never discovered that this fact made any difference in the estimation that the musical people made of them. A true artist will seek nothing but personal recognition, and this will come from the manifestation of his own powers. It is possible that even a pupil of Liszt might play badly, and that a pianist who had been under the direction of Chopin might be mistaken in his interpretation of the great master's musical thoughts. It is far better, in these days, to stand or fall by one's own ability, than to gain notoriety by living in the shadow of another's fame. I have often thought, that in the art-world many musicians bring upon themselves the censure of the thinking people, simply by indulging in controversies of which there is not the slightest need. When a pianist appears in public we have nothing to do with his teachers, but we draw our estimation of him from his own performance. If he be a Rubinstein our admiration is unbounded, and if he is even a pianist of fair skill, we give him a measure of our praise, but he must be content to stand by himself, for thus alone will the world judge him.

The Liesegang-Helmendahl String Quartet opened their season with a concert on Tuesday evening of this week. They played Mozart's quartet in E-flat, and the quintet of Schubert in C-major. Mr. Charles Knorr sang an air from the *Joseph* of Mehul. The playing of this club is very enjoyable, being marked by sympathy and correctness of balance. Quartet playing is very enjoyable when each musician is deeply in sympathy with the work to be performed, and plays with finish and a proper sense of feeling. Each player must be one part of a whole, and aim at a completeness of performance, which forbids anything like self being made a prominent element. Each instrument is made subordinate to the other, until they all agree in one purpose,—that of a perfect whole. Thus is it possible for the work to be rightly performed. In every musical composition of any real merit, there is an art-principle which connects every part into one perfect whole. It is in realizing this central idea, and making it understood by the listeners, that the power of the real musician is made manifest. To magnify one melody, or to intensify one part of the work, at the expense of the other portions, may indeed call the attention of an audience to one beauty, but it disfigures the art-form, which is intended to give the content and meaning of the composition when taken as a whole. A composition may have beautiful moments, but it must form also a beautiful whole, to be considered a complete work. Our little organization is beginning to realize the need of proper interpretations, and each member is sinking the idea of self, and is thus perfecting the quartet. They deserve praise for their true effort in behalf of correct quartet playing.

A pleasant concert was given last evening in Fairbanks Hall, which presented a varied programme, although mainly devoted to pianoforte music. Mrs. B. F. Haddoch, Misses Morton, Dutton, Mrs. Smith, Messrs. Clark, Boscovitz, Shafer and Baird, taking part. The programme contained some good music, and taken as a whole proved attractive. Mr. Emil Liebling will shortly give the first of a series of pianoforte concerts. He will produce some of the modern works for the pianoforte and string instruments. The Apollo Club are rehearsing Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," which will be performed at their first concert. It is a mighty work, and will require great endurance and skill on the part of the choruses, when a full performance is given.—But my letter lengthens. C. H. B.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Boston. Mr. John A. Preston gave the first of three Recitals on the new Tremont Temple organ, last Wednesday noon. His selections were interesting: 1. The great G-minor Fantaisie and Fugue of Bach, which, though otherwise well played, he took at a fast tempo better suited to the piano, making the lower voices in the harmony not quite distinct. 2. Mendelssohn's Sonata in F-minor, beautifully rendered with fine combinations and contrasts of stops. 3. A very characteristic Rhapsodie in A-minor, by Saint-Saëns, new here, pastoral, romantic, quaint. 4. Chorus from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.—In the second recital, to-day noon, he will be assisted by Mr. George Chadwick, in a Fantasia for four hands, by Adolph Hesse. Last recital Wednesday next.

—— The Handel and Haydn Society's programme for the coming season, as far as made up, is as follows: Sunday, Dec. 26, "The Messiah," with Mr. W. C. Tower and Mr. George Henschel, as soloists; Jan. 30, Mozart's "Requiem Mass" and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives;" Good Friday, (April 15), Bach's "Passion Music," with Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. J. F. Winch, and Mr. Henschel; Easter Sunday (April 18), an oratorio not yet decided upon. All of these concerts will take place in Music Hall.

—— The first concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra will be given Nov. 5, Mr. Franz Rummel appearing as piano soloist. There will be five concerts. See circulars at Music Hall, etc.

—— The full programme of the first Harvard Symphony concert (Nov. 18), is as follows: Overture to "The Water-carrier," *Cherubini*; Aria (first time) from *Handel's* opera "Alessandro," Miss Lillian Bailey; Seventh Symphony, *Beethoven*; three old Scotch and Irish songs, arranged by *Beethoven*, with piano, violin and 'cello accompaniment, Miss Bailey; Overture to "Julius Cæsar" (first time), *Schumann*.

Second concert (Dec. 2): short Symphony in C, (first time here), *Haydn*; Piano Concerto, No. 2, in A, *Liszt*, Mr. Max Pinner, of New York; short Symphony in A-minor, No. 2, first time) *Saint-Saëns*; piano solos; overture to *Egmont*. The third concert (Dec. 16), will contain (second time) Prof. *J. K. Paine's* "Spring" Symphony; Violin Concerto, *Max Bruch*, played by Mr. *T. Adamowsky*; two short overtures to "Alceste," *Gluck* (first time), and to *Tito*, Mozart; and probably a vocal Aria.

Subscription lists for the eight concerts will remain open at the Music Hall and principal music stores until Nov. 8.

—— Madame Cappiani has returned from her visit to the West, where she was cordially received, and where the demands upon her professional services occupied nearly all her time. She will divide her residence this winter between Boston and New York, having taken rooms in the latter city, at 351 Fifth Avenue, where she will receive her pupils on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday each week; meeting her pupils here on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.—*Gaz.*

—— Signor V. Cirillo, by the advice of his physicians, will spend the coming winter in Italy, where he will visit and thoroughly inspect the great schools of singing, and inform himself upon every new feature introduced into their courses of instruction within the last eight years.

Sig. Vanini, also, has been forced to return to Italy for health.

Cambridge.—The Harvard students having decided to rival the success of the Oxford students in producing a Greek play, looked about for some one who would undertake the leading part and finally found an excellent man in Mr. Riddle, who has undertaken to learn seven hundred lines of Sophocles's "Œdipus Tyrannus" before next May. The remaining characters will be taken by students. Though the work has but just started, it has received more than the necessary impetus by the intense interest already felt by professors and students. Professors White and Goodwin are to drill the actors in pronunciation; Professor Charles Eliot Norton will plan the costumes, with reference, of course, to strict historical accuracy: the one scene is to be designed and superintended by a prominent architect, and George Osgood will lead the chorus. Sanders Theatre is admirably adapted to a Greek play, and, if the plans are brought as near historical and dramatic perfection as they already promise, the production of "Œdipus Tyrannus" will be an epoch in the history of classics at Harvard—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mendelssohn composed no music to the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and Prof. Paine has been invited to try his hand at it.

Cincinnati. The directors of the College of Music, anxious to utilize their immense hall in every worthy way, now come forward with the announcement of a grand Opera Musical Festival, to be given by the College, with Col. J. H. Mapleson, during six days in February next, and "on a scale of magnificence unparalleled in this country or in Europe." The musical directors will be Sig. Arditi, Otto Singer, Max Maretzek, and concertmeister S. E. Jacobsohn. Orchestra of 100 musicians; mass chorus from Cincinnati, of 300 voices; great organ; "largest and most complete stage in the world;" and a long array of distinguished solo singers, including Mme. Gerster, Mlle. Valleria, Mlle. Belocca, Miss Annie Cary, Sigs. Ravelli (first appearance), Campanini and other tenors; Sig. Del Puente, Galassi, Monti, etc., etc. The repertoire includes *Lohengrin*, *Moses in Egypt*, (Rossini), *Fidelio*, Boito's *Mefistofele*, and the *Magic Flute*. It is called "The People's Opera," and the prices are put within the reach of the masses. We trust the best hopes will be realized, and that the interests of good music will be promoted by this novel festival.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The new Stadttheater was opened on the 18th October, in presence of the Emperor Wilhelm, with a *Festspiel*, written expressly for the occasion. The opera was *Don Juan*. The dramatic season will be inaugurated by a performance of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, got up on a scale of appropriate magnificence. The 18th of October was selected for the opening, because it is the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig and the birthday of the Crown Prince.

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SCHUMANN ON STRINGED QUARTETS (1838).[1]

FIRST QUARTET MORNING.

Quartets by J. Verhulst, L. Spohr, and L. Fuchs.

"We have had the Schuppanzigh, we have the David quartet, why should we not also have" — thought I to myself, and then conjured up a four-leaved clover. Then, addressing these, said I, "It is not long since Haydn, Mozart, and another lived and wrote quartets; have such fathers left unworthy descendants behind, who have learned nothing from them? May we not investigate, and somewhere perhaps discover a new genius in the bud, and needing only the touch of encouragement to bloom? In a few words, respected friends, the instruments are ready, and there are many novelties, some of which we may play in our first matinée." And, like experienced musicians, without much ado they were soon seated at their desks. I shall gladly give a report of such works as occupied our morning, if not in critical jaloiry style, at least in the easy manner aniable, yet firmly holding to first impressions, such as they made on me and on the players; for I rate the impulsively outspoken execration of musicians higher than whole systems of æsthetics.

Nothing ought to be said of the quartet by Verhulst, as it was yet warm from the workshop, still in manuscript, and its composer's first quartet. But as the future will certainly offer us many delightful things by this young artist, as his name is certain to reach final publicity, he may be introduced as a musician of fame, whose Dutch nationality makes him doubly interesting. We have lately seen young talent of all sorts of nationalities arising among us: Glinka of Russia, Chopin of Poland, Bennett of England, Berlioz of France, Liszt of Hungary, Hansens of Belgium; in Italy every spring brings forth some, when the winter destroys; finally, we have one from Holland, a country that has already given us many good painters.

The quartet of our Hollander betrays nothing of the phlegm with which his countrymen are reproached, but, on the contrary, a lively musical disposition, that has certainly found some trouble in restraining itself within the bounds of so difficult a musical form. It was promising to find that precisely that movement in which the existence of genuine music best expresses itself — I mean the adagio — was the most successful of the quartet. On such a path the young artist will attain strength and facility; an instinct of order and correctness secures him from great errors, and it need only be his care to attain more fulness, elevation, and refinement of thought, though this is certainly more the affair of intellect than of will.

Our quartettists then played a new one (Opus 97) by Spohr, in which the well-known master greeted us from the very first measure. We soon perceived that a brilliant display of the first violin was more the object here than an artistic interweaving of the four parts. Nothing can be said against this manner of quartet writing, which makes great demands on a composer, when it is done openly and naturally. Forms, changes, modulations, melodic entrances, all were in the well-known Spohr manner, and it seemed as if the quartettists were discoursing in the work of a very well-known subject. A scherzo — not exactly this master's strong point — is wanting, but the whole possesses a contemplative didactic character. In the rondo we are attracted by a very pretty theme, which, however, needs a second more marked one as a pendant. The following remark was suggested to me by a complaint of one of the quartet players. Young artists, who always desire something novel, and, if possible, eccentric, esteem too lightly the easily-conceived and perfected works of finished masters, and are greatly mistaken in supposing that they could accomplish the same thing equally well. The difference between master and scholar can never be overcome. The hastily thrown off pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, and still more those of Mozart, are equal proofs in their heavenly ease of these masters' pre-eminence, as are their deeper manifestations; finished mastery plays loosely about the lines drawn from the beginning of the work, while younger, more uncultivated talent, whenever it leaves the foot-hold of custom, strains ever tighter at the yoke until misfortune is the result. To apply this remark to Spohr's quartet: If we forget the composer's name and his famous achievements, we still find a masterly form, invention, and mode of writing as far removed as heaven itself from that of the scribbler or student. The advantage of the superiority won by means of study and industry is, that it remains ductile even to advanced age, while superficial talent loses facility through neglect.

A quartet (Opus 10) by L. Fuchs, published about a year ago, was highly interesting to us all. The composer lives in Petersburg, where he cultivates our noble art in small circles, generally esteemed as a teacher of composition, of which he proves himself now to be practically a master. The quartet is not too involved to be comprehended, at a first hearing, in its heights and depths, when one holds the score in one's hand, as we did; and even without this latter assistance, its originality in form and contents is striking. One thinks oftenest of Onslow as the composer's model; and yet he gives proof of having studied the remote art of Bach, as well as the more recent manner of Beethoven. This is, in contradistinction to that by Spohr, which we have just described, a true quartet, in which each part has something to say; and often really fine, often oddly and unclearly interwoven conversation between four men, during which the spinning out of the threads is as attractive as in model works of the most recent period. We do not often find the concentration and reserve of Beethovenian thought — in this the quartet is a little behind-hand; but it is generally interesting throughout for its rare earnestness and polished force of style, if we except a few insipid measures. Its form seems to us a good one, and is especially piquant in the jig and the last movement. The jig does not properly belong to this quartet; I am certain of it, for the manuscript contains quite a different scherzo, one more suitable to the other movements, but less interesting than this; yet from its alteration it happens unfortunately that the jig is in B-flat major, while the following (last) movement is in C-minor; a succession of keys which I cannot endorse in a form that draws much beauty from the quality of severity. In the andante, the new Russian popular song (by Lwoff) is introduced and varied, after the manner of a well-known Haydn quartet. Such foreign ideas rarely fall in with one's own flow of thought, and I, in this case, should have preferred to offer a work all my own, rather than one in which strict criticism cannot even recognize the attraction of patriotism. However, we trust this esteemed artist may really possess, as we hear he does, a store of quartets, wholly his own, ready for publication and for the gratification of the friends of genuine quartet music.

SECOND QUARTET MORNING.

Quartets by C. DECKER, C. G. REISSIGER, and L. CHERUBINI.

If I compare together the faces of many trembling musicians ascending the Gewandhaus staircase, on the way to perform some solo or other, with those of our quartettists, then the latter appear to me far more enviable. They form their own public, and need not feel any anxiety whatever; nor does the appearance of a listening child at the window, or the interruption of some nightingale outside, cause them any disturbance. And so they prepared, with the usual enthusiasm, to plunge into a newly-arrived quartet from Berlin (Opus 14), of Herr C. Decker, and found it just the thing for such an enthusiastic mood; that is to say, of a very cooling nature. What can be said of a work that certainly displays preference for noble models, and striving towards an ideal, but that yet produces so little effect, that we envy the talent of Strauss, who shakes melodies out of his sleeves and gold into his pockets? Shall we blame? Shall we mortify a composer who has done all that is possible to him? Shall we praise, where we feel that we have not experienced any real pleasure? Shall we dissuade the author from further composition? That would be of no advantage to him. Shall we advise him to write more? He is not rich enough to do so, and would drive the business in a mechanical manner. So we prefer to bear witness to the artistic zeal of those who compose without the inspiration of genius, and at the same time advise them to write on industriously, but with the prayer that they will not, therefore, publish every-

[1] From *Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms*, by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Second Series. (New York, Edward Schuberth & Co. London, Wm. Reeves. 1880.)

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thing. Even the errors of great talent, from which we can learn and reap advantage, belong to the world; but mere studies, first attempts, should be kept within one's own four walls. I term the quartet of this composer, studies in quartet style. He succeeds in many ways; he perceives correctly the style and character of music in four parts; but the whole is dry, bony, wanting in swing, in life. The good and well-designed beginning of the quartet awakens hope, but there it stops; the second theme appears poor, and sticks fast. The working out in the middle movement, with the inversion of the theme, is not devoid of merit, though we perceive that it has been done laboriously; but the return to the original key is easily and happily done, and the close of the first movement is praiseworthy. But we have to search for all that is good in it. The adagio has the same dryness; on the other hand, we meet with more vital elements in the scherzo, some very pretty groupings and reflections, amid which the trio stands out very well, especially on its repetition. The finale has the same faults and good qualities which we have remarked in the first movements, with the apparently increased life which a quicker tempo brings with it, and some good points, but nothing that touches more deeply or gives more pleasure. Good will and intelligence have the pre-eminence here; the heart is left empty. But we cannot deny him the consideration which every young composer deserves when he makes an attempt in one of the most difficult styles; so we advise him to write on courageously, but first, if possible, to spend a year in fair Italy or elsewhere, in order to nourish his imagination with gay pictures, and to bring forth fruit and flowers at some future time in place of the leaves and branches of to-day.

And then we came to something new in musical literature, a quartet by chapel-master Reissiger, the first he has published (Opus 111). It pleases one beforehand to find a composer, whom we had supposed perfect in certain forms, trying his hand at something different and more difficult. No man works with greater freshness than when he commences at a new style. On the other hand, every new attempt in a yet unfamiliar form presents its difficulties even when undertaken by a master-hand. Thus we see Cherubini shipwrecked on the symphony, while even Beethoven—as we learn from Dr. Wegeler's recent information—must have often made the attempt at his first quartets, since a trio was the result of one, and another became a quintet. So many points in this first quartet by Reissiger, such as the frequent quaver accompaniment in the second violin and viola, certain orchestral syncopations, etc., betray the practised vocal and pianoforte composer; but his good qualities are also lavishly displayed; we find rounded form, lively rhythms, euphonious melodies, though certainly interspersed with familiar things that remind us of Spohr (the commencement), Onslow (the trio of the scherzo), Beethoven (the passage in E-major in the first half of the first movement), Mozart (the C-sharp minor passage in the adagio), and many others. I cannot allow great original value to the quartet, or predict for it a very long life; it is a quartet for good amateurs, who will have enough to do in it, though the artist will be able to read a page through at a glance; a quartet to be listened to openly by clear candle-light among fair women, though Beethovenians may close their doors to luxuriate over his every single measure. To speak of separate movements, I give the preference to the scherzo, especially bars five to eight in the trio; and next to this the first movement, if it only possessed a less commonplace form and a less insipid close. The adagio seems to me too flat for its breadth. The rondo is ordinary throughout; just so might Auber compose a quartet.

We closed with the first of the already long-published quartets by Cherubini (No. 1 in E-flat major), regarding which a difference of opinion has arisen even among good musicians. The question is not as to whether these are quartets—that is a matter of art—about this there can be no doubt—but whether they are to be recognized as models of the genuine quartet style. We have grown accustomed to three famous German masters as models in this branch, while, with just recognition, Onslow, and then Mendelssohn, have been admitted to the circle of followers in the path of the three first. And now comes Cherubini, an artist who has grown gray in his own views, and in the highest aristocracy of art, the best harmonist yet among his contemporaries in spite of his age; the learned, refined, interesting Italian, whom I have often compared to Dante, on account of his firm exclusiveness and strength of character. I must confess, however, that even I experienced an unpleasant impression on hearing this quartet for the first time, especially after the first two movements. It was not what I expected; many things seemed to me operatic, overladen, while others appeared small, empty, and opinionated. It may have been the result of that youthful impatience in me which did not at once discern the significance of the graybeard's often wonderful discourse, for in many ways I otherwise traced the master commander to his finger tips. But then came the scherzo, with its enthusiastic Spanish theme, the uncommon trio, and lastly the finale, that sparkles like a diamond whichever way it is turned, and there could be no doubt as to who had written the quartet, and whether it was worthy of its master. Many will feel like me; we must first become acquainted with the peculiar spirit of this, *his* quartet style; this is not the well-known mother tongue with which we are so familiar; a polite foreigner speaks to us; but the more we learn to understand him, the more highly we must respect him. These remarks, which give but a slight idea of the originality of this work, must suffice to call the attention of German quartet circles to it. For performance it needs much—it needs artists. In an attack of editor's arrogance I wished for Baillot (whom Cherubini seems to have had in his mind) as first violin, Lipinski as second, Mendelssohn at the viola (his principal instrument, with the exception of the organ and pianoforte), and Max Bohrer or Fritz Kummer at the violoncello. But I heartily thanked my own quartettists, who, at parting, promised to return soon, and to make me, as well as themselves, acquainted with the other quartets by Cherubini—regarding which new readers may expect new communications.

(To be continued.)

ERNST FERDINAND WENZEL.

[From the Leipzig Signale. Translation from the Boston Evening Transcript.]

Among the many thousands who during the last forty years or more have visited Leipzig or watched the course of musical events, there are surely not many who will not at one time or another have come across the name of Wenzel; and no doubt all regretted to hear of the death of one, whose chief characteristics were his amiability, truth, fidelity, extraordinary perceptive powers, and vast experience. Hundreds of pupils of both sexes have passed under his guiding hand and attained proficiency by his unliring efforts throughout the last decennaries. Over one and all he exercised the same healthy and beneficent influence, furthering and developing their talents, cultivating their several tastes, widening their mental horizons, and almost invariably inspiring them with a love and reverence which in individual instances amounted to positive adoration. In truth, he deserved no less!

With Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, one of the last veterans of Leipzig's greatest musical epoch, in which Mendelssohn and Schumann held sway, has passed away. He was the oldest member of the Conservatorium faculty, with which he had been uninterruptedly connected ever since the foundation of the school in 1843, and performed his duties with a degree of conscientiousness and devotion seldom to be met with. To the last moment he remained true to his art, his calling, and his beloved Leipzig, and with these he became so closely identified, that to have torn him out of an atmosphere so congenial to his mental and physical existence, would have meant almost certain death.

Wenzel was a living record of Leipzig's doings in matters musical; and his extraordinary memory, together with his exceptional powers of conversation, never left him in the lurch when called upon for information about persons, works or facts of the classical past in which he spent his youth.

As rarely as it happens, however, he kept steady pace with advancing times. He had the same lively interest for all noteworthy productions of the present, not alone in music, but in all the various branches of art and literature. His attainments and general culture were of a degree seldom to be met with in musicians, and over everything that he knew, or that excited his interest, he exercised an acute and sound judgment.

It is to be lamented that his natural aversion to writing, which manifests itself even in the scarcity and brevity of his letters, should ever have debarred him from literary activity. What little he did write was preeminent in point of style, elegance, acuteness, wit and matter, and considering how much good might have resulted from his vast knowledge and experience in the domains of critical and art-philosophical discussion, it is an endless pity that he could never at least put himself to the task of writing his memoirs. There we might have had a treasure of personal impressions, clever judgments and an endless mass of little-known facts such as only a man with his keen observing powers and eventful past could have given us.

Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel was born on the 23d

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of January, 1808, at Waldorf, near Loban. Of his early years little is known. He was never heard to speak of his youth any more than he was known to talk of himself in general, a thing his extreme modesty (one of his few shortcomings) forbade. We may be certain, however, that he was poor as a boy. Later he attended the Leipzig University, where he studied philology. He was destined to become a school-master, but his musical gifts soon manifested themselves and changed the course of his life. Enlisting as a pupil of Frederick Wieck, he renounced his philological studies and devoted himself entirely to his music. This was about the year 1830, at the time when Wieck's house was the social and artistic centre of Leipzig's musical life, when the precocious Clara Wieck excited the enthusiasm of the younger generation of musicians with her piano playing, when Robert Schumann emerged, and the "Davidites" were called to life.

With Schumann he soon became intimately acquainted, and remained his friend up to the time of the master's death. There must have been a number of valuable letters from Schumann in his possession, which it is to be hoped have not been lost. With the others of the Davidites, also, Wenzel was closely connected and actively engaged, and participated in the founding of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, to which in the first years of its existence he is known to have contributed a number of articles, the mode of signature of which it has been impossible to ascertain, however. Whether Wenzel ever made any attempts at composition it is impossible to say. In any case his essays, it would seem, never came to any great issue. For his was not a productive nature, but rather receptive and reproductive. Under Wieck he became a very good piano player, his technique in particular being fine and clear like that of most of Wieck's pupils. But he soon preferred the more modest sphere of a teacher to that of a concert pianist, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to the instruction of others. For a public player he had not the requisite amount of self-confidence, another thing his modesty stood in the way of attaining. Moreover, it is not improbable that his sphere of course with Wieck and Schumann, and afterwards with Mendelssohn and Gade, somewhat demoralized him, in so far as their examples soon taught him to see how useless any competition with such masters might prove. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand, taking into account his natural reticence, that he preferred to move in a lesser sphere than his exceptional capacities otherwise might have enabled him to exist in. Everything that he knew and felt, however, was imparted to his pupils, and proved an inestimable benefit to them.

I have never known of a pianoforte teacher who worked assiduously and exercised so stimulating an influence over his pupils. The spirit of a composition and its adequate rendering were to him most essential; the purely mechanical he cared less about. For this reason we find fewer "virtuosi" amongst his pupils, but instead the more thorough musicians. His extensive literary knowledge he never ceased to convey to his pupils, nor tired of devising means of shaping their judgments, or extending their mental horizons. Prejudice and one-sidedness were utterly alien to his nature. With every artist he never failed to discover what was characteristic of the man or his work, and was ever ready to acknowledge whatever noteworthy qualities a man possessed. For such reasons mainly it was that Schumann induced Mendelssohn, at the time the Conservatorium was founded, in 1843, to appoint Wenzel, together with Plaidy (who was more of a technician than an æsthetically cultivated musician), as a teacher of the pianoforte. From this time beneforth Wenzel devoted his time and energies exclusively to that model of music schools, the Leipzig Conservatorium, which soon attained a celebrity that has continued to the present day. His unswerving efforts in behalf of the school, its ends and its aims, were as remarkable as his sense of duty and perseverance, and it can hardly be said of him that he ever missed a lesson or appointment of any kind. He entertained a high opinion of the Conservatory as a school, although in matters of administration he often found it advisable to submit to the views of the directors, when his own convinced him quite to the contrary. For he was of a more progressive and liberal turn of mind than is compatible at times with the purposes of a school. Within the limits of the Conservatorium he worked incessantly, yet he always managed to find time for private tuition, to which he devoted himself with less energy.

Wenzel was never known to be ill. Simplicity was the rule in his mode of life, and of an evening, after a day's hard and continuous labor and activity, he was ever the most amiable and inciting companion, a friend much sought after from many quarters where he was well known, and well known to all artists visiting Leipzig. He never left his favorite haunt except in times of vacation. Then he would resort to the mountains, to Switzerland, the Tyrol, etc.; never to large cities, but always to nature itself, which he was passionately fond of and knew thoroughly.

Last week he became suddenly ill, which with him meant the beginning of the end. The weight of years asserted itself, which his otherwise healthy and robust nature could no longer withstand. By order of his physician he was sent to the baths at Kösen — to return no more alive. After a few months trial of the baths he already imagined himself sufficiently recovered to express hopes of soon returning to his home and resuming his lessons at the Conservatorium for the winter term. But his cherished hopes were suddenly frustrated on the 16th of August, when a stroke of paralysis cut off his life on the very day the summer vacation of the Conservatorium began, thus sparing him the misery of prolonged sufferings.

The news of his death was a blow to the whole of Leipzig. It became more evident than ever how numerous were his friends and admirers. Enemies it may hardly be said he ever had! No one could possibly have lived a more unostentatious or unselfish life. Never putting himself in the way of any one, he never pushed himself into the foreground. All demonstrations of allegiance he steadily rejected. Honors and distinctions he never sought, and therefore had few conferred upon him, living as he did in a time of competition and puffery such as ours, in which a nature like his is but seldom rightly understood. But his name will continue to live in the musical history of Leipzig; his memory will be remembered in the hearts of his pupils and friends, and in the annals of the Leipzig Conservatorium he is assured a place of honor for all time to come.

His remains were brought from Kösen to Leipzig and here interred with appropriate solemnity. A long and brilliant array of artists, music lovers and pupils of both sexes followed him to his last resting-place. At his grave, the deacon, Dr. Peschek, a countryman of Wenzel's, spoke with much feeling and fervency, choosing as his text, "This disciple shall not die," from the gospel of St. John — a saying significant at once for the reverence implied for the departed one, and the consolation contained in it for those left to mourn his loss (his only brother was present among the mourners). The ceremony opened and closed with vocal selections sung by a choir composed of pupils from the Conservatorium. Amongst the many floral tributes which accompanied the body to the grave was a laurel wreath which a former pupil from Munich had sent. It was well bestowed, and probably was the first ever conferred upon him. Crowns had been more according to his deserts, so long as he lived; but these he would never have accepted. Sacred be his memory!

PROFESSOR MACFARREN ON MUSIC.

Professor Macfarren, the principal of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday addressed the students at the Academy in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on the inauguration of the new academic year. There was a numerous attendance, among those present being Professors Walter Macfarren, Brinley Richards, W. Shakespeare, H. C. Banister, A. H. Jackson, F. R. Cox, E. Fiori, S. Holland, E. R. Eyers, E. Faning, W. H. Holmes, F. B. Jewson, A. O'Leary, H. Thomas, and Mr. John Gill, the secretary. Professor Macfarren said they had one common bond which bound them all in mutual interest, their de otion to music, which united them in such a manner as to make their connection and relationship for the life long. He dwelt on the responsibilities of the professors, and the manner in which they discharged them, observing that the pupils had not come there for a bad technical education. There was a higher function in the duties of the professors — the function of moral influence, which they exercised in a marked degree upon the pupils confided to their care. Referring to the sub-professors, he said the appointment was the highest honor that could be paid to a student, the committee selecting for it those among the pupils who were most advanced and were best deserving, and thus giving to them the peculiar advantage of being taught to teach. The professors, however, were responsible for the progress of the pupils who were placed under the sub-professors. He then asked those who were pupils to consider what their duties were in the Academy. They came not to study music as an amusement. It would degrade the wonderful subject which engrossed their life's attention to regard it for a moment as a pastime and recreation. If they entered into the pursuit of that study it must be the prime, he could almost say the sole, object of their attention, and other subjects which engage their thoughts should all bear upon that one chief consideration. To be a musician was, in itself, a great and glorious privilege. He regarded it as a very high privilege to be entrusted by the committee of management with the office which he held, as it made him the medium of communication between all of them and the committee, and gave him the hope of being the means of cementing the friendship which he believed existed among all of them. Addressing them as musicians, he asked them to think for a moment what was the important calling of an artist. He reminded them of Schiller's beautiful apologue of the division of the earth, and of the complaint of the artist to Zeus that there was no portion of the world left for him. "Yes," said the King of the Gods, "you are not unregarded. I will say for you, the heart of man. Be that your study and your empire." All the arts were connected, and the reflection upon one another enhanced the beauty of each. In sculpture they saw the imitation of natural forms, and from that they took their word that art was the imitative power of reproducing nature. In painting they had form with color added; in acting they had form, and color, and gesture; in literature those three qualities were lost; but in uttered speech they had the thoughts of the persons who were the subject of the work of art. It must be borne in mind, however, that Goldsmith said, and Talleyrand quoted, that speech was given to man, not only

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to express his thoughts, but to conceal them, while music had a higher function than the expression or concealment of thoughts. Music uttered what was beyond the reach of words, and whereas speech might describe our feeling, music went beyond the description and produced the feeling itself. Architecture had been claimed as the fittest analogy to music, in that neither reproduced natural objects; but architecture was based on natural principles of geometry, perspective, and proportions, and it had the power of conjuring in the thoughts of the beholder images of the mind apart from images of the building—feelings of reverence, or lightness, or respect, or gaiety. Music could awaken all those ideas, the highest sublimity, the lightest mirth, and it could present every shade of feeling between them. With the knowledge that they were studying that most intense, most delicate subject, they could not for a moment feel that there was anything trifling in the pursuit they were undertaking. After urging them to make the best use of the talents they possessed, he drew attention to the class for acoustics and the operatic class, and observed that recent times had very much strengthened the general desire among musicians at large to obtain particular distinctions for their artistic qualifications. They now proceeded to Universities for degrees in very far larger numbers than until recent years, and the Universities had made the standard of excellence to which the degrees testified very far higher than formerly. In one University in particular, a knowledge of acoustics was imperative in every candidate who obtained graduation. In the Academy every opportunity for musical study in every department was open to them. The class for acoustics was under the care of the present examiner of the subject in Cambridge University.

There seemed in the operatic department to be more appearance of amusement; but if it was to be sought as an amusement only, the study of operatic music could only be degraded to triviality. Still, there was not the severe tax on the attention in that particular branch of study that there was in the scientific subject to which he had just alluded—the subject which touched upon the grandest phenomena of nature, and which showed the source of music itself. The operatic class was open to singers who need not necessarily have a view to theatrical performances, and the experience of the past few years had proved that to practice with action gave a freedom to the performances of singers who aimed at nothing farther than the concert-room or the drawing-room, and took from them certain restraints which impeded good qualities until such freedom could be acquired. Dealing with a "tender subject" to them all—the result of the annual examination—he said it brought gratification to all of them, but with the gratification there were several disappointments. The obtaining of medals should be regarded as a secondary consideration in their studies, for they must bear in mind the many circumstances which might interfere with success at an examination. An examiner could take no account of what was yesterday or would be to-morrow, but could only inspect what passed under notice at the very moment of the trial, and the idea was fallacious that work was to be slackened, or painstaking abandoned because no prize was gained. In support of this contention he referred to *Alcestis* and the tragedy by Euripides, which was offered in competition at the Olympic Games, and failed of a prize. Mr. Browning's beautiful poem of "Balaustion's Adventure" had given a transcription of the play, which was involved in the story of the failure of the Athenian's war upon Sicily, and the hardships to which the Sicilians subjected the Athenian captives. The captives, however, recited verses of Euripides from the play of *Alcestis*, and so charmed the Sicilians that for every one who could recite passages from the play indemnity from service was accorded, and they were released from their bondage. He concluded, amid warm applause, with which his remarks had been frequently greeted, by quoting the two last lines of the poem he had referred to—

"It all came from this play which gained no prise;
Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before?"

—*London Times.*

RAFF'S "SUMMER" SYMPHONY.

The special novelty at the first Crystal Palace concert was the new Symphony in E-minor of Joachim Raff—the ninth of his symphonic works, and the 208th published composition of this too prolific composer. It is one of a series of four, illustrative of the seasons, the first of which, entitled "The Voice of Spring," was produced at the Crystal Palace on the 15th of November last, while the "Autumn" is to be produced at Leipzig or Vienna this Winter; the "Winter" symphony being still only sketched in Raff's portfolio. In his symphony in E-minor, entitled "Summer Time," Raff again comes forward as a composer of programme music, and with a "programme" of well-nigh impossible of performance. The first movement or "part" is entitled "A Hot Day," and this will, it is presumed, be considered the *reductio ad absurdum* of programme music. How on earth can a man depict in music "a hot day"? It is true that Mr. George Grove, whose imagination is only equalled by his musical enthusiasm, fancies that in the opening of the movement beginning *piano* with the first violins (divided) and second violins only, which gradually by the addition of instruments increases to a forte, he sees the "burst of the sun." It is equally true that the sun, whether at rising, at noon, or at sunset, has never yet in the history of astronomy been known to "burst," and that the phrase must be accepted as a flight of fancy or as a mere flower of speech. Minds more imaginative (if that were possible) than Mr. Grove's might perhaps perceive in the semiquaver figure which follows, an illustration in music of the flies which on "a hot day" worry the bald head of an angry man. But beyond this speculation ceases. The second subject is duly announced, and the movement proceeds to the "working-out," where we have once more the "burst of the sun," the "fly on the angry man's bald head motive," and so on. At the coda we have again the "burst of the sun" motive, this time extended, without any particular effort of heaven's artillery, followed by the other themes, "settling down at length into a touching allusion to the original subject." This is our old friend the "burst," again, in which Mr. Grove, with a curious reversion of feeling, "imagines the sun to sink, and the twilight, in which the movement commenced, to again fall over the landscape." Mr. Grove is, however, conscious that he is dead out of his reckoning, and he admits, "After this, a few noisy bars seem somewhat out of keeping." Perhaps the composer means to illustrate the old rhyme—

"The sun which 'burst' once in a way,
May rise to 'burst' another day."

The scherzo in F (after E-minor!) is tolerably plain sailing. We have the meet of the fairies, the call to the hunt, the appearance of *Oberon* (violoncello) and *Titania* (viola), a duet; the hunt and the return of all parties, the movement or "part" being fanciful in design and admirably scored. The slow movement, entitled "Eclogue," is a true "pastoral poem," and the two middle movements must be considered the best in the work. On the finale, entitled "Harvest Home," it would be nonsense to waste words. It does not afford the remotest idea of a harvest home, and the workmanship is commonplace and often coarse. The symphony altogether will certainly not be considered the best work of its most unequal composer; though its performance by the Crystal Palace orchestra under Mr. Manns left nothing to be desired.—*London Figaro*, Oct. 16.

F. J. CAMPBELL.

THE BLIND EDUCATOR OF THE BLIND.—HIS ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

"The blind leading the blind" are proverbial words, often elted to illustrate an example of extreme folly, but there is a blind leader of the blind whose life demonstrates his ability for leadership among any class of men, be they sightless or seeing. His name is F. J. Campbell, the blind gentleman who recently achieved the remarkable feat of ascending Mont Blanc. Mr. Campbell is a native American, and is well-known in Boston and its neighborhood, especially in Newton, where he lived for many years. He was born in Tennessee, and lost his sight when he was about three years old. He received his education in an institution for the blind in that state, came to Boston when a young man, and was soon placed at the head of the department of music in the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston. Having a remarkably fine talent for music, he soon raised that department from a condition of comparative insignificance to a state of high efficiency. He also performed the same service for the tuning department. He had a spirit of dauntless energy, was self-confiding and self-asserting. He was bound to make his mark, and the controlling idea of his life has always been that a man by reason of blindness does not become an object of charity, or only fitted to earn his livelihood by some simple means, such as the making of brooms or the weaving of door-mats, but that nearly all spheres of activity in which seeing men are engaged are also open to him. To prove this has been his aim in everything that he has done, and he has striven to make his life a running illustration of the feasibility of his views. His great intellectual influence was not slow in making itself felt beyond his own department at South Boston, and, during his long stay at the Perkins institution, he was, next to Dr. Howe, the leading spirit in its management.

HIS AMERICAN LIFE.

Many interesting things, showing the wonderful energy of the man, are told by his friends and neighbors. During the civil war, although a native of the South, he was intensely patriotic. So enthusiastic was he for the Union cause that he cherished an irrepressible desire to enter actively into the service, and he exhausted all his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the authorities to allow him to serve his country in a capacity which he felt confident he was able to fill with credit to himself and profit to the Union arms. One of his favorite projects was to secure for blind students the advantages of Harvard University, and he regarded it as highly unjust that blind youths who had the desire and the capacity for the highest education should be denied the privilege of obtaining it. He, therefore, drew up several memorials to the university authorities seeking that end, but owing, it is said, to the lack of sympathy with his purpose on the part of others, who would most naturally have been expected to use their influence toward the furtherance of a higher educational movement for the blind, he never succeeded in getting any attention called to his petitions.

Mr. Campbell was able to find his way all over Boston with wonderful facility, and it would be difficult to distinguish between his power in this respect and that of a seeing man. One evening, when in town attending a concert, he missed his last train home; It left somewhere in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock, the suburban public in those days not being so well accommodated in the matter of late trains as at present. But, knowing that a horse-car went to Watertown, he took that and made the best of the way to his home in Newtonville on foot, through streets he had never traversed before, asking his way of no one.

Old citizens of Newton remember the great school festival he organized one Fourth of July before the war. School musical festivals were not the common thing in those days that they are now, and, music not being so generally taught, it was no easy task to get them up. Mr. Campbell conceived the idea of giving a grand open-air concert by the pupils of the public schools in a natural sylvan amphi-

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theatre on the shores of the pond near Gov. Claflin's estate; a most beautiful natural spot. He succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of the school committee, drilled the scholars, brought over his band from the Perkins Institution, and, with the assistance of the Newton band, gave a concert which was highly creditable artistically, and a great popular success, over 5,000 people being present, and highly delighted with the affair, which was the great event of the day's celebration.

HIS TRIP ABROAD.

Several years ago Mr. Campbell was given leave of absence from his duties at the Perkins Institution, and went abroad on a vacation trip, taking with him his invalid wife. His special object was to spend considerable time in the study of music in Germany under the best masters. This object accomplished, on his way homeward he stopped in London. While there he chanced to attend a meeting of some blind persons, and he was so struck with their pitiably helpless condition that he determined to remain and endeavor to introduce into England the same enlightened treatment of the class universally pursued in his native country; for in this respect, at that time, the English educational methods were strikingly deficient. Nearly all the blind persons in the country were either paupers or semi-paupers, and those who earned their own living had only the ancient, conventional resources of mat-weaving, chair-mending, and the like. Mr. Campbell's wonderful energy here came into play. The circumstances under which he began his work might have been discouraging to a man in full possession of his physical faculties. Everybody who knows English society will testify to its suspiciousness of strangers, and the necessity for good credentials, if a stranger should desire to make any headway in any project he has in hand. Yet here was Mr. Campbell, an utter stranger, with no recommendations to persons of position and influence, almost penniless — for his slender purse was nearly drained — with a very sick wife, and sightless. But he overcame every obstacle, and earned the gratitude of the English nation as a great public benefactor. Because he was blind, it might be suggested; through that he excited sympathy, and so succeeded. But Mr. Campbell scorned to be looked upon as an object of pity. He never regarded himself as such, and would never tolerate the idea on the part of anybody. He always insisted on his cause being looked upon strictly on its merits. On the day when he received his first slight encouragement he had reached the end of his monetary resources. But he succeeded in obtaining the funds to make a modest beginning, and he started an institution for the blind based upon his educational methods. This was in 1871. It rapidly grew in public favor. He was fortunate in attracting the attention of exalted personages, and it soon developed into the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, under the patronage of Queen Victoria, the Prince and the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh figuring as vice-patrons, and with the Marquis of Westminster as president. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne also took deep interest in the institution. Almost wholly through Mr. Campbell's personal exertions the institution has received money amounting to something like $250,000. The institution has now beautiful buildings at upper Norwood, London, very near the Crystal Palace, near which it was purposely located on account of its musical advantages. One enters an arched gate-way, and looks down a terraced hill with green lawns diversified by flowers and trees in picturesque groups, with great clumps of rhododendron and hedges of hawthorn and laurel. At the top is a light gray building, where the girls sleep and all the school takes its meals. "You may not think," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "it means much to these blind people that pretty tiles peep through luxuriant ivies on its corner tower, that the sun streams into it widely through generous windows, and that a fair prospect stretches far westward. But those who live with the blind learn that the presence of beauty does influence them as much as those who see. Experience proves that for them also does it stimulate the imagination, refine the taste and give cheerful pleasure. And do not the blind, in their narrower path, need this more than others?"

"Going down from 'the mount,' you pass, near it on the left, the cosey little home of Mr. Campbell. A few terraces below, still more to the left, is a four-storied new building, with its arches and gables. Here are the school-rooms and the boys' quarters. At the extreme left, before reaching this, is a large open-air gymnasium. It is fun to see the boys swarm up those ropes, hang headlong from the swings, and turn somersaults on the soft floor of tan, and hear their merry shouts. Are those active, happy creatures really blind? To any stranger's eye these many staircases and paths and banks and bridges seem to lead at random into the basement or second story of any of the three main buildings on the terraced hill-side; yet these sightless girls and boys dash along unerringly at full speed. Sometimes you hold your breath to see them, but nothing happens. Any of them will show you round the pretty garden, if you choose, and tell you which they like best of the bright flowers bordering its strips of velvet lawn; and, perhaps, they will ask you to sit down under the spreading arbutus tree, which his grace, a certain duke, says is the finest that he knows. Their faces will brighten as you exclaim: 'What a beautiful view!' for they feel as if they saw it also, having so often heard it described; and their trained ears hear meanwhile what yours do not, as the breeze sweeps through the variously sounding branches of the many sorts of trees grouped here and there. Some of these trail on the ground, in marked contrast with the tall, straight pines, the quaintly stiff Japanese evergreens, the sturdy tulip and catalpa, and others of more familiar mien. Below the garden is the meadow, so called, a smooth plot of turf, with not so much as a shrub to prevent a blind child's running to his heart's content. It is bounded by a shaded gravel walk, and every boy and girl here knows that ten times round the meadow twice a day is no small exercise. At the four corners are laid boards to tell the foot when to turn, for the blind manager here knows better than a 'sighted' person how to help these pupils to learn accuracy and confidence in their movements. It is the evident purpose of every arrangement of the school to teach real independence, both in feeling and in act, to reduce to the minimum the inequality between the blind and the seeing."

The institution has a beautiful new music hall, where some of the finest music in England may be heard. While the new building was going up, it is related of Mr. Campbell that at night he used to make his way all over the structure, up ladders and along narrow scaffoldings, to make sure that everything was progressing satisfactorily. One day, while watching the laborers at work, he found that there were no windows, nor any provision for ventilation, in one room. He soon learned that the architect had disregarded the question of light and air, considering that the blind had no use for either. He was determined to have the amplest supply of both, knowing that they were essential to the health of all human beings, whether seeing or blind. He therefore would not rest until he had succeeded in getting the architect dismissed, and a more intelligent one put in his place. An instance of Mr. Campbell's thorough American independence of character is shown in the fact that the grand duke of Hesse, on observing the remarkable advantages of the institution, wished to place his blind son, Prince Alexander, under Mr. Campbell's charge as a pupil. He desired, however, that he should have a princely establishment, with something like a score of servants about him. This condition Mr. Campbell at once refused to consent to, and adhered to it inexorably, even though he risked offending his royal patrons by so doing. He said he would be happy to receive the prince under his charge, but that he would have to come on the same conditions as the other pupils, and be placed on an equality with them in all respects. The prince came on these conditions, and became one of the best friends of Mr. Campbell, besides developing a high musical talent. It was with Prince Alexander that Mr. Campbell went into Switzerland last summer. His ascent of Mont Blanc was made to illustrate his views that a blind man, by reason of his infirmity, need not be excluded from undertaking the most difficult tasks that other men have accomplished. He felt confident of his success when he set out, having practised for a month in glacier work, and in climbing lesser mountains. Mr. Campbell's letter to the *Times*, modestly describing his adventure, was followed by a letter from the secretary of the Alpine Club, commending his pluck, but criticising one of the details of the descent, blaming the guide for permitting it to be made in such a manner, Mr. Campbell having descended beside the guide, instead of following him, as demanded by the rules of safety. The next day the *Times* devoted an editorial of over a column to the affair, speaking of Mr. Campbell in the most complimentary terms. From it is quoted the following: "The praise of the reformers of the education of the blind is that they insist upon relegating what is only a drawback, and not a prohibition, to common human fellowship, to its proper category. As a demonstration to that tendency and truth, Mr. Campbell's ascent of Mont Blanc deserves commemoration, not because a mountain ascent merits any blowing of trumpets, whether the adventurer have as strong sight as an eagle or as little as the fish of the Adelsberg caverns."

Mr. Campbell is described as a slightly built man, with a thin, energetic-looking face, his sightless eyes concealed by dark glasses. His wife died not long after the beginning of their mission in England. He married again, his second wife being a Boston lady, formerly a teacher at the Perkins Institute. She is a treasured helpmeet in his great work, and, like his first wife, is blessed with vision.—*Sunday Herald*, Oct. 24.

MR. OLIVER KING.

Of this young artist, as a pianist, and as composer of orchestral works, the *Evening Gazette*, of Oct. 23, wrote as follows:

We will first give our attention to Mr. King's playing. He has a brilliant and a fluent technique, a refined taste, and a clear and precise touch, but his method is somewhat too deliberate and unimpassioned to afford entire satisfaction. His style is by no means versatile, and is lacking in the finer and warmer shades of expression. He is always correct, always calm, always deeply in earnest, and there is a pleasing absence of all attempt at meretricious display in his playing, but its effect is coldly monotonous through want of contrast in effect. Even in the most fiery climaxes, Mr. King is never stirred from his imperturbability, and his admirable finger work, equally perfect in both hands, fails to make any deeper impression than that of masterly mechanism. This want of fire and passion in a young artist is rather unusual, for, as a rule, such are oftener in need of curbing than of spurring.

We were greatly surprised by the rare merit of Mr. King's compositions, especially when his youth is taken into consideration. Of course, it cannot be expected that justice can be done to a symphony, a concerto and a concert overture at a single hearing, especially when all three are heard on one occasion. It is impossible to do more than to give the general impression made upon us by the works, and that was highly favorable. Mr. King understands the orchestra thoroughly, and handles it like a master. He appears also to be thoroughly familiar with the most recondite intricacies of harmony and of counterpoint. He is fluent in idea and fertile in resources, and though his playing may be wanting in fire and variety of effect, when he takes the pen in hand, there is certainly no fault to find with him on these points. His style is preëminently polyphonic, and it is just here that fault is to be found with his scores, in the excess to which he carries his work in this respect. The principal themes are so overladen by elaborate treatment that it is often difficult to distinguish them from the subjects that move with and cross them in every part of the orchestra. In the symphony and the concerto this exuberance of florid counterpoint and this over-luxuriant blending of counter themes, though rich and sensuous in effect, was embarrassing rather than edifying to the listener. The overture has less ornate treatment, and is clear, interesting, vigorous, and

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wholly pleasing. The faults we have pointed out, however, are in the right direction, since it is better to be too rich in fertility of resource than too poor. In the first instance, it is easy to crop the superfluous luxuriance; but in the second instance it is by no means so easy to supply what is lacking. Mr. King is a follower of the new school of melody and of orchestral development; and his works have the restlessness, the constant groping after novelty of effect, the placing of higher value upon the treatment of an idea than upon the idea itself, and the subjugating of inspiration to thematic jugglery that characterize the higher music of the day. His melodies are of the "endless" description that Wagner has made so familiar; his harmonies run to the extreme of chromatic eccentricity; the general effect is feverish, and the ear at last is wearied by the unceasing sensuous flow, and yearns for a resting-place, but in vain. We hope that Mr. King is young enough to outgrow strict fealty to the school he at present follows, for these works show him to possess decided genius and that productive industry which is its invariable companion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

SCHUMANN'S ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS.

The second series of Mme. Ritter's admirable translation of Robert Schumann's collected writings[1] (*Gesammelte Schriften*) about music and musicians is now before us. It forms a beautiful volume, uniform with the first series, which appeared in 1877. This completes the collection. The entire contents of the four small German volumes, published at Leipzig in 1854, were translated by Mme. Ritter at the instance of the composer's widow, Mme. Clara Schumann, who, writing to her (in 1871) on the want of a more satisfactory and more intimate biography of Schumann than any we yet have, and expressing the opinion that the time for such a work had not yet arrived, concludes with the suggestion: "but perhaps you, who display so much appreciation of my husband's character and works, might find it a not ungrateful task to translate his writings, which give so much insight into his heart, at least to the reader who is himself qualified to understand." This task was undertaken *con amore*, and was performed so well that even one familiar with the German language may enjoy the writings best in their English dress. For, while preserving, to a remarkable degree, the spirit and the individual flavor of the original, the translation is an improvement upon Schumann's often involved and obscure style, in being clearer and more readable. Moreover, the translator's annotations, and especially her excellent preface to the first volume, embodying an appreciative sketch of his career, with an explanation of the circumstances under which these flying leaves were written, add much to the value of the book. The account of the "Davidite Society" (*Davidsbund*), — that pleasant fiction which Schumann introduces into his criticisms in the earlier numbers of his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, dividing himself as it were into several characters, as Florestan, Eusebius, Meister Raro, besides bringing in the contributions of his young, enthusiastic friends, so as to discuss composers and their works from many points of view, is also interesting and essential to an understanding of many of the essays.

Mme. Ritter and her publishers did not risk the publication of the entire work, so full of food for thought, at a single venture. The first series (1877) was a selection of the more striking and important papers, forming about one half of the whole. In this we may read Schumann's first recognition of Chopin (an "Opus 2"); his articles on "A Monument to Beethoven"; on the "Four Overtures to Fidelio"; on the discovery of Schubert's great C-major Symphony, that of "the heavenly length"; his elaborate analysis of the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz; his appreciations of Gade, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Robert Franz, Sterndale Bennett, Ferdinand Hiller, and of many other greater and lesser lights. Also, his "Apherisms," which are full of meat, and his "Rules and Maxims for Young Musicians," which we believe we had the honor of first translating in this Journal, twenty or thirty years ago, and which have been so often translated since. The genial, hopeful, brave, progressive spirit shown in all these writings; the clear, sure insight of the critic, always sympathetic, quick to see and to appreciate, and backed by profound knowledge and by personal experience in the things whereof he wrote; the imaginative, poetic quality displayed in his writings as well as in his music, and his happy faculty of illustration, besides lively wit and humor, and sometimes keen satire, but far oftener a most kindly, hopeful, and encouraging tone toward young aspirants, — the wealth of matter, and the charm of manner of the whole collection, make it an invaluable æsthetic guide-book to the student of music. It inspires a true and lofty aim, a sense of the true dignity and sacredness of Art, and bids us all be earnest.

Such solid, and, for the general musical public, unaccustomed, sometimes puzzling, reading was naturally slow in making its way into general favor; but that first series has been on the whole so well received, that the time came at last for issuing the second. This volume, too, is full of meat, of pithy hints and suggestions, of most valuable and instructive criticism. Unlike the first part, it is occupied entirely with (brief, for the most part) critical reviews of compositions which appeared during Schumann's editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift*. These, though often dealing with works and with composers who have since died out of memory, are always significant and well worth the reading. And the translator, wisely as we think, has arranged them in convenient order, both for reference and for comprehensive and intelligent over-sight of all belonging to each class or form of composition. Thus, first we find interesting analyses of a Danish and of several German operas, which have long since disappeared upon the stream of time, but which nevertheless are curious to read about. Then come oratorios: Hiller's "Destruction of Jerusalem," and "The Saviour," by Edward Sobolewsky, who emigrated to America in 1859, conducted the Philharmonic Society of St. Louis, and died at his farm near that city in 1872. New symphonies for orchestra come next, including symphonies by Preyer, Reissiger, F. Lachner, and C. G. Muller. Comparing one of these with the easier, happier, and more perfect work of Mozart and Beethoven, he exclaims: "Would some young composer but give us an easy, merry symphony, in a major key, without trombones and doubled horn parts! Of course that is very difficult; only he who knows how to command masses can sport with them," — and more which we would gladly quote. Then a motley procession of new overtures passes in review, including an "Ecclesiastical Overture" by Julius Stern, Rietz's "Hero and Leander," Bennett's "Naiads," which he was among the first to praise, and several others. Piano concertos follow: Thalberg, Ries, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, and more. Then an attractive company of Song and Lied composers. Then a goodly representation of the writers of chamber-music: sonatas, trios, quartets, septuors, etc. This department, Schumann being himself a pianist and composer in nearly all these forms, is naturally crowded. His grouping together of string quartets, with his pleasant chatty description of the first trial of them in the intimate artistic circle, is extremely interesting and admits the reader into the most select and sweet communion of artists. Of these chapters we have borrowed a first instalment for the earlier pages of our present number.

But there is no corner of the contemporary musical field which Schumann has surveyed more thoroughly and critically than that of pianoforte studies. All of any real significance, whether by way of example or of warning, which met his notice during these years (and their name is legion) he has taken pains to sift and weigh and analyze, separating the wheat from the chaff, and constantly referring to the nobler examples of Cramer, Moscheles, and Chopin. The mass of these little occasional reviews constitutes a most instructive essay, teaching by example, on the whole vast department of *Etudes*; and at the end he classifies them according to their several aims, both technical and as regards expression.

Rondos, Fantasias, Caprices, Variations, and all the modern miscellaneous forms of pianoforte music, reviewed with utmost patience and impartiality, occupy the remainder of the thick, rich volume. It is impossible for us to enter into anything like a full and exhaustive estimate of these two invaluable volumes; that would require a lengthy article in some solid quarterly review. We must content ourselves, for the present, with heartily commending the work and the translation to all seekers for the truth in music, and with such specimens as we can from time to time find room for in these columns.

[1] *Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms by* ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, Edited and Annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Second Series. (New York, Edward Schuberth & Co. London, Wm. Reeves. 1880).

CONCERTS.

Since the week of the Tremont Temple opening there has been a period (about three weeks) of very little public music in this city. Mr. PRESTON's third and last Organ Recital, at the Temple, on Wednesday noon, Oct. 27, has been about the only concert of any real note; and that, we were glad to see, was better attended than the previous ones. The programme was excellent: —

Toccata in F-major	Bach
Concerto in B-flat	Handel
Andante Maestoso — Allegro — Adagio — Allegro, ma non Presto.	
Canon in B-flat	Merkel
Canon in G-major	Whitney
Nuptial March / Elevation / Fugue	Guilmant

Mr. Preston's rendering of Bach's Toccata was altogether worthy of the strong, lively, noble work, taken at just the right tempo, which was evenly sustained, and the whole form and meaning were brought clearly out. The Handel Concerto was highly interesting. The genial work, with all its variety of themes and contrasts of color, was made most appreciable. The Canon by Merkel was given so pianissimo that we heard it only as we might the vague murmur of the breeze through distant pines; but that by Whitney was more clear and positive. Guilmant's Nuptial March was quite original and captivating, and clearly worked up; and its return in the midst of the fine strong fugue gave unity to the three pieces as a whole. The gifted young pianist has certainly made his mark also as an organist by these three concerts.

—— There was a concert, which we were unable to attend, at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, Oct. 28, given by Mrs. FANNIE M. HAWES, a soprano vocalist, with the assistance of good artists. It was her first appearance here, and report speaks well both of her voice and training. This was the programme:

Hunting Song	Anon
Especially arranged for Schubert Quartet.	
Cachouca Caprice	Raff
Edward A. Cary.	
Ernani Involami	Verdi
Fannie M. Hawes.	
Sonata, for violin, in A	Handel
C. N. Allen.	
In Absence	Buck
Schubert Quartet.	
Ballad,	
Fannie M. Hawes.	
Ballade	Reinecke
Edward A. Cary.	

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a. Cavatina . . . . Raff
b. Gavotte . . . . Popper
c. Cradle Song . . . . Alard
d. Ungarische . . . . Hauser

C. N. Allen.

Margaret at the Spinning Wheel . . . . Schubert

Fannie M. Hawes.

Extravaganza . . . . Anon

Especially arranged for Schubert Quartet.

—— Last evening (too late for notice now) the first of Mr. LISTEMANN'S Philharmonic Orchestra Concerts was given in the Music Hall, with a programme bristling with new-school novelties: a "Romeo and Julia" Fantaisie by Svendsen; Grieg's piano concerto in A-minor, played by Mr. Franz Rummel; Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony; two Slavonic Dances by Dvorak; Liszt's Hungarian Fantaisie for piano and orchestra; while of the older composers there was a Musette from a concerto of Handel, adapted for oboes, bassoons, and string orchestra by Gevaert, and the *Freischütz* overture for a conclusion.

The second concert (Nov. 19) offers the "Carnaval Romain" overture by Berlioz; the first part (*Inferno*) of Liszt's "Dante" Symphony (new here); "The Youth of Hercules" by Saint-Saëns; a melody of Ole Bull's arranged for string orchestra; a miniature march by Tschaikowski; and a Valse Caprice by Rubinstein. Miss Gertrude Franklin is to sing a concert aria by Mozart, and songs by Spohr, Schumann and Widor.

—— This evening Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood gives a concert at the Meionaon (Tremont Temple), mainly for the introduction here of Mons. Alfred Desève, a young violinist from Paris, Canadian by birth and recently violinist to the Princess Louise. We had the pleasure of hearing M. Desève play the Kreutzer sonata with Mr. Sherwood, at the latter's room, a few days since, and have since heard him play in private the Mendelssohn concerto. He has admirable execution and plays with rare taste, intelligence and feeling. Mr. Charles R. Adams will assist to-night as vocalist.

—— Next week, on Friday evening, Mr. B. J. Lang will give a second and improved performance of the *Damnation of Faust* by Berlioz, with the celebrated baritone Herr Henschel in the part of Mephistopheles, Miss Lillian Bailey as Margaret, Mr. Wm. J. Winch as Faust, and Mr. Clarence Hay as Brander. There will be a male chorus of 200 voices, a female chorus of 100, and an orchestra of 60 instruments.

—— We learn that it is Herr Henschel's intention to give a series of song recitals here this season.

—— Subscribers to the Harvard Symphony Concerts can receive their season tickets and select their seats at the Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. The *public* sale commences on Thursday, Nov. 11. The first concert will take place on Thursday afternoon Nov. 18. The programmes of the first three concerts were given in our last.

—— The full programme of the Euterpe for the current season has been made up, and assigned, as follows: December 1, at the Meionaon, Listemann Quartet—Quartets, Op. 27, G-minor, Grieg; No. 1, E-flat major, Cherubini. January 5, Beethoven Quintet Club—Quartets, No. 2, C-major, G. W. Chadwick; posthumous, D-minor, Schubert. February 2, same players—Quartet, Op. 44, No. 2, E-minor, Mendelssohn; Sextet, Op. 36, G-minor, Brahms. March 23, New York Philharmonic Club—Quartets, No. 6, C-major, Mozart; Op. 59, No. 2, E-minor, Beethoven. April 20, same players—Op. 132, A-minor, Beethoven; Op. 41, No. 2, F-major, Schumann.—*Courier*.

—— The Cecilia has the following works in preparation for the four concerts to be given during the current season: *God's Time is Best*, cantata, Bach; *New Year's Song* and *Faust*, Schumann; a short psalm and a motet for female voices, Mendelssohn; the music for *The Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven; *The Bells of Strasburg*, Liszt; *At the Cloister Gate*, Grieg; *Romeo and Juliet*, symphonic cantata, Berlioz; part-song by Rheinberger, Grieg and Hoffmann; a madrigal by Wilbye; and glees by sundry English composers, including *Little Jack Horner*, by Callcott. At the first concert, to be given about the 15th December, probably in Tremont Temple, without an orchestra, the programme will include the Bach cantata and a choice collection of part-songs and glees for mixed and female voices. Schumann's *Faust* will be presented at the last concert of the season.

—— The Boylston Club, at their first concert, November 17, will present several new works, including a quintet for strings and pianoforte by Hermann Goetz, a *Kyrie Eleison* by Robert Franz, a short motet by Bach, new part-songs by Rheinberger, Loewe, Rubinstein, Vierling, Eitner Kücken and others. The part-songs embrace all descriptions, for male, female, and mixed choruses. For the second concert there will be a *Paternoster*—five-part chorus by Verdi, the Hoffman waltzes, called *Romance of Love*, *Seasons of the Year*, for female chorus and solos, by Gade a short cantata, new and exceedingly choice part-songs for the male chorus, and other part-songs of all kinds for all the portions of the Boylston Club. The club have under consideration for their concert, the *Faust* of Schumann or the *Requiem* by Brahms, for orchestra, chorus and solo. The club was never so large and enthusiastic as at present. The associate list is full and a waiting list as well. Mr. Osgood has brought a fresh stock of songs from abroad, and the club and their friends look forward with much pleasure to the coming season.

—— The Handel and Haydn Society will give its four concerts in Music Hall. *Saint Paul* has been selected for Easter Sunday. The following vocalists have been engaged for *The Messiah*, December 26: Mrs. H. F. Knowles, Miss Anna Drasdil, Mr. W. C. Tower, Mr. George Henschel.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, OCT. 30. Since my last note to the *Journal*, I have made a short visit to Council Bluffs and Omaha, and perhaps some mention of the musical activity I found there may prove interesting. Culture and progress move westward, until the earth is encircled with the brightness of human intelligence. Thus even art is progressive in the far-away places of the great West. I must confess that I was both astonished and delighted to note the many signs of development in a taste for music that were being made manifest in both those places. The trip from Chicago is a pleasant one, and the journey far from wearisome. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad run such elegant sleeping-coaches, and are supplied with dining-cars which offer bills of fare most tempting, that travelling seems rather a luxury than a task. Indeed, I never was upon a railway that seemed so pleasant and comfortable.

Council Bluffs is a little city that must be seen to be appreciated. The high bluffs that nearly surround the business portion of the city are both picturesque and romantic. They are very high, and varied in formation, like mountain ranges, and stretch along the Missouri River as far as the eye can see. The effect of the light and shade at sunrise, or at the early evening hour on these hills is very beautiful, and the view from the top of the highest of them extremely diversified and lovely. The little city has many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of the East, and presents a scene of constant activity. Musically, I find there is much taste, and no small amount of talent. I saw the little house in which Miss Fannie Kellogg, now of Boston, used to live, and I felt proud of the talent and energy that could force its way to a public recognition, even when starting from a simple home in the far West. It was an example of what may be made of a gift, when its possessor has power of will to overcome difficulty in its many forms. The light of talent will find its true place in which to shine, whenever it has purpose and true ambition for its actuating forces. I was pleased to learn that through the influence and energy of Mrs. F. F. Ford, and other helping musical people, there has been a good deal accomplished for classical music in this city. Mrs. Ford has a school for music, and has often engaged artists to come there and give song and pianoforte recitals, that her pupils might learn to enjoy good music, and to have that appreciation that comes from understanding art in its higher forms. Miss Nellie Stevens, a very delightful pianist, spent a short time in this city, and did much to cultivate among the young people a love for the good compositions of the worthy masters. Miss Stevens has won a lasting admiration for her fine playing. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of this city, has also visited Council Bluffs and given lectures upon musical subjects.

In Omaha I found a number of cultivated amateurs and teachers who were earnest in working for what is good in art. There are music stores that seem to do a good business, and also musical societies that bring out choral works; and thus there is a foundation for a constant and healthy progress in these little cities of the West. I can but regard every sign that shows the advancement of culture and a love of the beautiful, either in art, music, or nature, as something worthy of encouragement and praise, and I transmit my few words of description to the *Journal*, that these worthy people, who are working for art, may know that their efforts will always find recognition in the East. Art knows no country nor place, but makes her home wherever the creative power of man can mould nature into forms of the beautiful. Reflective thought opens the way, and the ideal takes a positive shape, when man directs with reason and taste.

In our own city there has been very little of moment in a musical way. A large organ has been placed in our new Music Hall. It was formally opened by a concert in which Mr. H. Clarence Eddy and Mr. McCarrell were the organists. Being out of town I did not hear the concert, and must reserve my account of the organ until another time.

Musical matters are to be somewhat quiet until after the election, when our concerts will begin with a rush. I trust that we shall be compensated for our long vacation, and that our season will be rich in good music.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 27. The local concert season is now fairly began. The Heine Quartet have begun their series of chamber-music recitals, their first programme being as follows:

1. String Quartet, Op. 44, No. 1, ... Mendelssohn
2. Sonata for Piano and Violin, Op. 13, . . . Rubinstein
   Misses Mary and Lizzie Heine.
3. Trio for Violin, Viola and Violoncello, Op. 9, No. 1
   Beethoven.
4. Prize Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, Op. 18, (First time in America) . . . . . A. Bungert

These young players have improved since last season, and the series promises to be a valuable contribution to our musical life and culture.

The Musical Society has given its first concert,—Raff's Symphony, "In the Forest," and Dudley Buck's "Golden Legend." Both were very successfully performed. The orchestra was enlarged to sixty performers, partly by bringing players from Chicago, and if there was something to be desired in the way of finish, that was no more than was to be expected from an orchestra unaccustomed to its leader and to one another. On the whole the symphony was given not unworthily, difficult as it is. In the *Golden Legend*, both chorus and orchestra went well. We had Miss Annie B. Norton of Cincinnati in the part of *Elsie*, to our great satisfaction. Mr. Max L. Lane, a new comer here, trained in Leipzig and Munich, sang the tenor part of Prince Henry. He has a pure, sweet voice, and a fine method, but lacks the power for anything but light lyric work. The contralto and bass parts were taken by Miss Bella Fink and Mr. Edward Niedecken, two local amateurs, whose work was entirely creditable. Altogether, the concert was a marked success, and shows that there is vigorous life in the old society.

J. C. F.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LEEDS FESTIVAL. The correspondent of the London *Musical World*, in a letter dated Oct. 11, (two days before the festival began) gives the following outline of the week's programme:

During the four days' proceedings no fewer than seven compositions by native authors will be performed, the majority of them works of high pretensions. Taking the seven in order, we have, first, a cantata by Mr. John Francis Barnett, founded upon Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship," the actual words of which constitute its text. This is set down for performance on Wednesday evening, under the composer's own direction, and will be followed at the same concert by Mr. Henry Leslie's part-song, "The Lullaby of Life." Mr. Walter Macfarren's overture, *Hero and Leander*, a work not unknown to London amateurs, holds a conspicuous place in Thursday morning's programme, having as its companion Sir Sterndale Bennett's favorite pastoral, *The May Queen*. The most captious will decline to dispute the propriety of choosing Bennett's cantata, the claims of which rest rather upon intrinsic and unchallengeable merit than upon the fact that our late regretted master was a Yorkshireman, and composed *The May Queen* for the Leeds Festival of 1858. It would perhaps be resented in some quarters if I were to claim as an English oratorio *Samson*, written by the naturalized Englishman, George Frederick Handel, and set down for performances on Thursday evening. Passing this by, I find in the selection for Friday morning a new musical sacred drama, *The Martyr of Antioch*, the music composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has, also, with the help of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, adapted the words from Dean Milman's poem of the same name. It is so long since Mr. Sullivan produced a work of this character, that considerable interest is naturally felt in the present effort, the fate of which, however, I am not disposed to assume. Enough that *The Martyr of Antioch* contains a good deal of bright, picturesque, and effective music, and such music as ought to meet with instant favor on Friday. The other English pieces are a new overture, entitled *Mors Janua Vitæ*, by Mr. Thomas Wingham, and a part-song, "The Better Land," in which the Leeds chorus-master (Mr. Broughton) displays his skill as a writer for the voices he so well knows how to train. Turning from these native productions to the representation of universal art, I find Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Mozart's Symphony in G-minor, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Mendelssohn's psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Mass in C, Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Cheru-

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bini's overture to *Anacreon*, Bach's cantata, *O Light Everlasting*, Raff's Symphony, *Leonore*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation*.

The soloists in *Elijah*, with which the festival opened on Wednesday morning, Oct. 13, were Mmes. Albani, Osgood, Patey and Trebelli, Mr. Maas and Mr. F. King. — Of Mr. Barnett's new cantata, given in the evening, the same writer says:

Mr. Barnett has preserved the characteristics which distinguish its predecessors. This was to be expected, since, even if the composer had a tendency towards varied style, he would, in all probability, be restrained by the reflection that it is safer to go upon lines already approved by the arbiters of success. *The Ancient Mariner* pleased greatly, and *Paradise and the Peri* was received with applause. Why, then, should Mr. Barnett essay a "new departure," destined most likely to end in the trouble a man often brings upon himself when he opposes his own instincts, and does violence to his nature? Our composer is much too wise for any such course. As he feels and speaks in his first cantata, so he feels and speaks in the third, while in both he is equally honest and equally able. We recognize at once the familiar features. The hand may be the hand of Coleridge, or Moore, or Longfellow, but the voice is the voice of John Francis Barnett, and a gratified public welcome its pleasing accents. What if the utterances of the voice do not startle or puzzle? The vast majority of us do not want to be startled or puzzled. Things with this tendency are met plentifully in the matter-of-fact world, and ordinary folk have no desire to run up against them when seduced by music into a world which is ideal. Besides, *how pleasant it is in this time of universal distortion to meet with a composer not ashamed of his own honest face!* Composers there are, it is true, who, by long and rapt contemplation of a great master, have been gradually "changed into the same image," and Mr. Barnett may have looked to some such effect upon the beautiful face of Mendelssohn. But in these cases there is no pretence. The expression of the idol becomes the expression of the worshipper by force of a natural and irresistible law. In no such category can we place the musical jugglers who go about wearing the masks of better men than themselves, and who are ready to throw down one counterfeit presentment, and take up another, whenever it seems likely that the change will attract the public to their show.

It is scarcely needful to go through *The Building of the Ship* number by number, nor would the result of such endeavor reward its toil. Enough if I touch upon some salient points, leaving the rest to be taken for granted — a course, by the way, that involves little risk when the work concerned is one of Mr. Barnett's, since he is always safe. Our composer uses to a moderate and, therefore, endurable extent, the often exaggerated device of representative themes, and one of these appears in the orchestral introduction, which has three movements, illustrating, first, sunrise on the seashore; second, the aspirations of the Youth to the hand of the Master's daughter; third, the scene of activity in the Shipyard. Its principal feature is a broad and fluent melody suggesting the "aspirations," and destined to prelude an air sung by the "Youth":

"Ah! how skilful grows the hand,
That obeyeth Love's command!"

Mr. Barnett should be complimented upon the discernment here shown. He could not have done better than connect the principal subject of his introduction with the governing thought of the poem — Love inspires and rewards Labor. That the piece is well written goes without saying, for Mr. Barnett is everywhere known as a deft handler of the orchestra. Another representative theme appears in the opening recitative of the Merchant, "Build me straight, O worthy Master!" and several times re-appears when reference is made to the ship. Following this are two or three numbers about which it is difficult to speak, for the reason that, while free from anything objectionable, they are devoid of character. Mr. Barnett, however, should not be blamed for this, the fault lying with words which, to the musician, are colorless and insignificant. A much better result is attained when the love element comes to the front. This lights up charmingly some portions of the Master's address to the Youth, wherein he promises his daughter's hand on the day of the launching of the ship; it gives beauty and interest to the music descriptive of the Maiden's appearance as she stands at her father's door, and makes instinct with true feeling the song of the happy lover, "Ah! how skilful grows the hand." The song is an exceedingly graceful composition, and will no doubt, become a favorite. From this point the interest of the music continues some time unabated. A long chorus, "Thus with the rising of the sun," describing the life and bustle of the shipyard, though by no means elaborate in structure, is recommended by well-sustained vigor and effective climax; while the admirable contrast of the Master's cottage in the peaceful evening time, as the lovers sit in the porch, and the old man tells them tales of the sea, loses nothing by association with Mr. Barnett's sympathetic and unaffected music. The duet for soprano and tenor, in which the home picture appears, ranks among the best things in the work, being none the less entitled to its place on account of an *obbligato* for Corno Inglese, which is an independent source of melodic charm. Another vigorous and extended Shipyard chorus, introducing the Ship Theme, further exemplifies Mr. Barnett's method of producing effect by simple means; after which comes a largely developed *scena* for soprano, "To-day the vessel shall be launched." Upon this, Mr. Barnett appears to have lavished all his care, with considerable success. It is not his fault that the nature of the subject prevents him from appealing to our deepest emotions, and we may fairly wonder that so much has been done with a hard and dry material. The description of the wedding on the deck of the as yet unlaunched ship brings in a more serious element, and the composer seizes upon it to introduce a quasi-religious chorus, "The prayer is said," with organ accompaniment, followed by a solo for the Pastor, having a tuneful theme, presently combined with the chorus and afterwards made prominent in the finale. The actual launch of the ship is happily illustrated, and achieves so conspicuous a musical success that it cannot fail to call up hopes of Mr. Barnett one day devoting his talents to a strictly dramatic subject. Those who know the finale of *The Ancient Mariner* will have no difficulty in believing that the finale of the new cantata is an elaborate and studied climax. The composer tells us that it illustrates "the scene of a multitude witnessing a vessel leaving the shore." This explains the opening orchestral passages imitative of the sailor's cry, after which the burden of the pastor's song is taken in full choral harmony, and worked out with ever increasing effect to the end.

I have no doubt as to the popularity of Mr. Barnett's cantata. It contains all the elements of a success, to be determined by the general voice, and deserves consideration for the reason that it supplies the public with music in which there is nothing open to objection from the most fastidious critic.

BERLIN. At the Royal Opera-house Herr Niemann selected Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez* for his first appearance this season. The theatre was crowded and Herr Niemann's reception enthusiastic. Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris*, after a long absence from the boards, was performed on the Empress's birthday. Mme. Mallinger, though suffering from indisposition, gave a fine rendering of the principal female character, especially in the second and the third act. — Franz von Suppé's *Donna Juanita* has been produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre, but has failed to achieve the success which attended his former works, *Boccaccio* and *Fatinitza*. — A new concert-hall, the Winter Garden, as it is called, of the Central Hotel, has been opened. For size and magnificence there is no other concert-room here that can be compared with it. — Herr Bitter, Minister of Finance, author of the well-known work on Johann Sebastian Bach, and a great musical amateur, was married recently to Mlle. Clara Nerenz, daughter of the late Professor Nerenz. The formal betrothal took place only five days before the marriage. As the interval fixed by law had not elapsed after the betrothal, the Emperor granted a special dispensation. The bridegroom is sixty-seven, the bride, thirty-seven. — On the 1st inst. Herr Blise, the *Hof-Musikdirector*, celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary.

OBERAMMERGAU. Following the system hitherto adopted in Munich, King Ludwig ordered that the last performance of the *Passion Play* should take place with himself as sole auditor.

PESTH. The Hungarian Chamber has voted the suppression of the Government grant to the German Theatre. The Emperor of Austria being dissatisfied at this, has ordered the subject again to be considered, and that German artists reduced to want by the vote of the Chamber shall receive assistance from his private purse.

MEININGEN. At the Seventh and Non-Subscription Concert, to follow the series of Beethoven Subscription Concerts, under the direction of Herr Hans von Bulow, at the Ducal Theatre, in November and December, the Ninth Symphony with Chorus will be performed twice, an interval of fifteen minutes for refreshment being allowed between the two performances!

VIENNA. There is now to be a "Weber Cyclus" at the imperial Opera, including *Preciosa*, in which most of the characters are to be sustained by members of the Burgtheater company. *Euryanthe* will open the Cyclus at the end of the present month. Baron Dingelstedt has resigned his post as manager. — The concerts of the *Gesellschaftsconcerte* commence on the 14th November. The 12th April is fixed for the Extraordinary Concert. Mme. Norman-Néruda plays at the first; Herr Auer, from St. Petersburgh, at the third; and Mr. Charles Hallé at the fourth; *The Creation* being reserved for the second. Franz Liszt will again be invited to take part in the "Extraordinary Concert," on April 12, 1881. — Herr Johann Strauss has achieved a decided success with his new buffo opera, *Das Spitzentuch der Königin*, at the Theater an der Wien. Book and music pleased much, and the critics, headed by Dr. Ed. Hanslick, all speak favorably of this latest production from the master's pen. The music, a great deal of which is in "dance form," is light, pleasing, and melodious. On the first night five pieces were encored. — Herr Bachrich, tenor, and Herr Hummer, violoncello, both masters at the Conservatory, have seceded from Hellmesberger's Quartet, and been replaced by Herren Loh and Sulzer, members of the orchestra at the Imperial Opera-house. The Quartet Evenings of Herren Radnicky, Siebert, Stecher, and Kretschmann, will be continued this winter, and will take place at the Bösendorf Rooms. — Mr. George Grove was here a short time since on matters connected with Schubert.

—— By his new engagement as *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Opera-house, Hans Richter is granted two months additional leave of absence in order that he may conduct his concerts in London. The months selected are May and June, the Italian season here. Herr Jahn, *Capellmeister* at Wiesbaden, succeeds Baron Dingelstedt as artistic manager. A new ballet, *Der Stock im Eisen*, has proved a hit. It has a great advantage in being founded on a legend connected with a famous wooden block — at the corner of the Kärnthnerstrasse — in which now, as for ages, every wandering *Bursche* who passes through the Austrian capital drives a nail. The custom is somehow or other connected with the adventures of a smith's apprentice, who, after making a compact with the Prince of Darkness, on the usual condition, of course, for the Prince's aid in producing a master-piece, eventually ignores the bargain, gives his demoniacal acquaintance a sound thrashing, and leads home his bride, the reward of the master-piece aforesaid, in triumph. Composer, scene-painter, costumer, and carpenter have done wonders in aiding the ballet master, and the public are in ecstacies. A true "*Wiener Kind*" loves a good ballet.

LONDON. The removal of the Sacred Harmonic Society from Exeter Hall to St. James's Hall has involved a re-arrangement of their orchestra; but though reduced in numbers, the committee believe that this will be more than compensated by the new conditions under which the society will now be carried on. The prospectus for the forty-ninth season, 1880–81, announces nine concerts, commencing on December 3, with a programme of three works which have not been performed for some years, viz.: Beethoven's Mass in C, and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and *Christus*. The Christmas performance of *The Messiah* will take place on December 17. Among the works to be performed during the season will be found Handel's coronation anthem, "The King shall rejoice," and oratorio, *Samson*; Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, *Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah*; Cherubini's *Requiem*; Benedict's *St. Cecilia*; Costa's *Naaman*; and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and *Moses in Egypt*. The band will still comprise the most eminent performers in the musical profession. The artists already announced are Mmes. Sherrington, Anna Williams, Osgood, Marriott, C. Penna, Enequist, and Jones (sopranos); Mmes. Patey, Enriquez, Hancock, and Orridge (contraltos); Messrs Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, Maas, Wells, and Cummings (tenors); Messrs [illegible]tley, Bridson, King, Hilton, and C. Henry (basses). Mr. Willing continues his post as organist, and Sir Michael Costa, whose great abilities have for the past thirty-three years been exerted on behalf of the society, will still fulfil the important duties of conductor.

Herr Brahms has just completed a new, his third, orchestral symphony, which, considering that about half a dozen serial orchestral concerts are to be given in London during the winter and spring, it is hoped we shall soon hear in London. He has also, during his holidays, written an overture (one account says two overtures) and a pianoforte trio, which Mr. Arthur Chappell will doubtless secure.

ROME. One of the most impertinent feats of the irascible composer, Wagner, is reported from Rome. On the occasion of the Palestrina festival, the committee sent invitations to the most eminent musicians to send in some suitable compositions. Gounod, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas and others cheerfully promised to do homage to the "Prince of Music;" but Wagner could not do a graceful action; he sent a copy of the greatest of Palestrina's works, the world-famed "Missa Papæ Marcelli," to the festival committee. In this copy he had erased all the original annotations relating to time, pianos, crescendos and fortes, and corrected them by his own interpretation of the venerable work. The insult flung in the face of the festival committee will be properly appreciated when it is remembered that this music has been sung in Rome for three hundred years.

PARIS. The chief novelties announced by M. Colonne at the Paris Châtelet concerts are a "Suite Algérienne," by M. Saint-Saëns, a violin concerto by Lalo, a piano concerto by M. Godard, and M. Duvernoy's cantata, "La Tempête." The concerts begin Oct. 24. M. Pasdeloup announces a series of historical concerts of works by French composers, from Lully to the present time, and works new to Paris by the Russian composers, Glinka, Dargomijsky, Rubinstein, Seroff, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and by the Italian writers, Verdi, Boito, and Ponchielli. M. Pasdeloup also proposes another attempt to popularize the works of the German school in Paris, and to produce compositions by Wagner, Brahms, Raff, and Goldmark.

LEIPZIG. The Gewandhaus concerts began on the 7th, with a performance of Bach's Suite in D for string quartet and wind, and Goldmark's Violin Concerto, played by Lauterbach, of Dresden.

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SCHUMANN ON STRINGED QUARTETS (1838).[1]

THIRD QUARTET MORNING.

(Continued from page 178.)

W. H. VITT. Second Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, F Major. — Opus 3.

J. F. E. SOBOLEWSKI. Trio for Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello, A-flat major, manuscript.

LEOPOLD FÜCHS. Quintet for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, E-flat major. — Opus 11.

Our third meeting was quite remarkably brilliant, from the addition of a pianist and a viola-player, whom we found necessary for the execution of a piano-forte trio and a quintet; and this change was not proposed by me without other reasons. The beautiful ear only be enjoyed in moderation, and I could more easily spend a night in listening to Strauss and Lanner dance music than to Beethoven symphonies, the tones of which pierce the soul until its wounds ache. And we need freshness in listening to quartets only, if not an especial fondness for that species of composition also. Composers always go away after the first, reviewers after the second; it is only the patient amateur who can support a third. One of these brave connoisseurs told me that he had been once entirely without music for three months, and that in his great hunger for it he played quartets on his first visit to the city during three consecutive days. "To be sure," he added, partly in excuse. "I play a little myself, and therefore took the second violin." So we introduced a little variety among our quartets; and who knows whether we may not admit one instrument after another among us, in contrary fashion to Haydn's well-known symphony, until our four-leaved clover is transformed into a complete orchestra? For the present, however, we are quite satisfied, especially as we now have to make our reader acquainted with several delightful novelties.

Some German towns are famed for their indifference towards persons of talent residing within their walls; others content themselves with praising their resident talent when there is question of rivalry with other towns; a third class can never cease boasting of its talented sons and daughters. Prague belongs to this last class. Whatever report we may happen to take up that proceeds from Prague we find its home artists treated with a delicate respect, an almost maternal cordiality; and among such criticisms we are sure to meet with the name mentioned first at the head of this article. And as even the field, merely, which the young composer has chosen to display his talent on, proves that his aim is no common one, I listened to his work — as one should listen to every work — with a favorable preconceived opinion. The score, neatly written in a refined, musician-like hand, enabled me to unravel the web still more easily.

A tone of cheerfulness and contentment breathes through this whole quartet; deep and sorrowful experience seems unknown to the young composer; he stands at the entrance of life with music as his fair companion; the work sparkles with a soft glitter. Its form presents no remarkable boldness or novelty; it is correct, and carried through with a hand already experienced, it would appear. The harmonic conduct of the whole, as well as of separate parts, is worthy of especial praise; a clearer, purer, correcter fifth opus has seldom been written. And from the manner in which the composer treats the string instruments, it is plain that he understands and has often played them. I might characterize the work to readers who have not facilities for easily obtaining it, as standing next to the Onslow quartet in manner; certain echoes of Spohr have become common property in this form; but a few Auberian passages appear out of place in it. After the scherzo, the first movement is most to be commended, in which I only object to the retrogression in the middle as too straggling, too little interesting; besides, in the preceding working up, the complete minor key (E minor) is touched on, a harmonic succession that we find almost wholly avoided in model works. Yet these are but trifling faults, scarcely worth mentioning in comparison with the counterbalancing excellence of the movement. The adagio was on the point of seeming monotonous to me, when, just at the right moment, the composer reintroduced the principal melody, giving to it an altered, exciting character. This determined the movement. The first part of the scherzo is excellent, worked out artistically and industriously; the trio is more effeminate. The last movement satisfies me the least. I know that some of the best masters close in a similar merry rondo style. But when a work is seriously and energetically taken hold of, it should be ended in the same manner, and not with a rondo, especially with one the theme of which reminds too strongly of a familiar Auber melody. In the middle he tries to interest us with some short fugued passages (in which firm theorists might draw his attention, to the false entrance of the *comes*); but I never had a high opinion of this kind of work, which does not venture beyond the first entrance on the fifth, and which can excite learned wonder in none save amateurs. Notwithstanding this the movement is pretty, and certain to please, if well played in public. May this composer strive ever onwards and higher, and on novel paths! He has already acquired much, and is sure to sustain himself with honor on broader fields of battle.

The next thing we played was the abovementioned trio by J. F. E. Sobolewski; and now the reader must depend wholly on our opinion, as the work is still in manuscript; and there is a great deal to be said about it. This composer's music is a witness to the fact that he lives by the seashore in the North. The trio is different from all others, original in form and spirit, full of deep melody. It may be often heard, well played; and yet it does not produce a decided effect; like the whole, it seems to have arisen at a time of crisis, during a struggle between old and new ways of musical thought. It does not appear, either, that the pianoforte is this composer's instrument; he writes for it "thanklessly" enough, my pianist thinks. It would be presumptuous to decide as to what degree of talent this composer possesses from a single trio, especially as this has been written a long time, since when he has brought out larger works, cantatas, an oratorio, "Lazarus," etc.[2] But we doubly respect him as critic, in which capacity he is best known to us, since we learn that he is also a poet in his art.

We next turned with pleasure to the quintet by L. Fuchs, whose compositions we made acquaintance with on our first quartet morning, and at once reported in our paper. I cannot, unfortunately, go much into detail, as I have not the score at hand, and some time has passed since the morning of performance, while only the general impression, the cheerful mood in which it set us, remains behind. It is scarcely conceivable how the addition of another viola at once alters the effect of the string instruments, or how very different is the character of the quintet from that of the quartet. The middle tints have more force and life; the single parts work better together than masses; if, in the quartet, we listen to four separate players, we now imagine we have an assemblage of them before us. Here a clever harmonist, such as we know this composer to be, can let himself go as he fancies, winding the parts in and out, and showing what he is capable of. All the movements are excellent, the scherzo especially so, and next, the first movement. Certain details in it surprise us as though we caught on the lips of a soberly-clad citizen a verse from Goethe or Schiller; and it was plain that my enthusiastic quintet players were pleased and much interested in a work that ought to be generally known.

When I have in mind the highest description of music, such as Bach and Beethoven have bestowed on us in some of their creations, — when I speak of those rare moods of mind, such as the artist should inspire in us, — I demand that each of his works shall lead me a step forward in the spiritual dominion of art, and I demand poetic depth and novelty everywhere, in detail as well as in the whole; but I have long to seek for this, and none of the above-mentioned, little of recently-published music, satisfies such a demand. In our next quartet meetings, we tried some of the music of a young man who seemed to draw it from a living depth of genius at times; yet there are certain limits to this opinion, of which, as well as of the subject that suggested it, I shall now speak further.

[1] From *Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms*, by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Second Series. (New York: Edward Schuberth & Co. London, Wm. Reeves. 1880.)

[2] Since the above was written, he has made a name as dramatic composer (Schumann's note of 1838).

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FOURTH AND FIFTH QUARTET MORNINGS.

I will now relate so much as belongs to the public of these two secret musical gatherings. I call them secret, because in them only the manuscripts of an until now wholly unknown (as composer) young musician, Hermann Hirschbach, were played. As an author, he must certainly have awakened the attention of our readers by the boldness and penetration of the views he has made public in a few articles in our paper. After so much promise, it was natural for me, on taking the measure of his intellect, to expect extraordinary things from him as a composer. I cannot even think of his works without deep sympathy; fain would I bury myself in remembrance for hours together, and talk with my reader of him. It may be, besides, that all that is twofold in the character of his compositions, — so like my own in this little-understood quality, — has made me susceptible, has quickly revealed his music to me. Of this much, however, I am certain, that his endeavor has been the most remarkable of all I have chanced on among young talent for a long time. The form of his music can scarcely be defined in words; it is itself speech, yet it speaks to us but as the flowers, or as eyes that relate secret histories to each other, as transmigrated spirits may converse; the speech of the soul, the truest musical life. We played and listened to three great quartets and a quintet, all written on passages from Goethe's "Faust," more as a decoration than as a description, though the music is clear enough in itself; it was a longing aspiration, a call for salvation, a continuous rushing onwards, — and amid this, happy forms, golden meadows, rosy evening clouds; I hope I do not exaggerate when I say that the composer sometimes seemed himself to be the gloomy magician Faust, as he brought before us, in floating outlines of fancy, the varied scenes of his life. Besides these, I have seen an overture to "Hamlet" by him, a grand symphony in several movements, a second, half finished, the movements of which should proceed one after the other in a breath; both equally fantastic, full of vital strength, differing in form from all preceding ones except those of Berlioz, with some orchestral passages such as we are only accustomed to hear from Beethoven, when he hurries like a destroyer to the battle-field against the entire world. And now comes my "best." It is with us here as it often is when we first look on the pictures of genial young painters, which, from their grandeur of composition (even outwardly), richness and truth of color, etc., so completely take us captive, that we only wonder, and overlook falsehoods in detail, errors of drawing, etc. When I listened to these things for the second time, certain passages already began to annoy me; passages that sin — I will not say against the first rules of the schools — but against the ear and the natural laws of harmonic progression. I do not count fifths among these only, but also some conclusions in the bass, and some modulations such as we meet with in inexperienced writers. These faults were as disagreeable to my musicians as to me. There is a sort of instinctive mastery of cadences, and so on, that seems to be the gift of nature, upon which that ordinary musical understanding, common to nearly all professional musicians, is grounded. If a young composer offends against this, it matters not how intellectual he may be, he is certain to find such men draw back from him, and scarcely even regard him as one of them. Whence comes this lack of a refined sense of hearing, of a correct management of harmony, amid so many other great gifts? Did the composer discover his talent too late? Did he abandon study too soon? Is it that, in his richness of ideas, his command of a generally very deep principal melody, full of meaning, in the upper part, he is unable to invent equally well for the lower ones? or are his organs of hearing really inefficient? This is a great question, as also is that, as to whether or not there is any help for the fault. The world will probably never see these works; and, to speak honestly, I would only connsel their publication on condition of many previous alterations, and even great omissions. This is, however, advice which we leave to the composer to accept or reject. This article is simply intended to call attention to a talent, beside which I could not place on the same level a single one among my recent discoveries; and music which, a result of the deepest psychical powers, has often touched me to the soul.

(To be continued.)

MR. SULLIVAN'S "MARTYR OF ANTIOCH."

(From the London *Daily Telegraph.*)

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, looking about for the subject of a composition to be produced at the Leeds Festival, came upon the late Dean Milman's dramatic poem, *The Martyr of Antioch*, and selected it. He must have seen something there able to make amends for the staleness of the story. Perhaps because Biblical incidents have been used up, English composers some time ago began to choose their themes from the records of the early church, naturally selecting those which set forth the constancy of the Martyrs. Thus we have an oratorio, *St. Polycarp*, by the Oxford professor of music, Sir Gore Ouseley; a cantata, *St. Cecilia*, by Sir Julius Benedict; a second work of the same description, *Placida*, by Mr. William Carter; and yet another, *St. Dorothea*, by Mme. Sainton-Dolby. Varied in treatment and character as are these works, there are yet points of resemblance, due to the fact that they all deal with the same general theme — the persecution, constancy, and death of those who counted all things, even love and life, but dross for the sake of the Master to whom they had given their allegiance. Mr. Sullivan knew perfectly well, therefore, that his choice of Dean Milman's story involved a sacrifice of freshness, but his resolve may have been strengthened by a determination to treat it from an original point of view, and thus, while avoiding comparisons, secure the element of novelty wanting in the subject. It is the fashion now for composers to follow, more or less, *longo intervallo*, in the wake of Wagner, and construct their own libretti. Sometimes they are successful, more often they fail; but Mr. Sullivan is hardly a distinct addition to either category. I shall not trouble the reader with details of the measure and the manner in which the book of *The Martyr of Antioch* departs from the original poem. That is a point of small consequence, and may be passed over for the important fact that an examination of the libretto shows Mr. Sullivan to have been guided more by his instincts as a musician than by his taste as a dramatist. We learn from the preface that besides writing some rhyme verse for the piece, Mr. W. S. Gilbert gave his friend and *collaborateur* the benefit of certain suggestions. It would seem, however, that Mr. Gilbert, out of profound sympathy with Mr. Sullivan, refrained from hints which in their result might have restricted the composer's opportunity for appealing to popular tastes. The exact significance of this remark will appear as I take the "sacred musical drama" — Mr. Sullivan rejects the term "cantata" — and examine it scene by scene.

The action opens at Antioch towards the close of the third century, when Syria was governed for Rome by the Prefect Olybius. We are first shown the Temple of Apollo during the celebration of rites in honor of the Sun God. Youths and maidens chants his praises with grateful reference to his various attributes, as Lord of Day, as Master of the Lyre, whose music makes even lovesick damsels heedless of their lovers' approach, and so on. When the hymn ceases, the prefect (tenor) notices the absence of the priestess Margarita (soprano) from her place at the altar. Margarita is betrothed to Olybius, who calls for her in impassioned strains. To his appeal there is no answer, but the high priest Callias (bass) seizes the opportunity to reproach the prefect with indulgence shown to the Christian sect. Olybius confesses the guilt of undue leniency, but swears that henceforth no mercy shall be granted, whereupon the crowd salute him as the "Christian scourge," and the scene closes. This part of the drama will bear examination, although it may be charged with want of symmetry, owing to the great length of the opening hymn — which fills no less than seventy out of ninety pages. But the "argument" of the scene is compact, and comes to an end significant as well as definite, since we are bound to remember the absence of Margarita, and to see a dark shadow projected upon her path as Olybius, the maiden's lover, and Callias, her father, make the compact of extermination. Nor should the fact be overlooked that expectation is called forth by keeping back the priestess till a moment when, owing to the omens of her fate, all interest centres in her person. The music of the scene is faithfully representative of the general character Mr. Sullivan has given to his work. I have already pointed out that seven-ninths of the pages devoted to it are taken up by the Pagan chorus, whence it follows that the real action is treated in a somewhat sketchy manner. As here, so throughout the drama; and, as throughout the drama so here, few music-lovers will feel inclined to visit the composer with censure. Our judgment may warn us of too much lyricism, and that the dramatic element is being hurriedly passed by, but our feelings are likely to over-ride our judgment, since Mr. Sullivan is most charming when represented by the incense, flowers, and songs of Apollo's maidens. With these are all his sympathies, and he invests them with so much musical beauty of form and color that they command our sympathies likewise, and make the poor Christians and their lugubrious strains appear as uninteresting as they are sombre. The scene is preluded by an arrangement for orchestra of the theme sung by Margarita at the stake, which need not be referred to here more than is necessary to eulogize the scoring. Thus early the composer indicates the quarter whither we must look for one of the chief attractions of his work. In setting the long hymn to Apollo, sufficient precautions are taken against monotony. The hymn is divided into six sections, presenting a good deal of variety

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in style and character, some being given to female and others to male voices only, while, again, others employ the full chorus. There is also a contralto solo, "The love-sick damsel laid," which may fairly be included among Mr. Sullivan's most beautiful conceptions. A languid and, in some respects, original melody is supported upon the close harmonies of low strings, while two clarinets reiterate in thirds and sixths a "figure" composed of three notes only. The harmonic progressions, as the songs, are as far removed from commonplace as its general character, and wherever *The Martyr of Antioch* goes, connoisseurs will discover "The love-sick maiden" one of its principal beauties. Mr. Sullivan has undoubtedly been influenced by Mendelssohn in the Pagan chorus, not, perhaps, as to form, and certainly not as regards details, but the sentiment and general character of the music have a family relationship with the sentiment and character of the German master's illustrations to Sophocles. The local color, as determined by Mendelssohn, is well sustained; and the orchestration, especially for violins, is unusually brilliant and picturesque, while the various parts of the extended hymn are cunningly welded into a whole by an occasional use of a phrase with which the first opens. Passing from this to the dialogue of Olybius and Callias, not much is found calling for note, and musical interest centres chiefly in the prefect's invocation of his bride-elect, "Come Margarita, come." The song — which, like "The love-sick maiden," was vociferously encored at Friday's performance — is a perfect gem in its pretty, yet, withal, artistic way. Melody and expression are alike charming, but the connoisseur will admire its structure as much as either. Each verse ends in a different key — F, E-flat, D-flat — the return to the original key (B-flat) being in every case made by an exquisite transition through D-minor, on the words, "Come Margarita, come." No such contribution to English lyric music has been made for years past.

The second scene opens in a Christian burial-place what time a funeral service is performed by the Bishop of Antioch, Fabius (bass). After the assembled people have sung a hymn, the bishop begins an address, but is interrupted by an alarm of advancing foes, and dismisses his flock to their homes. One, however, remains behind, and that one is Margarita. Taking the lyre she had used before the altar of Apollo, the priestess sings a hymn in praise of Christ, at the close of which her father, Callias, enters, bidding her attend the waiting rite. At this Margarita declares her change of faith, and the action of the scene ends. Some objections are obvious. In the first place, too much time is taken up by the funeral anthem — an extraneous business altogether; and, next, the interview between Callias and his daughter has no adequate conclusion, while in character it is tame and unnatural. A father and child, conscious that the life of one was at stake, would, in the first moments of grief and terror, hardly enter upon a discussion about their respective gods. We demand to know, moreover, what comes of Margarita's declaration, but receive no answer, the scene suddenly closing in. As regards the music, I must say of the Christian anthem as of the Pagan that, whatever its dramatic impropriety, no one will complain. It is a very beautiful, tender, and impressive setting of the well-known hymn, "Brother, thou art gone before us," and will be heard on many an occasion as mournful in real life as that which calls it forth in the drama. Margarita's song to the Saviour, with its introductory recitative, presents another capital number. The recitative is full of expression, and the song of a chastened joy, mingled with deep reverence, and pity for the sufferings entailed by human guilt. I cannot so highly approve the music to the dialogue of Margarita and Callias, and it only serves to show how far Mr. Sullivan has overlooked the seriousness of the situation when we find as principal theme a melody light enough for the *entrée* of some heroine of comedy. Mr. Sullivan has made a mistake here, and, as an expositor of human feeling, is a disappointment. But the music itself gives no cause for offence. Those who are as superficial at itself have a right, indeed, to be pleased with it.

At the opening of the third scene we are introduced to the house of the prefect, near which our composer's favorites, the maidens, are inviting one another to quit the busy streets and breathe the balmy evening air in the groves of Daphne. When their song ends, Olybius addresses Margarita — who has somehow or other made her way to the palace — and paints a dazzling picture of her future pomp. In return, the ex-priestess reminds Olybius of his thirst for glory, and offers him that which shall be eternal in the Heavens. The prefect answers in a mood playful and tender, but when he hears her entreat him to become a Christian, curses rush to his lips — curses which would be invoked upon the head of Christ himself but that Margarita arrests the words. At this the maiden bids her betrothed farewell, and, when asked whither she was going, replies, "To my prison, sir," by which we are left to infer that she voluntarily immures herself. When I state that the whole of the scene between the lovers occupies but five pages of the pianoforte score, it will be obvious that Mr. Sullivan has again treated his drama with scant respect. The maidens' chorus, on the other hand, fills twenty-one pages. Again, however, the consolation comes to us that we would not shorten it by a bar, preferring, for the sake of so much beauty, that the story should be treated as a peg to hang it on. The chorus, "Come away with willing feet," is one of the most charming the work contains. Written in two parts for female voices and in two sections (B-flat and G-minor), it adds to lovely and characteristic melody the interest of an accompaniment made fascinating by a delicate use of the wind instruments against a *moto continuo* for muted violins, throughout which a *gruppetto* of six notes is almost incessantly repeated. More thoroughly enjoyable and at the same time characteristic music could not have been written. The song of the prefect to Margarita, "See what Olybius's love prepares for thee," is inferior in charm to his first air, though not without decided merit. The music to the lovers' dialogue descends by comparison to insignificance.

We now enter upon the fourth and last scene. Mr. Sullivan's maidens hasten to the Temple of Apollo, past the prison of the Christians, singing as they go. The Christians hear them, and chant the praises of the true God. Meanwhile, prefect, priests, and people have gathered for the test of Margarita and Julia (contralto). A representative of the heathen creed demands the presence of the accused. As she is brought forth, a hymn to Apollo is sung, and when the martyr stands face to face with her persecutors, Julia, Olybius, and Callias set before her the choice — Olybius's throne or a blasphemer's fate. She unhesitatingly accepts death, whereupon the multitude call fiercely for instant execution. In reply, the martyr, like her prototype at Jerusalem, vindicates her faith and appeals to the final judgment. Once more the people shout, "Blasphemy!" but Margarita, undaunted, sings the glory and might of Him who protects her, and is so beautiful in her fervor that the prefect exclaims, when her loosed locks flow in the frantic grace of inspiration from the burst fillet down her snowy neck, "Never yet looked she so lovely." A last appeal is now made by Julia, Olybius, and Callias, and a last formal tender offered of sacrifice to Apollo or death. As the martyr remains constant, fire is applied to the pyre on which she stands, and Margarita then bursts into a rapturous song. She sees visions of Heaven, the starry pavement of the city "not made with hands," the angels, Cherubim and Seraphim, appear to her ecstatic gaze, till at last she beholds the Son of Man himself, and exclaiming, "Lord, I come," expires, as a brief chorus of glory to the Almighty is sung by the on-looking Christians. The dramatic construction of this scene is not open to objection in any serious degree. It tells the story with conciseness and point, and, if it represents the father and lover of the martyr as singularly calm in their concern for the victim, it puts the martyr herself in a strong and sufficient light. The music once more illustrates Mr. Sullivan's preference to the heathen, the opening chorus of maidens being as charming as most of its predecessors. But the palm of merit unquestionably belongs to the hymn "Io Pæan," sung as Margarita is brought forth. It is chiefly remarkable first for a broadly phrased solo with characteristic chorus, and next for an accompaniment consisting of a one-bar phrase continually repeated, after the model set by Mr. Sullivan's revel chorus in the "Prodigal Son." The number is one of striking cleverness, and right well deserves the encore it obtained at the performance on Friday. Margarita's address to her judges contains some fine music, principally orchestral, but the choruses of the incensed people, if not too brief, are decidedly too conventional for the interest they might otherwise have excited. A quartet for Margarita, Julia, Olybius, and Callias, "Have mercy, unrelenting Heaven," though pleasing, lacks the intense feeling natural to the situation. On the other hand, the martyr's final song is one of great beauty and power. Not only may the melody be described as rapturous, but the movements, color, and rhythm of the orchestra seem to suggest the full, throbbing, ecstatic life about to be merged into the life eternal, and gather force as the song proceeds and the end draws near. The change to short and agitated phrases at the vision of the Saviour is well managed, and the gradual piling of force and strenuous expression till the triumphant chorus bursts in belongs emphatically to the good things of art.

Taking *The Martyr of Antioch* as a whole, I do not question its chance of the popularity for which Mr. Sullivan has striven. It is a work that no one, be he musician or not, can hear without interest and admiration. At the same time criticism will always point to the fact that the drama is treated substantially as a pretext for charming choruses and airs. But while the finger of criticism is thus engaged, the voice of criticism will, for the sake of those choruses and airs, say as little as possible.

HANSLICK ON JACQUES OFFENBACH.[1]

When Offenbach came in February last year to Vienna, for the purpose of directing the final rehearsal and first performance of his *Madame Favart*, he resembled a crumbling ruin, which may noiselessly collapse in the night. His friends remarked with dismay the hippocratic expression in the weary face of him who was once so lively, and on taking leave had a presentiment that it was forever. This last journey of his, ill as he was, to his tenderly beloved Vienna, was one of the numerous proofs of the marvellous strength of will and love of work which triumphed over all bodily ills. Nothing, save such strength of will and love of work, could have effected the miracle of prolonging for another year the life of a man whose constitution was so shattered. Musical talent of a perfectly unusual order and a brilliant specialty have passed away with Offen-

[1] From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

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bach. The popularity of his works cannot possibly be greater than it was during his lifetime, but German critics may, perhaps, be induced by his death to form a more impartial estimate, and judge them from a musical and not merely from a one-sided moral point of view, as they have hitherto done. Much as he wrote, Offenbach was always original; we recognize his music as "Offenbachish" after only two or three bars, and this fact alone raises him high above his many French and German imitators, whose buffo operas would shrivel up miserably were we to confiscate all that is Offenbachish in them. He created a new style in which he reigned absolutely alone, and, though that style certainly held a subordinate rank in the hierarchy of the drama, it afforded millions of human beings for a quarter of a century the almost lost pleasure derivable from a copious stream of fresh, easy-flowing, joyous music. To musical tragedy and the higher musical comedy, Offenbach added a third and well-justified category: the musical farce. That there is now a serious overflow in a style which, before his appearance, had dried up, is something that cannot be laid to *his* charge. Of his many successors, not a single one comes up to him in combining melodic talent and accomplished technical skill; the most that can be said is that Johann Strauss approaches him nearly in the former, and Lecocq in the latter respect.

At present that death — that undesired but still finally indispensable aid to criticism — has closed Offenbach's career, we are enabled to take a survey of his enormous activity. This may be divided into three periods, corresponding pretty nearly with the three last decades — the 50's, 60's, and 70's. The first period includes his short one-act pieces with songs interspersed, and exhibits his talent in its most amiable and unpretending aspect. In the second, we see him advancing to larger forms, while his fancy grows more luxuriant and his technical skill more certain, his effects at the same time becoming more elaborated; it is the period which with *Orphée, La Belle Hélène, Geneviève, Barbe-Bleue*, etc., enters on the dangerous domain of extravagant travesty and parody, and reaches almost to the end of the sixties. Thenceforth, Offenbach left the field of travesty and again turned rather to comedy properly so called; at the commencement of the third period, he wrote some charming pieces, half farce and half comedy — such as *La Princesse de Trébizonde, La Vie Parisienne*, and *Vert-Vert* — but he grew weary in the concluding years, and, though still wonderfully fertile, gave us as a rule only a weak reflex of his former compositions.

What rendered Offenbach's name all at once celebrated and popular was, as we know, the short one-act pieces interspersed with songs with which, during the International Exhibition of 1855, he inaugurated the little theatre in the Champs Elysées. These pieces had, however, been preceded by a number of attempts of which the world knew nothing, and probably lost nothing by its ignorance. When a young man, Offenbach had, from 1845 to 1855, been indefatigable in writing operas and buffo operas, with which he had in vain knocked at the doors of Parisian theatrical managers. So he set up a miniature theatre of his own, and, in his one-act pieces interspersed with songs, hit upon the right form for his fresh and graceful talent. With three or four artists, who could just manage to sing, and a tiny orchestra, but without chorus or dancers, and without the slightest outlay in mounting them, Offenbach gave in the quickest succession those one-act buffo operas which, merely by the charm of their joyous, graceful, and at the same time, characteristic melodies, attracted the public in crowds, and permanently held them spell-bound. Rossini, who better than any one else knew how to appreciate that rarity, prolific melodic talent, designated Offenbach, jokingly but significantly, as the "Mozart of the Champs Elysées." Vienna knows most of these short one-act pieces: *Le Mariage aux Lanternes, Monsieur et Madame Denis, Les deux Aveugles, La Chanson de Fortunio*, etc., from their having been performed at the Treumann-Theater and the Carl-Theater. The general and joyous welcome accorded to the unpretending little works was well deserved and easily to be explained. The short one-act piece, with songs for four characters and without chorus, may be considered an invention of Offenbach's, or, at least, a modern revival of a style of writing which, cultivated in the last century by Monsigny, Philidor, and Grétry, had fallen into oblivion. This style gradually re-appeared just as the opéra-comique approximated more and more to the style and magnificent *mis-en-scène* of the grand opera. More and more rarely were one-act pieces given at the former theatre as *levers de rideau* to half-empty benches. By so-called "comic" operas with the grand pretensions of *L'Etoile du Nord* or *Dinorah*, this form of art was so entirely impelled in the direction of the grand opera, that the old cheerful aspect of the opéra-comique was no longer recognizable, and comic pieces interspersed with songs were threatened with extinction. With his buffo operettas (which hold pretty much the same position relatively to comic opera that comic opera holds to grand) Offenbach filled up a very sensible gap, and, after a long drought, once more supplied mankind, eager for laughter and thirsting for melody, with a stream of musical cheerfulness. With all its originality, Offenbach's style is more nearly related to that of Auber and Adam than to any other. The French is the prevailing but not the sole element in him. Certain youthful impressions not to be obliterated, especially from the operas of Mozart and C. M. Weber (the only composers of whom he spoke with enthusiasm), a ray of German romanticism, and the comic carnavalistic extravagance of his native town, Cologne, were combined in him with the frolicsome grace of his adopted country, France. Finally, there was a third national element without which Offenbach can no more be thoroughly explained than H. Heine: the wit and acuteness of the Jew. Of all Offenbach's works, the group of one-act pieces interspersed with songs, with their irresistible humor and perfect form, please us to-day more than any others. How many potentates of *la haute critique* would fain persuade themselves and others that such trifles are easily written. Yes, so they are for any one possessing the grace of God. By why is it that this gift is so rare?

It was natural that Offenbach's talent should soon endeavor to extend the narrow limits of his first short productions. He wrote the music of pieces in more acts, and decked out dramatically as well as scenically with greater richness. Such works were *Orphée, La Belle Hélène, Barbe-Bleue, Geneviève de Brabant*, and others. In these works of his second period we find not only his ambition but likewise his art have undeniably grown. In musical wealth and wit the better scores of the second period are undoubtedly superior to his previous ones, but they sacrifice the early simplicity and natural charm that they may do justice to plots of which some are frivolously grotesque and some pompously rampant. Though very far from being the advocate of such librettos as *Orphée* and *La Belle Hélène*, we will mention in Offenbach's favor two mitigating circumstances for the consideration of those who condemn him unconditionally. In the first place, the notion of parodying the stories of Greek heroes and gods in comic musical pieces is not by any means new; it flourished in the last and in the present century on the German stage, especially in Vienna, the home of Blumauer's *Travestirte Æneide*. Only the text and music were then immeasurably more trivial and senseless than in Offenbach's operas. In the latter, the librettists with all their extravagance are witty. The idea of the good-natured music-master, Orpheus, being compelled by "public opinion" to fetch back from the world below his deceased wife, who during her lifetime worried and deceived him, is decidedly clever. The domestic life of the gods in *Orphée*, the parody of the oracle-business and the Olympic games in *La Belle Hélène*, are unquestionably very witty notions. The same applies to the fundamental idea of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, which exhibits with much humor the autocracy of petty states, as exemplified in the rapid promotion of the private Fritz to the rank of general, and his equally quick degradation to the ranks again. Secondly, when there is a question of serious criticism, Offenbach's music should be held responsible neither for the excesses of the librettists nor those of the actors. While, to begin with, his works lose much of their wit and sharpness in the German versions, they suffer very much from the way they are usually performed in Germany. Admirable representations of his best pieces were given at the Carl-Theater (when, besides Tewele, Knaack and Motras, Carl Treumann, Grobecker, Müller, Fontelive, and, subsequently, Gallmeyer and Meyerhoff were members of the company). The same is true of the Theater an der Wien, with Mme. Geistinger — who was discovered and induced to adopt this style of piece by Offenbach himself — and the triad, Blasel, Rott, and Swoboda. But the coarse, senseless, and unattractive performances of Offenbach's operas in the smaller court and town theatres of Germany, are something astounding, and critics who derive all their knowledge from such exhibitions generally, of course, judge Offenbach angrily and unjustly.

It is at the end of the 60's, say, after *La Grand Duchesse de Gérolstein*, that we would fix the termination of Offenbach's second period, which was more especially that of parody and travesty. The commencement of the third period is marked by several charming three and four-act pieces, more nearly resembling comedies, and exhibiting the composer's talent in all its freshness, while they are at the same time more refined and moderate in tone, and with only rare relapses into the grotesque extravagancies of the second period. These pieces were *La Princesse de Trébizonde, La Vie Parisienne*, and *Vert-Vert*, (performed at the Carl-Theater under the title of *Kakadu*). Induced to make an attempt in a higher style, Offenbach wrote at this period two more important works for the opéra-comique, *Le Roi Barkouf*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, both of which proved non-successful. Two similar attempts in Vienna convinced his friends that his light and ready talent, devoid of contrapuntal and polyphonic resources, and incapable of pathetic expression, did not suffice for serious subjects dramatically developed. We allude to the romantic opera *Die Rhein-Nixen* (the graceful ballet music of which Herbeck saved by introducing it into the third act of Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*) produced, in 1864, with but little success at the Karntnerthor-Theater, and the opera of *Fantasio*, which kept possession of the boards of the Theater an der Wien only a short time. In both cases, Offenbach got hold of a bad libretto, and, what was still worse, one not in keeping with his own individuality. He took all possible pains to be serious and passionate, to stretch himself out beyond his natural length, but the most he could accomplish were a few isolated happy moments. Art is better served, however, by those who acknowledge than by those who deny their own peculiar nature. Offenbach acted wisely, therefore, in again devoting himself entirely to the lighter style of buffo opera. In

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the last six or eight years, there was an undeniable diminution of his power of invention, and he had recourse to frequent reminiscences and loans (though only, by the way, from his own capital). Every one, even the weakest, of his subsequent operas was always adorned by one or more pieces in which his former talent shone full and bright; but detached beauties were not enough for lasting success. The operas of his last period known in Vienna are *Les Brigands, Les Braconniers, Boule de Neige, Le Corsaire Noir, La Créole, La Jolie Parfumeuse, La Boulangère a des Ecus, Madame l'Archiduc*, and, to conclude, *La Fille du Tambour Major*. The last according to his own reckoning, is his hundredth opera. Thus, with the two unacted works *Les Contes d' Hoffmann*, and *Lurette*, which he was completing on his death-bed, his dramatic efforts amounted to 162.

To astounding facility of production Offenbach united the most exemplary industry. He was able (like Mozart and Rossini) to compose amid all conceivable kinds of interruption at all times, and in any place. I have often beheld him quietly working, with friends and acquaintances chattering close to him, and, whenever he came to Vienna he brought with him a goodly number of sketches, which he had jotted down with a pencil in the carriage. But more astonishing than aught else was his self-command and patience, when, ill and racked with pain, he would go on indefatigably working, and confer every day, on a bed of sickness, with his librettists about the next scenes. His exertions by no means concluded with the completion of a score. He was continually changing and improving during the rehearsals; he never hesitated an instant cutting out a pleasing number if he found that it impeded the action, and he was quite as ready in composing a new one at the last moment. He knew the stage as well as any one living, and never rested till he had given each of his pieces the most effective dramatic form and the greatest possible finish. In this respect, he was one of the most conscientious of artists. His melodies, too, lightly as they flowed to him, he altered often and long, if their rhythm did not strike him as sufficiently catching and original. In inventing various forms of rhythm he was marvellous; in this respect (the weakest point of our present operatic composers) his German colleagues might all take a lesson from him. We saw him remodel ten or twelve times the theme, "Oh, que j'aime le militaire," in *La Grande Duchesse* till the rhythm pleased him. Melodically inexhaustible, he required only the very simplest accompaniment of two or three chords whereon to write an endless series of the prettiest and at the same time most characteristic songs. This is something exceptionally rare in these days of over-loaded and far-fetched accompaniments. Far weaker than his talent for *melody* and *rhythm* was his knowledge of *harmony*, while his contrapuntal acquirements, stood almost at zero. In its eminently *comic* power his music is well nigh unrivalled; he possessed this rare quality in a far higher degree than Lortzing, Nicolai, or Flotow. His delicate feeling for characteristic instrumentation, which however, never became intrusive, admirably backed up his talent for the musically comic element. And as the last, but not the least, merit of his operas, the separate musical numbers always grow naturally out of the situation and delight us nearly invariably by their well-balanced and nicely rounded form. Whatever objections may be raised against him, Offenbach was a musician of genial gifts and extraordinary knowledge of the stage. He was, moreover, a good, kindly-intentioned man, particularly susceptible of friendship, who could be as weak, but also as naïf, unsuspecting, and good-natured as a child. EDUARD HANSLICK.

—*London Musical World.*

A CONCERT BY THE BLIND IN LONDON.

In the large majority of cases a few lines of record suffice for the notice of pupils' concerts; but that which was given last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace, by the pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, was, for more than one reason, of such exceptional interest as to deserve a more detailed criticism in these columns. . . .

In the first place, the programme, selected, we presume, by Mr. F. J. Campbell, the principal of the school, was noteworthy for the very high character of the music performed; but, besides this, the rendering was distinguished not only by remarkable mechanical accuracy, but by an amount of taste and feeling which is rare indeed with performers still in the state of pupilage. The concert opened with Bach's well-known Organ Fugue in G-minor, well played by Mr. Arthur Stericker, a few slips which were noticeable being apparently due to nervousness. Dr. Macfarren's Overture to *Chevy Chace* followed, being played by the Crystal Palace band under the direction of Mr. Manns. The performance of Leslie's trio, "O Memory," by Miss Dick, Miss Carson, and Mr. A. Wilmot, was, in our opinion, one of the gems of the concert. The exquisite taste and feeling with which this melodious little piece was given can scarcely be overpraised. Other remarkable performances among the solo numbers were Mr. J. West's singing of "It is enough," from *Elijah*, and Miss Reece's rendering of "Che faro," from Gluck's *Orfeo*. Both performers have good and excellently trained voices, and both sing with an amount of genuine feeling which recalled Beethoven's dictum, "That which comes from the heart goes to the heart." The two soprano singers, Miss Dick and Miss Campbell, also deserve praise, while the choir of the institution, consisting of some thirty voices, sang two part-songs by Smart and Bennett, and the Reapers' chorus from Liszt's *Prometheus* most admirably. In the unaccompanied part-songs the gradations of light and shade and the unity of style and phrasing of the whole choir were particularly striking. Two pianists appeared, Mr. W. F. Schwier and Master Alfred Hollins. The former took the pianoforte *obbligato* part in Gade's Symphony in D-minor (No. 5), a very interesting and beautiful work, which had not been heard at the Crystal Palace since 1860. The combination of the piano with the orchestra, is, of course, a familiar one when the former is employed in a concerto as a solo instrument. In Gade's symphony, however, we find an instance, so far as we know unique, of the use of the piano simply as an orchestral instrument—just as the harp is frequently used. It is only occasionally that it comes into prominence, but united with other instruments several novel effects of coloring are produced in the quieter parts of the music. In a *fortissimo* it would of course, be overpowered by the orchestra. Mr. Schwier performed his part of the symphony in a most artistic manner, though it is probable that he would have been heard to even more advantage in a solo. It is not unlikely that the selection of the symphony may have been designed to prove what some people have doubted—the possibility of a blind pianist playing with the orchestra with absolute precision, though of course unable to be guided by the conductor's beat. If this were the object, it was undoubtedly fully attained. Master Hollins, a lad of only fourteen years of age, gave a truly admirable performance of a prelude and fugue by Bach, and a showy piece (*Tour à Cheval*) of Raff's; the playing of the latter was especially remarkable on account of the frequent skips for the hands, which would not be easy even for a pianist who could see the keys, but which were, nevertheless, taken with faultless accuracy.

We have dealt more largely than is our custom in superlatives in speaking of this concert, because it is the simple truth that we have seldom, if ever, listened to a performance given by pupils of such a high average of merit from an artistic point of view. The excellent teaching of the various professors at the Normal School has, of course, much to do with this; but there can be no doubt whatever, in the mind of any one qualified to form an opinion, that quite as much, if not more, is due to the artistic influences brought to bear on the pupils, and especially to the musical performances at the Crystal Palace, at which they are constant visitors. For this reason we join most heartily with Dr. Armitage in deprecating the proposed removal of the school to Windsor. Such a course appears to have absolutely nothing to recommend it, while it would take away from the pupils the almost unrivalled advantages for their artistic development which they at present enjoy.—*Athenæum, July 17.*

BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE."

The following description of the Italian opera founded upon Goethe's "Faust," and which has formed this week the notable novelty of Messrs. Strakosch and Hess's season of opera in English at the Globe Theatre, appeared in last Monday's *Advertiser*.

The following description of the work has been prepared from the piano score,—never thoroughly satisfactory as a means of giving a complete idea of a composition, and now that the orchestra has been assigned the most important duties in lyric dramas, only of use to furnish suggestions of an author's method of treatment. "Prologue in Heaven"—thus stands the title, following that of Goethe. Concealed in clouds are the Celestial Phalanx, a mystic chorus, cherubim and penitents. Mefistofele stands alone. Seven trumpets, one for each tone of the scale, resound, here and there, and a simple *motif* of but two notes asserts itself, alternating with a broader theme, the Salve Regina assigned apparently to harps. The celestial voices sing the praises of the Most High,—a double chorus in five parts for each choir,—and heavenly echoes repeat the last syllable of each stanza—"*Ave*." This movement is, at first, a simple chant, without cadence; gradually it becomes more and more complicated, with constant changes in key; but, on the whole, it is dignified and impressive. At its close, the trumpets are again heard in their simple *motif* of two notes. Then follows an orchestral *scherzo*, wild and uneasy, introducing Mefistofele who greets Jehovah in mocking speech,—as in Goethe's drama,—the music of which, admirably fitted to the words, is the continuation of the subject of the *scherzo*. The shrill tones of the wood wind sharpen the effect of this passage. Jehovah speaks through a mystic chorus of bass voices: "Dost thou know Faust?" This idea is not unlike that of Mendelssohn in "St. Paul," where the Almighty calls, in a chorus of female voices, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Goethe's dialogue between the powers of good and evil is reproduced in recitative, interrupted by the short *motif* for the trumpets and phrases of the *scherzo* (Jehovah's replies being uttered by the bass chorus), and at one point accompanied by a solemn *Sanctus*, sung by the celestial phalanx. The cherubim (boys' voices) sing at a most rapid rate "On the winds, o'er the world, through azure depths we fly," the voices of penitents greet the Queen of Heaven in grave measures; the two movements are combined with wonderful skill and great effect, and there is even added a third for the celestial phalanx, a prayer for the dead; heavenly echoes repeat "*Ave*," and the three choirs unite in a repetition of the opening chorus. The voices cease as the two-note *motif* again sounds in the full orchestra, and the prologue, for which Boito has chosen as a motto Jehovah's query, "Dost thou know Faust?" is over.

Part I, is divided into three acts. Act I, scene 1, is entitled "Easter Sunday," and corresponds with scene II, of Goethe's drama. We are at Frankfort-on-the-Main, before the city gates. All sorts of people pass and repass. There is a brief orchestral movement, ushered in by bells, of a martial character, with an odd rhythmic construction, the measures being in 3-4 and 2-4 time, alternately. The people, students, and boys, sing a bright chorus, the Easter bells sounding now and then. Faust enters, with Wagner. Faust, an old man, utters his longings for the springtime of life. A gray friar dogs Faust's footsteps. A bit of the *scherzo* in the prologue betrays his identity. The music of the entire scene is animated and expressive. There is a waltz for dancers and chorus, phrases of which interrupt the dialogue of Wagner and Faust, and are even heard as the scene changes to Faust's study. It is night. Faust enters, followed by the friar, who conceals himself in an alcove. Faust sings, in a meditative mood, and to a melodious theme:

"Behind me, field and meadow sleeping,
I leave in deep, prophetic night," etc.
[Taylor's Goethe; Scene III.

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Mefistofele is forced to reveal himself by Faust's soliloquy on the Scriptures, but suddenly changes his disguise to that of a cavalier. A duet follows, the compact between Mefistofele and Faust is concluded, and the curtain falls as fiend and mortal are whisked away on the magic mantle of the former. The music of this scene, which is entitled "The Compact," is very strong. The *scherzo-motif* is heard through the duet, in which is included a *cantabile* for Faust of great beauty. In the latter occurs the phrase which Boïto has adopted as the motto for the act: —

> "When then I hail the moment flying,
> 'Ah! still delay — thou art so fair!'"
> [Taylor's Goethe; Scene IV.

[That is to say: "You serve me now; but if I ever find the experience so satisfying that I would fain arrest the fleeting moment, then we exchange parts and I become your slave forever."]

Some of the phrases assigned to Mefistofele are notable for their scornfully sarcastic character.

The second act bears this motto: —

> "Who shall dare to say the word 'Credo in Deo?'"
> [Scene XVI, Goethe.

The first scene is in Marta's garden. Faust, a blooming youth calling himself Henry. Margherita, Mefistofele and Marta are the only characters. All the music is extremely sensuous, and its passionate character increases as Faust's love-making grows more and more ardent. There is an elegant simplicity in the tranquil opening of the scene and in Margherita's aria. In fact the music assigned to each character is distinctly expressive. There is an *andante* for Faust as melodious as heart could desire. There is an ingeniously constructed quartet, with syncopated phrases for Margherita, against *legato* motives for Faust and Marta and a *staccato* movement for Mefistofele. Margherita flys from Faust, who pursues her, and the same game is played by Marta and Mefistofele. A knowledge of Goethe's drama is essential to an understanding of this scene, as Boito has not prepared any equivalent for Goethe's scenes describing the preceding meetings of the lovers. Scene II. is "The Walpurgis Night," scene XXI of Goethe. We are on the Brocken, in a wilderness of rocks. Mefistofele and Faust come. There is a short duet between the pair, in which there is a most uncomfortable sounding series of sequences in fifths, and the Witches' Sabbath begins. The will-o'-the-wisp lends his fitful and treacherous aid. A chorus of witches (*allegro veloce*) has some original ideas, though one is occasionally reminded of the Incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*. Here is a chord repeated through several measures: G (fundamental), D, A, E, corresponding to the open strings of the violin. The effect of this dissonance must be inexpressibly horrible, if it does not become ridiculous. Mefistofele reveals himself, and the witches do him reverence. Some of them dance to wild, fantastic strains. Mefistofele sings a sarcastic "ballad of the world." A vision of Margherita, pale and wan, appears to Faust, accompanied by the strains of the garden duet. The infernal uproar is renewed, the music grows more fast and furious and becomes positively exciting, there is a sequence of strange chords, the scene is over and the act is ended.

Act III. Margherita's death. Scene XXV of Goethe. The motto is Mefistofele's utterance "She is judged!" Margherita, the murderer of mother and babe, all for love of Faust who has deserted her, awaits in a dungeon the penalty of her crime. She utters a wild prayer for mercy, but earthly feelings still cling to her as there are again heard phrases of the garden duet. It is an aria of a decidedly florid sort which is assigned to the unfortunate victim of love, more after the style of Verdi than of Wagner. Faust vainly strives to induce Margherita to fly. Again Boïto shows his skill in the combination of themes and harmonies which shall express the sense of the text and the dramatic situation — Margherita's terror, relieved by momentary gleams of hope; Faust's desperate pleadings; Mefistofele's sarcastic advice. Margherita asks for strength from the Supreme, and the *Ave Signor* of the *Celestial Phalanx* in the prologue resounds in the orchestra through her prayer. "She is judged!" thunders Mefistofele, "Oh, anguish," cries Faust; "Henry, thou mak'st me shudder," are the dying accents of Margherita; "She is saved!" chant the heavenly choirs; "Come with me," calls Mefistofele to Faust, and the curtain falls.

Part II includes one act and an epilogue. The act, numbered IV, is entitled *The Night of the Classic Sabbath*. Part II, act II, scene III, of Goethe's Mefistofele annihilating time and space, bears Faust to ancient Greece. The river Peneus, surrounded by nymphs and tributary streams, greets us; the moon sheds her silvery rays on Elena (Helen) and Pantalis, who are in a boat of mother-of-pearl and silver, with sirens about them. Extremely sensuous is all of the music of this scene. There is a duet for Elena and Pantalis, with very simple but captivating themes. Faust's passionate cries to the Grecian queen are heard. Mefistofele enters and acts as interpreter. The sirens endeavor to scatter Elena's sad reflections as she recalls the horrors of the Trojan war, by a stately dance. There is a song for Faust as he pays court to the fair cause of all the woes of Troy, leading into a concerted movement, in which the chorus takes part, which is worked up with great skill and effect. Elena utters the motto of the act (to Faust), "Canst thou to me that lovely speech impart?" To which Faust replies: "'Tis easy; it must issue from the heart." There are two passionate concerted movements for Faust, Elena and chorus, the second of which has a most inspiring theme, and this ends the scene.

There still remains an epilogue with the motto, "Ah! still delay — thou art so fair." Faust has seen and enjoyed all that Mefistofele has promised him, "in both the little world and the great," and we now meet him again, an old man, in his study, oppressed by recollections of hours forever fled. A theme of the scenes of the preceding act is repeated in the orchestra. Faust's meditations are on eternity. Mefistofele endeavors to divert Faust's thoughts, and even spreads his mantle by whose magic aid they can defy time and space. The air accompanying this action is the same as in the close of Act I. the scene of the compact. Different visions greet Faust's eyes. Heavenly beings appear in confused groups. Mefistofele accepts the challenge to a contest between Heaven and the Powers of Darkness. We hear the celestial trumpets — the *motif* of two notes — and a part of the *Ave Signor*, and the celestial vision fades away. The sirens appear as Mefistofeles sings the theme of the love duet in Act IV, but the heavenly choirs resume their song. Faust cries in an ecstacy, "Ah! still delay — thou art so fair," the sirens vanish, and Faust falls on his knees and dies, while on him drops from heaven a shower of roses. Mefistofele, discomfited and enraged at the loss of his victim, and writhing under the light and flames, sinks from view. The choirs of angels and cherubim continue their hymns of praise, the trumpet-motif of the prologue is sounded — the end is reached.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880.

CONCERTS.

Philharmonic Orchestra. The first of the five concerts by Mr. Listemann's thoroughly drilled and excellent orchestra of forty instruments took place at the Music Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 5. It was an auspicious opening, the audience being large and evidently well pleased. This was the programme:

"Romeo and Julia" — Fantaisie for orchestra. . . . J. S. Svendsen
Concerto for pianoforte in A-minor, Op. 16. . . . E. Grieg
"Im Walde" (In the Forest) — Symphony in F, Op. 153. . . . . J. Raff
Musette from Concerto No. 6. . . . . Handel
Adapted for oboes, bassoons and string orchestra by F. A. Gevaert.
Two Slavonic dances . . . . Anton Dvorak
No. 3, poco allegro; No. 4, tempo di menuetto.
Fantaisie on Hungarian airs for pianoforte and orchestra. . . . . F. Liszt
Overture to "Der Freischütz". . . . . . C. M. v. Weber

The modern element was altogether paramount in this selection. There was plenty of brilliant, elaborate, richly-colored instrumentation, a general restlessness of mood, and much of the wild, dreamy northern character. The Romeo and Juliet Fantaisie by Svendsen, given for the first time here, seemed somewhat vague and wandering in form, and what passion there was in it Northern rather than Italian, while it contained much that was beautiful and tender. The romantic Concerto by Grieg, full of interesting ideas throughout, with rich, deep, lovely adagio, and bold, impetuous and brilliant in the two allegro moderato movements — the finale being strongly accented — was played by Mr. Franz Rummel in a most masterly manner. His touch is clear and bright, his execution never at fault, and the whole interpretation was most satisfactory in strength, in breadth, in delicate finesse, conveying the ideal poetry and color of the work. Mr. Rummel plays even better than he did in a Symphony Concert here two years ago.

Raff's Forest Symphony is perhaps his richest and most imaginative work in that form. The daylight impressions and feelings of the first part (allegro) are vividly and happily suggested. The second part, "In the Twilight," presents a happy contrast between its two scenes, the one called "Reverie," the other a bright fantastic "Dance of the Dryads." The third part represents a night in the woods; it is of course in a low tone of color, and the low murmur of the streams, the creeping of the breezes through the leaves, and all the vague interweaving of the various sounds in the woods by night, is very poetically and musically rendered. Then come the echoing horns, and the wild hunt, approaching and receding, with Frau Holle (Hulda) and Wotan. This is weird and exciting, but worked out to a tedious length. The break of day forms an appropriate conclusion. The very elaborate and difficult symphony was faultlessly interpreted.

Gevaert's adaptation of the brief Musette from the Handel Concerto, was soothing and refreshing after so much of the wild, uneasy and exacting kind. The Slavonic Dances by Dvorak were original and quaint enough in rhythm and in fancy; and Mr. Rummel's performance of that everlasting Hungarian Fantaisie by Liszt was so full of fire and brilliancy, and in every way so superlatively clever, that it lent a new freshness to the hackneyed thing. Then came one of those idiotic, irrepressible calls for an encore; the artist bowed his thanks, and was evidently reluctant to play any more, being (as we have since learned) in fear of losing the train for New York. Yet the childish public insisted, and he had to return to the piano. What he played we did not stay to hear; for the concert had been very long, and what we would fain have heard by way of comfort after so much heavy "newness," the good old *Freyschütz* overture, we were obliged to lose. Is there no remedy for this great concert nuisance, no protection against the Encore Fiend? Really it seems to us that the responsibility should rest with the conductor, where there is one. He may be presumed to have reached the age of discretion, and to know when such a demand is unreasonable; and knowing it to be so, he should take the matter into his own hands, rap his orchestra to order, and go doggedly on with the next piece in the programme, let the crowd thunder as it will. At the Birmingham Festival no encore is granted without an approving signal from some Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, or whatever noble lord may chance to be the honorary president of the occasion. Here, having no such person nor such custom, the musical conductor would seem to be the one to exercise the encore censorship. Or how would it do (we think we have made the suggestion before) to have a sort of secret league among the really musical concert-goers, whereby upon a certain signal agreed upon, they should all rise and leave the hall whenever such an imposition is insisted on! That might shame the offenders into silence, when nothing else would. That might nonplus the Fiend.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood gave a very interesting concert at the new Meionaon (under Tremont Temple), on Saturday evening, Nov. 6. The special object of the concert was to introduce the young Canadian-French violinist, Mons. Alfred Desève, who, after studying with Vieuxtemps in Paris, held for a time the place of violinist to the Princess Louise. He is a very young man, of prepossessing and refined appearance, having the artistic temperament, full of enthusiasm, and evincing more than ordinary talent and high culture. The concert opened with the "Kreutzer" sonata of Beethoven played by him and Mr. Sherwood. Pure intonation, free, broad, finished execution, great *abandon* and intensity of feeling, were the characteristics of his playing. His tone, however, cannot be called large. His interpretation is free from any nonsense, or extravagance of ornament; but somehow the treatment of the whole Sonata by the two artists seemed overwrought in point of

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feeling, as well as in display of virtuosity. There could be no doubt, however, of their thorough mastery of the composition and of their instruments.

Mr. Charles R. Adams sang two songs by Schumann: "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Ich grolle nicht" (in English, to which we could hardly reconcile ourselves) in the most artistic style, and with the truest taste and feeling. Mr. Sherwood then played a Valse Caprice and Barcarolle by Rubinstein, and the A-flat Polonaise of Chopin as very few can play them. At this point another engagement called us off. The remaining pieces were the Andante and Presto of Mendelssohn's violin concerto (which we have heard M. Desève play exquisitely in private), a couple of songs by Raff ("Abendbild" and "Immer bei Dir"), and Liszt's Symphonic Poem "Mazeppa," arranged for two pianos, played by Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

The new Meionaon is an attractive hall, a good deal larger than the old one, and seemed to be very good for chamber-music.

Old Bay State Course. Here is certainly a remarkable programme for a popular audience,—a "lecture" audience—cramming the Music Hall in every nook and corner, and listened to attentively all through, with frequent outbursts of enthusiasm, as was the case on Thursday evening, Nov. 11.

Quartet in E-flat, Op. 44, (Allegro-Vivace). . Mendelssohn
Mendelssohn Club.
Mazeppa, Symphonic Poem for two pianos, (After Victor Hugo). . . . . Liszt
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
Aria, "Und ob die Wolke," (Der Freischütz). . . Weber
(With 'Cello Obligato by Mr. Giese).
Miss Bailey.
Fantaisie for violin on Gipsy Airs. . . . . . Sarasate
Mr. Schnitzler.
(First appearance in Boston).
Aria, "Revenge, Timotheus Cries", (Alexander's Feast). . . . . Handel
Mr. Henschel.
Quartet, entitled "The Miller's Pretty Daughter." Raff
a. The Declaration. b. The Mill.
Mendelssohn Club.
Duet, "Caro bella," (Julius Cæsar). . . . . . Handel
Miss Bailey and Mr. Henschel.
Piano Solo, Grand Polonaise in E. . . . . . . Liszt
Mr. Sherwood.
Songs, a. The Arrow, b. Sing Heigho. . . G. Henschel
Miss Bailey.
Solo for violoncello on "Le desir,". . . . . . Servais
Mr. Giese.
Ballad, The Two Grenadiers. . . . . Schumann
Mr. Henschel.
Finale from the Quartet in A-minor, Op. 41. R. Schumann

A quartet of strings, in our vast and crowded Music Hall, could hardly be audible to all ears, nor satisfactorily so to any. Yet the two quartet selections appeared to be listened to with close attention and respect by all. The old Quintet Club is for the most part now the new one. Thomas Ryan alone remains of the old members. Mr. Frederick Giese, the very young but excellent violoncellist, has been in the club, and in this country, but a year. The new violinists, Isidore Schnitzler and Ernst Thiele, besides Mr. William Schade, who plays flute and viola, help to make up a quartet and a quintet never yet surpassed among us, and Boston classical music-lovers can but feel the club's infrequent and short stays at home here to be somewhat tantalizing.

The great point was the first public appearance here of the famous German-English baritone singer and composer, George Henschel, who is affianced to Miss Lillian Bailey. His rendering of the Handel aria proved him to be all that has been said of him. With a fine, manly, genial, intellectual presence (for he is a thoughtful looking man), he throws himself into the spirit of the author and the work; and his thoroughly trained, rich, musical voice (which, however, vibrates not so freely in the lower tones as one could wish), his perfect phrasing, breadth and dignity of style, consummate ease and evenness of execution (as shown particularly in the way he dealt with the long passages of rapid Handelian roulades), his command of light and shade, and the pervading truth of sentiment and faultlessness of taste, were proof enough of the complete artist, one of the finest mould. We only regretted that in that particular piece Mr. Henschel (since there was no orchestra) did not play his own pianoforte accompaniment; for in private we have heard him do it both in this aria, and in "Why do the heathen rage," playing with a breadth and power and an intensity of accent as if it were an orchestra, and at the same time singing with full freedom and effect. In fact, Mr. Henschel is a complete musician as well as a singer; in whatever he does there is the air—not in the least assumed—of one who knows perfectly well what he is about; you feel that the moment he sits down at the piano, whether to accompany another or himself. Being warmly recalled, Herr Henschel sang, to his own accompaniment, an old Italian air. His second solo was "The two grenadiers" of Schumann, to which he of course, did justice. He also sang with Miss Bailey a fine duet, "Caro bella," from one of Handel's Italian operas, *Giulio Cesare*.

Miss Bailey sang the serious aria from *Der Freyschütz* very tenderly and sweetly; voice and style were admirable. The Henschel songs, too, charmingly original, became her well. The piano performances of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were most brilliant and effective, winning great applause. Mr. Schnitzler by his solo-playing proved himself to be one of the best violinists who has come among us, and Mr. Giese more than confirmed the fine impression which he made last winter. The concert was long, it evidently pleased, yet somehow the Encore Fiend was practically kept out! Tell us how, Oh clever managers!

Boston Conservatory of Music. An interesting matinée, under the direction of Julius Eichberg, took place at Wesleyan Hall, on Friday, Nov. 12. The principal feature of the programme was the opening number, the glorious old B-flat Trio (Op. 97) of Beethoven, of which a high satisfactory performance was given by Messrs. Hermann P. Chelius, piano, Albert Van Raalte, violin, and Wulf Fries, 'cello. To the two younger members the effort was extremely creditable; of the 'cellist, of course, that goes without saying. We were unable to hear the rest of the concert, consisting of:

Song, "The Lost Chord." . . . . Sullivan.
Mr. Carl Pflueger.
a. Fugue in E-minor. . . . . Bach.
b. Nocturne in F sharp major. . . . . . . Chopin.
c. Military Polonaise. . . . . Chopin.
d. Traumerei. . . . . Schumann.
e. Valse in A-flat. . . . . Chopin.
Mr. Chelius.
Song, "Yeoman's Wedding." . . . . . Poniatowsky.
Rhapsodie, No. 6. . . . . Liszt.

Of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, of which Mr. Lang gave a second performance on Friday evening, Nov. 12, we can only say, at present, that it was a great improvement on the first presentation here last spring, both as regards choruses, male and female, orchestra, and solo singers, and that the interest and fascination of the strange, weird, in parts extremely beautiful music grow upon one as he becomes more familiar with it. Miss Lillian Bailey sang the part of Margaret with unaffected sweetness and simplicity, and with great tenderness, her voice being lovely in itself, and her style and execution fine. Herr Henschel's Mephistopheles was a potent contribution to the life and power and point of the whole performance. His rendering had great dramatic force, besides being in every way thoroughly artistic; a fine vein of true Mephistophelian irony pervaded the whole. Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. Hay, sang in a praiseworthy manner also. The chorus of 200 male and 100 female voices had the charm of careful, critical selection, beautiful ensemble of tone quality, as well as of precise, well-shaded, and finely effective execution.

More we cannot say now, but may be more prepared to enter into details, and receive an abiding impression of the work after the third performance, which Mr. Lang has been prevailed upon to give on the 30th of this month.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Nov. 15. Our musical season may well be regarded as "inaugurated," for the Symphony Society gave its first concert on Saturday evening, Nov. 6, with an interesting programme, as will be seen:

Overture, "Egmont," . . . . Beethoven
Scene from "Alexander's Feast," . . . . . Handel
Herr Henschel.
1st Symphony, C-minor, ... Brahms
Aria from "Euryanthe," . . . . Weber
Herr Henschel.
Symphonic poem "Mazeppa," . . . . Liszt

It would seem as if no finer orchestral work could be done than that achieved by the musicians under Dr. Damrosch's competent leadership. Critics have at times seemed disposed to cavil at a certain so-called unsoundness which in former years perhaps marred the effectiveness of Dr. D.'s conducting; but in these days his equipoise and self-control are simply wonderful, and the intense vitality of his nature rarely displays itself in any more decisive way than by an occasional quick motion of the wrist. Such a conductor inevitably inspires an orchestra, for the musicians know that their director is thoroughly in sympathy with his work.

Of the Brahms symphony there seems to be little to say, except that no interpretation will ever make it an *agreeable* work. No one can or will raise the least question as to the seriousness of its intent or the masterly skill displayed in its construction and orchestration; but it lacks *something*, while it is not perfectly easy to say what that something is. It is too ornate, and too diffuse, and wholly fails to reach even the faintest touch of that divine simplicity which emanates from genius as does the perfume from the flowers.

Herr Henschel came, saw, and conquered us all: his style is so superb, his phrasing so broad and free, and his musical intelligence so unmistakable, that he fairly carried everything before him, and rode to the very apex of public favor upon a tidal wave of enthusiasm that almost seemed hysterical in its intensity. For myself, I do not especially admire the quality of his voice; but tastes will differ, and it suffices to say that he is a great artist, and a musician of the broadest culture.

The house was very full, and the present season of the Society's work has commenced most auspiciously. The second concert will occur Dec. 4.

The New York Philharmonic Club "inaugurated"—on Tuesday evening, Nov. 9,—the third season of their charming concerts of chamber-music. I give the programme:

String Quartet, D-minor, ... Schubert
Three pieces either arranged or adapted for the Club.
Piano Quartet, E-flat, ... Reinecke

Who has not heard and thoroughly enjoyed that delicious Schubert Quartet with the lovely andante in G-minor (theme and variations)? At this late day I have no intention of striving to strain the English language in the attempt to express my admiration of this andante. It was given with great delicacy and sentiment, as one might well expect from the competent artists who form the club.

The "three pieces" serve to illustrate a new departure on the part of the club. It is the intention of these gentlemen to introduce at each time some compositions which have either been adapted or written for the club. On Tuesday evening one of the pieces thus "arranged" was Schumann's "Warum." The attempt was not successful, and it is to be hoped the "arrangers" will in future draw a line somewhere. The other selections were more happy, and their fine performance excited and received a hearty encore, to which the club responded with the march from the "Ruins of Athens"; this was very attractive to the audience, and so another recall was insisted upon, and to this the response was Schumann's "Evening Song," which was very well played, and certainly quite effective in this new shape.

Mr. S. B. Mills took the piano in the Reinecke Quartet, and to his credit be it said that he played well, for he seems to have learned that in a quartet all of the instruments ought to have a chance to be heard; in consequence of his new departure, the breezy, crisp quartet went with a dash and brilliancy that was very exhilarating.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 13, the first concert of the Philharmonic Society took place, with a programme which included the "Eroica" and Hensel's piano concerto played by Joseffy.

The orchestral work was in the main well done, and the Beethoven Symphony was exceedingly well played. Mr. Thomas's ideas of tempo are not invariably according to rule or precedent, which may be regarded at times as a misfortune, and at other times as a blessing. He gave the "Funeral March" in excellent time; it was dignified, but not "draggy"; the whole movement is too long, every way, and ought to be clipped if any one could be audacious enough to do it.

Joseffy, having recovered from his recent indisposition, played the Hensel concerto in a noble way; he

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has certainly improved in breadth and scope since last season; he has worked hard during the entire summer, and with splendid results. He received an enthusiastic recall, and could have had a second if he had so chosen.

F.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Wm. F. Apthorp's course of six lectures on the History of Music, from the days of St. Ambrose down to Wagner, will commence at the Lowell Institute next Monday evening The topics of the several lectures are given in the advertisement in the daily papers. We fear we only tantalize too many of our readers, for we learn that about all the tickets were at once taken up. But the lectures might be repeated elsewhere.

—— Mr. Lang announces a third and last performance of *The Damnation of Faust*, on the same grand scale as last Friday, for Tuesday evening, Nov. 30. There will be the same fine orchestra of over 60 instruments, and the same admirable chorus of 200 male and 100 female voices. The solos will be sung by the same artists as before with the exception of the part of Faust (tenor), for which Mr. Julius Jordan has been engaged in the place of Mr. Winch, Miss Lilian Bailey will be Gretchen, Herr Henschel, Mephistopheles, and Mr. C. E. Hay, Brander.

—— Some of the most musical ladies of Boston, Cambridge, Brookline, etc., have been for some time organizing, in a quiet way, a complimentary concert to that most estimable, modest gentleman and artist, who has been so many years identified with all good musical things in our city and elsewhere, Mr. Wulf Fries. It is to be at Horticultural Hall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 4, and many of the best artists will assist. The tickets have been mostly disposed of in private without reservation of seats. Indeed the whole movement was kept a secret to Mr. Fries himself, until within a few days. We shall be happy to be the medium through which a few more tickets may be obtained, provided they be bespoken early.

—— Miss Josephine C. Bates, a charming pianist, of New York, announces a concert for next Saturday evening, at Mechanics' Hall. Messrs. Geo. L. Osgood and Gustav Dannreuther will assist. We hope that the right sort of people, and plenty of them, will be there to hear.

—— Prof. J. K. Paine, at Harvard, is said to be getting on very successfully in the composition of music for the chorus in the proposed performance of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. The members of the chorus, who have already rehearsed the numbers so far finished, speak of them with admiration, as being music altogether fit and noble.

—— This, from the papers of Thursday, speaks for itself. We only wish it understood that it is none of *our* doings, and sprang from no direct or indirect suggestion, or least hint on our part. We copy it mainly in order that our friends and readers in other places may know what has been brewing in the birth-place of this *Journal of Music*.

The Dwight Testimonial. The following correspondence has just been exchanged.

Boston, Nov. 15, 1880.

"*Mr. John S. Dwight*: —

Dear Sir, — A number of your friends who remember your long and faithful services in behalf of the cause of music, and who are deeply grateful that it has been permitted to you to accomplish so much in elevating the standard of public performances and in refining the public taste, have determined to offer you a testimonial concert, to be given on a fitting scale, early in the coming month, at the Boston Music Hall. They respectfully ask your acceptance of the compliment, with their united good-will and affection, and with best wishes for your continued health and usefulness.

(Signed)

R. E. Apthorp.
W. F. Apthorp.
L. B. Barnes.
F. P. Bacon.
W. P. Blake.
J. Bradlee.
A. P. Browne.
G. H. Chickering.
E. H. Clement.
C. P. Curtis.
Oliver Ditson.
E. S. Dodge.
L. C. Elson.
Julius Eichberg.
Augustus Flagg.
John Fiske.
Arthur W. Foote.
L. L. Holden.
H. L. Higginson.
Carl Pruefer.
George L. Osgood.
H. W. Pickering.
John P. Putnam.
J. C. D. Parker.
Ernst Perabo.
Charles C. Perkins.
John K. Paine.
Le Baron Russell.
Arthur Reed.
Henry M. Rogers.
S. B. Schlesinger.
W. H. Sherwood.
James Sturgis
A. J. C. Sowdon.
S. L. Thorndike.
F. H. Underwood.
R. C. Waterston.
Henry B. Williams.
F. H. Jenks.
Samuel Jennison.
G. P. King.
H. W. Longfellow.
B. J. Lang.
S. W. Langmaid.
H. K. Oliver.
B. E. Woolff.
Henry Ware.
L. Weissakin.
Robert C. Winthrop.
Erving Winslow.
Carl Zerrahn.

John P. Putnam, *Chairman*.
A. Parker Browne, *Treasurer*.
F. H. Underwood, *Secretary*.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1880.

"*To the Hon. J. P. Putnam, Chairman, etc.*:

"Gentlemen,—Your kind and courteous offer touches me deeply, and demands fitter answer than I know how to make. Such a recognition—entirely spontaneous, unexpected, and undreamed of, on my own part—of my poor persistent labors to convince others of the beauty and the holiness of the art which I have always loved, and always shall love, comes upon me as an exquisite surprise. After many periods of misgiving, many fears that the old tree had proved fruitless after all, this comes to revive hope and motive, and give me as it were, the sense of a new life — at all events to encourage me to attempt yet further and (let us hope) better work. I am sure I understand you, gentlemen. What you would honor in me is simply the high purpose, the honesty and the consistent perseverance of my course; to this, and to nothing more, can I lay claim. When my work began, music was esteemed at its true worth by very few among us; I simply preached the faith that was in me. Now we are almost a musical people; those who come forward now learn music as it should be learned, learn to speak of it with knowledge (the knowledge that comes of practice), and will readily outstrip me. What more could I desire? To a committee so largely representative of the best elements of the musical profession, of the best and wisest friends of music, as well as of the honored names of dear old Boston, and for the proffered concert, which, in such hands, is sure to be a noble one, I can never be too grateful. But let me come to the point at once and simply say, that I most thankfully accept the compliment you offer. I am respectfully and cordially yours.

John S. Dwight."

The date of the concert has been fixed for Thursday afternoon, Dec. 9, at the Boston Music Hall. Many of our best solo singers and pianists, besides Mr. Zerrahn, and the orchestra, have kindly offered their services.

Stoneham, Mass. Miss Lizzie Strange, assisted by Miss Fannie Kellogg and Messrs. John Orth and Wulf Fries, gave a concert in the Town Hall here Nov. 15, with the following programme:

Piano Duo, *a.* Marche Heroique,
b. Marche Militaire . . . . Schubert
Miss Strange and Mr. Orth.
Piano and Violoncello, — Trois Morceaux, Op. 11, Rubinstein
Mr. Fries and Mr. Orth.
Song, Air Varié . . . . Rode
Miss Kellogg.
Piano Solo, Les Adieux, Fantaisie . . . . Weber
Miss Strange.
Piano and Violoncello, Airs Baskyrs . . . . Piatti
Song, *a.* Lehn deine Wang . . . . Jensen
b. Slumber Song . . . . Wagner
Piano Solos, *a.* Arie transcribed by Joseffy . . . Pergolese
b. Norwegian Cradle Song . . . . . Kjerulf
Miss Strange.
Violoncello, *a.* Nocturne, Op. 83 . . . . Lachner
b. Gavotte, Op. 23 . . . . Popper
Piano Solo, Allegro Di Bravura . . . . Weber
Miss Strange.
What are they to do? . . . . Randegger
Miss Kellogg.
Piano Solo, — Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 15 . . . . Liszt
Mr. Orth.

New York. The "second thought" about Dudley Buck's comic opera reads as follows in the *Sun*: "It is a little curious that while the opera has several very ludicrous situations, it is not on the whole a very funny and scarcely an amusing work. It awakens interest, but not laughter. Mr. Croffut seems to have had an excellent perception of humorous situation, but has not been able to carry this humor into his dialogue, which is often commonplace, sometimes coarse (not meaning indelicate, but rough), seldom clever, and never witty or humorous. Nor has Mr. Buck created any humorous music such as Sullivan so often produced to match Gilbert's words. That probably is not the bent of his talent. He is a man unquestionably of thorough knowledge of counterpoint, an excellent harmonist, and of serious and at times of poetic fancy; but lightness and brightness and sparkle are not the directions in which he excels, so far as this work is an indication. Then, too, Mr. Buck's music lacks character and variety. It is built too much on trite and hackneyed forms, and he has missed his opportunities for picturesque local coloring. Having a chorus of soldiers, he has failed to produce any military music. Having Indians, he has no suggestion of the barbaric, except in the opening chorus, and much might have been done that was novel in this direction. Having Mormons, he gives no inkling in his music of their canting ways. For these reasons the music is often monotonous, in spite of the variety given to it by orchestral color. But the opera has many points of merit which called for the most decided expression of gratification from the audiences at various parts of the performance. These merits, being solid, and not meretricious ones, will be the more appreciated as the work is more frequently heard, and there is every reason to believe that it will find great favor in the extended tour throughout the country to which it is destined."

—— The new tenor who shares with Campanini the leading rôles in Mapleson's Italian opera, made a very good success in "Lucia." Says the *Times*, "Judged by our standards, he cannot be called a great singer. He has much in his favor, however. His voice is expressive and musical. He knows how to use it judiciously, and he has the requisite power to make it effective. Moreover, he has been well schooled, and has the smooth Italian style which the operatic stage demands. In the 'Che me frena,' neither he nor Mme. Gerster was as effective as was to be expected, but in the finale of the opera, Signor Ravelli deserved even more applause than was bestowed upon him, though he was more than once recalled. He delivered the two arias of this well-known scene with the taste of a musician. He was listened to by the crowded audience attentively and critically, and his future appearances will be watched with interest."

Cincinnati. The Musical Festival Association, Theodore Thomas, director, has issued the following circular: "The fifth festival of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association will be held in Cincinnati, in May, 1882, and in pursuance of the policy adopted by it in connection with its last festival, the association offers a prize of $1,000 for the most meritorious composition for chorus and orchestra, to be performed on that occasion. Competition shall be open to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of place of birth. The following distinguished authorities have kindly consented to act as judges, in conjunction with Theodore Thomas, namely — Herr Kapellmeister, Carl Reinecke, Leipzig, and Monsieur Camille Saint-Saëns, Paris. Works offered for competition must not occupy more than one hour in performance. A full score and piano score, accompanied by a sealed letter, must be placed in the hands of the committee on or before Sept. 1, 1881, and should be addressed to 'Committee on Prize Composition, Musical Festival Association, Cincinnati, Ohio.' The scores submitted of the successful composition shall belong to the association."

Wells College, Aurora, N. Y. Here is a couple of programmes of concerts given at this institution, of which Mr. Max Piutti is the musical director, on the 25th and 26th of October. The performers on both occasions were: Miss Elizabeth Cronyn, soprano, (who sang so pleasantly here in Boston in the Symphony Concerts), Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, violin, and Miss Nellie M. Taylor, Mr. Wm. Piutti, and Mr. Max Piutti, pianists. The first concert was in the name of a college society, "The Castalia." These were the selections:

1. Prelude, } From Suite for Violin and Piano.
Gavotte } . . . . Franz Ries.
Messrs. Dannreuther and Max Piutti.
2. Aria, "Ah, non son io che parlo," (from Ezio). Handel
Miss Cronyn.
3. *a.* Romance, Op. 28, No. 2 . . . . Schumann
b. Nocturne, Op. 31, No. 1 . . . . Chopin
Mr. William Piutti.
4. Introduction and Variations on a Russian Theme. David
Mr. Dannreuther.
5. Songs: *a.* Sterne mit den goldnen Fuesschen,
b. Ach wenn ich doch ein Immchen waer,
c. Um Mitternacht . . . . Franz
Miss Cronyn.
6. Ballade, Op. 20 . . . . Reinecke
Miss Taylor.
7. Greeting to the Woods . . . . Reinecke
(With violin obligato.)
Miss Cronyn.
8. Sonata for Piano and Violin, Op. 8 . . . . . . Greig.

The second programme (for the thirty-seventh concert of Wells College) has at the top the motto placed by Mendelssohn over the stage of the Gewandhaus: *Res severa est verum gaudium*, and is as follows:

1. Sonata for Piano and Violin, C-Minor, Op. 30, No. 2 Beethoven
Messrs. William Piutti and Dannreuther.
2. Romance, The Rose . . . . Spohr
Miss Cronyn.
3. *a.* Moment Musical, Op. 7, No. 2 . . . . . Moszkowski
b. Berceuse, Op. 57 . . . . Chopin
Mr. Max Piutti.
4. Sonata in A-major . . . . Handel
Mr. Dannreuther.
5. *a.* Stille Liebe (Secret Love) . . . . Schumann
b. Der Traum (The Dream) . . . . Rubinstein
c. O Suesse Mutter (O, Dearest Mother) . . . Reinecke
Miss Cronyn.
6. *a.* Largo . . . . Handel
b. Rondo Hongrois . . . . Scharwenka
Mr. Dannreuther and Miss Taylor.

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LONDON.

Black in the midnight lies the city vast.
Its dim horizon from my window high
I see, shut in beneath a misty sky
Red with the light a million lamp-fires cast
Up from the humming streets. And now at last
With lessening roar the weary wheels go by;
At last sleep drowns the din and revelry.
Now wakes the solemn visionary Past,
Peopled with spirits of the mighty dead,
Whose names are London's glory and her shame,
Seers, poets, heroes, martyrs — deathless lives
Long blazoned in the chronicles of fame.
The inglorious Present veils its dwarfish head;
England's ideal life alone survives!

C. P. CRANCH, in *The Americas.*

London, July 5, 1880.

SCHUMANN ON STRINGED QUARTETS (1838).[1]

SIXTH QUARTET MORNING.

(Continued from page 178.)

LEON DE ST. LUBIN. First Grand Quintet for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, E flat major—Op. 24.

L. CHERUBINI. Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, No. 2 in C-major.

Judging from his music, I imagine the first-named composer to be an emigrant, one who has left his own country either voluntarily or of necessity, has chosen a new fatherland, and adopted its speech and customs. His quintet is a mixture of French and German blood, not without resemblance to Meyerbeer's music; Meyerbeer, we know, borrows from every European nation for his works of art, and it is impossible to say what he may yet bring back with him when he undertakes a journey (similar to Spontini's composition-tour through England), among the Bushmen, for his own inspiration to new creations, and to inspire others with these. However, I praise my mother tongue, when spoken with purity, for its resonance, power, and capability of expression; but I cannot blame an emigrant like St. Lubin, because he is not yet perfectly master of it; I, on the contrary, respect his endeavors. This quintet does not leave a completely elevating impression behind it; we are drawn hither and thither, without gaining a firm foothold. The most striking point is its lack of original invention; whatever in it is most deeply touching seems to me borrowed, or else suggests a model; and where the composer gives us his own ideas, he does so in a vague and general way. Thus the beginning is, at bottom, that of Mozart's G-minor symphony; the first theme of the last movement is a Rossinian idea from "Tell"; the second has a Beethoven thought from the A-major symphony at its foundation. I cannot point to the source of the scherzo; but it is not remarkable. In the adagio, I first had a clear idea how far the composer can go; here, where the lord of provision and treasure first generally reveals his inward life, things looked sadly dull. On the other hand, the quintet betrays an easy and rapid pen, much feeling of form and acquaintance with harmony. Still, after listening to it, I longed to cry out, "Music, music, give me music!"

We turned to the next piece in a very chilly mood; but we were scarcely encircled by Cherubini's handiwork ere we forgot the preceding. This second quartet seems to me to have been written long before the first one in the same collection, and perhaps even before the symphony, which, if I am not mistaken, pleased so little on its first performance in Vienna, that Cherubini refused to publish it, and afterwards transformed it into a quartet. And thus a double failure has arisen; for if the music, as a symphony, sounded too much like a quartet, the quartet is too symphonic. I am opposed to all such remoulding; it seems to me an offence against the divine first inspiration. I recognize in its simplicity (which quality distinguishes Cherubini's older compositions from his later ones), its earlier origin. To be sure, if the master himself should enter and say, "You err, friend; these quartets were written at the same period, and originally nothing but quartets," I should be defeated. Therefore my remarks must only be accepted as suppositions and suggestions to further thought in others. On the whole, this work is raised sufficiently above the level of contemporary publications, above all that Paris has lately sent us; and it would be impossible for anything of the kind to be produced by any writer who had not earnestly studied, thought, and written for a long series of consecutive years. Some dry passages worked out by the understanding alone are to be found here, as in most of Cherubini's works, but also much that is interesting,— contrapuntal refinement, an imitation; something that gives matter for thought. The scherzo and the last movement contain the greatest amount of swing and masterly life. The adagio has a highly original A-minor character, something Provençal and romance-like; its charms reveal themselves more and more on frequent hearing. The close is of that kind in which one prepares to listen again, while yet knowing that the end is near. In the first movement, we meet with reminiscences of Beethoven's B-flat major symphony, an imitation between violin and viola, like the one in that symphony between fagotto and clarinet; and at the principal retrogression in the middle, we have the same figure as that at the same place in the same Beethoven symphony. But these movements differ so greatly in character that the resemblances will strike few persons.

Towards the close of this morning of music, we set to work at a manuscript quartet that had been sent to us. The at first serious faces gradually acquired an ironical expression, until all began to titter uncontrollably, while all the players' bows appeared to dance up and down. A Goliath among the Philistines stared at us from this quartet. We have really no advice to offer its composer, who certainly has scored his work according to his powers; but we heartily thank him for the good-humor of which he was the cause in our assembly.

PRIZE QUARTET, — BY JULIUS SCHAPLER.

Here is truly German ill-luck! royal misfortune! One invents a prize quartet, one writes it down, one prints the score, — and, lo! even on the title-page there is an error of the press in the very name of the composer! This stands Schabler in the place of Schapler. However, it does not injure the work itself. We must first praise the judge who found out that this was more than a merely good, and, according to form and grammatical law, a correct composition, and then the judged, who has given us more than a merely good work. The mere choice of a quartet form by those who offered the prize was a good one. First, because the form being in itself noble, leads us to attribute considerable cultivation beforehand to the combatants, and secondly, because that form seemed to have come to a full stop. Who does not know Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's quartets, and who dare throw a stone at them? Though it is an indisputable proof of the indestructible vitality of those creations, that, after the lapse of half a century, they still delight all hearts, it is no good sign for the recent artistic generation, that in so long a period of time nothing to be compared to these has been since created. Onslow alone found an echo, and after him Mendelssohn, whose aristocratic-poetic nature was especially fitted to this musical form; while in Beethoven's later quartets, beyond and outside all these, treasures may be found which the world scarcely yet knows, and amid which we may mine for years to come.

We Germans are, therefore, not poor in quartets; but very few among us have known how to augment the existing capital. We must, therefore, praise the Mannheim Musical Society for bestirring themselves on the subject, and rejoice, since the idea has brought forth fruit. Judgments regarding Schapler's quartet vary much; but they agree in considering it as something out of the common, something that is not to be understood at the first glance.

Those who are acquainted with Beethoven's later works will express themselves differently. This romantic humor has produced its effect on the young artist, and as he is himself a remarkable player and connoisseur of the instruments for which he wrote, he was safe on one side, at least, from utter failure or extravagance. No one can deny that the quartet displays, above all things, aspiration towards fine form. This is seen, pure and firm, in the first movement, and, in the second, in the humoristic and in no way distorted relations. But the outlines of the adagio are paler. The last movement, however, corresponds, up to the somewhat hasty retrogression, to the first one, in sharp cut and regularity. Thus the form of this quartet is less uncommon than its intellectual

[1] From *Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms,* by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Second Series. (New York, Edward Schuberth & Co. London, Wm. Reeves. 1880.)

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meaning. Here, we feel at once, we are addressed by a very different man from the ordinary run of men. The judgment of a Philistine confuses all things; he calls everything that he does not understand romantic, and only sees encouraging symptoms of a returning pig-tail epoch in what is clear to his understanding. Therefore we rejoice in the prize quartet judgment, that it was able to recognize a new and a novelty-promising artist, and that, in spite of the somewhat tempestuous character of the composition, it was not measured by school-master rule.

Unfortunately I have not heard it performed. But it spoke sympathetically to me, and I found no dark passage in it. I could not give the preference to any one number; each seemed inwardly related to the other. Its character may be described in a few words: A somewhat pensively elegiac mood rises through tranquil gravity, and then humorousness, to a bold, energetic desire for action. Music already possesses a composition containing a similar progression of feeling, and that in no less a work than Beethoven's A-minor quartet. A mind of no ordinary cast expresses this again here in its own way, and it is well worth while to become familiar with this manner. We hail the work as a thoughtful, original one, and we direct the attention of German quartet societies to it. But its composer must not stand still; he must give us still further proof of that mood of active power in which we now find him. "To win the prize in the contest, one must not stand still and reflect," he has given out as his own motto; and there are yet other and loftier contests. Good fortune has already been friendly to him for once; let him understand and make use of his success. FLORESTAN.

STRING QUARTETS.

H. HIRSCHBACH. "Pictures from Life," in a cycle of Quartets for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. First Quartet.—Opus 1.

J. J. H. VERHULST. Two Quartets for Viola, &c.—Opus 6.

Two of the above quartets were spoken of as manuscripts, by us, some time ago. We hailed them both, each in a different manner, as the first great result of talented aspiration, and signalized the former as original and poetic, while the lively and picturesque characteristics of the young Hollander awakened no less sympathy within us.

Since that time both of these young artists have industriously continued their labors; one is well known, his name has speedily attained publicity, as he is director of a concert society. The position of the other is somewhat more difficult; what cares the world for the poet's study, unless it is to be found in the exposed façade of a palace? And, therefore, only this one of his compositions has heretofore appeared, his first, a cycle of quartets which he entitles "Pictures from Life," and prefaces with mottoes from Goethe's "Faust."

It is probable that many of our readers will feel anxious to examine the first work of the young man who has often spoken to them in our paper, and who must be at least partly known to them through many boldly announced opinions. The highest things will be expected from him; he will be measured according to the standard by which he judged others. And those who start with this determination will find much to object to in him. But if we are able to judge separately the critical and the creative artist within him, we shall not be able to deny him the sympathy that every character that endeavors to hew out its own path merits to the utmost. He cares not to flatter or fascinate; his very mottoes frankly speak out his meaning: "No dog would care to live longer so," and, "I greet thee, thou single phial, whom I take down reverentially, honoring human art and intellect in thee." Yet let no one draw back from his music as from something inimical to humanity or existence, and let no one dive too deeply into it, in the endeavor to discover whether or not it reflects Faust's discourse, word for word. If we are not mistaken, the mottoes were added when the composition was finished. The composer probably found in them something generally allied to his already expressed mood of mind; and indeed, they only really suit the character of the first movement; the others, though sufficiently serious, exhibit less wildly melancholy physiognomies, and hold fast to the recognized characteristics of such movements.

The composer certainly spoke from his heart; a lively impulse of inventiveness may be unmistakably discerned in every number of his quartets. Compared to the superficial aims of other young composers, his, at least, possess a character that demands respect, if there is not even something sublime in them. We see everywhere that he is determined to be called a poet, and that he, therefore, tries to withdraw from mere stereotyped form; Beethoven's last quartets appear to him as the beginning of a new poetic era, and he desires to continue this; Haydn and Mozart lie too far behind him. He has much in common with Berlioz; bold desire to create, a preference for grand forms, a poetical disposition, an inclination to despise what is antiquated, and, like Berlioz, he also received the early education of a physician, and only wholly devoted himself to music at the age of twenty. This last circumstance is worth remark. He who begins to study his occupation early becomes sooner master of it, and youth alone is favorable to the development of certain mechanical powers. But our young artist does not seem to have enjoyed the advantage of an early and correct guidance. To be sure, he has devoted other powers to the service of the Muses, and a many-sided cultivation such as is not always found among his caste. He is well versed in the history and poetry of many lands, and he takes a lively interest in the struggle of to-day. It is, therefore, not surprising that a youth so advanced in the knowledge of other things, does not exactly begin at the A B C of music, when he wishes to discourse and poetize freely. Many things succeed in the first fresh start; here and there, however, the faulty schooling of the musician betrays itself, and disturbs us with a feeling such as that caused by errors of orthography in a letter that is, notwithstanding, written intelligently. Yet we must confess that we have experienced the same feeling sometimes in the case of Berlioz. We do not care to cite every separate passage in the quartets in which any musician will perceive the still unfinished artist. The thoroughly German character of the whole work stands far above its execution. There is thought and truth in these pictures from life, and perhaps those yet to come, which are to complete the cycle, will display that mastery yet lacking. In the meanwhile, we assure him that we love the aspirations of youth, and Beethoven, who struggled even with his last breath, is to us a noble example of human grandeur; but in the fruit-gardens of Mozart and Haydn, stand heavily-laden trees that we cannot easily overlook, unless we deny ourselves, to our own injury, as elevated an enjoyment as may be vainly sought elsewhere in the world, and to which, after useless searchings and wanderings, many return,—but, alas! too late, with frozen hearts that can enjoy no longer, and with trembling hands that have lost the power of construction.

The other young artist named above has looked far deeper into those fruit-gardens; we see that he is happy in his vocation of musician; above all, he demands music, fine tones; he broods over no Faustian hy-fancies. Already, in a description of one of his overtures, we gave an idea of the style of his talent and of his promising disposition; we scarcely know what further to add to what we said then. As a quartettist he displays uncommon talents; he comprehends the real character of this form, he endeavors to sustain every part independently, and these wind and cross each other in an interesting manner; but a sort of symphonic fury overcomes him here and there, as if he were trying to force the modest four beyond their natural limits into orchestral effects. The quartet No. 2 was composed first, and is written in A-flat major, a key hitherto almost unused in the quartet; and it has its difficulties. In form and succession of movements, it endeavors to follow the older masters as models. Cheerfulness and enjoyment of life predominate in its character, which is only clouded here and there by exhibitions of a more thoughtful earnestness.

Its melodic treatment displays no decidedly original stamp; a few lively outbreaks remind us of Mendelssohn. The pure construction of the periods, and their often artistic involutions, are throughout praiseworthy. The entire work, if well studied and performed, can only produce a favorable impression. The second quartet, in D-minor, creates a still more agreeable one. Both seem to have been written at the same period, or in immediate succession, and the works contain some resemblances; but the composer moves more easily and cleverly in the second—to which result the easier key no doubt contributed. The first movement rushes hastily by; it breaks off too suddenly, too much as if the composer had at once lost pleasure in his work. In the adagio he rises to a more joyful elevation of mind. The third and fourth measures certainly remind us of a theme of

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Mozart's in "Don Juan;" but as fresh a vein of inventiveness runs through the whole piece, notwithstanding, as is only possible in youth; and certain little harmonic surprises render it quite peculiarly attractive. The scherzo moves gaily, spite of the minor key, and the bolder its performance, the greater will be its effect. The last movement begins, almost note for note, like the last of the "Eroica" symphony. Did this escape the composer's observation? If not, why did he allow it to remain? But soon an original idea dances out, 'cello and viola begin to beckon, and the merry sport goes bravely on. The knot grows more and more intricate, and threatens to become entangled. The whole finally resolves itself well enough, closing in clear major, somewhat bombastically, but not so much so as to make us angry with the composer. We must highly recommend the endeavors of this young artist to the world's favorable opinion. The truly vital part of a work cannot be pointed out in words; therefore, those who would know it, must themselves play and listen. Let the composer show himself soon again on a ground where it is not easy to find footing; above all outward success, he must value that inward gain, which every exercise of power in difficulties bears within itself, and the consequence of which is certain to prove beneficial to the artist in every other labor.

ABOUT OVERTURES.[1]

Overture (Fr. *Ouverture*, Ital. *Overtura*), *i. e.*, Opening. This term was originally applied to the instrumental prelude to an opera, its first important development being due to Lulli, as exemplified in his series of French operas and ballets, dating from 1672 to 1686. The earlier Italian operas were generally preceded by a brief and meagre introduction for instruments, usually called Sinfonia, sometimes Toccata, the former term having afterwards become identified with the grandest of all forms of orchestral music; the latter having been always more properly (as it soon became solely) applied to pieces for keyed instruments. Monteverde's opera, "Orfeo" (1608), commences with a short prelude of nine bars, termed "Toccato," to be played three times through; being, in fact, little more than a mere preliminary flourish of instruments. Such small beginnings became afterwards somewhat amplified, both by Italian and French composers; but only very slight indications of the Overture, as a composition properly so-called, are apparent before the time of Lulli, who justly ranks as an inventor in this respect. He fixed the form of the dramatic prelude, the overtures to his operas having not only served as models to composers for nearly a century, but having also been themselves extensively used in Italy and Germany as preludes to operas by other masters. Not only did our own Purcell follow this influence; Handel also adopted the form and closely adhered to the model furnished by Lulli, and by his transcendent genius gave the utmost development and musical interest attainable in an imitation of what was so entirely conventional. The form of the Overture of Lulli's time consisted of a slow Introduction, generally repeated, and followed by an Allegro in the fugued style, and occasionally included a movement in one of the many dance-forms of the period, sometimes two pieces of this description.

[1] From the article Overture, in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

The development of the ballet and of the opera having been concurrent, and dance-pieces having formed important constituents of the opera itself, it was natural that the dramatic prelude should include similar features, and no incongruity was thereby involved, either in the overture or the serious opera which it heralded, since the dance-music of the period was generally of a stately, even solemn kind. In style, the dramatic overture of the class now referred to, like the stage-music which it preceded, and indeed all the secular compositions of the time, had little, if any, distinguishing characteristic to mark the difference between the secular and sacred styles. Music had been fostered and raised into the importance of an art by the Church, to whose service it had long been almost exclusively applied, and it retained a strong and pervading tinge of serious formalism during nearly a century of its earliest application to secular purposes, even to those of dramatic expression.

. . . .

As regards the overture, then, Handel perfected the form first developed by Lulli, but cannot be considered as an inventor and grand originator, such as he appears in his sublime sacred choral writing.

Hitherto, as we have said, the dramatic overture had no special relevance to the character and sentiment of the work which it preceded. The first step in this direction was taken by Gluck, who was for some time contemporaneous with Handel. It was he who first perceived, or at least realized, the importance of rendering the overture to a dramatic work analogous in style to the character of the music which is to follow. In the dedication of his *Alceste*, he refers to this among his other reforms in stage composition. The French score of *Alceste* includes, besides the invariable string quartet, flutes, oboes, a clarinet, and three trombones. Even Gluck, however, did not always identify the overture with the opera to which it belonged, so thoroughly as was afterwards done by including a theme or themes in anticipation of the music which followed. Still, he certainly rendered the orchestral prelude what, as a writer has well said, a literary preface should be—"something analogous to the work itself, so that we may feel its want as a desire not elsewhere to be gratified." His overtures to *Alceste* and *Iphigénie en Tauride* run continuously into the first scene of the opera, and the latter is perhaps the most remarkable instance up to that time of special identification with the stage music which it heralds, inasmuch as it is a distinct foreshadowing of the opening storm scene of the opera into which the prelude is merged. Perhaps the finest specimen of the dramatic overture of the period, viewed as a distinct orchestral composition, is that of Gluck to his opera, *Iphigénie en Aulide*.

The influence of Gluck on Mozart is clearly to be traced in Mozart's first important opera, *Idomeneo* (1781), the overture to which, both in beauty and power, is far in advance of any previous work of the kind; but, beyond a general nobility of style, it has no special dramatic character that inevitably associates it with the opera itself, though it is incorporated therewith by its continuance into the opening scene. In his next work, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782), Mozart has identified the prelude with the opera by the short incidental Andante movement, anticipatory (in the minor key) of Belmont's aria, *Hier soll ich dich denn sehen*. In the overture to his *Nozze di Figaro* (1786), he originally contemplated a similar interruption of the Allegro by a short, slow movement—an intention afterwards happily abandoned. This overture is a veritable creation, that can only be sufficiently appreciated by a comparison of its brilliant outburst of genial and graceful vivacity with the vapid preludes to the comic operas of the day. In the overture to his *Don Giovanni* (1787), we have a distinct identification with the opera by the use, in the introductory Andante, of some of the wondrous music introducing the entry of the statue in the last scene. The solemn initial chords for trombones, and the fugal Allegro of the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* may be supposed to be suggestive of the religious element of the libretto, and this may be considered as the composer's masterpiece of its kind. Since Mozart's time, the overture has adopted the same general principles of form which govern the first movement of a Symphony or Sonata, without the repetition of the first section.

Reverting to the French school, we find a characteristic overture of Méhul's, to his opera, *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* (1797), the prelude to which alone has survived. In this, however, as in French music generally of that date (and even earlier), the influence of Haydn is distinctly apparent. His symphonies and quartets had met with immediate acceptance in Paris—one of the former, indeed, entitled *La Chasse*, having been composed seventeen years before Méhul's opera. Cherubini, although Italian by birth, belongs to France; for all his great works were produced at Paris, and most of his life was passed there. This composer must be specially mentioned as having been one of the first to depart from the pattern of the overture as fixed by Mozart. Cherubini, indeed, marks the transition point between the regular symmetry of the style of Mozart, and the coming disturbance of form effected by Beethoven. In the dramatic effect gained by the gradual and prolonged *crescendo*, both he and Méhul seem to have anticipated one of Rossini's favorite resources. This is specially observable in the overture to his opera, *Anacreon* (1803). Another feature is the abandonment of the Mozartian rule of giving the second subject (or episode) first in the dominant, and afterwards in the original key, as in the symphonies, quartets and sonatas of the period.

The next step in the development of the overture was taken by Beethoven, who began by following the model left by Mozart, and carrying it to its highest development, as in the overture to the ballet of *Prometheus* (1800). In his other dramatic overtures, including those to Von Collin's *Coriolan* (1807), and to Goethe's *Egmont* (1810), the great composer fully asserts his independence of form and precedent. But he had done so still earlier, in the overture known as "*No. 3*," of the four which he wrote for his opera *Fidelio*. In this wonderful prelude (composed in 1806), Beethoven has apparently reached the highest possible point of dramatic expression, by foreshadowing the sublime heroism of Leonora's devoted affection for her husband, and indicating, as he does, the various phases of her grief at his disappearance, her search for him, his rescue by her from a dungeon and assassination, and their ultimate reunion and happiness. Here the stereotyped form of overture entirely disappears; the commencing scale passage, in descending octaves, suggesting the utterance of a wail of despairing grief, leads to the exquisite phrases of the Adagio of Florestan's scene in the dungeon, followed by the passionate Allegro which indicates the heroic purpose of Leonora. This movement, including the spirit-stirring trumpet-call that proclaims the rescue of the imprisoned husband, and the whole winding up with a grandly exultant burst of joy,—these leading features, and the grand development of the whole, constitute a dramatic prelude that is still unapproached. In No. 1 of these *Fidelio* overtures (composed 1807) he has gone still further in the use of themes from the opera itself, and has employed a phrase which occurs in Florestan's Allegro, to the words *An angel Leo*

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nore, in the coda of the overture, with very fine effect.

While in the magnificent work just described, we must concede to Beethoven undivided preeminence in majesty and elevation of style, the palm, as to romanticism and that powerful element of dramatic effect, "local color," must be awarded to Weber. No subjects could well be more distinct than those of the Spanish drama *Precioza* (1820); the wild forest legend of North Germany, *Der Freischütz* (1821); the chivalric subject of the book of *Euryanthe* (1823); and the bright Orientalism of *Oberon* (1826). The overtures to these are too familiar to need specific reference; nor is it necessary to point out how vividly each is impressed with the character and tone of the opera to which it belongs. In each of them Weber has anticipated themes from the following stage music, while he has adhered to the Mozart model in the regular recurrence of the principal subject and the episode. His admirable use of the orchestra is specially evidenced in the *Freischütz* overture, in which the *tremolando* passages for strings, the use of the *chalumeau* of the clarinet, and the employment of the drums, never fail to raise thrilling impressions of the supernatural. The incorporation of portions of the opera in the overture is so skilfully effected by Weber that there is no impression of patchiness, or want of spontaneous creation, as in the case of some other composers—Auber, for instance, and Rossini (excepting the latter's *Tell*), whose overtures are too often like potpourris of the leading themes of the opera, merely strung together, intrinsically charming and brilliantly scored, but seldom, if ever, especially dramatic. Most musical readers will remember Schubert's clever travestie of the last-named composer, in the *Overture in the Italian Style*, written off-hand by the former in 1817, during the rage for Rossini's music in Vienna.

Berlioz left two overtures to his opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, one bearing the name of the drama, the other called the *Carnival Romain*, and usually played as an entracte. The themes of both are derived more or less from the opera itself. Both are extraordinarily forcible and effective, abounding with the gorgeous instrumentation and bizarre treatment which are associated with the name of Berlioz.

Since Weber, there has been no such fine example of the operatic overture, suggestive of, and identified with the subsequent dramatic action, as that to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, in which, as in Weber's overtures, movements from the opera itself are amalgamated into a consistent whole, set off with every artifice of contrast and with the most splendid orchestration. A noticeable novelty in the construction of the operatic overture is to be found in Meyerbeer's incorporation of the choral *Ave Maria* into his overture to *Dinorah* (*Le Pardon de Ploermel*).

In some of the modern operas, Italian and French (even of the grand and heroic class) the work is heralded merely by a trite and meagre introduction, of little more value or significance than the feeble Sinfonia of the earliest musical drama. Considering the extended development of modern operas, the absence of an overture of proportionate importance or (if a mere introductory prelude) one of such beauty and significance as that to Wagner's *Lohengrin*, is a serious defect, and may generally be construed into an evidence of the composer's indolence, or of his want of power as an instrumental writer. Recurring to the comparison of a preface to an operatic overture, it may be said of the latter, as an author has well said of the former, that "it should invite by its beauty, as an elegant porch announces the splendor of the interior."

The development of the oratorio overture (as already implied) followed that of the operatic overture. Among prominent specimens of the former are those to the first and second parts of Spohr's *Last Judgment* (the latter of which is entitled *Symphony*); and the still finer overtures to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, this last presenting the specialty of being placed after the recitative passage with which the work really opens. Mr. Macfarren's overtures to his oratorios of *John the Baptist*, *The Resurrection*, and *Joseph*, are all carefully designed to prepare the hearer for the work which follows, by employing themes from the oratorio itself, by introducing special features, as the Shofar-horn in *John the Baptist*, or by general character and local color, as in *Joseph*. The introduction to Haydn's *Creation*, a piece of "programme music," illustrative of *Chaos*, is a prelude not answering to the conditions of an overture properly so-called, as does that of the same composer's *Seasons*, which, however, is rather a cantata than an oratorio.

[Conclusion in next number.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Œdipus Tyrannus. Harvard University has decided, it seems, in emulation of Oxford, to enact an ancient Greek tragedy, and has chosen Sophocles's *Œdipus Tyrannus* for the occasion, which will be some time during the next academic year. Those having charge of the work—they are said to be signally competent—expect to excel in completeness of detail the production of Æschylus's *Agamemnon* at Oxford last year. They have already finished the score for the first chorus, and the parts have been assigned. The choruses will all be sung, and the dance to accompany them may also be attempted. A play by Sophocles may be the best choice of Greek tragedy that could be made, for his writings are almost universally regarded as the perfection of the Attic drama. He has been called the Shakspeare of humanity. He made tragic poetry an actual reflex of the mind and heart, and showed the moral significance of human action. His works are declared to be a happy medium between the indefinite and sombre supernaturalism of Æschylus and the too familiar scenes and frequent bombast of Euripides. *Antigone* or *Electra* might be better adapted, or less unadapted, to modern representation than *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which is, however, ranked by many critics as the finest of his seven extant tragedies. As a classic performance, the rendering of the play will be curious and interesting to scholars; but as a drama, in any modern sense, it will be well-nigh grotesque. It would be amusing if the author could be present at the Harvard representation. He is reputed to have been one of the most amiable and contented of mortals. But he would, we query, be greatly irritated to find that he could not, as we venture to say he could not, understand a single word of his own immortal composition. The late Professor C. C. Felton, considered the best Greek scholar in this country, with few equals anywhere, paid a visit the latter part of his life to Athens, and was unable, as he said himself, to make any body comprehend the simplest Greek phrase. Although Romaic is quite different from the old Greek, it is founded on that, and it might be supposed there would be enough in common between the two to make the latter somewhat intelligible to the ears of contemporaneous Grecians. But there is not, apparently. There is no rational doubt, if Demosthenes were now extant, that he would not understand a syllable of Greek, as taught anywhere at present, any more readily than he would understand Choctaw or Tammany English.—*New York Times.*

Gluck and Wagner. In the chapter devoted to Gluck in his *Moderne Oper*, Eduard Hanslick speaks of Richard Wagner's additions to the score of *Iphigenia in Aulis*. The criticism is very favorable, and the good opinion expressed gains emphasis from the fact that Hanslick is one of Wagner's most bitter opponents. The article was written anent a performance of *Iphigenia* in Vienna during 1867. Dr. Hanslick's remarks are as follows: "Richard Wagner's work on the score of *Iphigenia in Aulis* 'contributed not a little to the genuine success of the opera. The revision shows the hand of a master, both in the change made and in what was allowed to remain unaltered. We perceive a conservative appreciation of what was characteristic in the past, and a lucid perception of modern requirements. We know that many voices, and among them voices of sufficient prominence to arrest our attention, are continually protesting against the modernizing of important works. Their protest would be just if it concerned an historical concert or a performance before antiquarians. But it is a different matter when the real purpose is to introduce Gluck's music with happy effect upon a modern public. In this case an intelligent and modest revision is not only permissible, but even necessary. Of course, critics cut a better figure when they cry out against the slightest alteration, and lament the sacrifice of a note as an irretrievable loss. But the practical musician who leads a Gluck opera to victory, with the sacrifice of a few external properties, does score for Gluck than the purists who watch its failure from their classic heights. Wagner had to work in a good many directions. In the first place we owe him a new translation of the French libretto, and, as regards the recitatives, the restoration of proper form and meaning which had disappeared in the usual miserable translation. Then he strengthened the instrumentation where it was too sparse and monotonous for modern hearing. *Iphigenia in Aulis* needed this strengthening in particular, for in the book avoided the trombones which we have heard so effectively in *Orpheus* and *Alcestis!*"

Wellesley College. A contributor to the *Advertiser*, writes:

So much has been written and said of Wellesley College, its praises have been so often repeated, that nothing new can be added; still the impression made by such an institution is always deep and fresh. More than three hundred girls, more than thirty professors and teachers, all busy as bees; it is a little world in itself, and so advantageously placed, where, in a sense, there is only Nature and Wellesley College; and yet so near an active centre of intellectual life and practice as to be able to profit by all the advantages this afforded. There are already many works of art, both in the halls of the college and in the art gallery; nearly 20,000 books in the library; a fine building nearly ready for occupation, to be entirely devoted to music, and built with special reference to its use, such as deafened walls and floors and double doors to the thirty-eight rooms for lessons and practice, and a hall for concerts and choral instruction. Courses of five years' study in music and art have been added to the other courses laid out at the opening of the institution, and the scientific course is equally comprehensive as well as the advantages for laboratory work. The new "Stone hall" will be ready for use in September, 1881, and will provide for a new class of students, that is, those who are already teachers and desire advanced studies. Much has been accomplished at Wellesley in the few years of its existence, and, since progress seems to be its capital principal, and it has many friends ready to aid its realizations, one can safely say that as yet "the half has not been told." C. E. C.

In Earnest. During a performance of *Fidelio* at the Town Theatre of Mayence, Herr Mann, the leading baritone of the company, was about, in the character of the wicked Don Pizarro, to undergo the penalty of his evil deeds, the stage business requiring that he should be led away to confinement by two guards at a sign from the minister of State. The brace of men told off for this duty were private soldiers, belonging to an artillery regiment in garrison at Mayence—two sturdy Brandenburgers, drilled and disciplined to a nicety. As they took up the position assigned to them on either side of Pizarro, previous to marching him off the stage, the chorist entrusted with the part of officer commanding the escort, whispered to them, "Remember, the man is a State prisoner; guard him carefully." Obedient to orders, they led Pizarro away to his dressing-room, where he rapidly exchanged his theatrical

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costume for private clothes, and, opening his door, was about to go home to supper as usual, when, to his amazement, he found his passage barred by a couple of crossed halberds. Indignantly inquiring of the inflexible supers facing him with outstretched weapons what they meant by interfering with his movements, he received the stolid reply that they had strict orders to guard him closely as a State prisoner, and that he must not attempt to leave his room. Some time elapsed before the accidental arrival on the spot of the stage manager, whose authority they were induced with difficulty to recognize, finally resulted in Mr. Maun's emancipation from restraint.

Wagner's New Pamphlet. The title, *Religion and Art*, is a pure misnomer. There is in it little or nothing about art, and still less about religion; the *brochure* being devoted almost exclusively to the religion of the stomach and the art of eating. Herr Wagner was, it seems, shocked during the Bayreuth performance by the hunger of the audience. Those who were present will not easily forget the fights for food, and Herr Wagner seems to be very much disgusted that his faithful followers cannot subsist entirely upon his music. A bold advertisement follows of the projected production of *Parsifal* in 1882, when Herr Wagner hopes his audience will renounce meat, and be content with "higher food," that is to say, vegetables. Pages of his pamphlet are filled with fierce invectives against those who eat "the corpses of murdered beasts," with assertions that to flesh eating may be attributed the degeneration of humanity, and with commands to the faithful to henceforward subsist on sauer kraut and potatoes. All this sounds like satire, and it is hoped, almost beyond hope, that the whole thing is a hoax. If not, it is lamentable to see a great intellect in its decay, and the perpetration of a folly which will excite pity in the minds of both foes and friends. — *London Figaro.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

CONCERTS.

Harvard Musical Association. The sixteenth season of Symphony Concerts opened auspiciously on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 2. The Music Hall looked unusually populous and cheerful for a first concert; programme and performance were excellent, and satisfaction could be read in almost every face.

First came Cherubini's noble overture to *The Water Carrier*, with its grave and stately introduction and ponderous downward gravitation of the basses, followed by that spirited and brilliant allegro in which the violins are used so finely, and very finely were they played. It was a capital interpretation.

Then came a soprano recitative and aria (never heard here before) from Handel's Italian opera *Alessandro*, sung by Miss Lillian Bailey. This opera was composed in 1726, and "drew very much," says Colman. Two famous prime donne, Faustina and Cuzzoni, were employed in it, and Handel treated them with equal favor, giving them well contrasted solos suited to their voices, and once at least letting the two sirens warble a duet. Faustina, in the character of the captive Princess Roxana, who captured her conqueror's heart in turn, has always a bright and joyous rôle to sing. Crysander says: "When she receives her liberty from Alexander, she answers him with a melody which flutters away on the air like a bird escaped from its cage. But a song-bird escaped from its cage commonly comes back soon; it loves its prison and its master more than freedom. The melody swings itself aloft, fluttering this way and that way, and then sinks back to the low tone with which it started; out of love to its master the song-bird makes its way back to its little golden cage." This, however, is not the aria which Miss Bailey sang for us, though what she did sing (Rec. "Ne' trofei d' Alessandro"; Aria: "Lusinghe più care") is of the same joyous, brilliant and enthusiastic character with all the melodies entrusted to Roxana; while those sung by Cuzzoni in the part of the unfavored but magnanimous rival, Isaura, are in the mournful and pathetic tone more native to the singer's voice. Miss Bailey gave the recitative with fine accent and phrasing, and sang the florid, rapturous Handelian allegro in a most pure, clear, finished style, entirely unaffected and refined, with a voice of rare delicacy and sweetness, such as wins its way even without great strength and volume. The orchestral parts had been carefully arranged by Mr. Henschel from the score of Handel.

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven rose like "the monarch of mountains" in the middle of the programme — though its heights are anything but snowy; for it is full of warmth and happiness almost divine; the very heavens seem to open in the Trio of the Scherzo. The rendering was remarkably fine, and it was heard with such delight and satisfaction, such a sense of blissful rest in perfect harmony, that one could almost pray that it might keep on forever. The performance showed that the orchestra has been kept in nice and careful drill of late, alike creditable to Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Listemann.

The Symphony was followed by three of those beautiful arrangements (one hundred or more) which Beethoven made, for Thomson, of old Scotch and Irish popular melodies, with accompaniments for piano, violin and 'cello. Beethoven's genius shines in these gem-like, characteristic settings, as clearly as in all his works; the short prelude, accompaniment, and closing instrumental measures, sieze in every instance the spirit of the song, preserve and heighten its native flavor, and make it a little art-work, while it still remains a folks-song. Mr. J. C. D. Parker played the piano part, and Mrs. Listemann and Fries the violin and 'cello, and all went nicely, supplying the right background to Miss Bailey's simple, charming and expressive singing. Two of the songs were Scotch ("The lovely lass of Inverness" and "Faithfu' Johnie.") Between them came the Irish melody: "Sad and luckless was the Season," in which might easily be recognized an older, if not the original, form of "The last Rose of Summer." In a smaller room, of course, these things would have been more appreciable.

The one instrumental novelty of the programme, closing the concert, was Schumann's overture to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Op. 128, composed in 1851. Though in a dramatic sense not satisfying the expectations prompted by its title, and by no means so marked and marvellous a creation as his *Manfred* and *Genoveva* overtures, it is yet thoroughly Schumannesque. Three dramatic elements are discernible in its subject matter. First a strong, imperative proclamation by brass instruments, with wide intervals, suggestive enough of threatening universal empire; then, occupying most of the middle part, half-suppressed murmurs and misgivings, anxious fears and consultations, (violins and soft wood instruments) and then a strong victorious finale. But one listens in vain for any intimation of the fall of Cæsar; and the finale, if it means the momentary victory and hope of Freedom, is too slightly different in character from the threatening theme of the beginning. A certain sense of incompleteness remains when the work is over. But it is interesting, and was well presented.

Philharmonic Orchestra. Second concert, Friday evening, Nov. 19. —

Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain." . . . . . Berlioz
"Bella ma fiamma, addio." . . . . Mozart
Miss Gertrude Franklin.
Symphonie to Dante's "Divina Commedia." . . . Liszt
Part I. Inferno.
First time in Boston.
"The Youth of Hercules." Symphonic Poem. . . . . Saint-Saëns
German songs. . . . . . Spohr — Schumann — Widor
Miss Gertrude Franklin.
a. Melodie, "Saterjenten's Söndag. . . . . . Ole Bull
For String Orchestra by Svendsen.
b. Miniature March. . . . . Tschaikowski
Valse-Caprice. . . . . Ant. Rubinstein
Adapted for Orchestra by Muller-Berghaus. Now. First time in Boston.

Here is another sort of programme. Of the concert one may say in a word: the manner (performance) excellent, the matter extremely and monotonously modern. In all these brilliant and surprising pieces — not without contrasts either, and not without moments of oppressive sombreness and dullness — was there a single movement of which one could say, as we have said above of the Seventh Symphony, or as Faust says when he at last tastes perfect satisfaction and would fain arrest the fleeting moment: "Ah! still delay, thou art so fair!" Is there anything that transports the listener into a state of heavenly bliss which he would fain prolong forever? And is not that the test of real, inspired, perfect music? What is so fatiguing, so confusing, as an unbroken series of surprises dazzling brilliancies, unheard of strange effects? When you have heard them through, nothing abides with you; there is no unity of total impression, no rounding to a period of vital, soulful, sweet repose. Here have been all these waves of sound, a vast wilderness thereof, foaming and tossing about you, and still they foam and toss in the jaded brain; but what has it all given you that you rest upon, what that you can love and fondly call back like the impression of a lovely person? These men, these modern Boanerges of the tone-art, all seem striving to do something more wonderful and strange than ever yet was done, not something intrinsically lovely and ideal, which it looks hardly possible to do as well as has been done. The result is, that after you have heard a few programmes of this sort, they all sound alike, till there is more of the real sense of novelty and ideality in the smallest, slenderest symphony or quartet of old Father Haydn. Nevertheless we will thank Mr. Listemann and Mr. Thomas, and many more, for making us so very familiar with this sort of thing, that we shall return to the sincere old masters with an altogether fresh and unmisgiving feeling of their greatness.

The Roman Carnival Overture of Berlioz — one of the two he wrote for his opera *Benvenuto Cellini* — certainly contains remarkable things; some charming, some surprising, and shows his mastery of instrumentation perhaps as well as anything. It is one of the new works, which we shall be glad of an opportunity to hear again, when we trust we shall understand it better.

Liszt's "Inferno" *is* infernal. What has music to do with such a theme? How, but by almost ceasing to be music, can it paint such a picture and suggest such horrors. Granting that there is an appalling grandeur in the tones he has used for the inscription over the gate of Hell, and that he seized upon the episode of Francesca di Rimini for a few strains of tender melody, still the general character of the work is harsh, extravagant and noisy. Whether even the pursuit of knowledge would reconcile us to hearing this again, is more than we dare promise.

The Ole Bull melody was a graceful tribute to his memory. The Miniature March by Tschaikowsky, for the soft wind instruments without bassoon, and strings also without basses, was a very pretty, dainty, musical-box affair, fanciful and clever, and charmingly rendered. The orchestration of Rubinstein's Valse-Caprice, too, was highly effective.

Miss Gertrude Franklin made a very good impression by her singing of the Mozart Aria. Having heard her hitherto mostly in bright, florid music in the upper range, we were surprised at the volume and the pleasing individual color of her tones. Her style and execution, too, were creditable; but she was more nearly at her best in the three German songs, which she sang with much expression, and in a true and simple way.

We are glad to see that the next Philharmonic programme (Friday of this week) is not all new school, but includes Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

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POSTPONED. False calculation of the length of matter set up for this number of the *Journal*, robs us of further room for our review of concerts. A long list must lie over: two fine ones of the Apollo Club; Mr. Lang's splendid repetition of the *Dramatical Hall Faust* (this time in Tremont Temple); the first Enterpe Concert; the second Harvard Symphony; third Philharmonic, &c.

IN PROSPECT. This evening the most loyal part of musical Boston will pay its tribute of respect and love to the man and artist, WULF FABRI, for nearly two generations associated with all good things in our musical experience. The concert is at Horticultural Hall. Mr. Fries will play a violoncello Concerto by Svendsen. The Cherubini Quartet in E-flat, and the great Schumann Quintet for piano and strings, form other features of the programme.

For the complimentary concert to Mr. John S. Wright, to take place in Music Hall on Thursday afternoon of next week, the following artists have generously volunteered: Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Lillian Bailey, Miss Fanny Louise Barnes, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mrs. J. H. West, Miss Edith Abell, Mrs. J. W. Weston, Miss Lucie Homer, Miss Ida Walsh, Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes, Miss May Heart, Mr. Charles R. Adams, Mr. George L. Osgood, Mr. Charles R. Hayden, Mr. John F. Winch, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Charles H. Rome, Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. W. C. D. Parker, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. J. A. Preston, and the orchestra of the Harvard symphony concerts, Mr. Bernhard Listemann, conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, conductor. The programme will be as follows:

1. Fifth symphony in C-minor. . . . . Beethoven
2. Twenty-third Psalm. (Female chorus). . . . Schubert
   Conducted by Mr. George L. Osgood.
3. Concerto for three pianos and string orchestra. J.S. Bach
   Messrs. J. C. D. Parker, Arthur Foote, and J. A. Preston.
4. Concert-Stück, for piano and orchestra. . Schumann
   Mr. B. J. Lang.
5. Quartet, from "Fidelio." . . . . . Beethoven
   Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Miss Edith Abell, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. John F. Winch.
6. Overture.—Scenes at Sea, and Happy Voyage.
   Mendelssohn

—The Third Harvard Symphony Concert will take place Dec. 16, with this programme. Overture to "Alceste" (first time), *Gluck*; Violin Concerto, No. 1, in G-minor, *Max Bruch* (played by Mr. Timothée Adamowski); Symphonic Fantasia (second time), *Berlioz*; Leporello's Aria from "Don Giovanni" "Madamina, il Catalogo," etc., *Mozart* (Mr. Clarence E. Hay); Overture to "La Clemenza di Tito," *Mozart*; Prof. Paine's Spring Symphony, previously announced, is postponed to a later concert, owing to the non-arrival of the score and parts, which are being printed in Germany.

In the fourth concert, January 6, Mr. George Henschel will sing two Arias with orchestra, neither of which has been heard here before. One is from Handel's Italian Opera, *Siroe*; the other is Lysiart's Scena and Aria from Weber's *Euryanthe*: "Wo berg ich mich." Perhaps, too, he will give some songs with his own accompaniment.

—The Handel and Haydn Society announces a series of four performances for its sixty-ninth season, as follows: Sunday, Dec. 26, "Messiah"; Sunday, Jan. 30, Mozart's "Requiem;" first time in twenty-three years, and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," first time in twenty-seven years; Good Friday, Bach's "Passion Music," according to St. Matthew; and Easter Sunday, Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The soloists engaged for the first performance are Mrs. H. M. Knowles, Miss Anna Drasdil, Mr. W. C. Tower, and Mr. George Henschel. Mr. Henschel will also sing the part of Jesus in the "Passion Music." For the other performances the following solo engagements have been made: Miss Ida Walsh, Mrs Jennie M. Noyes, Mr. C. R. Adams, Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. J. F. Winch, and Mr. C. E. Hay. The orchestra will consist of sixty performers, under the direction of Mr. C. Zerrahn, with Mr. Lang at the organ.

—Mr. Henschel will give probably four song recitals here in January, with Miss Lillian Bailey, Mr. Charles R. Hayden, and a pianist.

—Mr. A. P. Peck has completed arrangements with Mr. Theodore Thomas for the projected series of concerts at Music Hall in January, and the sale of season tickets will at once be opened. Mr. Thomas will bring his unrivalled orchestra from New York, and there will be four concerts—three in the evening and one matinée. The concert, January 24th (Monday) will be of an old-time popular character. The second concert (Wednesday evening) will include a part, if not the whole, of a symphony, together with popular selections. At both these concerts Herr Rafael Joseffy, the distinguished pianist, will assist as soloist. Berlioz's great dramatic legend, "La Damnation de Faust," will be brought out, under Mr. Thomas's direction, on Friday evening, Jan. 28th, and repeated Saturday afternoon, the 29th. A full orchestra, a large and well trained chorus, and eminent soloists will take part. In this latter connection Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mr. W. C. Tower, the tenor, and Mr. George Henschel have already engaged.

EMMA OF NEVADA.

[Our genial "Diarist" of a former generation—Beethoven's Pupil, Friend and Biographer, Dr. Gerhard Von Breuning of Vienna, has heard there what would seem to be a young American Genius, and sends us thus glowingly about her.]

It happened on this wise:

He was a middle-aged gentleman of pleasing address, who entered; evidently at first sight an American, which his card confirmed—"W. W. Wixon, Physician and Surgeon, Austin, Nevada." His companion, a sweet, intelligent girl of some nineteen years, had upon *her* card "Emma Nevada." We adjourned to the other room, chatted a few minutes, and then it came out. She was his daughter, and, under the assumed name of her State, was to sing next evening, October 2d, her second appearance in any theatre, in the part of "Amina" in *La Sonnambula*; and they came to invite me to be present.

I had never heard of Emma Nevada; had not even noticed the placards announcing the new operatic season at the Polytheama; nor even seen any notice of her coming appearance in London. To tell the candid truth, I had no overwhelming desire to see and hear a young American girl attempt the florid music of Bellini's hackneyed old sentimental opera; but of course I could find no honest excuse for not attending.—I went.

"Evviva, evviva, Amina!" etc., etc., from the chorus; the scene between Lisa and Alexis, etc.; and now she comes from the mill, with her good old (stage) mother; a simple, neat, simplest, invariabest Swiss girl that you can imagine, not particularly hand some, but with a most expressive face, beaming with a such glorious eyes! She greets her "dear companions" in hearing this sweet girl accuse the most daring flights, is the security you feel that there is no danger of failure. All is done so easily, with so little effort, that you simply admire and enjoy. Who feels that a canary bird will attempt too much?

Heller—he has been these twenty years music director in our Schiller Verein—is a superb violinist—was in his younger years a member of the orchestra in the Court opera at Vienna, and has heard no end of the greatest operatic singers—well, Heller said to me, coming out of the theatre, the other night, that he never heard the "Ah non giunge" (at the end of the *Sonnambula*), "given with such execution; Jenny Lind herself had not equalled it!"

This Emma—"energetic," "industrious," in old German, says the dictionary—does the most daring things. Think of a young singer like her not hesitating to take this note

and giving it as true and pure as the first flute can execute it, dropping finally as gracefully as the skylark an octave or so to a long and perfect trill, before striking into the final chord.

Madames A, B, C, and all the rest of them down to X, Y, Z, so far as I have heard them for forty years past, stop at the end of a second trill roulade, where the grand shake or trill comes in, brace themselves up, stand as rigid as a statue, draw a long breath, and, in short, make all those preparations, which say to the audience as plainly as the Frenchman's words: "Now, you sail see, vat you sail see" —and when the difficult part is accomplished, the mutual admiration society holds a session—the audience admires the trill; the triller admires the applause, and—the devil is to pay.

That is not Emma of Nevada's way. You remember the roulade duet between voice and flute in the crazy scene at the end of *Lucia di Lammermoor*[*]

[*] See "Marchesi," in *Grove's Dictionary of Music*.

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She was not satisfied with it; so she set to work, discarded all but the first four bars, and composed one for herself, of scales and staccatos, of runs and trills, and the Lord knows what all, which the flutist told me was even very difficult for him to play — but all as graceful as it is difficult, and ending with an immense shake. Now, what did *this* crazy girl do? The voice and flute had ended their competition (the voice the victor) and the full, firm shake, as effortless apparently as the simplest strain, was about half through, when she suddenly started and ran off the stage, the shake continuing just as perfect all the way; and as she disappeared behind the scenes, she left us a final note away up somewhere in the clouds — I'm blessed if I know how high it was.

She has a staccato polka (written for her), with orchestral accompaniment, that she sang one night between acts. It is graceful and pretty, though its object, of course, is to show her immense execution. She forgot to take breath in due time, and for once, the final sky high note failed her. The poor girl was sadly mortified; but I "laughed consumedly," and told her I was delighted to find, that the bare possibility did exist of her not doing everything without some painstaking.

On her last evening — *Sonnambula* — the 2d act was omitted, and she sang the grand air in *Linda*, and the duet (of the billet-doux) of Rosina and Figaro in Rossini's *Barbiere*. We had heard her before only in the two operas named above; and the exquisite neatness of her comic acting in this scene took us all by surprise. She was just as easy and natural now, in her splendid Spanish costume, "duetting" with Figaro, as she had been half an hour before, in her simple village dress, and in an opera already performed so many times. All now desire to hear her in a comic part.

In these days of wiggle—of the everlasting tremolo of voices ruined by Verdi and Wagner — what I, after all enjoy most in this sweet girl's singing, are her pure, sustained notes, as superior to those of the flute or violin, as the human voice made by God is to the sounds of instruments made by man's hands. When I hear one, I incontinently parody Dr. Watts, and mentally shout,

There is a tone of pure delight!

Above, I called her lovable. I was on the stage one evening through the performance and saw for myself, how her winning, kindly ways, her treatment of all as also human beings and not mere servants of the prima donna, had won a feeling something warmer than respect for her talents and acquirements, from those who were employed with her. She tells me that her stage mother in *Sonnambula* — she is the wife of our excellent first flutist — when they are on the scene together unemployed, chats with her and caresses her as if all was real. (By the way, I wish you could hear her chatting German with this one and Italian with that, just as with me English). At her last appearance, on Monday evening, (Nov. 1), in the closing scene, where this good woman and artist comes from the mill and entreats the villagers not to disturb by their loud singing, her poor Amina, who has at last sunk into slumber and a momentary oblivion of her sorrow, she gave her recitative in such touching tones, that all the audience felt them. Next day, when she called at the hotel to bid the Wixons farewell, she fairly broke down and cried.

On Wednesday morning they departed for Bologna, where Emma is to sing in the *Puritani*.

To sum up: she is the greatest singer, *of her years*, I ever heard — Adelina Patti I have not heard — not the greatest voice, though it will develop and strengthen; at present its tones are flute and oboe-like, though sweeter, and of a penetrating quality: so that, as you distinguish the fine tone of a cremona violin above and through the crash of an orchestra, you can hear her final tone in alt, above all the tumult of chorus and orchestra in the concerted pieces.

Happily, her father is an experienced physician, and fully understands the necessity of *festina lente* — of the hasten slowly — and has therefore refused, since here, a call for her to the imperial opera in Vienna. Hence, I do not fear for her the fate of so many promising young singers of the last thirty years, who, for present applause, and for sake of gain, have taken engagements in the great opera-houses, have screamed away their voices in Verdi and Wagner, and sunk in a very few years irretrievably into the populous limbo of wiggle-voiced women.

Her repertoire already, if I understood her aright, comprises twenty-three Italian and four German parts in opera.

Here the reader breaks in:

"But, my dear old Diarist, you have been describing a phenomenon, in superlatives."

Diarist. — "Well, yes; considering her youth — I just have." A. W. T.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society began its season on Saturday evening, Nov. 20, with the subjoined programme:

Symphony No. 8	Beethoven
Concerto for Piano, Op. 16	Hensel
R. Joseffy.	
Siegfried Idyl	Wagner
Recitative and Aria, Orpheus	Gluck
Miss Annie Louise Cary.	
Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Op. 16	Berlioz

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, the opening concert of the Society's 23d season drew to the Academy a very large audience; all the seats were taken, and many, indeed, were compelled to stand during the entire performance.

The orchestral numbers were well given, and much enthusiasm was evoked by the two soloists, one of whom (Miss Cary) is usually a favorite in our sister city, and the other was most warmly received and applauded for his admirable performance of the exceedingly difficult concerto. And just here it is the duty of a conscientious critic to say that the wonderful Hungarian seems to be — so to speak — *over-trained* (to borrow a pugilistic phrase); in other words, he absolutely gives the impression of an overworked artist. He has practiced *too* much, if such a thing be comprehensible; his very anxiety and eagerness to do his best — together with an entire summer of unrelenting and assiduous finger-exercise — caused him to make a few skips which are entirely foreign to his usual unerring accuracy. The best result of his labor is a broadening of style which is undeniably excellent, and was, perhaps, needed.

In response to a hearty and most demonstrative recall he gave the Scherzo from the Litolf concerto, which he played on the preceding Saturday evening, at the late concert of the New York Society.

At the second concert, which will take place Dec 18, will be given among other selections, Schumann's 3d (Cologne) Symphony, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus."

Last season the concerts occurred on Tuesday evenings, which was an encroachment upon a time-honored custom; this year the former system has been adopted, and will doubtless prove far more satisfactory to every one concerned. Each concert is preceded by two rehearsals, one an orchestral one, and the other a full rehearsal. I am given to understand that the financial outlook is satisfactory to the directors, and I am glad to believe that such is the case.

It is impossible to omit some mention of the exquisite floral display which is such a happy feature of these entertainments; on the evening in question the orchestra was hedged in by a profusion of magnificent calla lilies and other growing plants, so that the eye was delighted, while the ear was charmed.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, Mr. W. Müller, the well-known violoncellist, gave a concert at Steinway Hall, which was well attended, although the artist mentioned had but indifferent supports as regards his associates upon the programme. Mr. M. displayed his full, rich tone and usual dexterity in two selections, and also played with a lady pianist Mendelssohn's well-known Variations Concertantes in D, Op. 17.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 27, our Oratorio Society gave its first concert of the season, and afforded our music-loving public a treat by its artistic rendering of the *Elijah*. Mr. Henschel confirmed the favorable impression already made by him; Miss Drasdil created a genuine furore by her marvellous singing of her two arias: "Woe unto them," and "Rest in the Lord." Mr. Simpson sang carefully and well, albeit he never will learn to articulate his words, or to infuse any real warmth into his efforts. The orchestra did excellent work; and the chorus work was in the main most admirable, thanks to the indefatigable drill of Dr. Damrosch, whose conducting deserves genuine and unstinted praise. Of the other soloists it will be charitable to omit any mention; probably they would have done better if possible.

The Symphony Society's second concert will occur on Saturday, Dec. 4, and we are to have Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," with Mme. Valleria and Messrs. Henschel, Harvey and Bourne, for soloists.

During the first week of May, 1881, the "Music Festival Association" of New York will give a grand "Music Festival" in the seventh regiment's armory, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. Seven performances will be given, four in the evening and three in the afternoon. Among the works to be produced will be:

Dettingen Te Deum	Handel
Tower of Babel	Rubinstein
Grand Requiem	Berlioz
Messiah	Handel
Ninth Symphony	Beethoven

Mr. Henschel announces four vocal recitals beginning on Dec. 7, and will be assisted by Miss Bailey (soprano), Mr. Hayden (tenor), an unnamed contralto, and a pianist from Boston. In addition to his vocal efforts, Mr. H. will *play* with the Boston pianist Moscheles' "Hommage à Handel," for two pianos. Mr. Henschel will sing from a most extensive repertoire, the authors being Haydn, Handel, Carissimi, Henschel, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Beethoven, Franck, Pergolese, Loewe, Franz, and Rubinstein.

Joseffy announces four orchestral concerts — with the aid of Mr. Thomas — to begin Dec. 13. These will take place in Steinway Hall, and will consist of two evening performances and two matinées: he is also announced to appear at Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening next.

A word or two with regard to the above-mentioned hall. Through the untiring energy and persistent efforts of Mr. Aronson — a young musician of this city — a very large sum of money was raised, and a very beautiful building was erected. It includes a restaurant, a concert-hall, and a variety of other things, and is really a delightful place of resort. During the summer a series of Popular Orchestral Concerts was given under Mr. Aronson's direction, and the season was a successful one. In the early autumn the directors (for it is a stock company which manages the enterprise) thought it wise to engage Mr. Thomas to conduct some of its concerts. Under his management each Thursday evening is a "Classical Night," and Friday is a "Request Night," and on Sundays a "Gala Night" is the attraction. But the audiences have not been very large, and Mr. Thomas's old-time prestige has not sufficed to attract paying houses; hence, the present order of things will probably be of short duration. F.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 26.— Since my last note to the *Journal*, but few entertainments have been given. First in order came a performance of Chamber music, by the Liesegang-Heimendahl String Quartet. The following were the numbers performed: —

Quartet, op. 11	Tschaikowsky.
Serenade, for Quintet	S. G. Pratt.
Trio, op. 20	G. Jadassohn.

A glance at the little programme will show that our club lent itself to the interpretation of modern musical thought, as expressed by three living composers. Our age may be termed that of reflection, for human reason is reaching out on every hand and seeking for the truth. Thus in science, religion, and philosophy, much investigation and consideration is being carried on, and human knowledge is enlarging its sphere.

This desire for progress even enters the more quiet domain of art, and we see the result pictured in new attainments. In music, however, although the actuating motive seems to try to invent new forms, and to reach greater heights, there is less real progress than in some other directions of human attainment. One great reason for this is, doubtless, that we are not yet fully acquainted with the accomplishments of the past, and that we seek to attain the novel rather than that which is pure. In order for a greater musical development to take place, we must be able to realize the faults, as well as the merits, of what has been accomplished. Our modern composers seem afraid of duplicating the ideas of the old masters, and thus we have very marked contrasts in the music of the present, from that which was called beautiful in the days now gone. Perhaps it might be wise for us to still study the works of the great composers of the past, for there may be something for even modern musical thought to gain thereby. These reflections came to me as I listened to the works that were performed in the Chamber Concert, to which I refer in the beginning of these remarks; for I found in them an influence that seemed at variance with itself. There was an aim that was indefinite, and the ideas seemed confused, as

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if, perchance, the mind was not sure of its own meaning. It seems to me that true music must be fully satisfying, and that it should leave the hearer in a state of contentment, when its last echo fades away in the distance. A beautiful picture, a lovely poem, or a grand thought will bring satisfaction to those who are in sympathy with them. And surely music should always afford satisfaction to those who love it, if it be in truth real music. All gentle sounds that pulsate in unison with each other may not be representative of a musical idea. All soft music may not be good music, nor loud music grand. An art principle must hold together the contents of a musical composition, and make the whole a beautiful unity. This feeling for the beautiful was a true instinct with the old masters, and they expressed it in their works. Modern endeavor has not reached that height that renders the old of little value. It is well to be progressive, but we must be sure that what we do is really in advance of that which has been attained, before we can be fully satisfied with our accomplishments.

The Beethoven Society gave its first reunion last week, with an attractive programme. This organization is to give Mendelssohn's *Elijah* early in December, with Herr Henschel in the title role.

Mr. Boscowitz gave another piano-forte recital, with a programme largely made up of Chopin selections. He also performed the Grieg Concerto in A-minor, and the "Spinning Song" of Wagner-Liszt. This performance did not impress me any differently, in regard to the artistic merits of the gentleman. His playing has some beautiful moments, but his performance, as a whole, lacks that unity of interpretation that alone will give full satisfaction. He plays with too little evenness, and lacks in breadth and dignity of style, although his soft passages are given with much grace. His phrasing is often very novel, and his idea of light and shade differs from that of any pianist that I have heard. In art, fortunately, there is perfect liberty, and all moods and sentiments may find representation.

Miss Litta sang at the Central Music Hall, last evening, appearing with her concert company in a popular programme. I did not hear the entertainment, and, therefore, can only make a passing mention of it.

C. H. B.

MUSIC ABROAD.

PARIS. *Le Comte Ory*, the revival of which I briefly noticed the other evening, was repeated on Wednesday night, and appeared to interest more deeply the regular *habitués* of the opera than the special audience assembled at the *Première*. It is beyond question that the texture of the music is somewhat light for the enormous *salle* of the new operahouse, and that the delicate grace of Rossini's facile strains would be better appreciated in the smaller *locale* of the Place Favart. It is no less certain that the present generation of singers have not the secret of the Rossinian roulades, but the work is so full of spontaneous inspiration from beginning to end that, executed beyond reproach so far as orchestra and chorus are concerned, *Le Comte Ory* cannot fail to delight all genuine *dilettanti*. Mlle. Daram sings the principal soprano part with insufficient voice, but with good style, while M. Dereims as the Comte Ory looks at least the lady-killer to perfection. But the most capable of the executants is M. Melchissedec, who, as Raimbaud, the hero's attendant, sings and acts with equal spirit. His chief solo, by-the-by, is taken bodily from Rossini's *pièce de circonstance, Il Viaggio à Rheims*, the names of the wines found in the cellar in this Bacchanalian air being substituted for the enemies slain in the original song, which was a description of the Battle of Trocadéro, in memory whereof was laid out the place utilized for the exhibition of 1877. Nothing is more remarkable than the skill with which Rossini has utilized, in *Le Comte Ory*, a comic opera, the pieces originally composed for an *à propos* cantata, written in celebration of Charles X.— (*Paris Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph."*)

—— The re-opening of the Popular Concerts is at present the most important musical event. The "classical basis" was strictly adhered to, the opening number of the first concert being Beethoven's Symphony in A. Two novelties were brought forward with success, viz., a "Brésilienne" by B. Godard and a "Sarabande" N rcisse Girard. For the second concert a still greater novelty is promised. The Kreutzer Sonata will be played by M. Ritter and *all* the first violins, eighteen in number. We abstain from conjecture ! !

—— The programme of the third Chatelet Concert, Oct. 3, is as follows:

Symphonie Pastorale, ...	Beethoven.
Ouverture de Beatrice, ...	Bernard.
Introduction et allegro, pour piano, ...	Godard
Le Rouet d'Omphale, poeme symphonique, .	Saint-Saens.
Concerto in Ut mineur, pour deux pianos, . . .	Bach.
"Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge,"	Massenet.
Ouverture de "Zanetta,"	Auber.

At the concert given at the Trocadéro for the benefit of the Orphanage for artists, 35,000 francs were realized, 4,500 more than the required sum, the artists all giving their services, for which they received the heartiest plaudits.

BERLIN. The Symphonie Kapelle — the only band of the kind which the capital possesses — distinguished itself a few days ago by a performance of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," which strangely enough had never before been performed in Berlin. That composer, says the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, has been brought nearer to the German public by the energetic efforts of the North German School, Liszt, Bulow, and the Musikverein, and even in conservative Berlin is now no longer a stranger.

COLOGNE. The Concert Society will give this winter ten Subscription Concerts under Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Among the works selected for performance are *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn; *Die Kreuzfahrer*, Niels von Gade; "Funeral March," Handel; "Gloria," Max Bruch; the *Grosse Passion*, J. S. Bach; an Orchestral Work, C. Saint-Saëns, the "Ninth Symphony," Beethoven; "Ländliche Hochzeit, Goldmark; and "Im Schwarzwald," Corder. MM. Gade and Saint-Saens have promised to conduct their own works.

VIENNA. *Dinorah* was performed, for the first time this season, at the Imperial Operahouse, on the 21st ult., with Mlle. Bianchi as the heroine. Three days later, *Aida* was given at the express wish of the ex-Khedive, Ismael Pasha, who, as is well known, commissioned Verdi to compose it, and was anxious to see how it was put upon the stage and performed here. Signor Ciampi will shortly appear as the Marquis in *Linda*, and Dulcamara in *L'Elisir*, singing on both occasions in Italian, which, out of courtesy to him, will be the language employed by Mlles. Bianchi, Stahl, and Herr Walther. — As already announced in the *Musical World*, Mlle. Bianchi has been created an Imperial Austrian Chamber Singer, a rare distinction for a fair artist after an engagement of only six months. The other ladies bearing the title at present, are Mmes. Dustmann, Artôt-Padilla, Gomperz-Bettelheim, Adelina Patti, Friedrich-Materna, Pauline Lucca, and Christine Nilsson.

LONDON. "Cherubino" writes in *Figaro* (Nov. 6): The two principal works of last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert were a pianoforte concerto in A-minor, by Herr J. H. Bonawitz, and the C-minor symphony of Beethoven. Not that there is the slightest analogy between the two works. As wide a space separates Bonawitz from Beethoven as divides Bach from Offenbach. The concerto, which appears to be the thirty-sixth work perpetrated by the pianist, is of the feeblest sort, and its presence in a Crystal Palace programme will suggest the famous simile of the fly in amber. Mr. Thomas Wingham's overture, "Mors Janua Vitæ," produced only fifteen days before at the Leeds Festival, was admirably played by Mr. Manns' orchestra. The remaining novelty was a brief selection from M. Massenet's new oratorio or "sacred legend," entitled "La Vierge," a composition which yet awaits a hearing, even in the land of its origin. The first piece, "The Last Sleep of the Virgin," which is scored for muted strings, and a solo violoncello unmuted, is sufficiently somnolent to justify its title; while the second, "A Galilean Dance," is almost throughout in a minor key, and is likely to create an impression that the fishermen of the Sea of Galilee were very doleful devotees of Terpsichore indeed. Mlle. Pyk's selection of "Casta Diva" for a Crystal Palace concert was not happy, and could she have been in the "connoisseurs' gallery" she would have noticed more than one well-known musician gravely twirling his fists in imitation of grinding a barrel organ. She succeeded far better in some Swedish songs, and she is indeed a vocalist worthy of better music. The great feature of the concert was, however, the performance of the C-minor symphony of Beethoven by the Crystal Palace orchestra under Mr. Manns.

—— The twenty-third season of the Monday Popular Concerts began at St. James' Hall on Monday last. This year Mr. Arthur Chappell has put forward no special prospectus, being content to simply announce the dates of the twenty-one evening and twenty morning concerts, well knowing that his supporters will be fully content with the good things he is likely to offer them. The institution of the Popular Concerts is probably unique. Started in 1859, by Messrs. Chappell & Co., mainly in order to utilize the then not very popular St. James' Hall, of which they, Messrs. Cramer, Beale, Chappell, and others, were shareholders, the chief attraction they were at first able to offer was cheap prices. Instead of the guinea reserved and half-guinea unreserved seats which then ruled, their prices were five shillings and a shilling. At first the programmes were of a miscellaneous sort, including ballads and drawing-room pieces, conducted by Sir Julius Benedict. The success of these concerts was comparatively trifling; and Mr. Arthur Chappell, at the suggestion of Mr. J. W. Davison, who was practically the founder of the Popular Concerts, resolved that the programmes should be exclusively classical. Two Beethoven nights, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Weber, and Mozart nights were arranged, and, after a struggle for existence, the concerts at last became popular. Their success completely revolutionized the old system of concert-giving; the old-fashioned guinea and half-guinea concerts were knocked on the head, and benefit concerts — which, at that time, where not only numerous but of considerable importance — received a blow from which they have never recovered. In short, it is to the Monday Popular Concerts that we primarily owe the popularizing of high-class music in this country; and, thanks mainly and at first to their influence, classical music ceased to be a mere luxury of the opulent, and was placed before the people. When once the demand became obvious, the supply was soon forthcoming. The directors of nearly all the serial concerts were compelled to reduce their prices; other enterprises started up; and the establishment of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace gave further impetus to the cause of music in the metropolis. The Popular Concerts are now a highly valuable institution. Up to the present time upwards of 700 concerts have been given, attended by probably a million and a half of amateurs. The subscription-list must amount to three or four thousand pounds a season, and this is altogether apart from the support afforded by the great shilling public. The great orchestra is crowded by earnest amateurs, who often, when there is any special attraction, wait an hour at the doors in order to obtain a good place. The spectacle can hardly be equalled in Europe of a couple of thousand music-lovers assembled twice a week to listen to a programme uncompromising in its severity, and which is formed of string quartets, classical trios and duets, and piano and other sonatas, with nothing in the scheme lighter than a couple of classical songs.

—— The programme of the first Popular Concert contained no part for the violin, a fact which is so unusual that it may reasonably be noticed. The principal feature was the serenade in E-flat for wind, written by Mozart at Vienna in October, 1781, and therefore very nearly a century old. The parts for two oboes were, it is stated, subsequently added by Mozart to his first manuscript, which was for two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons only. The work is full of pure Mozartian melody, and the slow movement is especially beautiful. It was admirably played by Messrs. Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron. . Mlle. Janotha played the andante with variations in E-flat, Op. 82, of Mendelssohn, and afterwards, for an encore, the cappriccio in E-minor, Op. 16, of the same master. Songs for Madame Koch Bossenberger, a violoncello sonata by Locatelli for Signor Piatti, and Beethoven's trio in B-flat, Op. 11, for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, were also in the programme.

BERLIN. As predicted, Suppé's *Juanita* did not hold possession of the bills long. It has made way for Lecocq's *Petite Mademoiselle*, re-named *Die Feindin das Cardinals*. It is said that the last new French fairy piece, *L'Arbre de Noël*, for which Lecocq has written some of the music, will shortly be performed at the Victoria Theatre. — Miss Emma Thursby made her first appearance here at a concert in the Sing Akademie on the 23d ult., and achieved a signal triumph. She was much admired and rapturously applauded in all her songs, but more especially in Mozart's "Mia Speranza adorata," her rendering of which was pronounced by every one exceptionally fine. She was supported by Mlle. Ottilie Lichterfield, Herren Gustav Hollánder and Heinrich Grunfeld, all of whom afforded perfect satisfaction to a large and highly intelligent audience. — The first concert for the season of the Royal Domchor, or Cathedral Choir, took place on the 25th ult., when the programme included the double-chorus: "Fratres, ego enim," Palestrina; "Peccavi" for alto, tenor and bass, Caldara; "Misericordias Domini," Durante; "Dixit Maria ad Angelum," Hassler; and "Furchte Dich nicht," J. S. Bach. The more modern compositions were a "Benedictus," R. Succo, and setting of the Twenty-Second Psalm, E. F. Richter. — The last annual report on the musical educational institutions in connection with the Royal Academy of Arts comprises the period from the 1st October, 1879, to the 1st October, 1880. There are, as most persons know, three such institutions: I. The High School, Section for Musical Composition, was attended during the winter-half by 30, and during the summer-half by 27 pupils; the masters are Herren Grell, Taubert, Kiel, and Bargiel. II. The Section for Executive Musical Art, for which there are 23 regular, and 13 extra masters, showed 237 pupils during the winter-half, and 218 during the summer-half. The number of amateurs taking part in the choral practice and performances was from 40 to 50. There were 5 public and 12 private performances. III. The Institute for Sacred Music, in which department Professors Haupt, Julius Schneider, Löschhorn, and Herr Ressel, *Kammermusikus*, are the instructors, had 24 pupils, of whom 6 left at Easter; the normal number is 20.

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"AIDA" AND ITS AUTHOR.[1]

BY DR. EDWARD HANSLICK.

Aida is a remarkable, genuinely artistic, and, compared with Verdi's previous operas, a very surprising production. A careful perusal of the score reveals many musical beauties, which pass unnoticed at the first time of hearing the opera. The first impression is indeed favorable, and, according to the individuality of the hearer, more or less affecting; yet there is a mixture of displeasing and oppressive sensations. While we are charmed by certain delightful melodies, we are also pressed down as with an invisible hand by the fatal and gloomy character of the material and music. Pervading the entire music there is something unspeakably melancholy, something like the subdued disconsolateness of Lenau's poetry. Then, too, the argument is numerefully tragic. Aida, a prisoner, is in love with her captor. He returns her love, but is a victim to the fatal passion of the king's daughter, who finally succeeds in marrying him, knowing that his heart belongs to another. Everything, even from the beginning, sinks into ruin — a ruin, against which no successful effort from either side can be made. The poet fails to provide cheering lights or a friendly change of colors. Slowly and oppressively the horrible end of being buried alive is neared. The composer follows the subject with the truest devotion. He scorns any frivolous effect, and thus, by the powerful means of his music, greatly increases the bitter anguish of the poetry. True, Amneris is seen at first with happy nuptial musings; subsequently Aida and Rhadames for a moment contemplate flight and future happiness, but in neither instance is there a comforting expectation. So true is the music that, by listening to it, whatever consoling hopes may have arisen are at once dispelled. Even among these few green oases the coming disaster murmurs like a hidden fountain.

Completely filled with the fundamental character of the tragedy, Verdi does here, instinctively and unknowingly, what Gluck has done intentionally in the *Iphigénie:* the conscious-stricken Orest talks of peace returning to his soul, but the turbulent accords whisper, "He lies!" Even the festival songs in *Aida* are permeated with tones of complaint. The triumphal march has indeed splendor, but no cheerfulness. Composer, as well as poet, has neglected too much the effects of contrast. Slow *tempi* and binary rhythms predominate in a striking degree. The first two acts have no triple measure, which first appears in the third act in two short *andante* passages, sung by Aida, and finally in the last act, in the duet between Amneris and Rhadames.

The almost unbroken elegiac treatment and the Egyptian costumes are the two chief defects which mar the effect of *Aida*, taken as a whole. The politics and religion, the oddities of dress and civilization of the ancient Egyptians are altogether too strange for us. We do not feel at ease among a lot of brown and black painted men. It may be urged that this is merely external, yet, for all, the spectator's sympathies are chilled, let the cause be the hideous idols, the colossal statues, or the various sacred beasts, which terrified even the Persians when they were conquered by the Egyptians. Think of nothing but dark-colored singers on the stage! Then, besides, the ugly, vaulting negroes and the dancing women dressed and painted in the most repulsive manner! An opera should present something of the lovely and agreeable, and no ethnological exactness can compensate for a total lack of beauty. It is also not pleasant to see continually so many priests and priestesses, and to witness nothing but Egyptian ceremonies.

Aida was composed by wish of the viceroy of Egypt, and was first performed in Cairo, in 1872. The treatment of Egyptian affairs was one of the chief conditions imposed. The subject-matter of the opera was originally written in prose by a learned Egyptian. Verdi has displayed great skill in giving his music the national coloring. In this he has been moderate and characteristic. The dances and temple songs have the peculiar, whimpering melody of the Orientals, with its predominant fourths and scanty sixths, its meagre harmony and simple, quaint orchestration. Two original Egyptian melodies are employed in the first finale: in the song of the priestesses with harp accompaniment, and in the dance melody in E-flat, performed with three flutes. A genuine master-hand is seen in the ingenious and charming handling of these two national *motiven*.

We have, now-a-days, plenty of foreign local coloring, but Verdi excels in his sense of musical beauty by which he assigns these peculiarities to their proper, *i. e.*, to a subordinate place. He does not present the Orient to us with photographic accuracy, but gives us an idealization through the grace and richness of our modern western European harmony. Verdi, who hitherto has shown no liking for local musical colors, but always remained *Italian* in his music, shows in *Aida*, for the first time, that he is also master of this foreign field. Yet, after all, the Egyptian garb in *Aida* hinders the full display of his talent. If he would use the same energy, the same creative faculty, and the same fidelity, now, in composing an opera from Roman material, and with variegated treatment, he would, without doubt, surpass *Aida* and all of his other former works.

All of *Aida's* outer, strange splendor is, however, of minor importance compared with the luxurious charm of its melodies, the dramatic force of its rhythm and the warm current of feeling which flows through the entire music. Think, for example, of Aida's beautiful and fervent, "And, my love, must I forget it?" of Amneris's splendid theme in D-flat, "No, you will live, joined to me in love"; of the touching, revealing close of the final duet, "Farewell, O earth;" and of many other similar passages.

It is remarkable and yet just that *Aida*, the latest production of a sexagenarian who has long since reached the height of his fame, should be praised chiefly on account of the progress the author has made. In truth, there are in *Aida* a dramatic faithfulness, an industry in the technical elaboration, and, more than all, a nobleness and unity of style, which, coming from the composer of *Ernani*, are indeed surprising. The German critic, who, as a rule, is almost hostile to Italian opera, is most happily set to rights by these superior features of *Aida*. Perhaps they force him to admit that a composer who now, in old age, reaps and deserves such praise certainly could not formerly have been entirely worthless, as some harsh critics have painted him for twenty-five years past. It may be said that in *Aida* Verdi has become another person completely, that his identity is lost; but this is an error which can be made only by those who do not know his former operas. Although he did not have the desired degree of culture and development, yet Verdi possessed great dramatic talent from the start, like many other of his celebrated and uncelebrated countrymen. While Rossini, the genial buffoon, clings to the historical customs of the Italians, of composing charming melodies for their own sake, regardless of their adaptation to the subject (so that even his serious operas, with the exception of *Tell*, are only *concertante* comedy music), Verdi, who has none of Rossini's grace and humor, has seldom composed a melody which lacked passionate, dramatic force. The criticism must be made on every one of Verdi's operas (and it has been done indefatigably) that a great deal of coarseness crops out near beautiful and affecting passages; yet justice requires that we direct our attention to the great dramatic talent and fertile creation which are manifested among these very crudities.

In *Don Carlos* and in *Aida*, Verdi has displayed the same artistic scrupulousness in returning to great simplicity and quiet expression. Disregarding all outward considerations for the pretensions of the singers and for popular applause, he this time follows only his best and recently matured judgment. He has not thought of transient success alone, but of "immortality," as it is flatteringly called when a work has a relatively long life. In this latest production appear the passionate eloquence and dramatic power which characterize his previous operas, — artistically interwoven, refined, in a sort of æsthetic catharsis. Nevertheless, it is fully and genuinely *Verdi*. An imitation of Wagner, as many critics have asserted, is out of the question. True, Verdi, like every other modern operatic composer of intelligence, is indebted to Wagner for important innovations; but in *Aida* there is not a single measure which the Italian owes to the German. If *Aida* be called Wagnerish, so must also Gounod's *Romeo*

[1] Translated for the Voice, (Albany, N. Y.)

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and Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, because they depart from the old models, follow the words with more accuracy, give greater prominence to the orchestra, and adopt certain instrumental effects which have become customary since the production of *Tannhäuser*. Verdi, like Gounod and Thomas, has not refused, narrow-mindedly, to profit by the modern development of music. On the contrary, he has, without injury to his individuality (which indeed has been given long since a public stamp), made use of the best, or what for him were the most available features of those dramatic reforms which, foreshadowed or initiated by Weber and Meyerbeer, have been methodically carried on by Wagner. Besides, whenever Wagner's influence is manifested in an Italian or a Frenchman, it is only the influence of his earlier style, particularly that of *Tannhäuser*, which still passes for half orthodox. Of the distinct, later phase of Wagner's dramatic music, begun in *Tristan*, continued in the *Meistersinger*, and culminated in the *Ring des Nibelungen*,—of this colloquial, declamatory song about the endless melody of an insatiable orchestra, there is not the slightest trace either in *Aida*, or in any other Italian or French opera.

The expressive melody of the singing voices predominates over everything in *Aida;* the song does not follow so much the literal words as it does the significance of the situation; wherever dramatic continuity requires it, the form is freely handled, and this, too, by preserving the harmony between the *romanza* and the duets, trios, and recitatives. Dramatic law rules in the entire composition, like an invisible church, yet its visible head from beginning to end is musical beauty. In short, it affords pleasure to see how a man of Verdi's genial talents has produced such a beautiful opera, which has for its foundation the repulsive and dissolute customs of the Egyptians.

In the village of Busseto, duchy of Parma, Italy, Guiseppe Verdi was born, Oct. 9th, 1814. The local organist gave the boy his first musical instruction, which could hardly have gone beyond the most necessary rudiments. Verdi, when nineteen years old, felt the defectiveness of his musical schooling and was eager for better opportunities, such as are, as a rule, obtainable only in large cities. His family being poor, he was enabled to carry out his plans only through the generosity of a neighbor, Barezzi, and, in 1833 he went to Milan, but was refused admittance to the conservatory. The reason for his refusal (which has been bitterly enough repented of), has never been satisfactorily explained. Fétis, in his "Musical Lexicon," is of the opinion that the director of the conservatory, Francesco Basili, one of the last strictly schooled masters of the preceding century, saw nothing in Verdi's outer appearance to indicate a successful artistic future. "It is evident," adds Fétis, "that never was the physiognomy of a composer less a revealer of talent." Aside from the fact that a person's talent is not rated by his face, it seems to me that Verdi's physiognomy, in this respect, was most unjustly judged. It is sad, immovable, yet anything but expressionless or uninteresting. When I had the honor of forming his acquaintance in Her Majesty's Theatre London, a few years ago, his earnest, quiet (if not too amiable) manner made a favorable impression. However it may be, Verdi was not admitted to the conservatory; he was forced to be satisfied with the teachings of Lavigna, the leader of the theatre orchestra; but under this teacher's thoroughly practical guidance, and in spite of Maestro Basili, he soon realized enough from his music to buy a number of extensive and valuable estates in Busseto, where he now lives in the full employment of his good fortune.

His beautiful villa at Busseto, is known among the people as *La villa del professore Verdi*. Every peasant for miles around can direct the stranger to the charming chateau and tell whether Verdi is at home or not. Here the composer rests from his labors and triumphs. With a gun over his shoulder or a book in his hand he roams about, calling upon his numerous tenants and discussing with them the details of their work. Herr Escudier, Verdi's publisher and most enthusiastic admirer, has written a description of his country life. According to him, Verdi has as much knowledge of farming as of harmony (happy fields!) The farmers worship him and manifest their attachment in all sorts of ways. In the evening, when he and his wife walk out, the peasants assemble and welcome them with choruses from his operas. He seems to be constantly surrounded by fervent adoration. Two original types are his father-in-law and his valet. Papa Antonio can never hear of him or his music without crying, and he preserves as a sacred relic the first musical scribblings of his son-in-law. Love of music changed Servant Luigi's vocation from that of hackman. Verdi is "his god," and whoever delights in the productions of Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti is to him "a cretin."

Verdi is at home in the literature of all nations, and is conversant with all the great political, social and scientific questions of the day. He was elected member of the Italian parliament simply as an "incomparable patriot," which seems all the more strange because he has never spoken a word in the chamber. Yet his name is not without political significance; the opposition party used it as a harmless mask in the form of an anagram. When the cry *Viva l' Italia!* was stopped in Lombardy, Rome, Tuscany, and Naples, the people shouted *Viva Verdi!* The name of Verdi was indicated as follows:

Vittore Emanuele Rè d' Italia.

This mysterious inscription is still on the walls of many public buildings whose occupants have thought of nothing less than of Verdi and his operas.

OLE BULL.

[Translated from Aftenposten].

. . . . Ole Borneman Bull was born in Bergen the 5th February, 1810, and was the son of Johan Storm Bull, an apothecary of Bergen, and his wife, Anna Dorthea Bull, born Geelmuyden. Just at that time Bergen held a prominent social position. It had many good old families engaged in trade, with an inheritance of culture and a lively interest in intellectual and refined pleasure, and the social life of those days stood far above what the tradesmen's families of our time regard as the acme of convivial enjoyment. Their exuberant mirth might often break out in drinking songs, and ringing choruses, but it was in an amiable and harmless spirit, and always associated with a desire and an effort to devote their friendly gatherings to higher ends; private theatricals and musical entertainments belonged to the order of the day.

These two tastes were represented in both the Bull and Geelmuyden families, and especially was "Uncle Jens" (Geelmayden) an ardent quartet man, at whose house Mozart's, Haydn's, and others' quartets were constantly well played. The little Ole Bull had inherited the talent, but he began in a modest way. When he was three or four years old he had to be satisfied with two chips, representing fiddle and bow, but on these he scraped indefatigably, as seated in a corner he hummed a tune. Uncle Jens thought the boy might have a little better violin, so he took out of his store a Nuremberg fiddle with "real strings," and on these the talented little fellow soon learned to coax the tunes he had heard others play.

His schooling did not amount to much, but he made progress in playing, and at seven and eight years old he enjoyed the honor of being present at Uncle Jens's to hear "the quartet."

It happened to be just his eighth birthday when he showed what he had been teaching himself in secret. The Quartet was assembled at Uncle Jens's, and the first violin, "Kammermusikus" (Royal Musician) Poulsen had been drinking so much that he was not to be relied on. So Uncle Jens said in fun that Ole might play, and this he did, to the astonishment of all, so creditably, that the reward was a new violin from Uncle Jens.

Ole Bull still continued his self-instruction until 1822, when for the first time he had regular lessons from a clever Swedish violinist, Lundholm, who at that time came to settle in Bergen. He then made remarkable progress, and learned to play very difficult pieces.

At school he was an indifferent pupil, and when he came to Christiania in 1828, to pass his examination at the University, he was rejected on Latin composition—fortunately, we must add.

In the meantime, some musical occupation was found for him when Waldemar Trane, leader of the orchestra at the theatre, became so ill that it was necessary to put another in his place, and Ole Bull secured it. But now a stronger desire was aroused in him, the desire to become an artist, to come out in the world, to learn and hear and work with all his might. He must go to Spohr, who then stood first in the estimation of our musical circles.

The 19th of May, 1829, he started with very little money in his pocket, but all his artist's coarage in his breast. He found Spohr, but it is easy to understand that two natures, so diametrically opposed, could find no attraction in each other. Spohr, a virtuoso and composer, strict, formal, classically severe in form, could not harmonize with the eccentric, bizarre, original Bull, and vice versâ. After several fruitless attempts to accomplish something in Germany, he was obliged to return home again.

He made his next appearance as leader of the orchestra in Christiania, but in 1830 he went to Trondhjem and Bergen to give concerts, and in Bergen directed the "Harmony." By these means he earned money enough to set out on the longed-for journey to Paris.

Here his struggles began in earnest. No recommendations were of any avail, no one would help him, and we all know what it means to be living on scanty traveling funds. As a final blow, he was robbed of the last money he had, his violin, and everything except his clothes. It was diffi-

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cult for him to obtain credit for his lodging, and he was exposed to annoyances of all kinds.

To this epoch in his life belongs the oft-told anecdote of how, just as he was casting longing eyes on the waters of the Seine, he was enticed into a gaming-house, where he put up his last five francs and won, but, owing to his indistinct pronunciation of the language, instead of five, he carried off a hundred francs.

His affairs were now at a standstill, when, by chance, he was heard by the Duke of Montebello in a drawing-room, where he was trying some manufacturer's violins. By the aid of the Duke's recommendation he was able to give a concert, and with the proceeds he started on a concerting tour which took him down into Italy. Here, at last, his star was to rise, and this episode deserves to be related in the words of Wergeland's Biography.

He had arrived in Bologna. Here the violinist, Beriot, and the singer, Malibran, were engaged for the season by the Philharmonic Society; but just before one of the concerts, both suddenly became "indisposed," on account of some uncertainty in regard to their salary.

This threw the director of the Philharmonic Society, Marchese di Zampieri, into the greatest perplexity. Just then, towards evening one day, the well-known singer, Madame Colbran, (afterwards married to Rossini), in passing by Casa Soldati, a low inn for soldiers, vetturini and muleteers, heard through an open window some wonderful bars of music on an instrument which she did not seem to recognize. It was Bull. In his white-washed garret in this miserable inn, to which he had been driven two weeks earlier by the faithlessness of some one who had borrowed money of him, while the whole town was only talking of Beriot, Malibran and Colbran, he had written his first important composition, his "Concerto in A-major; but, unacquainted with the rules of art necessary for its transference to paper, he was sitting by the open window playing over the airs. The singer stood listening a long time.

"It must be a violin; but a divine one. That makes up for Malibran and Beriot. Off to Zampieri."

In the evening near ten o'clock, when Bull, hungry and ill, had been in bed for a couple of hours, a knocking was heard at the door. "Cospetto di Bacco, what stairs!" It was Zampieri himself, the most musical of all Italy's nobili, renowned from Mont Cenis to Cape Spartivento. Bull must get up and improvise. He was the man for it! Leave Malibran to her migraine and headaches know what. Not only was he dragged up, but off to the theatre at once with Zampieri, where he found a brilliant assembly, the Grand Duke of Tuscany himself, and Beriot, with his hand hypocritically bound up in a handkerchief. All were transported with Bull. He took his courage in his hands, and begged the ladies for subjects. The wife of Prince Carlo Poniatowsky gave him one from "Norma," two other ladies, one from "The Siege of Corinth," and one from "Capuletti and Montecchi." At the closing strains, he was covered with flowers by the enraptured ladies; Zampieri, Beriot, and the whole company complimented him. It was a *trouvaille*. He was to have the assistance of the whole company at a concert of his own, if he would first give his assistance at one already announced; the society would subscribe for sixty tickets. Emilio Loup, (a Swiss) who owned a large theatre, placed it at his disposal together with the orchestra, and one private individual alone took a hundred tickets. *Ah ca ira!* New Fortuna's wheel had turned. The Fates seemed to have reeled off their black threads and begun to spin new and shining ones. He played at the Society's concert, and gave one for himself at Loup's. After the latter he was complimented by a torch-light procession and appointed honorary member of the first class by the Philharmonic Society. *Ca ira!* This was only a beginning; It was Bull's real beginning.

From this time he went on with giant strides, giving concerts in numerous cities, until in 1835 he appeared at the opera in Paris. On this occasion a piquant feuilleton of Jules Janin effected miracles, as once before at Rachel's début at the Théâtre Français; and all the concert-halls in the country were now open to him. After marrying in Paris, Alexandrine Félicité Villeminot, to whom he had become engaged in his days of suffering, he started on his musical tours. First he visited England; afterwards, in 1837, Brussels, Hamburg, Lubeck, Schwerin, Konigsberg, Riga, St. Petersburg and Moscow, and everywhere achieved a brilliant success. From Moscow he was called home by the news of his father's death. Passing through Finland, in whose principal towns he made his appearance, and Stockholm, where he was heard five times, he returned to Christiania in July, 1838. He was received by his countrymen with the enthusiasm and distinction to which he was entitled by the glory he had won for his native land. He did not remain long at home, but started on a new artist's journey, giving concerts in Denmark, in several cities of Germany, in Bohemia, Vienna, Paris, England, and Russia. In 1841, he took up his residence with his family at Valestrand, a paternal country-seat near Bergen, remaining there until the following summer, when he once more left Christiania, whence in 1842-1843 he made short musical tours to Denmark, Sweden, and Germany. From 1844 to 1846, he played in America, where, owing to his eccentricities as an artist, to which he there gave full rein, he reaped praise and laurels in abundance. These he proceeded to Paris, where, after the revolution of February, 1848, he gave a concert for the benefit of the wounded, and the same year he returned through Belgium to Norway. Here he gave many concerts under storms of applause, and in 1849, took under his protection the well-known Thorgeir Audunssön (the miller-boy), whom he assisted so far that he was able to give concerts in several towns.

At that time a new national life was unfolding through the instrumentality of such artists as Tidemand, Gude and others, driven home by the disturbances abroad. The strong influence which our people in their daily lives and the colony of artists now settled among them exerted on each other, called forth an inspiration, which marks an era in the history of our art and literature, and it is no more to be wondered at that Ole Bull was affected by this revival, than that a man with his energy and world-wide reputation was compelled to find listeners to his ideas.

He had now become a wealthy man, and he wished to devote part of his fortune to the establishment of a Norwegian theatre. This plan he carried out in his native town of Bergen, where a national theatre was opened on the second of January, 1850, and called into existence such actors as Johannes Brun, Fru Brun, Fru Wolff and others.

He spent large sums of money on this enterprise, but fell into disputes with the authorities on the employment of the funds, for of course he had not the capacity for occupying himself with the details of such an institution, and consequently it soon found its way into other hands, but existed! And it cannot be denied that Ole Bull, by his energetic, patriotic grasp, laid the corner-stone of the national edifice we are now raising; for in the theatre of Bergen lay the germ, and thence proceeded the impulse to what has been accomplished in other respects for national dramatic art. Therefore Ole Bull's name will always be associated with the history of our theatre, and take its place among the most prominent names; for although his theatre was closed in the course of a few years, it lived in a new form in Christiania, and is now reopened in Bergen, where, however, they cling so strongly to all Danish traditions — spite of much external Norwegianism — that the very question of a national theatre becomes doubtful just where dramatic talent and other necessary conditions are most readily found.

After placing his theatre in other hands, Bull made a short professional journey to Denmark and Germany, after which, in 1852, he started for America, where he hoped to found a distinctly Norwegian colony ("Oleana"). He purchased in Pennsylvania a large lot of land, of a man who did not own it, and as the business turned out unfortunately in other respects, he lost in it nearly all his fortune. In 1857 he returned to Norway.

In 1860 he again started on professional journeys to Sweden and Russia. In 1863 he labored, but without success, for the establishment of a Norwegian Academy of Music in Christiania. A couple of years later, after the death of his wife, he again went to America, and from this time made his home there, returning to spend the summers in his native land, where he owned a beautiful villa on Lysöen, near Bergen. A few years ago he married an American lady, Sara Thorpe.

As an artist, Ole Bull bore the stamp of his time, an era of virtuosi. Then all that was ingenious, piquant and eccentric, combined with melting harmony, was in high favor, and called forth a special enthusiasm. Taking this into consideration, Bull was the foremost of his time, and one could not but be carried away by his indisputable genius. But with the progress that has been made, other qualifications are now demanded. Paganini would certainly no longer awaken the same astonishment as when he was at the zenith of his fame. Execution has won still greater triumphs since those days, and such men as Joachim, Laub, Wilhelmj, Wieniawski and Sarasate are also in that respect the exponents of a far higher school of art than the Paganini, to which Ole Bull belongs. As regards Bull, perhaps the foundation of his art rested a little too much on self-instruction. In other respects, too, the times have changed. We demand now a deep insight into the thoughts of the composer, rather than a brilliant exhibition of individual genius. Ole Bull's repertoire was therefore quite different from that of the modern virtuoso. He played, for the most part, such pieces of his own and others as gave opportunity for a sort of instrumental fireworks, composed of enticing and bizarre concoctions.

This the critic must say in the interests of truth and justice; but let us not forget that the artist too is "enfant de son siècle." If we keep this in mind, as well as the undreamed-of life to which his violin awakened Norwegian airs for us, and the brilliant genius with which it gave utterance to his virtues and his faults, our nation will always have a right to reckon him among its great men, among those richly-endowed natures who have shed a lustre on their native land.

His own compositions — apart from the few delicious airs we owe to his rich imagination — must for the most part be regarded as a sort of potpourris, freely treated. Bull was neither adapted by nature, nor theoretically educated to be a composer in the proper sense. His most important pieces are, "Norges Fjelde," "Concerto in A-major," "Polacca Goerriera," and "The Tarantella." His study of the construction of the violin is well worth attention. Such men as Vuillaume listened to his opinions with profound interest, though they could not always find a place in the system of the practical instrument-maker; but it will surprise us if his idea for a new pianoforte, whose principles undoubtedly rest on the primary laws of acoustics, does not sometime win acknowl-

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edgment, though it may be carried out in another and better form than proposed by him.

Taken all in all, Ole Bull was a remarkably gifted man, an original and talented nature, with sun-spots, it may be, but likewise rays of dazzling brightness. Like many of his countrymen, he was too apt to rush heedlessly on, relying on "Providence" and his own genius to keep him up, and perhaps with too little faith in the great power of training in art; but this genius was really so rich, that it bore him up many a time when others would have been lost without the guidance of discipline.

One thing is certain; at the news of his death, only the picture of the brilliant and patriotic artist, always so zealous for the honor and reputation of Norway, stands before our minds, and a sympathetic chord is struck, wherever Norwegians are found. With all critical reservations, we cannot deny that Ole Bull's name and personality had grown together with our national consciousness.

Nor can we close these lines without expressing our joy that he died in his own land, and here his remains are laid.

On the last day of his life, as he opened his eyes in the morning, he stretched out his hands to heaven, exclaiming. "Min Gud, jeg takker dig!" ("My God, I thank Thee!") A short time after, when the physician informed him that his end was near, he took an affectionate farewell of those around him. They describe him as calm and composed in mind, although not quite without hope of recovery. He smiled to them as he looked at the roses and the heather in blossom, which they constantly brought him. As he felt death approaching, he expressed a wish to hear Mozart's Requiem, and listened with folded hands, while his wife played it through several times. As the notes died away, the change came over him which announces final dissolution. Ole Bull breathed his last on the 17th of August, at noon. On the 23d, he was buried in Bergen.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Ole Bull's family friends and other guests, among whom were the Governor of the district, the Burgomaster, etc., proceeded to Lysö, on the steamer "Kong Sverre." In the concert-hall, the rector of Fane and others, addressed their last thanks and farewell to the deceased, a simple and affecting ceremony. The casket, covered with flowers, among which lay a violin made of flowers and moss, by ladies of Bergen, was carried on board by peasants. The composer, Edward Grieg, bore the gold crown from San Francisco, and Dr. Danielsen the orders of the deceased. At "Krarven" the "Kong Sverre" was met by fourteen steamers, which escorted it in two lines to Molo. A salute was given from the steamers and fortress. At Nordnæs Point, a grand procession of five thousand persons awaited them. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer stopped at Holbergs Bridge, and, under minute-shots from the fortifications, the funeral cortége passed by the Svane apothecary-shop, Ole Bull's birthplace, which was magnificently draped in mourning, down across the market-place, by the bridge, through King Oscar's Street, to the cemetery, where Rector Walnum conducted the funeral ceremonies. These were followed by a speech from Björnstjerne Björnson, which we give below. Edward Grieg offered a laurel crown from Norwegian musicians, and Bendixen one from the National Theatre of Bergen. The weather was magnificent, and the procession of immense length. It was a solemn and affecting national fête, in which twenty thousand people joined. Flags draped with black were displayed over the whole bay and town. The people were all dressed in mourning, and steamers and boats by the hundred. The King sent a telegram expressive of his grief to the widow of Ole Bull.

Ole Bull left to the Bergen Museum his orders, set in diamonds, a silver music-stand, which had once been presented to him by the students of Moscow, and a Hardanger fiddle, to which he had been much attached.

[A translation of Björnson's speech at Ole Bull's funeral will follow in next number.]

ABOUT OVERTURES.[1]

(Concluded from page 196.)

Reference has hitherto been made to the overture, only as the introduction to an opera, oratorio or drama. The form and name have been, however, extensively applied during the present century to orchestral pieces intended merely for concert use, sometimes with no special purpose, in other instances bearing a specific title, indicating the composer's intention to illustrate some poetical or legendary subject. Formerly a symphony, or one movement therefrom, was entitled "Grand Overture," or "Overture" in the concert programme, according to whether the whole work or only a portion thereof was used. Thus, in the announcements of Salomon's London concerts (1791–4), Haydn's Symphonies, composed expressly for them, are generally so described. Among special examples of the overture, properly so called, composed for independent performance, are Beethoven's *Weihe des Hauses*, written for the inauguration of the Josephstadt Theatre in 1822; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* (intended at first for concert use only, and afterward supplemented by the exquisite stage music), and the same composer's *Hebrides*, *Calm Sea*[2] and *Prosperous Voyage*, and *Melusine*. These overtures of Mendelssohn's are, indeed, unparalleled in their kind. It is scarcely necessary here to comment on the wondrous Shakespearean prelude produced in the composer's boyhood, as a concert overture, and in after years associated with the charming incidental music to the drama, passages of the overture occurring in the final chorus of fairies, and thus giving unity to the whole; nor will musical readers require to be reminded of the rare poetic and dramatic imagination, or the exquisite skill by which the sombre romanticism of Scottish scenery, the contrasted suggestions of Goethe's poem, and the grace and passion of the Rhenish legend, are so happily illustrated in the other overtures referred to.

Schumann's overtures of this class — *Bride of Messina*, *Festival Overture*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hermann* and *Dorothea* — though all very interesting, are not very important; but in his *Overture to Manfred* he has left one work of the highest significance and power, which will always maintain its position in the first rank of orchestral music.[3] As the prelude, not to an opera, but to the incidental music to Byron's tragedy, this composition does not exactly fall in with either of the classes we have given. It is, however, dramatic and romantic enough for any drama, and its second subject is a quotation from a passage which occurs in the piece itself.

Berlioz's overture *Les Francs Juges*, embodying the idea of the *Vehmgericht*, or secret tribunals of the Middle Ages, must not be omitted from our list, as a work of great length, great variety of ideas, and imposing effect.

The concert overtures of Sterndale Bennett belong to a similar high order of imaginative thought, as exemplified in the well-known overtures entitled *Parisina*, *The Naiads*, and *The Wood Nymph*, and that string of musical pearls, the Fantasia overture, illustrating passages from *Paradise and the Peri*. Benedict's overtures *Der Prinz von Homburg* and *Tempest*, Sullivan's *In Memoriam* (in the climax of which the organ is introduced), and *Di Ballo* (in dance rhythms), J. F. Barnett's *Overture Symphonique*, Cusins's *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, Cowen's *Festival Overture*, Gadsby's *Andromeda*, Pierson's *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and many more, are all independent concert overtures.

The term has also been applied to original pieces for keyed instruments. Thus we have Bach's overture in the French style; Handel's overture in the first set of his Harpsichord Suites, and Mozart's imitation thereof among his pianoforte works. Each of these is the opening piece of a series. Beethoven has prefixed the word "Overtura" to the quartet piece which originally formed the Finale to his B-flat quartet (op. 131), but is now numbered separately as op. 133; but whether the term is meant to apply to the whole piece, or only to the twenty-seven bars which introduce the fugue, we have nothing to guide us.

H. J. L.

[1] From the article OVERTURE in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

[2] *Becalmed at Sea* is what is meant. — ED.

[3] But not a word about *Genoveva*? — ED.

IMPRESSIONS IN NEW YORK.

BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE." — HERR HENSCHEL. — SARA BERNHARDT. — HOLMAN HUNT'S "SHADOW OF DEATH."

THE ISLAND, Dec. 10.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT:

The first production of Boito's opera "Mephistopheles" has been the most interesting event, so far, of the musical season in New York. It has proved attractive and successful, but not overwhelmingly so. A novelty was of course welcome amid the old and worn operatic répertoire, and the dramatic foundation — Goethe's "Faust" — of *this* novelty is a very popular one (in the high sense of popularity). But we may question whether Boito's manner of treating it has been such as to ensure lasting success for his work. It lacks the vital element of permanent success, originality. Originality, almost invariably a failure at first, almost as certainly succeeds at last. Boito's work was denounced, twelve years ago, at Milan, as "an innovation," and its author so discouraged that he half abandoned composition afterwards, having written (so far as we are aware), since that time, only one opera; had the judgment of his Milan critics been more liberal and enlightened, had they been able to discover in "Mephistopheles" talent endeavoring to free itself from the old-fashioned operatic traditions, but yet unconsciously entangled in the fetters of Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, he might have felt encouraged to proceed on his career, and would have perhaps attained, ere now, to genuine originality.

In this work Boito has not aimed at dramatic unity or development; taking it for granted that every one knows the story of Faust, he has merely grouped together some salient points of the poem, and illustrates them by music, action, and spectacular display. The first part or prologue, Mephistopheles's wager with the Deity, is rather symphonic than dramatic, and has many fine points, though the orchestration is sometimes coarse. The music of the Easter Sunday scene is displeasing, noisy, trivial, with only a faint point of light in a rather pretty waltz. But even Auber has given the sense of the youth, freshness, out-door hopeful gayety of Easter Sunday better in certain now hackneyed choruses of *Fra Diavolo*. The larghetto sung by Faust on returning to his laboratory is good in its large, expressive phrases; better still is the following aria in which Mephistopheles declares himself as a spiritual and intellectual Nihilist. But the

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heart of the opera is to be found in the garden scene, fine from beginning to end, and rising to an ecstatic close. Again, in the Brocken scene, we have "highly intellectual music" (without heart, supernaturalness, awe-inspiring power). It is chiefly grotesque, though not without striking dramatic movements, as for instance, the sudden rush and prostration, and then the hush of the multitude before Mephistopheles. This scene offers many opportunities for spectacular display, but they are essentially theatrical, and not novel. The appearance of Margaret's fetch is exactly like that of the ghost of the mother of Max, in the *Freischütz*, and other effects are of the traditional ballet type. There is true music, again, in the prison scene, expressive and dramatic, with a lovely duet, softly murmured by the lovers, "Lontano, lontano," and the act is worked up to a fine climax. A soft, harmonious, illusive atmosphere, similar to that through which Corot enables us to behold his pictorial groups and scenes, breathes from the music of the fourth act; if not so lovely and serene as that of the Elysium illustrated by Gluck, it is still charming, and lovely are the closing phrases sung by Helen and Pantalis. And yet, though this pleases our fancy, it touches us not; we feel too well that it is all but a dream. The epilogue, too, is wearisome; in spite of many fine passages in it, we "assist" coldly at the struggle between good and evil beside the death-bed of Faust.

The opera is well presented on the whole. The central character is of course Mephistopheles, very well, if not ideally, represented by Novara; in Faust, Campanini was all that could be desired, but the part does not offer the same opportunities for dramatic passion as some of the characters he has become identified with, such as Lohengrin and Don José. The female characters are secondary in this opera; Margaret is a pretty, simple, pleasing, and ignorant peasant girl, a Margaret more true to the life, no doubt, than Gounod's ideal heroine; and Valleria was charming and altogether satisfactory in the part, which does not appear to call for the powers of a Nilsson, though Nilsson might invest it with consequence it does not seem to possess. Miss Cary, too, was more than excellent as Martha and Pantalis. On the whole, the opera seems to have awakened two sets of impressions after a few hearings of it; one class of people says, "yes, it is very clever, yet rather wearisome, though showy; but it is cold, and, do you think it is *music?*" The second says, "Boito is not a prophet, but one of the most gifted followers of the modern school."

The other, and finer *Faust*, that of Berlioz, is renewing its tremendous success of last season, under the scholarly and enthusiastic leadership of Dr. Damrosch. The part of Mephistopheles having been found, on the first performance, unsuited [??] to Mr. Henschel, has been resumed by Mr. Remmertz, who so finely sustained it last year, with a fire and a power exceeding that displayed by him, perhaps, in anything else he has done. In his recitals, Mr. Henschel will doubtless justify the great reputation that preceded him, though he has not fulfilled expectation in his Elijah or Mephistopheles, perhaps only because expectation was too highly wrought. In *Elijah*, very finely performed by the Oratorio Society under Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Henschel proved himself a highly intelligent singer, a thorough musician; but his vocal method is deficient, and he lacks both mellow charm and rough power, of voice. Both power and charm are heard in Miss Dradil's fine and well-trained organ, hence her success in the contralto music of *Elijah* was greater than that of Henschel in the part of the prophet. And yet, when we listen to Henschel, we feel how dependable, intelligent, satisfactory he is, and that he does his conscientious best, which is very thorough workmanship. We wait for his Lied singing, to decide whether he possesses the power of touching, charming, transporting the listener.

Who shall dare to say that no one cares for art in New York? Immense audiences crowd to *Mephistopheles*, Berlioz's *Faust*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; yet audiences as immense crowd to see and hear Mlle. Bernhardt, especially at her matinées, where ladies throng by hundreds and thousands, many to find no place at all, many satisfied to stand through the entire performance. She has proved at great success; a first a swift disappointment, at last, a slow surprise. A disappointment, because many people, unfamiliar with the progress of dramatic art in France during the past ten years, and uninterested in following up its manifestations, have not become acquainted, by report, with Mlle. Bernhardt's peculiar style of art, and have therefore expected something different — a grand, classic tragedienne, in the large, broad style; and she has since proved to them a very different tragedienne: Adrienne, Hermani, Phèdre. Can she satisfactorily render the large, the generous passions? Here is intensity; not breadth, depth, height; still less does she embody romance and ideal poesy, though she is ideal in her way.

The same delicacy of prettiness, grace, fastness, limited harmony, may be traced in her pictures, as in her acting; but these are rather the work of a highly accomplished amateur than of an artist forced to express her nature in this branch of art by irresistible vocation. Her sculpture displays more power. The bust of Emile de Girardin is ruthlessly life-like; a head of a young girl, with a faulard tied over the brows, charming; the "Ophelia" is largely modelled, full of poetry in conception; and she has displayed a grotesque and brave spirit of irony and finesse in the bronze inkstand, surmounted by her own bust, from the shoulders of which fantastic, demoniac wings start, while she has tipped her fingers with griffins' claws. In all Mlle. Bernhardt's female heads a likeness to herself, more or less pronounced, may be traced; indeed, one or two of these pictures resemble her more than her photographs, which do not render her justice. The likeness is doubtless involuntary. Every painter insensibly reproduces the type of his own race, or that of people about him, even in his delineations of foreign types.

From Sarah Bernhardt's "Griffon" to Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death," is a long step up; yet here we detect the same peculiarity. Every race looks out of its eyes in a manner that belongs to itself, and Hunt's Christ, in this picture, looks out of his eyes, not as an Oriental, but as an Englishman does; and this in spite of the fact that Hunt sought a model for years in the East, before he found one to satisfy him. This picture has been very severely criticized here; was that the reason why I was agreeably disappointed in it? Yet I am not an admirer of Hunt. But I am sure that many, while blaming the excess of detail, wonderfully painted, though inharmonious, have nevertheless been carried away by that, to such an extent that they have overlooked or become blind to the purpose and very soul of the picture, the touching pathos and ideality of the face, which renders the shadow of the cross a secondary effect, and ennobles such pictorial trickery in that as may be displeasing to a fastidious taste. FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

LEIPSIC.—The date of the fifth Gewandhaus Concert coincided with the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, and the programme was devoted entirely to works from his pen. They were Psalm 98, Symphony in A major, hymn for soprano, chorus, and orchestra, overture to *La Belle Melusine*, "Ave

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Maria," and fragments from the unfinished opera of *Loreley*. At the sixth concert Herr Leschetizky, the pianist, performed Saint-Saëns's Concerto in C-minor; Ballad in A-flat major (Chopin); Gavotte and Variations (Rameau). The instrumental pieces were Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*; symphony (No. 4, B-flat major) and the third *Leonore* overture (Beethoven).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18. 1880.

ANOTHER YEAR! The present number completes the Fortieth Volume and the twenty-ninth year of this most long-lived of the many musical journals of America. A Title-Page and Index for the past two volumes (to be bound in one) will be furnished in a few weeks.

Vol. XLI will begin with the number for January 1, 1881; and now is the time for the renewal of the annual subscriptions, and for the coming in of new subscribers, of whom we hope there will be many. Our Journal needs them,—always needed them; for, in spite of all that has always been said in its praise, in spite of the splendid "testimonial" just tendered to its editor, so warmly and so widely, this journal never yet has been remunerative. The recognition and reward came last week in another shape, one unmistakably heartfelt, and most generous, most beautiful, most gratifying; it was well worth waiting for! But may we not regard it also as a token of renewed interest in the old DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,—the promise of a wider rally of appreciative friends to its support, and its improvement, through the humdrum cheaper way of regular annual subscription, as well as advertising patronage? Double its subscription list, and you increase its advertising columns, and then there will be no need of "testimonials" except in the harmless way of compliment and flattering approval.

THE TESTIMONIAL CONCERT.

In timely aid of the above New Year's announcement, comes this unexpected, to so almost overwhelming endorsement of our Journal and our well-meant, if not always wise or efficient, labors in behalf of music, on the part of a committee of citizens which we have already characterized as "largely representative of the best element of the musical profession, of the best and wisest friends of music, as well as of the honored names of dear old Boston." And their appeal was instantly and heartily responded to on all sides. Greetings and warmest signs of recognition, kindliest notes of sympathy (often from most unexpected quarters), prompt, enthusiastic offers of musical service in any concert that might be arranged, poured in upon the Editor, who all at once found himself the object of unusual attention, and in danger of developing (but that he is too old for that) a most enormous egotism. Hand and heart were offered wherever he met an old acquaintance; everybody seemed full of the bright idea that had struck somebody just "in the nick of time." We never knew we had so many friends; and some, whom we had supposed, if not to be our enemies, yet to look askance upon our labors, suddenly threw off the disguise and shone among the foremost and the friendliest, who through the press, as well as by voice and pen in private, created an interest in others, and helped to organize the plan so beautifully realized on Thursday of last week. It gave us a better opinion of human nature,—not that we ever entertained a very poor one; we never did, and never can, base our feeling of the worth and the significance of music, as a certain great musical "reformer" does in his essay on Beethoven, upon the theories of a pessimistic metaphysician.

For such a testimonial, so sincere and hearty in the inception, so admirably prepared, with such consummate tact and delicacy, so beautiful, resplendent in the fall flower, the concert, and so fraught with *solid* tokens of esteem and friendship, we can hardly trust ourself to find fit words of thanks. We accept it both with pride and with humility, for it is a formidable thought to us that we seem now more than ever bound to go on trying (perhaps in vain) to perform any service that shall in any degree vindicate the faith which hosts of friends have in this touching way reposed in us.

But leaving all we wished to say to be imagined, as it readily will be in a musical and social atmosphere so sympathetic as this in which we just now have the happiness to live and move and have our being (although it seems like passive dreaming), let us come at once to the concert itself, which was in every way a signal, memorable success, and which we flatter ourself we could and did appreciate about as keenly as any other man or woman in that great and really distinguished audience. Both programme and performance were of so exceptionally fine a character as to claim special mention among the many good things we have heard, or shall hear this winter. Never was a finer programme, either intrinsically or in its fitness for the occasion, presented in Boston; never a more conscientious *con amore* rendering; seldom one with finer means, and all by artists who had kindly, eagerly offered their cooperation freely, including the orchestra of the Harvard Symphony Concerts, with Mr. Carl Zerrahn, conductor, and Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violin leader, besides a small army of our best vocalists, pianists, violinists,—more than could possibly find place in a single concert, making the task of the programme committee a delicate one indeed. Here is the programme in full, for it is worth preserving:—

Fifth Symphony, in C-minor, Op. 67, . . . Beethoven
Allegro, Andante, Scherzo and Finale (Triumphal March).

Twenty-Third Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," Schubert
Four-part chorus for female voices.
Sung by a volunteer choir, including members of the "Boylston" and "Cecilia" Clubs.
Under the direction of Mr. George L. Osgood.

Concerto in C, for three pianos, with string orchestra, J. S. Bach
Allegro, Adagio, Fugue.
Messrs. J. C. D. Parker, Arthur Foote and John A. Preston.

Concert-Stueck, in G, for piano and orchestra, Op. 92, Schumann
Introduction, and Allegro Appassionato.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

Quartet (Canon), from "Fidelio," . . . . . Beethoven
Mrs. H. M. Rogers, Miss Edith Abell, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. John F. Winch.

Overture: "Meerestille und gluckliche Fahrt," Mendelssohn
Illustrating Goethe's poem: 1. "Becalmed at Sea"; 2. "A Breeze and a Prosperous Voyage."

What so fit for the occasion, what so worthy, as the glorious old Fifth Symphony?—as glorious now, and full of meaning in the musical history of Boston, as it was in the year of its first performances in the old Academy concerts given in the Odeon (Federal Street theatre) in 1841. To the present writer it gave as it were the key-note—rather say the "normal pitch"—to his whole musical life. Of musical Art in Boston, it will ever stand the corner-stone, though *The Messiah* and the old Oratorio Society laid the earlier foundations. To us, and to many in the Music Hall, it had a deep significance, for never was a higher standard set than that had set for all of us from the first day of our interest in great orchestral music. How we all waited for the four opening notes, the pregnant *motive!* and how all the old miracle revived with a new charm and freshness as the work once more developed! Never did that symphony ring out more inspiringly, more full of meaning. The great life-struggle typified in the Allegro; the heavenly encouragement and exhortation of the wonderful Andante; the nerving of the heroic, restless soul for action, with the superhuman effort of the double basses, in the Scherzo; and finally the broad, sublime triumphal march,—grandest march ever written or conceived,—a march as of ranks of solar systems sweeping in vast majestic circles round the inmost central Sun invisible!—all was played *rom Herzen aus*, as if every member of the band felt it, meant it. You noted that cadenza for the oboe played so charmingly by Mr. de Ribas, in the middle of the first movement: did it not sound precisely as it did when he played it the first time in 1841, and as he has played it ever since? Yes, the fifth Symphony was indispensable and all-rewarding in that concert.

Then—what more fit again?—that chorus of sweet, fresh, flexible, pure angel voices, singing of trust in the Lord! When have we heard a female chorus sung more exquisitely than that was by fifty ladies of the Cecilia and Boylston Clubs, reinforced by many of our best solo singers? Then, in that Concerto for three pianos, the cheering and invigorating influence, the strong handshake as it were, of old Sebastian Bach, the healthy, hearty, genial, pious, profound master of masters in the tone-art, who, every time we hear him, seems to hold the whole history and world of music in the hollow of his hand! Thanks for that selection, and for the zeal and the effect with which it was interpreted! Thanks, too, for the exquisite, the delicately imaginative, poetic concert piece of Schumann, in which Mr. Lang seemed at his best. (And thanks for other contributions of the same fine order warmly offered, but not found practicable in the programme!)

Then the wonderful Quartet (in canon) from *Fidelio*, by which the audience were so carried away that it had to be repeated. It may be easily imagined that the opening words: "Mir ist's so wunderbar!" chimed fully with the feeling of the wondering chief listener on that occasion; he will not soon outlive the wonderment of the whole situation in which that testimonial placed him.

Finally, for the parting God-speed, that overture of Mendelssohn which so graphically illustrates the two contrasted scenes of Goethe's little poem (also set by Beethoven for voices): 1. A dead calm in said ocean,—no breath, no motion,—weary, helpless, almost hopeless; 2, the springing up of a breeze, the boatswain's whistle (flute), the swinging round of the great sails, and away the good ship bounds, until she comes in triumph into port with flying colors and salute of guns and trumpets. Surely the allusion there was understood, for the orchestra played it splendidly and with enthusiasm.

Now, was not that a concert to be remembered all one's life? Handel said that, while compos-

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ing the *Messiah*, he "knew not whether he was in the body or out of the body." We may not say so much; but we can say, that when the thought came over us: "Why! all this is for *us!*" we could hardly tell whether it were real or a dream. And now reserving special thanks to all and several, who have been so philanthropically moved to cheer our path fast nearing to its end, we must conclude this long-winded acknowledgment, to save a little room for notice due to other concerts and to other matters.

CONCERT REVIEW.

A few brief notes upon the concerts of the past three weeks is all we can afford in our contracted space. And first the concerts of the

APOLLO CLUB, Music Hall, Nov. 26 and 29. We never heard those seventy men sing better; and we were struck by the remarkable preservation of their voices, many of them being original members, veterans in the service. Rich, sweet, manly quality of tone, large, generous volume, admirably blending of the voices in a grand organ-like ensemble, combined with rare unity, precision, light and shade in producing a fine impression. The selections were comparatively short pieces. Gernsheim's "Salamis" for baritone solo (Dr. Bullard) and chorus, has something of the solemnity and classic dignity of Mendelssohn's choruses to the *Antigone*, etc. The harmony is full and strong, and the work grows fervid and interesting as it goes on. Rheinberger's Roundelay: "Awake, ye lords and ladies gay!" is a rich and dainty piece of coloring, full of life and charm.

This was followed by a Serenade by Widor, for a peculiar combination of instruments: piano (Mr. Arthur Foote), violin (Mr. C. N. Allen), 'cello (Mr. Wulf Fries), flute (Mr. Rietzel), and organ-harmonium (Mr. S. B Whitney). It is a light, fresh, delicate and graceful work, not without poetic charm, and the effect was unique and pleasing:— a nice sort of music, we should think, for fairs and floral festivals. A Serenade by Tours, with baritone solo (finely sung by Mr. J. F. Winch); Horsley's "By Celia's arbor," beautifully rendered by Mr. Want, Mr. Allen A. Brown, Dr. Bullard, and Mr. Aiken; and Sullivan's "The Beleaguered," a brilliant, vigorous chorus in march rhythm, filled out the first part agreeably.

Part second contained Dudley Buck's setting of Longfellow's "Nun of Nidaros," for tenor solo (Mr. Want) and chorus, with accompaniment of piano and harmonium; "The Young Lover," by Koschat, which was encored; Handel's Polyphemus Song: "O ruddier than the cherry," superbly sung by Mr. John Winch, with masterly accompaniment by the conductor of the Apollo, Mr. B. J. Lang; a couple of 'cello solos played by Mr. Fries (Nocturne, by Lachner, and Gavotte, by Popper); and, for a popular finale, the "Champagne" part-song by Schroeter. — The usual repetition of this programme, with change of instrumental pieces, a few evenings later, we did not hear.

The next Apollo concerts are announced far ahead, — the 4th and 9th of February. Max Bruch's "Frithjof," for soprano and baritone solos, male chorus, and orchestra, will then be given entire for the first time in Boston.

——*Nov. 30.* Mr. LANG gave his third presentation of the *Damnation de Faust*, this time at the Tremont Temple; and it must be admitted that all the details of the music, all its greatest and its least effects, came out with a remarkable distinctness, and with satisfactory intensity of sound. It was an even better rendering, under, in some sense, better acoustical conditions, than the two before. The work, with all its strangeness, has certainly grown popular. Even its most diabolical suggestions and infernal pictures such as "the Ride to Hell," are far less bizarre, do far less violence to all sense of beauty and of harmony, than the atrocious finale to the same morbid, madcap composer's *Symphonie Fantastique*. And it has romantic beauties of a very high order and originality. The choruses, both male and female, were most beautifully rendered; even the rollicking refrains of soldiers and of students, so difficult in their combination, were successfully given. Miss Lilian Bailey again sang the part of Marguerite with her wonted purity and truth and tenderness of voice and feeling. Herr Henschel confirmed the first fine impression of his characteristic, intellectual, subtle and dramatic rendering of the rôle of Mephistopheles. If his voice, in the lower range, is not altogether pleasing, nor of great weight and power, that is made up for by the fine imaginative conception, and the certainty of power with which he enters into the spirit of the part, and by his admirably artistic style and execution. He was enthusiastically encored after the Serenade. The tenor part of Faust was this time entrusted to Mr. Julius Jordan, to whom we listened with great satisfaction throughout. He is a very intelligent and conscientious singer; evidently understands himself, his means and his task perfectly; and, if his voice is not remarkable for beauty or for power, it is nevertheless a good voice, always kept well in hand, and equal to the work. He sustained himself with no flaw or flagging to the end, and he is plainly one of those reliable and useful tenors whom it would be a gain for us to have here. Mr. Hay was again successful in the one thankless little song of Brander (the "Rat"). The orchestra was remarkably complete and satisfactory, from violins, oboes and bassoons, to cymbals, gong, and all the kitchen utensils. The Racockzky March created a furore.

Now, appropos of the *Damnation*, we are tempted to insert just here, for better or for worse, and open to approval or protest from any one, the following letter which we have received:

MR. EDITOR: The recent production and favorable reception in this city of a certain work of Hector Berlioz, in which that writer, by means of a hotel gong and other unmusical instruments, seems to attempt to sever music from its traditional sphere of the emotions and couple it with that of the nerves, leads one to inquire in what direction modern musical taste is drifting. Of course, we look to the programmes of our miscellaneous concerts for the true index of feeling on this subject. Of these programmes I have before me that of the Second Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association; one as severe in its character as any we see. It consists of five numbers: the first by Haydn, the next three by Liszt, Saint-Saens, and Chopin; the last going back far enough to include the name of Weber. Turning to the programmes of our piano recitals, we find them headed by something of Mendelssohn's (possibly a Beethoven sonata) and the rest all Rubinstein, Liszt, Gade, etc., etc. The same plan holds true especially in our Chamber concerts; the sentiment of all seeming to be to apologize, by means of something from an eighteenth century composer, for a string of things by composers, most of whom are living. Not that the new things are not, some of them, very good indeed; but in the rage for the latest novelty, some very indifferent things creep in.

I asked, the other day, one of our most prominent pianists and musicians, why Haydn and Mozart are never played in public by our pianists; to which he replied, that they only wrote for a piano with five octaves; as if anything written in that compass was not worthy to be played; or, as if the octave at each extremity of the keyboard of our modern pianoforte contained the essential notes of a good composition for that instrument. Might we not as well discard Bach's organ music because his instrument might not have had a vox-humana stop, or a crescendo pedal?

I am not one of those who would continually advocate "the old masters," to the *exclusion* of our modern composers, from whose pens we certainly have an immense amount of *remarkable*, and a considerable amount of good music; still there are a great many old things that would be new to a Boston audience; and until these are exhausted, why act as if the newest in point of years must be the youngest in all respects?

With an apology for the hasty way in which these thoughts are expressed, but with no apology (if you please) for the thoughts themselves, I remain,

Very Truly, GEO. C. COLLINS.

MEDFORD, MASS., Nov. 30.

——EUTERPE, Dec. 1. The first Chamber Concert of the third season was given in the new Meionaon (Tremont Temple), before a large, appreciative and sociable looking audience; for the seats were disposed in hollow square, the platform in the middle. It all looked genial and cosey; and the hall proved very good for sound, although there was some sense of roughness in strong violin passages, which may have been partly owing to the too frank and unsparing acoustics of walls still fresh and crude. The programme consisted of two string quartets: the fine one in E-flat, (No. 1) by Cherubini, which was played last season, with its larghetto and most interesting variations; and the one in E-minor (Op. 44, No. 2), by Mendelssohn, composed in 1837, which has all the Mendelssohnian elements, especially the fairy vein, and to the beauties of which the modern ears of the majority appeared more keenly sensitive than to the work of Cherubini. The interpreters were the Listemann Quartet, consisting of Bernhard and Fritz Listemann, John Mullaly and Alexander Heindl, — all superior artists. — Next time (January 5) the Beethoven Club will take its turn, when an original quartet (No. 2) by Mr. Chadwick will get its first hearing here, to be followed by the Posthumous Quartet in D-minor, by Schubert.

——The Tribute to WULF FRIES, suggested and arranged by a number of the most musical ladies of Boston, Brookline, Cambridge, etc., in whose families this favorite artist had been for years esteemed and loved as teacher and companion in the parlor practice of classical trio and sonata music, took the form of a beautiful Chamber Concert at Horticultural Hall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 4. The audience was very large and sympathetic, the programme very rich and choice, and the interpretation excellent throughout, for all the artists took part with the heartiest good will. It was a genial, cheerful, beautiful and sweet occasion, — yet with one shadow cast upon it by the absence and the mortal illness of one of the ladies who was first inspired with the idea of such a tribute, and whose whole heart was in the work, — a bright spirit, full of musical enthusiasm, and one of the finest amateur pianists in our city, whose death occurred, sad loss to music and to hosts of friends, upon the very day of that other "testimonial,"—a shadow felt, too, even there!—We can only place the programme here on record; the Quartet and Quintet were performed by the Beethoven Club, (Messrs. Allen, Dannreuther, Heindl, and Wulf Fries):—

Quartet, No. 1, in E-flat, ... Cherubini
Song—"The Message," . . . . Blumenthal
Mr. W. J. Winch.

Variations for two Pianos (Op. 35) on the Minuet from the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, St. Saëns
Mr. Lang and Mr. Foote.

Songs, with Violin Obligato, Op. 10, ... Oscar Weil
a. Autumn,
b. Spring.
Mrs. Allen.

Concerto for 'Cello, Op. 7, ... Svendsen
Allegro—Andante—Finale,
Mr. Wulf Fries.

Duet—"Oh Flower of the Verdant Lea," from the Cantata of Rebecca, ... Barnby
Mrs. Allen and Mr. Winch.

Quintet, for Piano and Strings, Op. 44, ... Schumann

——Here we must pause, leaving two Harvard Symphony concerts, two of the Philharmonic, one of the Cecilia, etc., for future notice. Fortunately, Christmas comes, and there will be a week or two of clear field not much competed for by concert-givers, so that we can turn our thoughts to things past, undisturbed by the rush of new things passing.

——One event, however, will be the annual performance of *The Messiah*, by the Handel and Haydn Society, on Sunday evening, Dec. 26. The solos will be sung by Mrs. H. M. Knowles, soprano; Miss Drasdil, contralto; Mr. W. C. Tower, tenor; and Mr. George Henschel, baritone.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 29. The concert season at the Peabody Conservatory has opened with the so-called students' concerts, that is, concerts of chamber music given every Saturday evening as part of the course of instruction for students at the conservatory. Thus far four of these concerts have taken place, and the programmes have included the following works:

String-Quartet, D-major, No. 21, ... Mozart
Serenade, D-major, work 8, for violin, viola and 'cello, ... Beethoven
Piano Trio, C-minor, No. 2, work 66, . . . Mendelssohn
String-Quartet, E-minor, work 47, No. 1, . . . Rubinstein
Piano-Quartet, E-flat, work 47, ... R. Schumann
String-Quartet, A minor, work 1, ... Svendsen
Suite, A-minor, work 66, for violin and piano, J. P. E. Hartmann

Also, some songs by Schubert, Liszt and Wagner. The string-quartet is composed, as last year, of Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.

The number of symphony concerts has not yet been

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definitely decided on; but the prospects are very bright for at least five concerts during the winter. Mr. Asger Hamerik, the director, is engaged on the finale of his first symphony, which, however, will probably not be performed here until next season.

In the way of vocal instruction, there is quite a novelty to chronicle in the opening last month, by Prof. Fritz Fincke, of the Peabody Conservatory, of a private school for the training of young female voices, from the ages of 7 to 16 years, principally for the purpose of obtaining good material for future choruses. The general plan for instruction is proposed to be as follows:

1. Careful directions as to the correct use of the voice, and especially the artistic treatment of the much abused head-voice; solo and chorus singing.

2. Exercises for the ear, and in connection therewith lessons in intervals and chords, as also systematic practice in time-keeping.

3. Instruction in the history of music in order to encourage thought on musical topics. Biographical sketches of the most important authorities, and explanations of the different musical styles, by means of practical illustrations.

The idea is a novel one for Baltimore, and the beneficial influences which such an undertaking, if continued in the proper spirit, must in time exert, are certainly sufficient to commend it to all friends of vocal culture in general, and of good chorus music in particular. Moreover, it is always a matter of satisfaction to find an earnest laborer in the fields of art, with objects above and beyond the expectation of immediate returns for his efforts, sowing where others besides himself may reap. From the very outset, I am happy to say, the school has met with every encouragement.

Of the choral works practised in our city at present, the only ones deserving special attention are *Judas Maccabeus* and *Elijah*.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10. Our musical season may now be announced as fairly begun, for we have had two important concerts by the Apollo Club, a number of representations of English Opera by the Strakosch and Hess Company, and no end of small entertainments. On Monday evening the Apollo Club gave Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and the *Spring* and *Summer* of Haydn's *Seasons*. The solos were given by Miss Fannie Kellogg, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. Fritch, and Dr. C. T. Barnes. I only heard *Acis and Galatea*, as I was called to the opera during the remainder of the evening. The work may only be said to have been fairly performed, for there were many drawbacks. Tuesday the Club gave another concert, bringing out Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," for the first time in this country, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Fritch, and Mr. McWade taking the solo parts. The orchestra numbered forty men, the chorus one hundred and fifty, and there was the added aid of the organ. Any musician, who has studied the full score, would at once be forced to admit that, for a complete performance, the force we had engaged was inadequate. A double, and even treble chorus is required, while the orchestral demands are very great, and the solo numbers must be in very safe hands to enable the work to be fairly heard. It will be remembered that Mr. Thomas intended to produce this work at the last Festival at Cincinnati, but for some reason it was not given. I followed the work very carefully, score in hand, and endeavored to see its full possibilities. When it is entrusted to a larger number of singers, and a more complete orchestra, I have no doubt that the work would impress one with a feeling of grandeur. The subject is hardly one to excite great interest, for modern research has rather unsettled many of the old stories, that were once held so sacred. Yet the dramatic element is not wanting, and the influence of the mysterious is supposedly present; and thus the composer has outlet for his musical fancy in at least two directions. The influence of modern composition, or the new school, is of course seen throughout the work. Every form of development tends to the gigantic in expression, and the full resources of vocal and instrumental aid are called into use.

In regard to the music, one must frankly admit that it is rich in coloring, even if novelty has an influence in it also. The solos for the tenor require a very powerful and high voice. Mr. Fritch was not able to sing them as written. In both his solos, where the high B-flat and the B-natural occur, he was obliged to alter his score. Yet it is better not to attempt and fail, even if the music is made to suffer by the innovation. Signor Campanini is doubtless the only tenor that could adequately sing these solos. The orchestral part of the work is rich in contrasts, and the instrumentation of the scene in which the destruction of the Tower is represented is very expressive. A storm is pictured, but not of the commonplace order of rain and wind, with thunder and lightning, but rather as if some dread mystic power was making the elements do its will. There is a strangeness about it that is electrifying, as well as novel. The double chorus, expressive of the wonder that God had done, in protecting Abraham from the flames of the furnace, is a very dramatic number, and it will always create interest when well sung. The part of Nimrod was entrusted to Mr. Whitney. There was hardly passion enough in his singing to make the rôle so dramatic as it should be made, although his noble voice was used with dignity, and his style of delivery was very good. The last number, or climax of the work, is a triple chorus, divided as follows:—a chorus of angels, a chorus of people, and a chorus of demons. There is a unity of idea, even if the elements of evil and of good are brought into action at the same time; for while the people and the angels are praising the Lord, the demons are proclaiming the power of Satan, and the thought of praise is common to both parts of the chorus. To give this number with that intensity that rightfully belongs to it, at least six hundred voices would seem necessary. The Apollo Club only attempted two of the choruses, for that portion belonging to the "demons" was left out. While we may not call the performance a very fine one, we may at least be thankful to the Club for giving us the opportunity to become somewhat acquainted with the work, and I am sure they deserve the praise of every musician for the honesty of their endeavor.

Monday evening, Mme. Marie Roze made her first appearance in English opera, as *Carmen*. She gave a very lady-like representation of the rôle, but was hardly the brilliant and bewitching Carmen that the opera calls for. She made her rôle as interesting as she could, however, for doubtless she has very little sympathy with it. Her support was very commonplace, and not worthy of her. She has also appeared as Aida during the week. Next week we shall have the *Elijah*, by the Beethoven Society, with Herr Henschel.

C. H. B.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13. On Thursday evening, Dec. 2, the New York Philharmonic Club gave its second concert at Chickering's, before a very intelligent and appreciative audience. The salient features of the programme were these:

String Quartet, F, Op. 59, ... Beethoven.
P. F. Quartet, B-flat, ... Saint-Saëns.
(Mr. Richard Hoffman.)

The performance was a good one, particularly in the work of Saint-Saëns, which was given with a precision and an *aplomb* most pleasurable. Owing to a new disposition of the instruments upon the stage, the effect was greatly enhanced. Heretofore the piano has been placed at the extreme right, with the strings occupying the centre of the platform; this is manifestly inconvenient, and even awkward for the pianist, who is really the leader, and has been compelled to throw his head over his shoulder in order to give the cue in making an "attack"; by the new plan every one can see every one else, and unity of action becomes not only possible, but almost certain. Mr. Hoffman is a most admirable artist—*cela va sans dire*—and his excellence and finish were never more clearly demonstrated than upon this occasion; he never overdid anything, and never attempts to force the piano into a position which it was not intended to occupy. He plays like the artist and the gentleman that he is; and that is certainly saying a great deal in these degenerate days of turbulence and boisterousness, which seem to be characteristic of modern pianism.

There were some vocal selections with regard to which a charitable critic would not wish to say anything; a club of this kind is sometimes "taken in," and as the infliction will never be repeated, let us suppose that the blot never existed. Mr. Mills will play at the next soirée, and at the fifth; Mr. Hoffman will appear at the fourth and sixth. An earnest lover of good music would be glad to see larger audiences.

It has long been the opinion of shrewd observers that Chamber Music will not "pay" in New York. Messrs. Arnold, Werner, and their associates, hold a contrary opinion; they are determined to make their concerts successful, both artistically and pecuniarily, and have resolved to "fight it out on this line if it takes" several winters. All success to them and their laudable efforts!

On Saturday evening, Dec. 4, the Symphony Society gave its second concert with Berlioz's *Damnation*. The solos were taken by Mme. Valleria and Messrs. Henschel, Harvey and Bourne. At the risk of being considered a fossil or an antediluvian, I must say that the text—as furnished by the printed edition in use—is a trifle too broad for a refined audience; it would seem as if some way might have been contrived to avoid certain obnoxious phrases and expressions which displeased many who attended the concert.

Too much commendation could hardly be accorded to Dr. Damrosch, for his faithful and effective drilling of the orchestra and chorus; their work was well done. As for the soloists, Mme. Valleria acquitted herself well; Mr. Henschel did less with his part than had been expected and hoped; Mr. Bourne's part was too small to afford much chance for display, while Mr Harvey was a trifle too stiff and cold—except in two or three instances—to impress the audience very favorably.

The *Damnation* will be given at the Academy of Music to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, with Mr. Remmertz as Mephistopheles.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, the season at the Metropolitan Hall came to a close, with Joseffy as a special attraction. It is stated that the "Winter season" will open in January with Thomas's orchestra; but it may be safely predicted that the project is a problematical one; thus far the Hall has not been quite so successful as could be wished, and—as I stated in a former letter—Mr. Thomas did not give the "boom" to the enterprise that had been evidently desired. At all events, the Spring season will probably open with Mr. Arondsen as conductor, and he will undoubtedly furnish a class of music that will please the large number of people who do not care for classical music, but who merely wish to be amused.

On the same Tuesday evening, Mr. Henschel gave the first of his series of vocal recitals at Steinway Hall. Mr. Henschel was at his best, and proved himself the reliable artist that we know him to be. Miss Bailey, who assisted him, has a very sweet, flexible voice of sympathetic quality, and while she can scarcely be termed a great singer, is yet possessed of a refined style and musical intelligence that are most satisfactory and pleasing. Mr. Henschel's second recital will occur on Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1881.

Mme. Constance Howard, a pianiste of ability, and persevering in her aim, has given two piano recitals recently, and merits commendation, more, possibly, for her promise than for her present excellence; she is to possess the true artistic instinct, and her playing has many pleasant qualities.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, the Frankos—a musical family—gave a pleasant concert at Steinway Hall; there were vocal solos, and solos for the piano, and for the violin; many of these were rendered intelligently and acceptably, and the young artists are to be congratulated upon their success.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 11, the Philharmonic Society gave its second concert, with this programme:

Overture, "Coriolanus," . . . . Beethoven
Symphony, N. 8 (unfinished) . . . . Schubert
Siegfried (Final Scene, Act 1) . . . . Wagner
"The Welding of the Sword."
Siegfried, ... Mr. W. C. Tower.
Mime, ... Mr. Max Treumann.
A Faust Symphony, ... Liszt
Tenor Solo and Concluding Chorus.
(Liederkranz, Beethoven, Maennerchor.)

Your Boston readers are doubtless familiar with Schubert's lovely fragmentary symphony, which is a very great favorite with New York audiences; it was well played—in the main—but exception must be taken to the scrupulous smothering of the contra-basses, which resulted in the almost entire inaudibility of the low pizzicato notes, upon which the effect of the second movement so greatly depends. The wind instruments, also, were not entirely in accord with the strings: it isn't pleasant to say these things, but *somebody* must tell the truth.

In the Siegfried selection, Mr. Thomas and the orchestra were emphatically at their best. The performance was admirable, and a very exhausting thing it must be for every one concerned. There is an impressive dignity, a grandeur about the grand sweep of the composition that holds one spell-bound until its conclusion; there is no "padding," nor is there a single ineffective note; everything has a purpose, and above all, there was no anti-climax. This number was the success of the evening.

Of Liszt's wild, incoherent symphony there is little to say. The prodigality of genuine orchestral effects is only equalled by the paucity of ideas and the triviality of the "Faust theme." It was well played, but is a most ungrateful thing to hear, except as a matter of musical geometry.

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